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# HOGG'S

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## FEMALE AUTHORS.

THE works of British women have now taken up, not by courtesy but by right, a full and conspicuous place in our literature. They constitute, indeed, an elegant library in themselves; and there is hardly a department in science, in philosophy, in morals, in politics, in the belles lettres, in fiction, or in the fine arts, but has been occupied, and ably occupied, by a lady. Time would fail us to enumerate all the illustrious names which have already started to the recollection of the reader. We mean not even to attempt such an enumeration, but merely to make a few preliminary remarks on the general characteristics of female authorship, and then to select a few of those who are either more distinguished, or of whom we are more competent or willing to speak.

Female authorship is, if not a great, certainly a fine fact. It proclaims a high state of cultivation on the part of the many, which has thus flowered out into composition in the case of the few. It exhibits an extension and a refinement of that element of female influence which in the private intercourse of society has been productive of such blessed effects; it mingles with the harsh tone of general literature, 'as the lute pierceth through the cymbal's clash;' it blends with it a vein of delicate discrimination, of keen and close observation, of mild charity, and of pure morality; gives it a healthy and a happy tone—the tone of the fireside; it is in the chamber of our literature a quiet and lovely presence, by its very gentleness overawing as well as refining and beautifying it all.

One principal characteristic of female writing in our age is its sterling sense. It is told of Coleridge that he was accustomed to consult a female friend on all important emergencies, placing implicit confidence in her first instinctive suggestions; if she proceeded to add her reasons he checked her immediately—'Leave these, madam, to me to find out.' We find this rare and valuable sense—this short-hand reasoning, finely exemplified in our lady authors producing, even in the absence of original genius, or of profound penetration, or of wide experience, a sense of perfect security as we follow their gentle guidance. Indeed, on all questions affecting proprieties, decorums, dignities, what we would call the *ethics* of sentimentalism, minor as well as major morals, their verdict may be considered oracular and without appeal. But we dare not say that we consider them entitled to speak with equal authority on those higher and deeper questions where not instinct nor heart, but severe and tried intellect, is qualified to return the responses. We remark, too, in the writings of females a tone of greater generosity than in those of men; they are more candid and amiable in their judgments of men, and things, and books. Commend us to female critics! They are not eternally consumed by the desire of being witty, astute, and severe; of carping at what they could not equal; of hewing down what they could not have built up. The principle—*nil admirare*—is none of theirs; and whether it be that a sneer disfigures their beautiful lips, it is seldom seen upon them. And in correspondence with this it is rather curious that your worst critics are persons who dislike the sex, and whom the sex dislike—musty, fusty, old bachelors, like Gifford; or pedantic prigs, like certain autocrats of the press of the present day. Ladies, on the other hand, are seldom severe judges of any thing except each other's dress and deportment; and in defect of profound principles, they are helped out by that fine instinctive sense of theirs, which partakes of the genial nature, and indeed verges on genius itself. But not to weary our readers with these general remarks, we mention but one more, that our female authors may be called the natural guardians of our morality and our faith. Wordsword, in the unpublished part of the 'Recluse,' describes himself in dream, meeting an Arab mounted on a dromedary riding at full speed, and ever and anon fearfully reverting his eyes toward some object in the distance. He accosts him, and learns that a second deluge is at hand, and that he has got in charge, to bury beyond its reach, two things—the most valuable on earth—the shell of the bard and the elements of Euclid; and off he rides, 'with the swift waters of the world in chase.' And so, were a direr deluge to pass over the earth, and threaten to engulph the morality and the religion of our fathers, we can tell where they may be buried—but where they will be safe—in the depths of the female intellect, and of the female heart—an intellect, the essence of which is worship; a heart, the element of which is love. They, we repeat, are the natural guardians of morality and faith. Unhired, disinterested, spontaneous, is the aid they give to the blessed cause; leaning, indeed, in their lovely weakness, on the 'worship of sorrow,' they at the same time prop it up, through the wide and holy influences which they wield. Man, it has been proudly prophesied, shall one day cease to be a religious animal, but it may be predicted in return, that woman never shall, never can, cease to be a religious being. And as the religious faith of woman is profounder, so we have always thought that her religious understanding is more correct than that of man. Her piety is not that of dogmas, it is no fierce and foul polemic flame; it is that of the fancy, the feelings, the wonderstricken soul, and the loving heart; often it is not even a conscious emotion at all, but in the words of Wordsworth, she lies in

'Abraham's bosom all the year,
And God is with her when she knows it not.'

Where, for instance, will you find a truer and fresher spring of pious feeling than in the works of Mrs Hemans, where you have it unsoiled by an atom of cant, or bigotry, or exclusiveness, and shaded only by so much of pensiveness as attests its depth and divinity; for as it has been said that man's misery comes of his greatness, so the gloom which has been charged upon our faith arises from its infinite and eternal bearings.

We pass from these remarks to give a few sketches of the female writers of the age. We mention first, and we do so with a certain awe, the venerable Joanna Baillie. She belongs rather, indeed, to history than to us. Living we almost think of her as dead, or we deem of her as of a spiritual presence among us, but not of us—lingering in the present, but who has lived and died in the past. Simple greatness is the leading feature of Miss Baillie's character and of her intellect. She has no airs, no artifices. Visit her, you find a plain sensible woman, living with her plain sensible sisters, any one of whom you would as soon suspect as she of the sin of authorship. Take up her works, and you feel yourself in conversation with a rich, full, masculine, and yet womanly mind, conveying through the characters in her dramas the clear, constant stream of her own sentiments and feelings. It was the glory of Shakspeare that he never *was* himself—it is that of Joanna Baillie that she never ceases to be herself—'a deep, majestical, and high-souled woman.' She is no female Shakspeare. Indeed, a female Shakspeare is an incongruous, and almost a ludicrous thought. The thorough identification with his characters, however atrocious or contemptible, which is Shakspeare's differentia, is precisely that which woman cannot or dare not exemplify. Certainly, Joanna Baillie has not exemplified it. Her plays are not great dramas—they are not even fine rhetorical pieces. 'Will it act?' has often been asked of these, and answered in the negative; and a play that will not act, is very similar to a tongue that cannot speak, or a man that cannot move. It may be something far better, but it is not a drama—not a natural, and powerful, and living representation of the real. Miss Baillie, it will be remembered, selected one passion for the subject of each play, thus, as most critics now agree, narrowing her ground and stiffening her movements, inventing new and more needless unities, and perishing, like Earl Morton, by the instrument of torture she had herself invented. But her plays are full of poetry which seems elaborately disguised under the dramatic exuviæ it wears. Her little song in the Beacon, the 'absent will return—the long, long lost be found,' is worth all her comedies put together; and put together, we believe, they never created one genuine or hearty laugh: and beautiful exceedingly the lines in Orra, which, quoted often, can bear to be quoted again:—

> 'Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast
> Winging the air beneath some murky cloud,
> In the sunned glimpses of a stormy day,
> Shiver in silver brightness;
> Or boatman's oar as vivid lightning flash
> In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path,
> Tracks the still water of some sullen lake;
> Or lonely tower, from its brown mass of woods,
> Give to the parting of a wintry sun
> One hasty glance, in mockery of the night,
> Closing in darkness round it. Gentle friend,
> Chide not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
> And may be so to-morrow.'

We return to Mrs Hemans, the female Shelley, in all but his lamented perversity and fatal blindness. Like him, drooping, fragile, 'a reed shaken by the wind'—a mighty wind, in sooth, too powerful for the tremulous reed on which it discoursed its music; like him, not so much a sweet singer as the instrument over which rushed from behind a storm of supernal melody; like him, she was often seized by the o'erhanging power, as a strong man will lift and playfully swing a child, till she panted and trembled in the grasp; like him, the victim of the most exquisite nervous organisation; like him, verse flowed upon and from her, and the sweet sound often overpowered the meaning, kissing it, as it were, to death; like him, she was melancholy, but the sadness of both was musical, tearful, active; not stony, silent, and motionless, still less misanthropic or disdainful; like him, she was gentle, playful—they could both run about their prison-garden, and dally with the dark chains which they knew bound them till death. Mrs Hemans, indeed, has not reached Shelley's heights, nor sounded his depths, and there was one 'simple' wanting in her melancholy which was mixed in large proportions with his—the simpler simple of despair. Her spirit was cheered by a celestial faith, by the softest noblest form of the softest noblest belief. Nevertheless, they are, to our judgment, so strikingly alike, as to seem brother and sister, in one gentle, beautiful, but delicate family. Their very appearance must have been similar. How like must the girl, Felicia Dorothea Browne, with the mantling bloom of her cheeks, her hair of a rich golden brown, and the ever-varying expression of her brilliant eyes, have been to the noble boy, Percy Bysshe Shelley, when he came first to Oxford, a fair-haired, bright-eyed enthusiast, on whose cheek and brow, and in whose eye was already beginning to burn a fire, which ultimately enwrapped his whole being in flames!

Mrs Hemans was a lyrist, and nothing else. Her songs, hymns, odes, occasional verses, are as bright as 'atoms of the rainbow,' but no more than them, great or complete. In many poets we see the germ of greatness, which might in happier circumstances, or in a more genial season, have been developed. But no such germ can the most microscopic survey discover in her, and we feel that at her death her beautiful but tiny task was done. Indeed, with such delicate organisation, and such intense suceptivity as hers, the elaboration, the long reach of thought, the deep, curbed, yet cherished ambition which a great work requires and implies, are, we fear incompatible. Let us be thankful for her as she was. She grew in beauty, was blasted where she grew, rained around her poetry like bright tears from her eyes, learned in suffering what she taught in song, died, and all hearts have obeyed the call of Wordsworth, to

> 'Mourn rather for that holy spirit,
> Mild as the spring, as ocean deep;
> For her, who ere her summer faded,
> Has sunk into a dreamless sleep.'

In Miss Jewsbury, Mrs Hemans's friend, there lay a stronger, more varied, swifter, and more masculine power. 'In one respect,' said Wordsworth—'in quickness in the motions of her mind, I never knew her equal.' Perhaps this very rapidity of thought injured her as a writer. The evanescent aspects of things which rushed upon her mind would not stay to be steadily delineated and fixed down in words. It was so in the case of Mary Wolstonecraft, who came down from her conversation to her composition as from a height. This gifted lady, in like manner, is now principally remembered through the traditionary estimate of her talk, and through her early and melancholy end. On the 1st of August, 1832, she was married in a little quiet church amongst the Welsh mountains, to the Rev. A. K. Fletcher, who was about to repair to India. Fourteen months afterwards she was laid in her last resting-place, at Poonah, in the far east, having fallen a victim to cholera while travelling with her husband. Death her prophetic soul had long anticipated. A little before leaving England she had thus written:—'In the best of everything I have done, you will find one leading idea—death. All thoughts, all images, all contrasts of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow.' A short while ere her death, still more strikingly she speaks of living in a land where death is such a swift and cunning hunter, that before you know you are ill, you may be ready to become his prey—where death, the grave, and forgetfulness, may be the work of two days—where the question at the door might be, not is your master *in*, but is your master alive to-day.

Similar, but much more melancholy, was the fate of another daughter of genius—L. E. L. Through her, as through Mrs Hemans, song rushed like a fiery stream, at once beautifying and burning her up. Wordsworth speaks of how divine a thing woman can be made; she proved how wretched a thing woman can be made—how much

misery a gifted, flattered, and fascinating female could exhaust in the course of a brief and brilliant career. What a difference between such spoiled children of society, with all their fatal facilities of fancy, and verse, and talk; and Ruth, standing forlorn amid the alien corn, or Deborah, dwelling 'neath her palm-tree in the mountain, or Hannah, bringing up her boy to the temple-service; how different from any of Shakspeare's women! And yet poor L. E. L. had originally—had to the last, a noble nature. Her last question to her friends—'Do you think of me as I think of you?' written as the waters bore her upon her melancholy pilgrimage, and her last poem to the polar star, which she loved, as reminding her of our own native isle of the ocean, which she had left, and knew she had left for ever, are not to be forgotten.

Mrs Shelley is perhaps of a higher order than any of the preceding, with the exception of Joanna Baillie. It has always, however, seemed to us that intercourse with Shelley—a being so intensely peculiar, that those who came in contact with, generally recoiled from him in hatred, or fell into the current of his being, vanquished and enthralled—has affected the originality and narrowed the extent of her genius. Her mind, consequently, has been wrenched out of its own track. Originally timid and feminine, she has turned down the daring path of her father and her husband, and continues to pursue it, with frequent misgivings, we suspect, as to whether she be in the right track. Her style is minutely and often successfully modelled upon that of Shelley. Indian widows used to fling themselves upon the funeral pyre of their husbands. She has thrown upon that of hers, her mode of thought, her mould of style, we fear, her creed, her heart, her all. Her 'Frankenstein'—who has forgot the interesting account she gives of her first conception of that extraordinary story, when she had retired to rest, her fancy heated by ghost stories, and when the whole circumstances of the tale flashed upon her, as in a camera obscura?—is an instance of how well and delicately she can handle a morbid and disgusting theme. The story is of one who finds out the principle of life, and constructs a man, who ultimately murders the dearest friends of his creator, and is last seen making for the north pole. Nothing more preposterous than the meagre outline of the story exists in literature. Nothing, perhaps, could have been more easily constructed, if, as Dr Johnson was wont to say, one's mind could but abandon itself to the task. But though not difficult to frame the outline, especially after it has been framed, any more than her hero found it hard to build up the flesh and blood of his miscreation, it was difficult—it required the breath of genius, to give either the one or the other life. This Mrs Shelley has done. The monster is not only like as Caliban seemed to Trinculo—a very pretty monster—but even something poetical and pathetic withal; you almost weep for the unfortunate, involuntary, gigantic Unit. The process of his creation is described with much gusto, and more grace and delicacy than you could have expected from such a theme. The moment when, at midnight, and in the light of a waning moon, he first begins to live, and his creator shudders at his own rude and horrible handy-work, is given with thrilling and curdling power. Scarcely second to this is his sudden appearance on a glacier among the high Alps, or his final evanishing in darkness and in distance. Altogether the work is wonderful, particularly as that of a girl of nineteen, who has never since equalled or approached its power, and might be particularly recommended to the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' as containing a theory not much less plausible and not very dissimilar to his own.

We find we will not have space to dilate upon many other of our lady authors, and can only name the grave and sensible Mrs Ellis, who seems another avatar of the excellent Hannah More, the fascinating Mrs Jameson, Miss Mitford, the pride of our village, Mrs Hall, Miss Martineau, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs Gore, and Mrs Crowe, the admirable writer of 'Susan Hopley.' But three will we mention dearer than the rest—Mrs Howitt, Mrs Johnstone, and Miss Barrett. If Mrs Hemans be the female Shelley, Mary Howitt is the female Wordsworth. There is in her the same gentleness, simplicity, and wisdom; there is something also of the same childishness. Her sympathies are with the old simplicities of life and of nature. The pastoral solitudes of Dent Dale; the lonely river, sounding on its way through its own glen; the forest dim, in which sits the woodmouse eating his fearless meal; the preadamitic waters with their monstrous progeny; such scenes and subjects are her chosen field. She is, like Wordsworth, a wild and woodland rover. She does not, it is true, hang such a weight of philosophic thought upon the objects she selects; she has few thoughts too deep for tears; she does not see in the humblest scenes and circumstances the hieroglyphics of high and solemn truths—her object rather is to deduce from natural objects a code of practical lessons, and to found on them a system of meek and cheerful piety. A sweet and simple uniqueness of thought, manner, and style, modelled, we might imagine, after the quiet garb of the quakeress, is the distinguishing quality of Mrs Howitt. One of the rarest qualities, next to consistency of character, is consistency of mind, which we may compare to a seal always leaving the same impression more or less distinctly according to the nature of the material or the power of the pressure. This is peculiarly characteristic of the authoress before us, whose works in verse, or in prose, more elaborate or careless, more ambitious or simple, bear in their every line her perfect image. One gentle and constant mark proclaims the presence of such a writer as Charles Lamb or as Mary Howitt.

We need not dwell at large upon the merits of Mrs Johnstone, whether as a writer of fiction, or as the most accomplished editress and female critic of the day. She is less remarkable for any one peculiar or solitary quality, than for the combination of many if not all these qualities which go to constitute an elegant, instructive, and energetic writer. A fine and forcible imagination, manlike sense, and womanly delicacy of feeling, deference for the taste and spirit of the age, blended with a thorough independence of tone, and wide and charitable sympathies—a taste at once catholic and keen, a manner and style sometimes flippant, indeed, but generally clear, refined, and dignified, are some of her more prominent excellencies. She is a medium between the school of Hannah More and Mrs Ellis, and that of Miss Barrett and Mrs Shelley, holding in part with the old and in part with the new. She is neither a retailer of venerable commonplace nor a reckless enthusiast, but through her Scottish common sense, as well as her extended views, has been enabled to avoid both extremes, and become one of the safest literary guides we can at present boast. Every one knows with what a magic paper-cutter she analyses the new books of the month, and curdles up the pith of three volumes all into a few pages, illuminating them, besides, with her sensible criticism and catholic sympathies. Her own tales exhibit, perhaps, greater breadth and force than beauty or subtlety; and the occasional negligence of their execution and dashing levity of style, betray the practised magazine-writer. But some of them have found their way to the heart of the public. There is hardly a decent housewife in Scotland but has chuckled over 'Mrs Roberts's Three Christmas Dinners'—not a man of genius, or even a sympathiser with it in its struggles, its triumphs, or its fall, but has thrilled at the powerful story of 'Frankland the Barrister,' and not a boy in wide Britain but has read and dreamed over the 'Three Westminster Boys'—Thurlow, Cowper, and Warren Hastings.

Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett is a bold lady, and would require a bold critic. She has aspired to be an English Madame Rahel; she has seated herself, like another witch of Endor, in a cave of mystery, and sought to call up the dead—ay, the spirit of Milton himself; she has entered, besides, some of the darkest chambers of the human heart; she has heaved up to heaven, as if she were the commissioned mouth of humanity, some cries daring almost to blasphemy, piercing to anguish; she has darkened her counsel deliberately by a disguise which oracles only should wear, and through which even oracles could scarcely find

their way; she has, moreover, invented a new language, and we would not wonder though she had tried to invent a new world. To say that her daring and her deeds, or capacity of doing, were equal, were to say too much. Her 'Drama of Exile' is one of those productions which are admired because they are not comprehended. It is written in cipher, and you are not convinced that the cipher is worth learning. She seems, from her preface, to be very apprehensive of coming in contact with Milton. She might have spared herself the fear. Not even by the antithesis of disgust is either Milton or Byron suggested to our memory by its perusal But the poem stands in the glare of the fiery sword of Eden, and this should have burned up its conceits and awed down its petty minstrelsies. Beautiful passages occur, but they are not the genuine flowers of Paradise—'one blossom of Eden outblooms them all.' To finish a Torso, to conclude Cambascan, or Hyperion, or Christabel, we had almost said to express the unwritten language of the seven thunders, were presumption scarcely greater than to seek to add to the words of Milton, which seem not merely to close the poem, but to shut the scene for ever.

> 'Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon—
> The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
> They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way.'

Compare with this the beginning of the drama of 'Exile.' Better far than this are her cries of the human, as she affectedly styles the race, and of the factory children. Theirs is that daring of high reverence, which sometimes seems to border on blasphemy, and the power of which lies in the very nearness of its approach to all that we abhor. In these the meaning is sometimes blinded and choked—but blinded as by the tears, and choked as in the sighs of the poor innocents, in whose name she, like an elder sister, speaks to time and eternity, to earth and heaven! But it is as a writer of ballads, and short simple poems, describing moods of her own or of others' minds, that this lady excels. The romance of the 'Swan's Nest' is the finest miniature of a castle in the clouds we ever read. It is prettier than even the Arabian Alnaschar, who, in kicking his princess, kicked down his basket of crockery, and awoke, and lo it was a dream. 'Bertha in the Lane' is a tale of secret, devouring, unhappy passion, entertained by a sister for the lover of her sister. Its praise is, that none but a woman could have written it. Geraldine's courtship is a strain of loftier mood, sustained with the utmost energy to the close. Its beauty is, that though a tale of successful love, it melts you like a tragedy. Altogether, were this accomplished and gifted lady to renounce her affectations of manner, and her overdarings of ambition, and to leave that mystic atmosphere, which is rather attenuated even for her, there are provinces of thought and feeling where she might walk *facile princeps* of the female authors of this or perhaps any age.

## HALLUCINATIONS.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

It is a recognised truism, that the progress of science tends to the solution and clearing up of many subjects long regarded as terrible mysteries, to which the popular mind has yielded a superstitious belief, and which in many instances have proved the scourges of humanity. The heaviest trammels ever imposed on the intellect of the world have been those arising from hallucination; and we trust that an interesting work which has just made its appearance, from the pen of a French author, will enable us to elucidate the phenomena, causes, and effects of this singular malady, which has shown itself in every epoch in the history of mankind.*

In the most diverse latitudes, under governments the most opposed, and among all religions, we find constantly the same belief in the existence of spirits and apparitions. An inquiry into the cause of this general opinion would be curious and interesting, since its source should evidently be sought in the mental organisation. In fact, if man be studied in a psychological point of view, we find that he is every where governed by an irresistible longing after the unknown, which in the greater part of the human race displays itself in the love of the marvellous. The savage, who dreams of the Great Spirit and of the boundless hunting fields of another life; the devotee of the middle ages, in his reverence for holy shrines and relics; the Arab of the desert, wandering in imagination in the enchanted palaces of the Arabian Nights; the Hindoo, absorbed by the incarnations of Bramah; and the inhabitant of the civilised world, who, believing nothing in public, yet consults the oracles of fate in secret, all obey the same impulse, that of believing something.

The imagination, truly called the *flighty lodger*, seeks continally to break the ties by which it is connected with reason; and once successful, there is no fable, no strange belief, no singular illusion, or extravagant dream, which it will not seize upon and propagate. Bacon says, that men love rather to believe than to examine; and this disposition is particularly marked in the infancy of the human mind. Few periods have been more favourable to the triumphs of imagination than the middle ages; a period which appeared to be the rendezvous of every fantastic creation. The air was said to be filled with wonderful birds, the earth overrun with hideous animals, and the sea peopled with monstrous fishes, while, beyond the limits assigned to the globe, existed delectable countries, the region of the terrestrial paradise. Beliefs thus extraordinary, developed amidst the devastating irruptions of the barbarians of the north, the terror induced by the general anticipation of the end of the world, suggested the idea of invisible supernatural powers which nothing could resist. Thus prepared, the people listened with avidity to all the revelations of soothsayers and sorcerers, who sometimes terrified themselves in terrifying others. The words they uttered would be repeated by a father to his wife and children, and, if of a lively imagination, he would depict the terrors in still more fearful colours; parental authority weighing with the children, would cause them to lend implicit faith to these descriptions; they, in their turn, repeated them to others; and hence the origin of a multitude of errors, which, once received, become systematised, form a doctrinal code instilled into the mind with its earliest lessons, and have often subjugated the loftiest intellects.

The author classifies hallucinations under ten different degrees, each of which presents phenomena distinct in their character, and we shall endeavour to follow his reasoning with the illustrations adduced in support of his arguments. In the first class appear those compatible with reason, comprehending hallucinations of sight, taste, smell, and hearing, which may all be rectified by the touch. Those brought forward in evidence prove that cerebral images may appear to an individual without derangement of the intellectual faculties, and serve to explain why celebrated men have, at times, been unjustly accused of mental alienation, when in reality the hallucination has proceeded from an optical error, intense preoccupation of the brain, or disordered state of the body, with this characteristic, that the individual afflicted is able to control his ideas, change their current, compare them, and discover the fallacy of his sensations.

Sir Isaac Newton showed that any one may produce a hallucination at pleasure: he had been looking at the image of the sun in a glass, when, on turning his eye towards a dark corner of the room, he saw the solar spectrum reproduced gradually with the splendour and brightness of the real object. It has also been observed by Dr Paterson, that the same phenomenon occurs on looking stedfastly at a well-lighted window, and afterwards on the wall; the image of the window, the frame-work and the panes, depicts itself immediately before the eyes with the greatest fidelity. Nearly every one knows with what facility such psychological phenomena are produced; we

* Des Hallucinations, ou Histoire Raisonnée des Apparitions, des Visions, des Songes, de l'Extase, du Magnetisme et du Somnambulisme. Par A. Brierre du Boismont. Paris. 1845.

may conjure up almost any form or place we please, from the peaceful and tender to the strife of a battle mingled with the cries of the combatants. Castles in the air, those sweet illusions which displace for a while the stern realities of life, are familiar to all.

A young man, aged twenty-five, was employed at a brewery in Strasburg, and quitted his situation in 1835 for St Etienne, leaving behind a young woman whom he loved, but with no very strong attachment. He had worked at St Etienne about two months, when one night he heard footsteps moving round his bed, and felt something pass across the coverlet; the next night, at the same hour, the same circumstances were repeated, and he then heard a voice, which he recognised as that of the young woman he had known at Strasburg, which said, 'Ah! I have found you at last.' From that time the voice pursued him every where, demanding money, spoke of marriage, and threatened him with diabolical tortures if compliance was not yielded. This at length so tormented him that he could neither work nor sleep; he consulted a physician, whose treatment not having been successful in ameliorating his condition, he went to Lyons and was admitted to the hospital of the Antiquaille, where he gave a clear and succinct account of his case to the physicians, and was perfectly sensible that the woman whose voice he heard was not near him; he could never see her, but the voice spoke to him at almost every hour of the day and night. When told to listen, he inclined his head a little to the left, and never failed to hear and repeat word for word what the voice said to him. Leeches were applied behind his ears, and the requisite medicines administered, precautions being taken to keep him continually occupied; very soon after this the voice no longer addressed him during the day, and at the end of a month he was discharged perfectly cured.

A stooping posture will often induce ocular hallucinations on suddenly raising the head. A servant girl, engaged in scrubbing a flight of stairs, saw, on looking up, two feet of gigantic proportions, to which the legs became gradually visible, and, seized with a panic, she fled without waiting for the complete development of the apparition, or without assuring herself of its illusory nature, as would have been done by a better instructed person. Among other instances of this class is that related by a medical friend of Sir Walter Scott, of a gentleman in the full possession of all his faculties, knowing that he was under the influence of a delusion, and yet dying from its constant depressing effect upon the mind. He first saw a large cat continually before him, which after some months disappeared, and gave place to a gentleman usher of the court, who preceded him wherever he went; this in turn gave way to the image of a skeleton, which never left him. Observing one day to his physician that the hideous object was gazing at him from between the curtains at the foot of the bed, the latter, to convince him of his delusion, placed himself at the opening, on which the invalid said, 'It is not gone, I see the head looking over your shoulder;' on hearing which the doctor, despite his philosophy, could not forbear shuddering.

The second and third classes of hallucinations comprehend those of the simple kind, foolish in themselves, but without any complication of monomania, passion, or madness; and those in relation with illusions, in which the reason, before intact, yields to the domination of folly, and abandoning the reins so long held with a firm hand, gives place to errors whose dictates and suggestions are without appeal; and the more the prudence and circumspection resulting from reason, the greater is the display of obstinacy and folly. This change, however, does not always take place without gradual transition. More than once the unfortunate victim, suffering from a hallucination for the first time, strives to shake it off; but being repeatedly harassed, it seems to draw nearer and nearer; he makes every effort to hide the struggle from his friends; becomes silent, sad, and morose; and eventually persuades himself that the delusion is a conviction, and submits with the blindness of a slave to its inspirations. An aged ecclesiastic, deprived of hearing, composed poetry and wrote treatises and letters in Latin and French, as well as sermons in various languages, in the full persuasion that he wrote from the dictation of the Archangel Michael, affirming that he of himself was incapable of producing so great a bulk of good compositions. A lady in her eighty-third year, almost entirely deaf, imagined that her husband, who had been dead many years, walked upon the roof of the house; she called to him night and day, and held frequent conversations with him: 'Oh, heavens!' she would cry out, 'he complains of cold and nakedness and hunger; hasten to carry him some clothes, some broth, and wine;' after which she would be seized with a fit of weeping, uttered loud cries, and tore her hair. The invisible voices are sometimes internal and sometimes external; they come from the clouds, the adjacent houses, the earth, the corners of an apartment, the chimney, or a mattress; they also frequently come from the interior of the head, the stomach, or some other important organ. 'Sir,' cried out a poor maniac to her physician, 'there is a curious thing in here,' pointing to her breast; 'I hear it always speaking to me in threats and insults;' and so persuaded was she of the reality of her illusion, that she remained all day listening in a bent posture. Harrington, the author of Oceana, discoursed sensibly on every subject except that of his malady. When on this topic, he declared with the utmost sincerity that his vital spirits escaped from every pore in his body in the form of birds, flies, and bees. He discoursed often of good and evil genii, which caused him great alarm, and defended his opinions with so much vigour that his physician was often embarrassed for a reply.

A proof that the objects seen are not exterior, but in the brain, has been brought forward by Esquirol and Selut, in the case of an old man who never sat at table without seeing around him a number of guests dressed in the fashion of the previous century. He had but one eye, the sight of which was extremely weak, covered with a green preserver, and occasionally saw his own image apparently reflected in the glass. Dr Abercrombie mentions a remarkable instance of this species of hallucination: an invalid lady, entirely blind, never walked in the streets without seeing a little old woman in a red cloak holding a cane in her hand. This apparition walked before her, but always disappeared on her return to the house. The hallucinations of sight and hearing are more generally united than otherwise. Some years ago a madman named Blake was confined in Bedlam; he firmly believed in the reality of his visions; he conversed with Moses and Michael Angelo, and dined with Semiramis; he had considerable talent as a painter and designer, and had made two large volumes of drawings of the spectres which appeared to him. A visiter was one day in his room, when he cried 'Silence, there's Richard III.' 'Where do you see him?' inquired the stranger. 'Opposite you, on the other side of the table; it is his first visit.' 'How do you know him?' 'My spirit recognises him, but I cannot tell how; we converse soul to soul by intuition and magnetism.' Spinello painted the fall of the wicked angels, and represented Lucifer in so horrible an aspect that he was seized with terror at his own work, which afterwards was always before his eyes, upbraiding him with the frightful form in the picture.

In connexion with these are the hallucinations of touch, taste, and smell. Patients often exclaim that they have been beaten by spirits, and show their bruises; at other times they are dining off exquisite viands, or nauseated by chewing raw meat; sometimes they inhale ambrosial odours, and at others are tormented by noisome and fetid smells. Illustrations of hallucinations, complicated with illusions, may be found in the giant of the Brocken and the aerial cavaliers of Westmoreland. The different circumstances in which these originate are very numerous. Ignorance is the principal condition; the best instructed persons are the least liable to fall into them. Certain countries, particularly in the north of Europe, and several provinces of France, abound in traditions due to illusions of the organs of sight. Fear and darkness are also very favourable to illusions; to these diverse causes must be referred the ap-

arition attached to the presence of any object, to the disposition of a drapery or a curtain, or the arrangement of an article of furniture. When the mind is thus prepared, the most familiar objects are transformed into phantoms. The captain of a ship belonging to Newcastle-on-Tyne relates, that on one of his return voyages the cook died. Some days after his funeral, the mate ran in great trepidation to tell the captain that the dead man was walking ahead of the vessel, while all the crew were on deck watching the fearful object. The captain, much vexed at being disturbed by such a tale, gave orders to put the ship about as the best means of ridding themselves of the spectre; but being called a second time, he avowed that he also began to share in the general panic. He rose, and looking at the place indicated, saw distinctly a human form whose walk was the same as that of his old cook, while the hair was dressed in the fashion in which he wore it when alive. The fright became general, and as the sailors refused to move, the captain himself went forward, and on a nearer examination found that the ridiculous cause of all their terror was nothing more than a fragment of the mainmast of some wreck floating a little in advance of the ship. This is a curious instance of the effects of an illusion on several persons at the same time, and will serve to explain the cause of sudden alarms prevailing among great bodies of men on various occasions; had not the captain taken the resolution to approach the supposed apparition, the tale of the cook walking upon the water would have circulated a long time, and excited the fears of the good people of Newcastle. We learn from ancient history, that Ajax was so enraged at the arms of Achilles being adjudged to Ulysses, that he became furious, and perceiving a herd of swine at a distance, he drew his sword, rushed in among them, and hacked them with rude blows, mistaking them for Greeks. He afterwards seized two of the animals, and with bitter reproaches scourged them fiercely, imagining that one of them was Agamemnon his judge, and the other his enemy Ulysses. On recovering from the passion, he was so ashamed of his action that he killed himself with his own sword.

Numerous instances are brought forward to prove that illusions are not to be confounded with hallucinations, inasmuch as the former are based upon a material object, while the latter are purely of cerebral creation; the greater portion of them may be explained by previous habits, inclinations, passions, or powerful emotions. The next class of hallucinations comprehends those of a compound nature, foolish in themselves, and existing in connexion with monomania, stupidity, madness, and imbecility. It is not always easy to trace these effects to their true cause, as most of the melancholic patients keep an obstinate silence during several years, chance alone revealing the secret. A man of advanced age, whom a reverse of fortune had rendered melancholic, was admitted into the establishment of a French physician. For many years he had not uttered a single word, and his sole occupation consisted in smelling and licking the walls of his apartment, together with the door sill, sometimes for hours together, without the possibility of any one being able to explain the motives for so extravagant and painful an action, whose frequency and long duration had left numerous and deep hollows in the plastered walls of his apartment. The physician frequently interrogated him concerning this extraordinary proceeding, which could only excite disgust or compassion, but without success; when one day, without appearing to observe the patient, he inquired of an attendant as to the cause of the stains and abrasion of the walls; to his great astonishment the patient broke the long silence by exclaiming, 'Do you call those stains and holes? Don't you see that they are Japan oranges? What delicious fruit—what colour—what odour—what delightful taste!' and he recommenced his smelling and licking with redoubled energy. Thus the whole mystery was explained, and the poor patient, who had been until then pitied as the most unfortunate of mortals, was, on the contrary, very happy, since the most agreeable hallucinations, those of the senses, procured him continual enjoyments.

MM. Aubanel and Thore, in their statistics of the Bicêtre, remark that, in 66 cases of monomania 85 presented the above phenomena; of which 19 were of the hearing, 11 of vision, 3 of taste, 1 of touch, and 1 of the internal organs. From which statement it appears that the illusions of hearing and vision are proportionally the most numerous; these are sometimes united in the same individual, but in no instance are all the senses affected at the same time. It must not, however, be forgotten, that whatever be the attention paid to these inquiries, there are certain patients in whom it is impossible to discover the precise characteristic.

We have thus followed the author through a great portion of his facts and arguments, and have shown that in treating of hallucinations regard must be had to the philosophy of the question; for while facts are useful to practical men, philosophy has the precious advantage of throwing light on obscure points which mere practice would never explain. The phenomena connected with the subject are certainly the most curious in the range of human psychology; they comprehend some of the highest questions of the world. 'There are,' says a celebrated writer, 'problems in human nature, whose solution is beyond this life, which the soul strives earnestly to resolve; there is a morality for which must be sought a sanction, an object, an origin.'*

In a future number we shall follow the author through his interesting explanations of the hallucinations in conjunction with disease, magnetism, and somnambulism.

## THE CORAL AND PEARL FISHERIES.

Most of our readers are familiar, we doubt not, with the work in which the late Mr Williams, the celebrated South Sea missionary, gives a beautiful and minute description of the immense coral reefs abounding in the far-off shores which formed the scene of his hardships and labours.

Coral was once thought to be a mere vegetable, whole forests of which were supposed to grow at the bottom of the sea. It is now, however, ascertained to be the work of small insects, which form a substance at the bottom of the sea, to which stones, sand, or whatever else the sea throws in its way, adhere. When these insects die, they still adhere to each other, increasing the mass so formed. New insects erect their habitations upon the rising bank; and it is curious to observe that they regularly *work upwards*, as if conscious that, at some future time, they should attain the surface of the ocean. By the continual increase of stones, rock, or whatever else the sea supplies, together with the addition of the coral itself, it does at length reach the surface, and rise above the reach of the water. Now birds make it a place of rest, bringing seeds; whilst the sea throws up roots, which grow, and, in their turn decaying, produce a mould which still receives other roots and seeds, until at length the rock, raised by such insignificant means, becomes an island. The coral, which is used for necklaces and children's ornaments, is fished for at great depths beneath the surface, where it clings to the rock. It is of three colours—black, white, and red; but that most esteemed is the brightest red.

Pearls, also, it is well known, are a product of the deep, being found within the shell of certain varieties of the oyster. The coral fishery is chiefly prosecuted in the Mediterranean, while that of pearls has its principal seat on the coasts of the island of Ceylon; and both are carried on under circumstances of peculiar hardship and danger. The following description of the starting of the vessels for the former from the Bay of Naples will be read with

* Guizot, History of Civilisation in Europe.

interest. We quote from the private correspondence of a late number of the *Athenæum*:—

There is no port on the Bay of Naples which presents so bustling a scene at this season of the year as Torre del Greco. Hundreds, I may say thousands, of mariners are now here, assembled from various parts of the coast, dressed out in their rich Phrygian caps and scarlet sashes, ready to start for the coral fishery. At last, the weather begins to brighten—the tempestuous sirocco and the roystering tramontana retire within their caves; and, a favourable breeze springing up, soon they 'are upon the Mediterranean flote,' in little detachments according to their destination. What lamentations may then be heard amongst mothers, or wives, or sweethearts, who have thronged down to Torre to take a last farewell! But courage! a mass has been said, or a candle offered to the Madonna; and now, to complete the 'buoni augurij,' these loving companions throw a handful of sand after the receding bark, exclaiming, '*Possa andare come una nave degli angeli.*' Having lately been in the midst of these scenes, and interested myself in the details of this profitable branch of commerce, I send you what may be called the statistics of the coral fishery.

The coral fishery is a source of more profit than is, perhaps, generally known, and is attended with hardships, the bare thought of which might diminish some of that natural vanity with which the fair one contemplates the glowing ornaments that repose upon and contrast with her white bosom. I was standing on the *marina*, when I witnessed such a scene as I have described—a party of gaily dressed mariners, accompanied by women weeping and wailing as our northern females know not how to do. Their short and simple story was soon learned; and the particulars I now send you, as the result of my inquiries.

Torre is the principal port in the south of Italy for the vessels engaged in the coral fishery—about 200 vessels setting out from hence every year. They have generally a tonnage of from 7 to 14 tons, and carry from 8 to 12 hands; so that about 2000 men are engaged in this trade, and, in case of an emergency, would form a famous *corps de reserve*. They generally consist of the young and hardy and adventurous, or else the wretchedly poor; for it is only the bold spirit of youth, or the extreme misery of the married man, which would send them forth upon this service. For two or three months previous to the commencement of the season, many a wretched mariner leaves his starving family, and, as a last resource, sells himself to the proprietor of one or other of these barks; receiving a *caparra* (earnest-money), with which he returns to his home. This, perhaps, is soon dissipated, and he again returns and receives an addition to his *caparra;* so that, when the time of final departure arrives, it not unfrequently happens that the whole of his scanty pay has been consumed, and the improvident or unhappy rogue has some months of hard labour in prospect, without the hope of another *grano* of compensation. Nor does the proprietor run any risk in making this prepayment; for as the mariner can make no engagement without presenting his passport perfectly *en règle*, he is under the surveillance of a vigilant police. The agreement between the parties is made from the month of March to the feast of San Michaele (29th September) for vessels destined for the Barbary coast, and from March to the feast of the Madonna del Rosario (October 2) for those whose destination is nearer home. Each man receives from 20 to 40 ducats, according to his age or skill, for the whole voyage; whilst the captain receives from 150 to 400 ducats, reckoning 6 ducats to £1 sterling. These preliminaries being settled, let us imagine them now on full wing—some for the coast of Barbary, and others for that of Sardinia, or Leghorn, or Civita Vecchia, or the Islands of Capri, San Pietro, or Ventotene, near which I have often seen them, hour after hour, and day after day, dragging for the treasures of the vasty deep. On arriving at the port nearest to the spot where they mean to fish, the 'carte' are sent in to the consul; which they are compelled to take again on return. A piastre is paid by each vessel for the magic indorsement of his Eccellenza, another to the druggist, and another to the medical man; whilst the captain, to strengthen his power, and to secure indemnity in case of some of those gentle excesses which bilious captains are sometimes apt to commit, has generally on board some private 'regalo' for his consul. The next morning perhaps they push out to sea, and commence operations; not to return that evening, or the next, or the next, but to remain at sea for a fortnight or a month at a time, working night and day without intermission. The more humane captains allow half their crews to repose from Ave Maria to midnight, and the other half from midnight to the break of day; others allow only two hours' repose at a time; whilst some, again, allow no regular time; 'so that,' said a poor mariner to me, 'we sleep as we can, either standing, or as we haul in the nets.' Nor do they fare better than they sleep: for the whole time they have nothing—literally nothing—but biscuit and water; whilst the captain, as a privileged person, has his dish of dried beans or haricots boiled. Should they, however, have a run of good luck, and put into port once in fifteen days or so, they are indulged with a feast of maccaroni. These privations make it rather rough work, it must be confessed, for a mariner, especially when it is remembered that it lasts seven months; but if to this be added the brutality of the captains, whose tyranny and cruelty, as I have heard, exceeds anything that has ever been recounted to me before, we have a combination of sufferings which go far to justify the description given to me of this service by one engaged in it, as being an 'inferno terrestre.'

Now let us view them at work. Every vessel carries about 12 cantaj (a cantaio being 200 pounds) of hemp to make the nets, which are changed every week. They are about 7 or 10 palmi in width, and 100 or 120 palmi in length, worked very loosely, and with large meshes. On being thrown into the sea, the vessel is put before the wind, or else propelled by oars, until these loosely-formed nets have fastened upon a rock. Then comes the tug of war. If they have great good fortune, they will take a piece of 2 or 3 rotoli at a haul (a rotolo being 33 ounces), though this is a rare occurrence. In its natural state, the coral is either white or red, or even black externally, from the action of the sea. The white is very rare and very precious; comparatively a small quantity being sufficient to make a good voyage, especially if it be taken 'ingrosso,' when it will fetch as high as 100 ducati, or more, the rotolo. The red, 'a minuto,' is not very valuable; but if it is 'scelta' and 'ingrosso,' it can be sold for from 25 up to 60 ducati the rotolo. As a rule, however, the round-shaped coral is much more valuable than the tree or the spiral coral.

> Full fathoms five thy father lies;
> Of his bones are coral made.

So sang Ariel; without, I suppose, intending to lay down any rule as to the depth at which coral may be found. Indeed, it is found at all depths, from 12 to 16 palmi, up to 150, or even more. At last arrives the feast of San Michaele, or of the Madonna del Rosario. As soon as the day dawns, the nets are slackened; no man will work more, even if treasures are in prospect. So, pushing into land, and taking up their 'carte,' away they set on their return, many as poor as when they departed; some with a few ducats in 'sacco,' and a new Phrygian cap, or dashing sash, or some article of finery, for the 'innamorata;' all, however, being thoroughly tired out, and injured perhaps in constitution. The cargo being deposited in the 'magazzin' of the merchant, is sold out to the retail merchants, who flock in from Naples and elsewhere; and is soon transformed into numerous articles of ornament or superstition—crosses, amulets, necklaces, and bracelets. And now, these mariners have a long repose, till the spring comes round and sends them out again on this odious service, though there are very few who make two or three consecutive voyages of this nature. Many vessels are lost in the season, owing to their long-continued exposure to all kinds of weather, and to their lying in amongst the coral reefs. However prosperous the voyage, life aboard the vessels '*è la vita d'uno cane.*' Yet the service may

be regarded as one of the most important in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; as well for the wealth it annually brings in, as also for the school it offers for training hardy, well-disciplined mariners.

As an interesting companion to the above we give the following account of the Pearl Fishery:

Perhaps no spectacle which the island of Ceylon affords is more striking to a European than the Bay of Condatchy during the season of pearl fishery: this desert and barren spot is at that time converted into a most surprising scene; several thousands of people of different colours, countries, sects or casts, and occupations, continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd; vast numbers of small tents; the bazaar, or market place; the multitude of boats, which, returning at the appointed time from the pearl banks, some of them laden with riches; the anxious, expecting countenances of the boat-owners; the vast numbers of jewellers, brokers, merchants of all colours and descriptions, both natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls—some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking them about, or drilling and boring them for future use—all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of this trade in the estimation of mankind, though only designed to feed their vanity. The world could easily live without pearls; they are neither food nor clothing.

Each of the boats carries twenty men, with the boatman, who acts as pilot. Ten of the men row, and assist the divers in re-ascending; the other ten are divers, and go down five at a time, and, by this method of alternately diving, give each other time to recruit themselves for a fresh plunge. In order to accelerate the descent of the divers, large stones are employed—five in each boat; and being accustomed to diving from their very infancy, they descend fearlessly to the bottom in from four to ten fathoms water, in search of the oysters which contain the pearls. The diver, when he is about to plunge, seizes the rope to which one of the stones is attached with the toes of his right foot, while he takes hold of a bag of net-work with the left—it being customary among all Indians to use their toes as well as their fingers; and such is the power of habit that they can pick up the smallest thing from the ground with their toes as nimbly as a European could with his fingers. Thus prepared, he seizes another rope with his right hand, and holding his nostrils shut with the left, plunges into the water, and by the assistance of the stone speedily reaches the bottom; he then hangs the net round his neck, and with much dexterity and all possible dispatch collects as many oysters as he can, while he is able to remain under water, which is usually about two minutes; he then resumes his former position, makes a signal to those above by pulling the rope in his right hand, and is immediately by this means drawn up and brought into the boat, leaving the stone to be pulled up afterwards by the rope attached to it. The exertion undergone during this process is so violent, that upon being brought into the boat, the divers discharge water from their mouth, ears, and nostrils, and frequently even blood; but this does not hinder them from going down again in their turn. They often make from forty to fifty plunges in a day, and at each plunge bring up about 100 oysters. This business, which appears so extraordinary and full of danger to a European, becomes quite familiar to an Indian, owing to the natural suppleness of his limbs and his habits from his infancy. His chief terror and risk arise from falling in with the ground-shark; this animal is a source of perpetual uneasiness to the adventurous Indian: the dread of this foe is so great, that these superstitious people seek for safety in supernatural means. Before they begin diving a priest or conjurer is always consulted, and whatever he says is received with the most implicit confidence: the preparation which he enjoins them consists of certain ceremonies, according to the caste to which they belong, and their belief in the efficacy of these superstitious rites can never be removed. During the time of the fishery, the conjurers stand on the shore till the boats return, muttering and mumbling prayers, and distorting their bodies into various strange attitudes. As soon as the oysters are taken out of the boats, they are placed in pits dug in the ground, to pass through a state of putrefaction and become dry, by which means they are easily opened and without danger of injuring the pearl.

## NORMAN.

### A TALE OF STRATHEARN.

The annals of feudalism furnish us with numerous traits of reckless valour, undying hatred, and unchanging devotion; but instances of that individuality of thought which is common in our era, or deeds done from the dictates of irresponsible conception, are seldom or never chronicled. In times when men could passively suffer death to please a chief, when the physical force of his position was less potent than its moral power to bind to him rude and savage warriors, we scarcely hope for an example of intrinsic manhood, and we seldom meet with one. History merely looks at clanship in its political aspect; tradition, on the other hand, leaves political combinations for the analysis of philosophy, and, running deep into the channels of humanity, seeks to paint the passions of those who knew no other means of reaching posterity save through minstrel's song or aged sibyl's tale. The following sketch is meant to represent a Highland clansman under an aspect least likely to distinguish such a being in an age which was extremely despotic and extremely servile.

In Strathearn, immediately to the north of the village of Comrie, rises a wooded mountain, which the inhabitants of the strath, in lieu of a more definite appellation, have named Dunmore, or the big hill. The bosom and shoulders of this mountain are thickly covered with oak and pine trees, but its summit is as bare and rugged as the head of a vulture. From this elevation the eye can scan one of the most majestic landscapes in nature; the outlines of distant mountains, mingling their almost indefinite shade with the blue horizon—lakes flashing in the sunbeams—rivers ploughing their tortuous paths and winding on amidst trees and rocks—ancient towers embowered amongst dark woods—bold beetling crags and rugged hills, whose brows are cut and torn with blustering torrents and foaming waterfalls, all burst upon your vision as you gaze from the summit of Dunmore. In the glen below are rich pasture lands beautifully interspersed with cultured forests; the corn of the industrious swain waves luxuriantly, and the lazy steers graze quietly on the rich meads of Dunira. But at the period of our tale these meads and forests were the possessions of a proud Highland chief, and the corn and steers were guarded by armed men. Near the foot of the Dundurn hills stood the baronial hall of Dunira, who was as proud and haughty as if his veins contained in direct succession the unadulterated blood of Nimrod, and who looked upon his clansmen's huts, the lowing herds, the wide lands, and frowning tower, as mere accessories to his individual greatness. Lord of a wide heritage, which his serfs had won for him by constant aggression, he acknowledged no superior whom their swords could subdue, and no equal whose following and pedigree were inferior to his own; impetuous in his wrath, implacable in his revenge, looking upon men as the mere creatures of his will—the slaves of a brutal dogmatism which had never been opposed—he stalked about in feudal majesty, himself the slave of self-exaggeration.

Nature, which seldom deviates from the laws of hereditary transmission, which gives to the lion and tiger the ferocity of their sires, had given to this mountain despot a child as lovely, amiable, and gentle as her father was stern, austere, and fierce. In the halls where the minstrels sang of her beauty, of that beauty's witchery and power, of her lofty and warlike lineage, of her destiny as the chieftainess of a bold and devoted clan, she preserved the soft and gentle bearing of a maiden, and looked upon the paraphernalia of war with more of dread than it would

have pleased Dunira to know. Chiefs whose haughty heads were seldom stooped to mortal man, bowed low to Ely Voich; eyes that gleamed with the fire of command, looked beseechingly upon the damsel; but she turned coldly from them, and she would not listen to the tongue that proffered vows. Her lordly lovers brought her ptarmigan and roedeer from the mountains, the choicest fishes from the lochs and rivers, and the richest furs from the forest, but they were thrown as carelessly aside as they were received. To have looked upon her fair smooth brow, over which her golden hair was braided; to have looked into her deep blue eyes, that combined the purity of the Highland stream with the ethereal hue of heaven —eyes that told of warm feelings and deep devotion— eyes that spoke of love and ardent sensibilities; to have looked into her eyes, so soft and gentle, and to doubt that Ely loved, would have been impossible.

Norman Bean was a 'villain,' but if the reader supposes that he was vile according to the modern acceptation of the word, that word conveys a falsehood, and is therefore unfit for its duty. Norman Bean was a serf, but if people suppose that he was one of those *human things* that mingle with their prayers to God adorations to an impious emperor, they are again mistaken. In his social capacity, Norman was a vassal, he dwelt on the lands of Dunira, and was consequently the fighting toiling instrument of this imperious man, who reckoned it a degradation to cultivate the food without which he could not live; but in his mental relation to the chief he was free and unshackled. By some inscrutable power, for the existence of which the sibyls of Dalraneoch could not satisfactorily account, Norman was early led to forsake his cotemporaries and wander alone among the hills and valleys. Flowers from the lonely islands of Loch Earn, heath from Ben Cailiach, and rowanberries from distant Glen Lochay, were brought to his mother in expiation of his wanderings. He loved the tiniest flowers that bloomed upon the hills, not from the greedy wish to pluck them, but from their power to please; he loved the towering fells and broad lakes, not as a selfish lord who sees in them the heritage of his family, but as a poet whose ideality could luxuriate on them, as fancy repeopled them with patriots and heroes; to him they were an inalienable estate, expanding as his fancy expanded and becoming richer with his enriching mind. It was only from the relation that nature bore to his senses that he loved it; his eyes loved to dwell on hills, rocks, and trees, lakes and rivers, mingling in confused grandeur, and for the rapture they conveyed to his mind his spirit sent them back its love. He never joined in the roystering and vassalry of his brother clansmen. Absenting himself from the games on the green and the dancing in the hall, he roamed amongst the solitudes of nature, imbibing from the majesty around him a corresponding majesty of soul. From the rock of Horeb the inspired prophet drew water, and as his fainting followers drank, their thirst evanished and faith and strength returned; and still the rocky mountain is a Horeb whence patriots draw inspiration and hope. From the deep defiles of Scotland, from the sublime mountains of Helvetia, have flowed streams of liberty that have washed mankind free of the almost universal stain of slavery, and kept a few oases in the world's desert of moral degradation, fresh and green. Norman, as he contemplated the mighty works around him, felt himself elevated to the contemplation of the Creator, and casting from him the chrysalis of feudalism, he became, and knew himself to be a man. Dunira believed himself to be important in proportion to his adventitious greatness; Norman beheld in him a human brother more powerful and more wicked than his fellows. It was often remarked, that when marauders were in the glen, Norman was ever amongst the first to repel them; but when the fiery cross summoned the clansmen to aggressive war, he was ever wandering amongst his lonely haunts.

The youthful poet seldom approached the baron's hall; he had an instinctive aversion to Dunira, which neither the habits of feudal submission nor the admonitions of his mother could suppress; but on the seventeenth birthday of Ely Voich, curiosity to look upon the 'white fawn' of Dunira, the fame of whose beauty had haunted him even in the valleys of his love, induced him to mingle with the throng that gathered on the lawn before the tower. A gallery formed of pine trees, rough as they came from the forest, yet tastefully decorated with heather and wildflowers, was set apart for the aristocratic spectators, while the plebeians formed a circle on the lawn below. In the centre of the gallery sat Ely Voich, dressed in the richest vestments that could be fashioned from the finest tartans of her clan, smiling and blushing as she nodded her beautiful head, with its simple sprig of heath, to the matrons who were her kindred; near her stood Dunira, his haughty face surmounted with bonnet and plume, and behind and around him were the cadets of his family. The pibroch, wail, reel, and strathspey, poured their competing tones on the faithful echoes around, and it was observed that the face of Blind Ewen lightened with more exultation, when gently praised by Ely, than when he took the martial bagpipe from her hand. The active dancers plied their supple limbs, the putting-stone and bar flew through the air, and the ponderous kebar, hurled from herculean shoulders, fell lazily over on the sward, and still the hand of Ely awarded to the victor the prize of his strength or address. Norman had gazed upon her face with that soul-absorbed look which loses cognisance of all else save the object of admiration on which it is concentrated; her image was engraven on his heart; his imagination had never conjured up a vision so lovely; her every motion created a sympathy with his; her every smile bound him in a deeper fascination. At last the ring was cleared for the wrestlers, and as she rose to look anxiously at the competitors, Norman bounded into the circle and bowed to her with the grace of an Apollo. Norman was not a practised Athleta, but vigorous and active from healthful exercise, and stimulated by a powerful impulse, he overthrew every opponent.

'This brooch is for thee, brave youth,' said Ely, blushingly presenting him with the silver toy.

'Do you deem it mine, lady?' asked the clansman, as with unbonneted head and bent brow he stood before her and made no motion of accepting it.

'Certainly,' said the lady, playfully; 'thou hast won it by thy address and valour.'

'It is beautiful, lady, and will well become thy silken plaid; wilt thou give me in exchange the sprig of heath that gems thy hair?' Norman trembled as he spoke, and even the posture of his head could not conceal his blushes.

The lady gaily took the bonnet from his hand, and placing the coveted heath as well as the brooch upon it, bade him go for a foolish youth, as the haughty lordlings began to murmur at the presumption of the 'baseborn hind.'

Shall we wonder if Norman ever after roamed in the vicinity of Ely's home, and shall we wonder if similarity of sentiments and tastes drew them together as if by intuition. He culled for her the choicest flowers of the woods; she rewarded him at first with nods and smiles; day after day found the lowly youth and highborn lady revisiting the same scenes, until familiarity broke down the barriers of caste, and they mutually acknowledged that they were dear to each other; but with this acknowledgment flashed before them both the wrath and vengeance of Dunira if even their meetings were discovered; for Ely to have smiled upon one of inferior birth would have been in the eyes of the great Dunira a moral degradation; but to own that she loved a vassal would have been superlative pollution. There must be something impiously false in those arrangements of society which degrade a portion of mankind to social infamy, and exalt the remainder to undeserved eminence. The Roman plebeians submitted without a murmur to the deification of their dead emperors and warriors, but they struck with indignant bitterness at the breast of exclusive patricianism. Human nature possesses no inherent power to raise itself above human nature, no matter how it may become sublimated by sen-

but, as a flock of some eight or a dozen are started at a time, miscarriage is not of frequent occurrence.

At the time of the death of Mr Rothschild, one was caught at Brighton, having been disabled by a gun-shot wound; and, beneath the shoulder of the left wing was discovered a small note with the words 'Il est mort,' followed by a number of hieroglyphics. Each pigeon establishment has a method of communication entirely its own; and the conductors of it, if they fancy the key to it is in another person's power, immediately vary it. A case of this description occurred not long ago. The parties interested in the scheme fancied that, however soon they received intelligence, there were others in the market quite equal with them. In order to arrive at the real position of affairs, the chief proprietor consented, at the advice of a friend, to pay £10 for the early perusal of a supposed rival's 'pigeon express.' The 'express' came to hand; he read it, and was not a little surprised to find that he was in reality paying for the perusal of his own news! The truth soon came out. Somebody had bribed the keeper of his pigeons, and were thus not only making a profit by the sale of his intelligence, but also on the speculations they in consequence conducted. The defect was soon remedied by changing the style of characters employed, and all went right as before.

Before the daily press established their own exclusive sources of information, these caterers for the public were much indebted to the Stock Exchange people for rumours, or to those members who could supply them with the nature of the intelligence that affected the value of the different securities; but such has been the progress of the age through the indefatigable exertions of the conductors of our journals, that not only are the expresses of the Rothschilds useless for priority of information, but also those of the Government. Sir Robert Peel, a few months since, in the House of Commons, acknowledged the obligation he was under to the editor of the *Times* for the perusal of India papers, containing news of interest on the state of the Punjaub, they having been received at that office in advance of all similiar establishments. The 'pigeon expresses,' though they serve but for a few months in the year, occasionally communicate important intelligence; and it is by a few lucky events of this sort occurring that the proprietors stand a chance of profit or remuneration. It will often happen that three months out of the four the intelligence is not worth using for Stock Exchange operations, and several of the seasons lately have been most barren in this respect.—*The City.*

## SIR ROBERT SALE'S DEFENCE OF JELLALABAD.

THE occasion of the quarrel with the warlike tribes of Affghanistan, which led to so many lamentable results, and brought on the memorable siege and defence of which we propose to sketch the history, was one which, unsanctioned by the rules of strict justice, can only be palliated on the principle of self-defence. Through the means of secret emissaries and political agents, the Anglo-Indian government were informed that Persia had laid siege to a remote frontier town of Affghanistan, and that a Russian force was only waiting a favourable opportunity to seize the whole territory, and thus establish a footing in India which it was judged might lead to the weakening of the British power in the Peninsula. It was therefore deemed essential that these hostile designs should be frustrated, by placing on the throne of Cabul a prince favourable to British supremacy, and who should be rendered powerful enough to maintain a firm hold of the country against all aggression. The ruler selected for this purpose was by name Shujah-Ool-Mulk. He was a deposed sovereign of Cabul, having lost the throne in 1809, by one of those revolutions to which the native powers of India have ever been subject. Shujah-Ool-Mulk had made several attempts to gain back his lost inheritance, but had been invariably worsted; and since his last failure in 1834, he seems to have taken the resolution of spending the rest of his days in quiet under British protection. It having been represented to the Indian government that the cause of this sovereign was popular in the country, it was ultimately determined that the kingdom should be taken from the reigning monarch, Dost Mahomed, and the crown handed over to Shujah-Ool-Mulk, the real power being, however, wielded by the British. The proposed advantage of this arrangement was, that the Indian government, by means of its residents at the court of the new dynasty, would be in a position to watch every movement of hostile powers, and thus counteract any ulterior designs.

Into the particulars of the perilous and painful march which led the British army and their dependent king to Cabul, it is not our intention to enter. It will be sufficient to state that in February, 1839, a large and well-appointed army, amounting to fully 10,000 fighting men, crossed the Indus, and after successfully threading the dangerous defiles of Affghanistan, reached the capital of the country in August. This was not accomplished without some severe skirmishing, and unequivocal proofs on every hand that the British were regarded by the natives as enemies and invaders of their country. Cabul, after a show of resistance, fell into the hands of the British troops, the reigning sovereign, Dost Mahomed, betaking himself to flight, and the adopted of the British being installed in his stead. But the Dost, though forced to abandon his capital, carried with him a numerous band of bold and determined followers, conspicuous amongst whom was his famous 'fighting son,' Akbar Khan, who, though hunted from place to place, succeeded in eluding all pursuit. One by one his castles and towns fell into the hands of the invaders; but one stronghold no efforts of the conquering army could subdue—the affections of the people, who, whatever sentiments they entertained towards their old sovereign, were thorough in their hatred of the new, and of the foreign arms by which he was upheld. This spirit was continually breaking out, but the British authorities in Cabul paid little attention to these outbreaks, regarding them only as isolated ebullitions of discontent which could easily be quelled. One formidable difficulty, however, presented itself, and should not have been overlooked. There were no means of preserving communications with the nearest British provinces save by bribing the native chiefs to hold the formidable passes which were the only approach to the country. This service had been faithfully performed so long as the chiefs were handsomely paid; but when the British began to stickle regarding terms, all dependence was lost. The importance of this point will immediately appear.

In the beginning of October, 1841, Sir Robert Sale's brigade, consisting in all of about 1600 men, was ordered to be in readiness to begin their homeward march, their time for service having expired, and the companies which relieved them having already arrived at Cabul. Their gallant leader (now, alas! no more) took all due precautions against surprise in the half-hostile provinces through which he had to lead his little army. And well it was he did so; for he had scarcely begun his march before he discovered that the flame of insurrection was abroad, and a determination manifested on all sides to oppose the passage of his troops. Clouds of Affghan horsemen were scouring the country, and ever and anon pouncing upon and carrying off some part of the army's baggage; while no sooner did they enter any of the dangerous defiles than armed men were seen hovering on the heights, who occasionally ventured down to make a stand against the progress of the troops. The result of these numerous encounters was the loss of many valuable lives and a great part of the stores and ammunition. It now became obvious to Sir Robert Sale that to attempt to penetrate to the British territories was impracticable; to turn back was equally so; and to stand still in expectation of succour was certain destruction to his whole force. He therefore took the determination of attacking and taking possession of the nearest fortified place, and there waiting the issue of events. That place was Jellalabad, to which town his wearied men pressed hopefully on, in the expectation of at

least a temporary repose. But it was not till after a toilsome march of six weeks, during which time they must have traversed about 400 miles of an enemy's country, that the army was gratified by a sight of their resting-place. It not having been calculated on by the natives that the British proposed to hold Jellalabad, no opposition was given to their entrance, and on the 12th November, 1841, Sir R. Sale's army quietly took possession of the town.

Jellalabad is situated in a valley of great beauty and fertility, measuring about twenty-eight miles in length, and with an average breadth of three or four; but immediately around the town is nothing but an arid desert of sand. It constitutes one of the principal cities of Affghanistan, being second only to Candahar and Cabul. The town had originally been well fortified; but at the time Sale's little army pushed into it, the ramparts were in a state of complete ruin, and offering an easy ingress to an enemy. They found also that their stock of provisions was well nigh exhausted, only two days' rations remaining. It may well be believed, therefore, that it was with a feeling akin to despair that they looked around and beheld formidable bands of Affghans hovering about and ready to seize the first favourable moment to penetrate through the numerous breaches in the walls. Nor was this feeling at all lightened by the transactions of the first evening spent in the city; for when night came, it brought the blaze of numerous buildings and sheds to which the Affghans had access about the town. This was but a poor beginning for the defence of a place, on the successful issue of which it was felt the life of every man within it depended. But what disadvantages will not British soldiers overcome if pushed to extremity? The conflagration was allowed to proceed, and the Affghans to exhaust their vengeance, while it was determined on the early morrow to take terrible retribution. As soon as the sun had risen, Sale put 1100 men under the command of Colonel Monteith, and ordered him to make a sally, and clear the heights near the city of all belligerents. The besieging force at this moment was by no means contemptible; for on surveying the plain from an eminence in the town, it was found that there could not be less that 5000 well-armed men spread around, ready to close upon and destroy the British force. Out, however, they marched, and after a series of manœuvres, and some hard fighting, the Affghans sustained a terrible defeat, and were forced to retreat to a safe distance from Jellalabad. This advantage was carefully improved. The whole force was now employed in running up parapets, filling up the breaches in the walls, cutting down inequalities in the line of fire, and demolishing those parts of the suburbs which might have afforded harbour to an enemy. Strong foraging parties were also sent out to gather supplies of food and fuel; which duty was so well performed, that in the course of a few days it was found that the troops could be sustained for a month on half rations. One deficiency remained, however, which could not be supplied—the want of musket ammunition, of which there remained only 120 rounds per head. An order was forthwith given that the supply should be carefully husbanded, and not a shot thrown away.

Up till the 29th of November, the troops remained free from harassment, being left at liberty to carry on their work of perfecting the defences of the town. On the morning of that day, dense columns of men were seen advancing. These encamped around the place, and during the next two days contented themselves with sending up skirmishers to the walls, and putting a stop to the exertions of the working parties, preparatory, as it appeared, to a general assault. Sale determined, as on the previous occasion, to take the initiative. The whole force of cavalry and a strong body of infantry were accordingly ordered to issue from the town and to clear the plain. The result of the encounter was the complete rout of the enemy with the loss of 150 men, while only one man fell on the side of the British.

But notwithstanding these successes, the situation of the garrison was daily becoming more critical. Their communications with head quarters at Cabul were almost wholly cut off; the vague reports of doings in the capital only serving to aggravate their fears and preparing them for the worst. On the 17th December, a messenger arrived from Cabul with dispatches. Sir Robert Sale, after perusing the papers, was observed simply to put them into his pocket, and make no mention of the contents. These, however, soon transpired, and were by no means calculated to sustain the spirits of the soldiers in their desperate circumstances. It appeared that after much fighting and intriguing, the new dynasty in Cabul was blown into the air, Sir William Macnaughtan being reduced to the necessity of evacuating Affghanistan, on condition that the march of his troops to the British provinces should be unmolested. Then followed the astounding intelligence that Sir William himself, with his principal officers of rank, while on the route homewards from Cabul, in fulfilment of the treaty, had been enticed into the power of Akhbar Khan, and the whole treacherously murdered—the unscrupulous Khan setting the example by stabbing the British envoy with his own hand; and that the army which Sir William commanded, being left without leaders, fell into disorganisation, and had been cut off almost to a man while threading the defile of Khoord Cabul. The circumstances which attended the confirmation of these tidings, are too remarkable to be omitted in detail:

'A little after noon on the 13th of January, one of the sentries on that part of the wall which faced Gundamuck and the road from Cabul, called aloud that he saw a mounted man in the distance. In a moment glasses were levelled in this direction, and there, sure enough, could be distinguished, leaning rather than sitting upon a miserable pony, a European, faint, as it seemed, from travel, if not sick, or perhaps wounded. It is impossible to describe the sort of thrill which ran through men's veins as they watched the movements of the stranger. Slowly he approached; and strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that Colonel Dennie foretold the nature of the tidings of which he was the bearer; for it is a fact, which every surviving officer of the 13th will vouch for, that almost from the first Colonel Dennie had boded ill of the force left in Cabul; and that subsequently to the receipt of the earliest intelligence which told of the warfare in which they were engaged, and of the disastrous results to which it led, he repeatedly declared his conviction, that to a man the army would be destroyed. His words were—'You'll see. Not a soul will escape from Cabul except one man, and he will come to tell us that the rest are destroyed.' Under such circumstances, it is very little to be wondered at if men's blood curdled while they watched the advance of the solitary horseman; and the voice of Dennie sounded like the response of an oracle when he exclaimed—'Did I not say so? Here comes the messenger.'

Colonel Dennie spoke the truth. An escort of cavalry being sent out to meet the traveller, he was brought in bleeding and faint and covered with wounds; grasping in his right hand the hilt and a small fragment of a sword which had broken in the terrible conflict from which he had come. He proved to be Dr Brydon, whose escape from the scene of slaughter had been marvellous, and who at the moment believed himself to be, and was regarded by others as, the sole survivor of General Elphinstone's once magnificent little army. The story of the doctor's remarkable escape was this:—The army of General Elphinstone being left without commanders, broke up into straggling parties, which were met and cut up in detail by the force of Akhbar Khan. The doctor at length found himself one of six men, and they determined to stay for a short rest at the village of Futtehabad. 'It was a fatal measure, into which a treacherous show of kindness by the inhabitants lured them; for while they were yet eating the morsel of bread which had been ostentatiously placed before them, a band of ruffians rushed upon them and cut down two. The other four galloped off, and Dr Brydon, who was the worst mounted of the whole, soon

fell into the rear. His heart failed him, as well it might; so he quitted the road, and concealed himself for a while behind some rocks that offered shelter. But here the thought occurred to him that there was no safety in delay; so he once more turned his jaded pony into the road, and pushed on. He soon came up with the body of one of his friends, which lay in the middle of the path terribly mutilated; and had not proceeded far beyond ere an Affghan horseman, armed to the teeth, confronted him. There was nothing for it but to offer the best resistance which the wretched weapon by his side, and the jaded state of his starved horse, might enable him to do. He fought for his life, and in the *melée* his sword broke off by the hilt. Just then he received a wound in the knee, the pain of which caused him to stoop forward; whereupon the Affghan, supposing that he was about to draw a pistol, turned and fled. He rode on bleeding and weak, yet thankful for the respite from death which had been granted him; and being soon afterwards espied from the ramparts of Jellalabad, was brought in, as has just been described, to the garrison.'*

An incident connected with a few other survivors of Elphinstone's detachment may be here related, as indicating the chivalrous feelings which animated the gallant little army shut up in Jellalabad. A few days after Dr Brydon's arrival, it was learned that two officers (Captain Souter and Major Griffiths) were in the hands of an Affghan chief, who undertook to restore them on being assured of a thousand rupees for each as ransom money. A subscription was instantly set on foot, and the privates of the 13th alone collected amongst themselves upwards of one half of the required sum, the remainder being contributed by the officers. Then it was ascertained that twenty-nine men (including a serjeant-major) were also in the hands of the same chief, who offered to restore the whole for a lakh of rupees. With extreme difficulty, and only by encroaching on the public funds, the immense sum was raised; but the parties sent with it were plundered of the money before they reached the place of their destination. The next news heard regarding the captives was, that Akhbar Khan had claimed them, and carried them off to a place of security. Thus the only result of this noble effort by the men of the 13th to redeem their captive comrades, was the consciousness of having performed their duty.

Meanwhile, the garrison, in the daily expectation of a visit from the redoubtable son of Dost Mahomed, with his whole force, worked steadily at the defences of the town, not neglecting, at the same time, the procuring of supplies as long as the country round was unoccupied. In case of their assistance being necessary, the camp followers and auxiliaries of all descriptions were armed and accoutred in as proper a fashion as the rude materials at hand would permit. But as human foresight can avail nothing against the might of Omnipotence, all the laborious and careful preparations of the garrison were destroyed and set at nought by an occurrence so sudden and awful in its consequences, that, to his dying day it is said, no man who witnessed can ever forget. On the morning of the 19th of February, while the soldiers were as usual at work, and the field-officer for the day inspecting the horizon, all at once the earth began to quiver with a rumbling noise as of thunder. The plain around the town heaved like ocean-billows; nearly all the buildings within the ramparts were shattered; and the defences of the place, which had cost the anxious labours of three months, were levelled into heaps of ruins. In the walls breaches were made more formidable than any which the troops had found on their first entrance into the town. What was to be done? The place was now at the mercy of a few determined men; and to the horror of the garrison, they learned that the army of Akhbar Khan was only six miles distant. But the little army, animated and supported by the gallant veteran at its head, did not waver for a moment. They were aware that the government had learned of the reverses in Cabul, and that General Pollock was marching with an army to their relief. To the last extremity, therefore, it was determined that Jellalabad should be held. And to guard against surprise, the troops lay all night on their arms, sleeping at their alarm-posts, and in the morning prepared anew to begin the labour of erecting proper defences. A week elapsed, during which time the best had been made of their opportunities, before Akhbar Khan thought of bestirring himself. Then his forces began to spread themselves around the town, seizing upon the whole circle of remote forts and heights; so as, if possible, to complete a blockade of the town. His purpose seemed to be, by cutting off all chance of gaining supplies, to starve the garrison into surrender. It has been made a question why Akhbar Khan, knowing the defenceless state of the town, did not at once bring up his overwhelming numbers and enter by assault. The doubt is easily solved. Akhbar Khan knew his countrymen—their bravery and impetuosity in assault—but he also knew the steadiness and formidable discipline of the British army; and the history of his country could not leave him ignorant of the fact, that the natives of the East, from long experience, shrink, as if by instinct, from regular engagements with British troops—that however daring they may prove in the capture of baggage and ammunition, or in cutting off stragglers in a defile, no superiority of numbers on their side will reconcile them to the notion of a fair stand-up battle. His determination, therefore, as we imagine, was not unwisely taken. Hunger and thirst might accomplish what no force of his, however superior, would be able to overcome.

Happily this attempt to reduce the town by famine proved a failure. The whole ground around had been carefully measured off by the engineers of the garrison, so that no sooner would a body of the Affghans collect at a particular point and set to work in the construction of breastworks and other defences, than the guns of the garrison poured forth their iron hail, scattering around disaster and confusion. An amusing scheme was carried into execution to divert the long shots of the straggling Affghans who were continually hovering under the walls. The officers dressed up a wooden image, putting a cocked hat on its head, and painting it so as to resemble an officer of rank. This they raised occasionally above the ramparts, and it was the means from time to time of collecting such a storm of shot as would probably have killed every man in the garrison. When the Affghans fired, down fell the image; and a loud shout from the marksmen told of the execution they supposed had been done. The bullets fired in this and other ways were carefully collected and treasured up for use against the Affghans. But at length the 'dodge' was found out, and the effigy removed. Still, though supplies continued occasionally to come in, the tactics of Akhbar Khan were so far effectual that they were procured with much greater difficulty, and about the end of March provisions began to fail altogether. No supplies of grain had been received for weeks, and the amount in store had become so scanty that the fighting men were put on quarter-allowance. Meat had grown very scarce; what was salted was fast disappearing, and not a single hoof was left either of sheep or cattle. A vigorous sortie, however, in which the besieged defied the whole power of their opponent, rectified the deficiency, and brought in at least a temporary supply of provisions.

The days of danger and distress for the gallant commander and his troops were now fast drawing to a close, but another trial yet awaited them before succours arrived. Ammunition was becoming scarce as well as food; and it was determined to risk another general engagement, in order that the garrison should have the option either of remaining where they were with something like security, or of penetrating to some quarter better fitted to sustain them. The 7th of April was the day chosen for the throw of the last die. Every man felt that the approach-

* These passages are extracted from 'Sale's Brigade in Affghanistan,' by the Rev. G. R Gleig, M.A.; forming vol. xxxiv. of Murray's Home and Colonial Library. The same clear and animated narrative has been chiefly followed throughout.

ing battle must be decisive as it would be desperate; for the musket and cannon ammunition was well nigh expended, and would not bear the waste of another engagement. The nerves of the brave band were therefore strung to the highest point as they issued from the gates of Jellalabad on this eventful morning. Fearful odds were against them; the force of Akhbar Khan numbering on this occasion about 9000 men, well supplied with heavy arms from Cabul. The particulars of the hazardous encounter which followed we need not detail; suffice it to say, that this handful of British soldiers successfully stormed every fort that opposed them, and finally broke through the intrenched camp of the enemy, driving the Affghans in large masses into the Cabul river, their camp, baggage, standards, and munitions of war being left behind.

The perils of this protracted defence of Jellalabad were now come to an end. The conquerors returned to the town laden with spoil. The fame of the battle spread, and chiefs on all sides sent in their submissions. In a few days Sir Robert Sale learned that Pollock's army, successfully though slowly braving the dangers of the Khyber Pass, would shortly be before Jellalabad; and the 15th of April brought one of the succouring columns within seven miles of the city. On the next day the band of the 13th went out to meet their friends, and exchange congratulations. There was a touch of waggishness in the air by which they were welcomed; it was the old Jacobite melody, 'Oh! but ye've been lang o' coming.'

Here our narrative properly ends; but it may be as well to add a few words in order to bring up the campaign to its close.

The purpose of dispatching General Pollock's army into Affghanistan being not only to relieve Sale from his awkward position, but to push on to Cabul, and retake the capital, the conjoined armies prepared immediately for the new enterprise. Akhbar Khan was not idle: no sooner were his masses dispersed and broken than new thousands were instantly ready at his command. The progress of the British army was thus anything but that of a triumphal march. Scarcely a day passed without fighting. A terrific spectacle awaited them on entering the dreaded pass where Elphinstone's army had melted away. There at every step lay the bones of their comrades—not singly, but in heaps, as if the destroying angel had passed over the spot. Many recognised old comrades, and sad must have been their feelings; but no time remained for moralising; the same fate was threatening them that had so recently overtaken the departed. The formidable Affghan guns pointed from every rock, and it was not till fairly within sight of Cabul that the army were allowed to breathe freely. Then the work of destruction, which had followed the steps of the conquering but not unopposed army, was consummated by laying waste the principal portions of the town. It being determined at once to abandon Affghanistan, and with it the cause of the king who had been set up three years previously, the only object of remaining in Cabul was to endeavour to effect the recovery of prisoners, many of whom were of note and consideration. Amongst these were the wife of Sir Robert Sale and his widowed daughter, whose husband had fallen in this war. A negotiation was set on foot in various influential quarters, and at length the captives were set free. The army then leisurely withdrew from the country, and from a warfare the dreadful records of which must, we think, tend to increase that desire after peace which now happily characterises the civilised nations of the globe.

## LOVE OF HOME.

In the pursuit of happiness, in which all are to a greater or less degree engaged, we not unfrequently overlook the source of the purest and most substantial of all earth's joys. We rove far, and toil hard, for that which may most easily be obtained at our own firesides. Home is the congenial soil of the purest affections and the noblest virtues of the heart. Why has God filled the earth with those little bands of united individuals, called families, if he had not, in this arrangement, designed to promote the virtues and the happiness of men? If there be anything that will soothe the agitating passions of the soul, which will calm that turbulence of feeling which the din and bustle of the world so frequently excite, it is the soothing influence of a cheerful fireside. If you would find the noblest specimens of human nature—if you would find warm sympathy and overflowing kindness, most harmoniously united with unyielding integrity, with manly independence, you must go to the man whose affections lure him to the serene enjoyments of domestic life—who goes out into the world to discharge his duties, and hies him to his quiet home for happiness and repose. The feelings and affections which are unavoidably cherished by the influence of domestic life, are totally at variance with the envyings and jealousies, and towering ambition, which have scattered desolation over the world, and have sent weeping and mourning to so many families. The wisdom of God is most manifestly exhibited in the restraint which home almost invariably throws around us. You can hardly find in the world an abandoned man, who has not abandoned the joys of domestic life. There is something in the very atmosphere which surrounds the family hearth, which will not allow vice to luxuriate there. If you wish to find the profligate and the degraded, you must turn away from that holy sanctuary, and seek them in haunts of revelry. On the other hand, if you find a young man who does not love home, whose taste is formed for other joys, who can see no happiness in the serene enjoyment of the domestic circle, you may depend upon it, he is not to be trusted. But he who has in early life acquired a fondness for fireside joys, and whose heart is panting for a home of his own, will find that joys bloom brightly enough there to allure his presence. He will have no inducement to seek pleasures in scenes of temptation and vice. If a parent would cherish principles of virtue in the bosoms of his children, he must endeavour to surround home with those charms which will call back their hearts when exposed to the cares and temptations of the world. I cannot conceive any influences, independently of those principles of religion which make us new creatures in Christ Jesus, calculated to produce so powerful an impression in preserving from sin, and in guiding to purity and peace. It is the want of this taste for the pleasures of home, which is the fruitful source of insensibility of heart, and the incentive to every crime. Look at Napoleon, heading the armies of Europe, gigantic in intellect, impetuous in passion, yet a man without a heart and without a home; the two go together. A cheerful home might have given him a warm heart. A warm heart would certainly have led him to sigh for a cheerful home. Look at the homeless and heartless Byron. His imagination would bear him upon a wing, which at times seemed as tireless as an angel's. He was formed with capacities to drink in unbounded delight, from all the poetry with which creation is filled. He might have made his home one of the happiest and brightest that ever bloomed on earth:—but in his early years he had an unhappy home. He became dissatisfied with domestic scenes. He sought pleasure in excitement; he plunged into vice. He has gone through the world, leaving behind him the desolation of the whirlwind, the distress and corruption of the plague. The weather-beaten sailor, the child of danger, nursling of the storm, is almost proverbially dissolute. And why? Because he has no home. The friendless, homeless man is cut off from those restraints which preserve others from the vice into which he so recklessly plunges.

But home is also the scene of the purest *enjoyment* that can be found on earth. 'When winter comes to rule the varied year, sullen and sad, with all his rising train, vapours and clouds and storms,' oh where can we find richer enjoyment than in the united family, sheltered from the driving storm, in their own peaceful home! The tempest rages without, 'wrapt in black gloom.' The wind whistles around the dwelling, and, oh! how sublime is the mournful melody of its song. The snow beats

fiercely against the windows, magnifying the warmth and the comfort within, by contrast with the desolations of the storms raging without. The fire burns brightly, sending its cheerful light around. Ah! who has not been constrained in scenes like these to say, 'There is no place like home, sweet home.' Love for such scenes is planted deep in the nature of man. The finger of God points to home, and says to us all, here is the place to find your earthly joy.

It is not essential to the happy home, that there should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the richly cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp. These elegances gild the apartments but they touch not the heart. It is neatness, order, and a cheerful heart which make home that sweet paradise it so often is found to be. There is joy as real, as heartfelt, by the cottage fireside as in the most splendid saloons of wealth and refinement. The luxuries and elegances of life are not to be despised. They are to be received with gratitude to Him who has provided them for our enjoyment. But their possession does not ensure happiness. The sources of true joy are not so shallow. Some persons, like some reptiles, have the faculty of extracting poison from everything that is beautiful and sweet; others, like the bee, will gather honey from sources in which we should think no sweet could be found. The cheerful heart, like the kaleidoscope, causes most discordant materials to arrange themselves into harmony and beauty.

Almost every man must of course pass most of his time in active employment away from home. He must do this to support his family; he must do this to discharge those duties which he owes to society. He cannot love home or any thing else, who is a lazy lounger, from morning to night, around the fireside. He has neither heart nor life to know the meaning of the word *enjoyment*. No man can be happy who has not constant employment to engage his heart and his hands. This arises from a necessity connected with man's intellectual, and moral, and physical nature. And unless we can find at least contentment with our individual employments, the great portion of our earthly existence must pass away in disquietude and sorrow. The more a man loves home, the more serene will be his mind, the more labour he will be able to perform, and the more powerful will be the influence he can exert upon society around. This is an influence which rests and invigorates the spirit for new achievements.

It is home after all to which we must retreat from the bustle of life, if we would find enjoyment. It is in the serene employments of that blessed sanctuary that we must fortify our spirits against temptation, and prepare for a world on high. It matters not what may be our situation in life, or how deeply we may be engrossed in labour and care, we ought with assiduity to cherish a fondness for home, and to try to promote the happiness (first and especially) of that little portion of the human family with which we are most intimately connected. 'Charity begins at home.' The Bible has informed us, that the time will come when the sorrows with which earth is now filled will pass away like the clouds of the morning. A day of glory, bright and beautiful as the morning of earth's creation, is yet to dawn upon our globe. And when that millenial day shall come, earth will be filled with happy families. There will be here below the foretaste of the pleasures of a home in heaven.—*Abbot.*

### FLIES.

I was very much surprised to find that you were annoyed with flies, till I read, 'notwithstanding all the pains our careful housemaid takes to catch them with saucers of sugar and water.' This explained the mystery. It is the saucers of sugar and water that attract the flies, and indeed, one-half of what are called remedies for these little pests only increase the nuisance. Besides, without pretending to any morbid sensibility, I must confess that I always think the sight of the poor flies, struggling to get out of the liquor grave into which they had been entrapped, extremely painful to the feelings. I know it is a law of nature that all creatures should prey upon each other; but I don't like killing creatures by wholesale, when there appears no absolute necessity for so doing. I think if you remove your sugar and water your flies will disappear of themselves; and if they do not, you must adopt our kind friend Mr Spence's admirable plan of putting network over the window frame, so that whenever the window is opened, either at the top or the bottom, the space is still covered with the net. You will be astonished to see how efficacious this simple plan is; as, though the flies could easily get through the meshes, they are afraid of trying to do so lest they should be entrapped.—*Mrs Loudon.*

### WHAT MATTERS IT?

What matters the world-stirring breath of fame
Or treasures in heaps untold,
Or to boast that a proud and titled name
Hath come down from thy sires of old?
For when death stalks forth with his unsheath'd sword,
The lustre of gold grows dim;
The beggar in rags, and the ermine-clad lord
Are all alike to him.

What matters it where the body is laid?
What matters the carved tomb,
Or the honours unto cold clay paid?
'Tis all one at the day of doom;
When the bones that have lain 'mong the sands of the sea,
And the dust that has mix'd with the clods of the ground,
And the dead of all ages and countries shall be
Waked up into life at the archangel's sound. R. P. S.

### PROFITABLE TASTE.

With the cheap and beautiful reading furnished by the press in those days, the poorest man has many blessings within his reach, as the costless solace of his evenings and leisure moments. Herschel forcibly says—'Were I to pray for a taste which could support me under every vicissitude of fortune, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and moderately the means of gratifying it, and you can scarcely fail to make of him a happy man, unless, indeed, you place before him a perverse selection of books. You bring him in contact with the best society of every age; the bravest, the noblest, the purest characters which have adorned humanity; you make him an inhabitant of every clime, a denizen of every city.'

### MAXIMS.

He only is the rich and happy man who gains such a treasure as lies above the storms of this world. Every man's virtue is best seen in adversity and temptation. When we are well we may do much good if we will; but when sick, no man can tell what he shall be able to do; it is not much good that is then to be expected from us. Few men mend in sickness; as there are but few who by travel and a wandering life become devout. We ought not to be proud of well doing, for the judgment of God is far different from the judgment of men. The impressions of religion are so natural to mankind, that most men are necessitated, first or last, to entertain serious thoughts about it. He is a truly charitable and good man who, when he receives injuries, grieves rather for the malice of him that injures him than for his own sufferings. Neither interest nor friendship, to please any man, should cause us to do evil.

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## BRITISH PROGRESS.

If hope and happiness be synonymous, Great Britain never was so happy as at the present hour. National hope has attained its meridian. From all but the gloom of despair we have suddenly emerged into light and sunshine, the lustre of which scarcely as yet admits of our being aware of the extent or even nature of our blessedness. National perseverance has brought forth at length the fruits of patience. Nor have we forced concessions in our favour from the grumbling and reluctant; what has been delivered up gains additional value from the cheerfulness which has marked its surrender, and the faces of our present legislators, instead of that sullen stamp of gloom which indicates vexation at having been compelled to give so much away, seem to wear the benignant smiles that more than words demand of us whether they can be of any farther service. In a political point of view, it is neither our wish nor our province to interfere. Since, however, extensive changes have been all but unanimously brought about, we deem it not out of place to address a few words of caution. To what beneficial results the late magnificent measures of our British governors may conduce, it is impossible to predict. That good must be consequent upon their operations is all but universally conceded; the amount of benefit no one can guess, and, therefore, as we have said, the star of national hope never climbed so high as now, nor blazed so brightly in her horizon, since Britain took rank among the civilised nations of the globe. Nor can it be denied that less of selfism ever mixed itself up with the joyous expectancy of the national mind. It is not those alone who were the immediate sufferers who rejoice in hope. The rich, the prosperous, and the powerful, are unanimous in their anxiety to see the poor man happy. They are desirous of placing artisans and labourers in a position where they may be able, without an undue amount of physical effort, to provide for themselves and families a moderate share of those good things without which it is scarce possible to regard existence in the light of a boon. Now, this is as it ought to be. While much has been done for man as an immortal being, too little attention has been paid to his physical comforts. That man has a soul is certain: that, destined to survive the body, and responsible at the bar of God for the deeds it has made the body do, while its temporary inhabitant, a regard to its interests is of the last importance, and ought to take precedence of every thing else, is quite undeniable; but when a few years ago thousands of our noble intelligent mechanics were sauntering up and down the streets of grand cities, without heart, without hope, listless and starving, it was poor consolation, after scenting the flavour of a cook-shop, to cross the street for relief, and leaning against the brass guard of a rich bookseller's window, to read bills laudatory of cheap tracts got up for the information of the people. 'This ought ye to have done,' said Christ, 'but not to have left the other undone.' Regard for the soul, in former years, took precedence of that philanthropy which should, like our Lord's, have begun with the body; and there is danger that, like all similar changes consequent on reaction, we now degenerate into an opposite extreme. We have some fears that the watchword may now become the body, the whole body, and no part but the body. The outcry raised only a few years ago, was all about the mind. What benefit could an ignorant uneducated population derive from the most salutary legislative enactments and changes? Educate, instruct, enlighten, and then demands at present refused may possibly be conceded. Moral and mental improvement, therefore, passed into a kind of law. The working classes had everything attempted to make them acquire literary or scientific tastes that mortal ingenuity could coin, invent, or desire; and the consequences have verified prediction and possibly exceeded hope.

At no period of her history could Britain exhibit a population equally intelligent with her present. Not only have her artisans and peasantry been allured to read, but, generally speaking, the appetite for information thus excited has been gratified by intellectual and moral food of the healthiest and soundest kind. Men of learning, genius, and talent, have vied with each other in efforts to provide, at the cheapest rate, tracts, periodicals, and volumes calculated at once to elevate the intellect and improve the heart. Nor do we yet perceive the slightest abatement of this desire to do good. On the contrary, the desire for sound information so decidedly evinced by the working classes and peasantry of our island is responded to by those who, in providing as cheap and useful reading for the people as they can, consult their own interests while they endeavour to fulfil a sacred trust. Our legislative rulers, too, while so frankly and cheerfully granting, in almost every instance, the poor man's prayer for physical redress, never evinced so decided, and we may add rational, a desire to promote his mental improvement as they now display. This is as it should be, only, instead of abating, let the efforts at present put forth to better the intellectual and moral part of man exceed rather than fall short of those now so vigorously displayed to provide for his physical comfort; for, as we have already said, there is a danger that, like all other reactive influences, the desire at present evinced by persons in power to see the poor man physically happy should diminish to a certain extent the firmly avowed determination to promote at all hazards his men-

tal interests. Should this take place (may the Almighty avert it!) our national prosperity will have a short day. If benevolent laws, by which the luxuries as well as necessaries of life may be put within the working man's reach, and that too without a too severe straining of his bodily energies, have a tendency to make him neglect mental culture, and lose in inferior gratifications a remembrance of the noble uses for which he is designed, then adieu, a long adieu, to all our greatness. Were we to choose between difficulties, we would rather see our masses in the condition in which they existed only a few years since, but at the same time noble, intelligent, religious, and moral in their tastes, dispositions, and practices, than squandering upon licentious or frivolous gratification alone, the money which they have begun to earn with an ease which heretofore is lacking in precedent. Should, therefore, the hopes to which recent legislative measures have given birth be speedily realised, let the population of our favoured isle be on their guard. Let all who exercise influence over the popular mind teach lessons calculated to render permanent a prosperity which, if it extinguish national intelligence by inducing national degeneracy, will assuredly prove a curse rather than a blessing. How far the government of a country should go in promoting, by legislative enactments, its moral or intellectual progress, is an open question. But that, in their several departments, ministers of Christianity, teachers of the young, men of professional eminence, or individuals respected for their rank or family standing, can do an incalculable amount of good by promoting in the town, village, or district they inhabit, whatever may have a tendency to keep the labouring peasant or industrious mechanic from frequenting the haunts of dissipation, and of encouraging the promotion of studies at once instructive and amusing, must be obvious to all.

We intend this essay to be one simply suggestive of hints to the virtuous and benevolent, which they can easily take up and reduce, under present circumstances, to immediate practice. Happy at perceiving the means of employment placed within the reach of the willing, and rejoicing that a competent remuneration is likely to be realised for all industrious effort, let them, at the same time, more than ever use their influence to prevent prosperity or relaxation from exercising those baneful and corrupting moral tendencies which experience of the past teaches us to anticipate in reference to the masses of our isle. When, without undergoing a certain amount of moral degeneracy, did Britain ever before exult in a prosperity all but universal? What has been may be—what has been *must* be—unless those methods of precaution are adopted which sound reason equally with enlightened Christianity teach us to be best calculated at once to avert the danger and avoid the evil.

It is a trite observation that the press is omnipotent for evil or for good. The power which it is calculated to exercise over the popular mind has never, probably, been better expressed than by Cowper, in his Progress of Error:

> 'How shall I speak of thee, or thy power address,
> Thou god of our idolatry, the Press?
> By thee religion, liberty, and laws
> Exert their influence, and advance their cause:
> By thee worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell
> Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell:
> Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise,
> Thou ever bubbling spring of endless lies;
> Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
> Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

The verses of Cowper might have been applicable enough to his own times, but in their full extent they are far from giving an accurate description of the press of the present day. The harp of the poet, equally with the pen of the philanthropist, is at present embarked in the service of progressing humanity. What can be nobler than the following ode from the pen of Dr Charles Mackay?

> 'Men of thought! be up, and stirring
> Night and day:
> Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
> CLEAR THE WAY!
>
> Men of action, aid and cheer them,
> As ye may!
> There's a fount about to stream,
> There's a light about to beam,
> There's a warmth about to glow,
> There's a flower about to blow,
> There's a midnight blackness changing
> Into grey;
> Men of thought, and men of action,
> CLEAR THE WAY!
>
> Once the welcome light has broken,
> Who shall say
> What the unimagined glories
> Of the day?
> What the evil that shall perish
> In its ray?
> Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
> Aid it, hopes of honest men;
> Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
> Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
> And our earnest must not slacken
> Into play.
> Men of thought, and men of action
> CLEAR THE WAY!
>
> Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
> From the day;
> And a brazen wrong to crumble
> Into clay.
> Lo! the right's about to conquer.
> CLEAR THE WAY!
>
> With that right shall many more
> Enter smiling at the door;
> With the giant wrong shall fall
> Many others, great and small,
> That for ages long have held us
> For their prey;
> Men of thought, and men of action,
> CLEAR THE WAY!'

As a further proof of the progress of correct and enlightened judgment and feeling on this important subject, we will close our remarks with the following quotation from the pen of an eloquent writer of the present day:—'We are accustomed to admire those heroes who have waded to their conquests through seas of blood—we are wont to recognise in the merely political reformer a benefactor of mankind. But there are heroes nobler still, whose aim is not to destroy the life of any, but to promote the happiness of all—there are benefactors of the human race, whose efforts are calculated to win them more enduring laurels than those of the mere political economist. We refer to those who seek to effect a radical change in the social habits of the millions—who desire to lift them up from the depths of what is virtually a voluntary and degrading bondage, to the heights of a virtuous and enlightened freedom. The work is progressing; it may be slowly, but it undoubtedly is surely. Let all who can, aid it on. Let those who seek to uphold the true interests of civilisation judge dispassionately. Let them range themselves in the ranks of mind in this warfare against matter, with their motto, 'mental and moral, as well as physical reform.' The glorious epoch in our national history is approaching which shall exhibit a thorough revolution in our social habits. We can see it through the dim and shadowy vista of coming years, dispelling, as it advances, the gloom which had been thickening around, and exhibiting the variegated surface of society, now only a highway for the

triumphal car of sensualism, gemmed with the virtues of a newer and a better, because a more educated and enlightened age. A nation's gratitude shall then encircle a nation's real benefactors, and the genius of love, radiant with celestial dignity and grace, shall herald in the reign of 'Peace on earth and good will towards man.'

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

This celebrated sculptor and singular man was born in Dean Street, Soho, and baptised the same day at the Roman Catholic Chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. His father, a painter of some eminence, was originally from Antwerp, in Holland, but coming over to England in 1738, he shortly afterwards united himself in marriage to a French lady called Mary Ann Le Lacy, and took up his final residence in that country. By her he had five children, one of whom was a daughter, Joseph being the second of the family. 'Old Nollekens,' as the father was called, being an exceedingly penurious man, took such an alarm during the rebellion of 1745, from being assured that as he was at once a Roman Catholic and among the wealthiest men in the district, a mob had marked out his house for vengeance and plunder, that he never afterwards held up his head. He died in 1747, and his pretty French wife was not long in again forming a matrimonial alliance with a gentleman from Wales of the name of Williams. Her husband, after residing with her in London for a number of years, prevailed on her ultimately to take up her abode among his native mountains. Before this, however, Joseph had been apprenticed to Scheemakers, the eminent sculptor, who at that time resided in Vine Street, Piccadilly, on the site of the present Court of Requests. Joseph's education had been sadly neglected; indeed, with the exception of a few months' teaching, from a person of no remarkable qualifications for the task, he can scarce be said to have received any. He was, however, if not very bright, at least a tractable, and at all events a most inoffensive young man. Scheemakers himself had a great esteem for him, and to such a height did his wife, Mrs Scheemakers, carry her admiration of the single-hearted apprentice, that she actually intrusted him to extract the stones from her raisins on such days as plum-pudding was 'toward.' With the maidservants, too, Joe was a great favourite. They used to send him with a pewter tankard to the 'Crown and Anchor' for porter on washing-days, and the good-natured boy was often to be met walking slowly and calmly along the street for fear of 'spilling the head.' The only seduction which proved too strong for the virtue of young Nollekens was the tolling of bells—his passion for this elegant amusement appearing in his youth to have equalled that of our own 'Baltic Duff' for attending on funerals. No sooner was Joe aware that a tolling was to take place, than, renouncing his mallet, he ran down George Court all the way to the church at St James's; on these occasions the sexton and his man used to accost him with the exclamation of, 'What, my little Joey, are you come? well, you must toll to-day!' Whenever his master missed him, and the dead-bell was tolling, he knew what Joe was about, and no mistake. Though in some respects a simple youth, Joseph Nollekens was neither, however, deficient in perseverance nor acuteness. He rose early, practised carefully, and, being very fond of money, started for the prizes offered by the Society of Arts. Nor were his efforts unrewarded by success, for it appears by several extracts from the registrar's book, that he carried off a number of valuable premiums.

Having served Mr Scheemakers for about ten years, without the exchange of one unpleasant word, Joseph Nollekens determined to gratify an inclination he had long cherished to go abroad, and see the works of Michael Angelo and other great men. With all the little property he had acquired, therefore, he left England for Rome in the year 1760. Aware that his mother had a brother in Paris, exceedingly rich, and possessed of considerable influence, he resolved to take that city in his way, and honour his relative with a visit. His appearance being somewhat rustic, the uncle was with difficulty persuaded to listen to his nephew, till perceiving at last that, though rather carelessly dressed, he, however, actually sported a gold watch, the Frenchman altered his tune, and giving his hand a hearty squeeze, asked Joe to dinner. Though simple in manners, Nollekens was not deficient in self-esteem. Turning on his heel, he bestowed upon his relation a look of unmingled scorn, and, crossing the street, treated himself, at his own expense, to a hearty meal in a neighbouring house of entertainment. When Nollekens arrived at Rome his whole stock of cash fell short of twenty pounds. Alarmed at the prospect of want, and what to a spirit like his was still worse, dependence, the youth set manfully to work for the purpose of mending his fortune. His first performance was a bas-relief (we are ignorant of the subject), which he transmitted to England, and had ten pounds sent him in return. His next attempt was in marble. It was the figure of Timocles before Alexander—a successful performance, for which the delighted artist received fifty guineas from the Society of Arts. His purse being now reinforced, and his reputation as a sculptor to some extent established, Nollekens found his society courted by a number of the most eminent artists of Rome. We wonder, however, how so mild and inoffensive a being as Nollekens unquestionably was, could get so very intimate with that ferocious swaggerer Barry, the historical painter. The men do not appear to have possessed anything in common, and yet at Rome a companionship commenced which only terminated with the painter's life. Smith, the friend and biographer of Nollekens, gives an anecdote of Barry, which, were it not sufficiently authenticated, would stagger belief. 'One night, when about to leave the English coffee-house, Barry asked Nollekens to exchange hats. Barry's hat was edged with lace, and Nollekens's was a very shabby plain one. Upon his returning the hat next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he left him his gold-laced hat. 'Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey,' answered Barry, 'I fully expected assassination last night, and I was to have been known by my laced hat.' This villanous transaction, which might have proved fatal to Nollekens, I have often heard him relate; and he generally added, 'It's what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem.'' Garrick, the famous actor, visited Rome about six months after the arrival of our young artist. Meeting Nollekens one day in the Vatican, David made up to him, and after intently surveying his features, exclaimed, 'What! let me look at you! are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts?' Nollekens answered that he was, which induced Garrick to shake him heartily by the hand, and invite him to breakfast the next morning. Nor was this all, he sat to Joseph for his bust, and upon its completion rewarded him with twelve guineas. In his old age, the single-hearted sculptor used to chuckle when amusing his intimate friends with a recitation of this event. 'The payment was all in gold, all in gold!' would he exclaim, 'and it was the first bust I ever modelled!' Of Garrick, to the very close of his existence, Nollekens was accustomed to speak in the most grateful and friendly terms. What, however, contributed still more to increase his fame, while practising at Rome, was the achievement of a bust for which the celebrated Sterne was the sitter. That bust brought him into great notice. Nollekens himself continued all his life after to boast of it as his masterpiece; and never evinced more pleasure than when, on a certain occasion, Dance, the painter, drew a capital likeness of him, in which he is represented as leaning on Sterne's head.

All the while he was at Rome, Nollekens practised a frugality in reference to his living which, having for its sole object the accumulation of money, we are compelled to stigmatise as parsimonious. He had for cook an old woman whose performances, though reprobated by every one else as the most infamous possible, he was in the habit of lauding to the skies. 'She was so very good a cook,' he would say in

after years, 'that she would often give me for dinner an admirable dish, which cost no more than threepence.' Being questioned in reference to its ingredients, he would go on with the most childlike simplicity to explain: 'Oh! you see, nearly opposite to my lodgings there lived a pork butcher, who put out at his door at the end of the week a plateful of what he called cuttings, bits of skin, gristle, and fat, for which he charged only twopence, and my old lady dished them up with a little pepper and a little salt; and, with a slice of bread and sometimes a bit of vegetable, I made a very nice dinner.' Long after, whenever good dinners were talked of in laudatory terms, old Joseph used to murmur, 'Ah, talk on, talk on, but as for me I never tasted a better dish than my Roman cuttings.'

Nollekens is well known during his ten years' residence at Rome to have amassed a considerable fortune. This was not, however, accomplished solely by the operations of his chisel. 'His patrons,' says Smith, 'being persons professing taste and possessing wealth, employed him as a very shrewd collector of antique fragments, some of which he bought on his own account; and, after he had dexterously restored them with heads, he stained them with tobacco water, and sold them, sometimes by way of favour, for enormous sums. The consequence was, that five years after he came to Rome, the name of Nollekens, as a holder to a large amount, was well known on the Stock Exchange of London. The methods he took to gain money were such as we can scarce venture to praise. A loose head of Minerva, for instance, that even Englishmen would not purchase, lay on the hands of one Jenkins, a regular dealer in the article. 'It so chanced,' says Cunningham, 'that a trunk of the same or some other goddess was brought to light, and Nollekens bought it for fifty guineas. He went and held a consultation with his brother dealer; the head and the trunk were of similar proportions, and the sculptor undertook to unite them as neatly as if they had both sprung from one block. To work he went, and Minerva soon stood restored. It was sold,' says his executor, 'for the enormous sum of one thousand guineas, and is now at Newby in Yorkshire.' He made large sums, too, by smuggling silks and laces into London in the hollow of his plaster casts; and he used often in after life to boast, with a kind of triumphant leer, that when he attended, after his return from Italy, a court held by George III., the laced ruffles he figured in had the honour of crossing the seas in the head of Lawrence Sterne.

Nollekens, as we have already hinted, remained ten years in Rome. Upon his return to London he took a lease of extensive premises in Mortimer Street, forming a private studio for himself, a shop for assistants, and a gallery for models. His fame had reached London before he arrived himself; the busts of Garrick and Sterne being every where talked of in terms of no ordinary laudation. No wonder, therefore, that when Joseph opened his door an abundance of applicants should have flocked in; he had never fewer than four sitters a-day. Notwithstanding his notorious parsimony and unassuming manners, everybody liked Joseph; nor, simple as he looked, was the sculptor deficient in mother wit. Aware that a connexion by membership with the Royal Academy is always of advantage to an artist, he executed a splendid cast of the Torso, and presented it to the society. The consequences were just such as he desired and perhaps anticipated. In the year 1771 he was admitted an associate, and the subsequent year was elected a member of the society, 'much,' says a biographer, 'to the satisfaction of King George, who signified this when he signed the diploma.' Not long afterwards the king honoured the artist by sitting for his bust. 'When I was modelling the king's head,' said Nollekens, 'I was commanded to go to Buckingham House at seven in the morning, for at that early hour his majesty shaved. After he had shaved himself, and before he had put on his stock, I made my model, I set him down to be on a level with myself, and the king seeing me go about, and about him, said, 'What do you want?' I said I want to measure your nose; the queen tells me I have made the nose too broad.' 'Measure it then,' said his majesty.' It is said that the sculptor hurt the royal nose with his hard callipers, and failing to appear next morning at seven o'clock, his majesty said, 'Nollekens is not come—Oh, I forget, this is a saint's day, and he is a sincere Catholic.' The sculptor was not so laudably employed as in religious observances. On the following morning he went to the palace. 'Well, Nollekens,' said the indulgent monarch, 'where were you yesterday?' 'Why,' said the sculptor, 'as it was a saint's day, I thought you would not have me, so I went to see the beasts fed in the Tower; and, do you know, they have got two such lions there! And the biggest did roar so!—My heart, how he did roar!' And then he mimicked the roaring of the lion, so loud and so close to the king's ear, that his majesty moved to a considerable distance to escape the imitation, without saying, like Bottom in the comedy—'Let him roar again, let him roar again.' The bust of the king was good; the drapery above all praise. What is singular, he had tried to array his majesty *fittingly* for more than a fortnight before he succeeded. Having toiled on for a long time without success, it chanced that his servant-maid came to him one morning asking money to purchase butter; Nollekens, in order to get to his pockets, flung in haste over the lay-figure the cloth he had been holding in his hand; the folds fell in most beautiful and graceful undulations; the artist was so enraptured while gazing at the magic effect of a mere random hit, that he exclaimed to the girl, whom he pushed away, 'Go, go, get the butter! This will do, ay, this will do.'

About this time Nollekens was courting a Miss Welsh, a lady who had some pretensions to beauty. Dr Johnson, then an old man, facetiously avowed himself a rival. Nollekens, however, knew better, and to the ponderous raillery of the great moralist he would only reply, 'Ay, ay, get her if thou canst; but I know *thou* cannot.' Johnson sat for his bust to Nollekens immediately after he had finished that of George III. He murmured shockingly at the artist for loading his head with too much hair. 'What can I do,' said Nollekens; 'I know no other way of making you look like an ancient poet.' The said hair was modelled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar, originally a street pavior, who, after he had sat an hour, refused to take a shilling, saying that he could have made more by begging. The learned sage was, upon the whole, however, enraptured with the bust, which he regarded as a capital likeness. Though his contempt for Joseph's literary attainments was supreme, Johnson regarded him as the best sculptor of his day. When Banks was on one occasion highly extolled by a certain person, 'Well,' said Johnson, 'what you say may be true, but for chopping out a head give me my friend Joe Nollekens.'

Nollekens, as we have said, was all this while the avowed admirer of Miss Mary Welsh, the daughter of a magistrate. After a considerable amount of skirmishing, Mary allowed herself to be won. The wedding was a great occasion, the bride attiring herself in brocaded silk, with a stomacher set in diamonds; an elegant point-lace apron; her hair raised high upon a cushion; silken shoes, with spangles, and square Bristol buckles, with heels three inches and a half in height; as if she meant to exult in outtopping her little husband, whose head, even when his hat was on, reached no higher than her shoulder. His dress on this occasion was, however, superb. It consisted of a suit of 'Poupre du Pape,' silk stockings with broad blue and white stripes, and lace ruffles and frill, the whole of which articles he had smuggled from Rome. His hair was dressed in curls on either side, with an immense toupée, and finished with a small bag tied as closely as possible to his neck. The marriage was upon the whole a very happy one.

'Oh, never sure was such a pair
So fitly formed to live together!

Joe was a Roman Catholic, and the lady belonged to the English Church. Every Sunday morning they walked lovingly together, therefore, till they came to Mortimer Street, when, parting company, the husband sought his chapel and the lady hers. Nollekens, by this marriage, gained likewise a considerable accession to his fortune, which is said to have already exceeded twenty thousand

pounds. 'The expense,' says Allan Cunningham, 'of his domestic establishment could scarcely be said to have increased under the economic eye and bargain-making tongue of this new intendant; she seldom spread her table for a friend, and on Sundays escaped from the dread of intrusive company into some cheap tea-garden, where staid and homely citizens brought the materials for tea, and had hot water boiled at the rate of a penny a head.' It cannot indeed be concealed, that among the sins of this worthy and loving couple want of economy is not to be included; their frugality degenerated into meanness. Smith, his executor and biographer, gives a great many amusing anecdotes illustrative of this culpable parsimony. It was a pity; for otherwise Mrs Nollekens appears to have been an intelligent and rather agreeable woman; and Joseph himself, though assuredly no scholar, was in his social intercourse as honest as steel; he was also exceedingly good-natured; he never got angry at Mrs Nollekens, let her inveigh against him as she might. The only person who succeeded in teasing him within doors appears to have been Miss Welsh, his wife's sister. This lady, who had some pretensions to learning herself, used to upbraid the artist fearfully about his spelling. Joseph always spelled his words according to their sound. Miss Welsh tried to persuade him that this was wrong, and that in many instances his meaning would be liable to misconstruction; she likewise launched forth in praise of grammar and elegant composition. Joseph was inflexible, and the young lady retired in a pet to Bath, leaving the incorrigible brother-in-law in undisturbed possession of the field. Honest and good-natured as he was, however, Nollekens, equally with his wife, evinced a miserly fear of spending money; he used to sit in the dark for hours to save candle; his parlour and studio fires were most infamous affairs. 'When the late Marquis of Londonderry was sitting for his bust, coals,' says Smith, 'were at an enormous price, and the noble lord, who had been for some time shivering in his seat, took the opportunity when the sculptor went out for more clay of throwing some coals on the fire. 'Oh, my good lord,' cried Mrs Nollekens, in unfeigned alarm, 'I don't know what Mr Nollekens will say!' 'Never mind, my good lady,' replied his lordship, 'tell him to put them into my bill.' Lonsdale, the portrait painter, who found him one severe winter's evening starving himself before a handful of fire, requested to be permitted to throw a few coals on, and before Mr Nollekens could reply, on they were. Lonsdale strongly suspecting that they would be taken off as soon as he was gone, was determined to be convinced, and when he had reached the street door, pretending to have forgotten something, reascended to the room and found him, as he suspected, taking them off with the fire-feeder, at the same time muttering to himself, 'Shameful extravagance!' Nollekens, however, was sometimes compelled to give a dinner party. Hear a description of one of these: 'Two tables,' says the biographer, 'were joined; but as the legs of the one were shorter than those of the other, four pieces of wood were prepared to receive them. The damask tablecloth was of a coffee-colour, similar to that formerly preferred by washers of court ruffles. The knives and forks matched pretty well; but the plates, of queen's ware, had lost some of their gadrooned edges, and were of unequal sizes. The dinner consisted of a roasted leg of pork; a salad with four heads of celery standing pyramidically; mashed turnips neatly spooned over a large flat plate to the height of a quarter of an inch; and lastly, there was a large lobster. The side dishes were a chicken and reindeer's tongue, with parsley and butter, but the boat was without a ladle, and the plate hardly large enough for it to stand in. Close to the seat of Mrs Nollekens stood a dumb waiter with cheese, a slice of butter, a few watercresses, and a change of plates and knives and forks. Seven sat down—there were no challenges to wine—nor do I think it was mentioned till the servants were ordered to take it off.' The conversation after is however still more amusing than the dinner itself. 'My dear Nolly,' said the mistress of the feast, 'you had no occasion to have wasted the writing-paper for the claret, for as it is the only bottle with a tall neck, we should have known it; my dear Mrs Paradise, you may safely take a glass of it, for it is the last of twelve which Mr Caleb Whiteford sent us as a present, and anybody who talks about wine should know his house has ever been famous for claret.' 'Now, don't crack the nuts with your teeth, Miss Moser,' said Nollekens, interrupting his wife, 'else you'll spoil them.' 'And what would Mr Fuseli say to that?' slily inquired another guest. 'Say,' said the lively young lady, 'why, he would, in his usual classic manner, say, 'Oh, let her break them and be hanged!''

If the conduct of Nollekens on such occasions as these appear silly or ludicrous, we only require to see him in his studio, operating with his chisel on huge blocks of marble, in order to award him anew our admiration or respect. In company he was little else than a simpleton. Barry roasted him continually, and the witty Fuseli would give him no peace; but in the practice of his profession he was truly great. During a period of ten years, from 1776 to 1786, he exhibited sixteen busts, five statues, and four groups, some of which were not in marble. The statues were Juno, Diana, Adonis, Cupid, and Mercury; the second of which was for the Marquis of Rockingham, and the last for Lord Yarborough. About this time he had the honour of being selected by the Royal Academy to commemorate the three commanders who fell in Rodney's great battle of the 12th April. In this gorgeous monument all that art can do has been accomplished. It elevated Nollekens to the very highest position which an artist could take. His name was in every person's mouth as a sculptor of unrivalled excellence, and over all the nation a love for bust sculpture was produced by the frequent exhibition of the matchless creations of his chisel. His prices increased with his increasing fame, and if we consider the enormous quantity of marble heads that went out of his studio, between the years 1786 and 1800, and that for almost every one he received the sum of 150 guineas, it is not to be wondered at if the fortune he ultimately realised should have been indeed prodigious. Nollekens was a most indulgent master; his assistants all liked him; and though he lived on the most familiar terms, quaffing porter, joking, and even singing with them, they always treated him with marked respect. Nothing could be more amusing than a sight of this great artist, toiling away at the head of some noble sitter, and trolling all the while at some mendicant ballad he had learned the night before, or mimicking the cries of some travelling venders of fruit, which it is said he could achieve to admiration.

The busiest portion of the life of this distinguished man was possibly from 1800 to 1810. 'Busts,' says Cunningham, 'seemed to grow in the land; he executed upwards of fifty, and well nigh a score of groups and statues. Amongst the former were the far-famed heads of Pitt and Fox, and amongst the latter the monument of Mrs Howard of Corby Castle, the statue of Pitt for Cambridge, and the Venus anointing her hair.' Of the other busts of this period it is enough to say that they support the character of the sculptor. About the beginning of the present century, Nollekens was desired by the House of Commons to give his opinion of that collection known by the name of the Elgin Marbles. 'I am well acquainted with these marbles,' said he, 'they are as fine as any that I saw in Italy, and the finest things that ever came to this country.' Nollekens, though good-natured and easily vanquished by the importunities of his wife, evinced a sufficient portion of decision and firmness in all cases where surrender to the opinion of others would have involved a sacrifice of principle. Hone, the painter, once attempted by a species of bribery to get the sculptor to oppose Reynolds. He offered him one morning in his studio two valuable prints. 'Get you gone, get you gone,' says Nollekens, 'I know what you mean to do to-night, but I'll vote against you, I will, I will.' 'With all his firmness or obstinacy,' says his biographer, 'Nollekens was a placid man, and free from pride, either professional or personal. He was one of the three little men of the Royal Academy; little Nollekens, little Fuseli, and little Flaxman. For the sarcastic wit of

Fuseli and the grave dignity of Flaxman the most turbulent of the students entertained respect, but not so with the good-humoured Joseph; while he was standing with his back to the fire, and his hands behind his back, relating endless stories about Rome, his merciless auditors were busy caricaturing him in sculpture and in verse; all this was seen and unresented by the mild sculptor.' At times, however, he would flare out surprisingly. Wolcot, the famous Peter Pindar, a very robust muscular man, accosted him one night at the door of his studio with—'Why, Nollekens, you never speak to me now, what is the reason?' 'The reason,' said the artist, 'is, that you have published such lies of the king, and have had the impudence to send them to me; but Mrs Nollekens burnt them, she did.' 'Capital! little Nolly!' said the poet, slapping the puny artist on the shoulder; 'capital! I like the man who sticks to his friend; you shall make a bust of me for that.' 'Never I!' said Nollekens, furiously; 'you richly deserved the broken head you got from Gifford; so, now, you know my mind.' Upon this, leaving the doctor to stand without, he flung himself into his room, bolted the door, and the colloquy closed. From what we have said, it may be guessed that the conversation of Nollekens, when asked out to dine at fashionable parties, would scarcely be conspicuous for its elegance. Joseph, on such occasions, had however the good sense to eat well and talk little; loving good cheer more than enlightened conversation. This cannot be said of him when he was at ease among less polished society; he then whistled and talked, hummed favourite tunes, and gossipped away about Rome, cheap dinners, and heads of Minerva.'

From 1810 to 1816 Nollekens still continued, though turned of eighty, to labour assiduously at his profession. During these six years he modelled no fewer than thirty busts, many of them of the highest order of excellence. His bust of the Duke of York, an admirable piece of workmanship, was finished about this time; so were those of Perceval, Lord Erskine, and Thomas Coutts. On the 17th of August, 1817, Mrs Nollekens was relieved from all her sufferings, in the 74th year of her age. Joseph had now become weak alike in body and mind; he often at midnight awoke his attendant by starting up in his bed and calling out, 'I cannot sleep—I cannot rest. Is there any one with whom I am acquainted that would be the better of a little money?' When told of some one. 'Ay,' said the sculptor, 'you are right; I will send in the morning ten pounds;' which he accordingly always did. The death of his wife wrought a considerable change in the manners of the aged artist. She had, notwithstanding a rather fretful temper and inclination to jealousy, become almost essential to his existence. At first he evinced great uneasiness, paced dolefully round and round the room, casting most melancholy glances to the chair she had been so long accustomed to occupy. 'But old and sinking as he was,' says Cunningham, 'his heart, no longer curbed and rebuked in its likings by his partner, began to expand; two moulded candles appeared on his table in room of one; he paid more attention to his dress, drank more wine at table, and even invited friends to breakfast, dine, and sup.' Nollekens had been all his life a Roman Catholic. In his extreme old age he sent for his confessor, and, after unburdening his conscience, asked him, as it was raining, to stay till it cleared. This did not take place before dinner, of which meal the reverend father had therefore to be invited to partake. It consisted of a bird, a present from the Duke of Newcastle. The reverend guest helped his host to a wing, and soon himself picked every bone besides quite bare. The servant brought in wine, and after he had been helped to a glass, Nollekens fell suddenly asleep. Awaking in about half an hour, he desired his confessor to be at home, and have another glass: 'Tank you sare,' was the reply, 'I have finished the bottle.' After this Nollekens dispensed with a confessor; Mrs Holt, his kind attendant, reading prayers to him every night. Nollekens at last, at the advanced age of 86, was, on the 23d day of April 1823, released from the ties that had so long united him to earth.

'The claims of Nollekens to distinction,' says Cunningham, 'are threefold; bust sculpture, monumental sculpture, and poetic sculpture; he attained to eminence in all, but to lasting fame, I apprehend, only in the first. His busts are unaffected and elegant; there is no attempt to raise ordinary heads into the region of the heroic, nor to give even to eminent mortals the looks of gods; the best are simple without weakness, and serene without austerity. In woman he took beauty as he found it, and of man he gave the mind, and no more, which was spread visibly before him. There is little dignity, but much truth; sometimes mechanic vigour; never exaggeration.'

## ESSAYS WRITTEN IN THE INTERVALS OF BUSINESS.*

A VOLUME, possessed we think of no ordinary merit, recently came into our hands bearing the above title, and evidently from the pen of an individual whose experience of the world and of the active pursuits of life well qualified him for the task he resolved to execute. The maxims, advices, and sound moral reflections with which the essays are fraught, bear unequivocal testimony that they have been dictated by experience. We have, unfortunately, too little of this kind of writing; and of the class of writers to which the author belongs fewer still. Where, out of a hundred, will you meet a person willing to devote the few hours of leisure he can snatch from the harassing, and not unfrequently dissipating, duties of a professional or mercantile avocation, either to the rigid cultivation of his own mind, or to the laudable effort of attempting, as a moral or religious writer, the improvement of that portion of his fellowmen who are, like himself, engaged in the business and bustle of life? The consequence is, that this species of writing, when performed at all, is almost always accomplished by mere essayists—men who, having had no experience of the difficulties, duties, or temptations that they profess to guard against and describe, cannot be supposed to deliver the decisions of their own judgment with that authority and power which they uniformly evince who possess not a theoretical merely, but a practical and experimental acquaintance with the subject discussed. The writer of the volume to which allusion has been made is therefore unquestionably entitled to the thanks of his country for the labour and pains he has bestowed upon its pages. He speaks as one having authority: let the following extracts serve as a specimen:—

### PRACTICAL WISDOM.

Practical wisdom acts in the mind as gravitation does in the material world—combining, keeping things in their places, and maintaining a mutual dependence amongst the various parts of our system. It is for ever reminding us where we are and what we can do, not in fancy, but in real life. It does not permit us to wait for dainty duties, pleasant to the imagination; but insists upon our doing those which are before us. It is always inclined to make much of what it possesses: and is not given to ponder over those schemes which might have been carried on, if what is irrevocable had been other than it is. It does not suffer us to waste our energies in regret. In journeying with it we go towards the sun, and the shadow of our burden falls behind us. In bringing anything to completion, the means which it looks for are not the shortest, nor the neatest, nor the best that can be imagined. They have, however, this advantage, that they happen to be within reach. We are liable to make constant mistakes about the nature of practical wisdom, until we come to perceive that it consists not in any one predominant faculty or disposition, but rather in a certain harmony amongst all

* London: William Pickering.

the faculties and affections of the man. Where this harmony exists, there are likely to be well-chosen ends, and means judiciously adapted. But, as it is, we see numerous instances of men who, with great abilities, accomplish nothing, and we are apt to vary our views of practical wisdom according to the particular failings of these men. Sometimes we think it consists in having a definite purpose, and being constant to it. But take the case of a deeply selfish person: he will be constant enough to his purpose, and it will be a definite one; very likely, too, it may not be founded upon unreasonable expectations. The object which he has in view may be a small thing; but being as close to his eyes as to his heart, there will be times when he can see nothing above it, or beyond it, or beside it. And so he may fail in practical wisdom.

### CONTENTMENT.

Contentment abides with truth: and you will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than what you are; whether it be richer, or greater, or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture. Fit objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment that a man can possess. The lives of many persons are an alternation of the one engrossing pursuit, and a sort of listless apathy. They are either grinding, or doing nothing. Now to those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid without quiescence. A man should have some pursuits which may be always in his power, and to which he may turn gladly in his hours of recreation. And if the intellect requires thus to be provided with perpetual objects, what must it be with the affections? Depend upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart; and the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought. You cannot hope for anything like contentment so long as you continue to attach that ridiculous degree of importance to the events of this life which so many people are inclined to do. Observe the effect which it has upon them: they are most uncomfortable if their little projects do not turn out according to their fancy—nothing is to be angular to them—they regard external things as the only realities; and as they have fixed their abode here, they must have it arranged to their mind. In all they undertake, they feel the anxiety of a gambler, and not the calmness of a labouring man. It is, however, the success or failure of their efforts, and not the motives for their endeavour, which gives them this concern. 'It will be all the same a hundred years hence'—so says the Epicurean as he saunters by. The Christian exhorts them to extend their hopes and their fears to the far future. But they are up to their lips in the present, though they taste it none the more for that; and so they go on, fretting, and planning, and contending, until an event, about which of all their anxieties they have felt the least anxious, sweeps them and their cobwebs away from the face of the earth. I have no intention of putting forward specifics for real afflictions, or pretending to teach refined methods for avoiding grief. As long, however, as there is anything to be done in a matter, the time for grieving about it has not come; but when the subject for grief is fixed and inevitable, sorrow is to be borne like pain. It is only a paroxysm of either that can justify us in neglecting the duties which no bereavement can lessen, and which no sorrow can leave us without: and we may remember that sorrow is at once the lot, the trial, and the privilege of man. Most of the aids to contentment above suggested, are comparatively superficial ones; and, though they may be serviceable, there is much in human nature that they cannot touch. Even Pagans were wont to look for more potent remedies. They could not help seeking for some great idea to rest upon; something to still the throbbings of their souls; some primæval mystery which should be answerable for the miseries of life. Such was their idea of necessity, the source of such systems as the Stoic and the Epicurean. Christianity rests upon very different foundations: and surely a Christian's reliance on divine goodness, and his full belief in another world, should console him under serious affliction, and bear the severer test of supporting him against that under-current of vexations which is not wanting in the smoothest life.

### BENEVOLENCE.

With the most engaging objects of benevolence around them, men consume the largest part of their existence in the acquisition of money, or of knowledge; or in sighing for the opportunities of advancement; or in doting over some unavailing sorrow. Or, as it often happens, they are outwardly engaged in slaving over the forms and follies of the world, while their minds are given up to dreams of vanity, or to long-drawn reveries, a mere indulgence of their fancy; and yet hard by them are groans, and horrors, and sufferings of all kinds, which seem to penetrate no deeper than their senses. Let them think what boundless occupations there are before us all. Consider the masses of human beings in our manufacturing towns and crowded cities, left to their own devices—the destitute peasantry of our sister-land—the horrors of slavery wherever it exists—the general aspect of the common people—the pervading want of education—the fallacies and falsehoods which are left, unchecked, to accomplish all the mischief that is in them—the many legal and executive reforms not likely to meet with much popular impulse, and requiring, on that account, the more diligence from those who have any insight into such matters. By employing himself upon any one of the above subjects, a man is likely to do some good. If he only ascertains what has been done and what is doing in any of these matters, he may be of great service. A man of real information becomes a centre of opinion, and therefore of action. There are many persons, doubtless, who feel the wants and miseries of their fellow-men tenderly if not deeply; but this feeling is not of the kind to induce them to exert themselves out of their own small circle. They have little faith in their individual exertions doing aught towards a remedy for any of the great disorders of the world. If an evil of magnitude forces itself upon their attention, they take shelter in a comfortable sort of belief that the course of events, or the gradual enlightenment of mankind, or at any rate, something which is too large for them to have any concern in, will set it right. In short, they are content to remain spectators: or, at best, to wait until an occasion shall arrive when their benevolence may act at once, with as little preparation of means, as if it were something magical. But opportunities of doing good, though abundant and obvious enough, are not exactly fitted to our hands: we must be alert in preparing ourselves for them. Benevolence requires method and activity in its exercise. It is by no means the same sort of thing as the indolent good-humour with which a well-fed man, reclining on a sunny bank, looks upon the working world around him. As to the notion of waiting for the power to do good, it is one that we must never listen to. Surely the exercise of a man's benevolence is not to depend upon his worldly good fortune! Every man has to-day the power of laying some foundation for doing good, if not of doing it; and whoever does not exert himself until he has a large power of carrying out his good intentions, may be sure that he will not make the most of the opportunity when it comes. It is not in the heat of action, nor when a man, from his position, is likely to be looked up to with some reverence, that he should have to begin his search for facts or principles. He should then come forth to apply results; not to work them out painfully, and perhaps precipitately, before the eyes of the world.

### DOMESTIC RULE.

Domestic rule is founded upon truth and love. If it has not both of these, it is nothing better than a despotism. It requires the perpetual exercise of love in its most extended form. You have to learn the dispositions of those under you, and to teach them to understand yours. In order to do this, you must sympathise with them, and convince them of your doing so; for upon your sympathy will often depend their truthfulness. Thus, you must persuade

a child to place confidence in you, if you wish to form an open upright character. You cannot terrify it into habits of truth. On the contrary, are not its earliest falsehoods caused by fear, much oftener than from a wish to obtain any of its little ends by deceit? How often the complaint is heard from those in domestic authority, that they are not confided in! But they forget how hard it is for an inferior to confide in a superior, and that he will scarcely venture to do so without the hope of some sympathy on the part of the latter; and the more so, as half our confidences are about our follies, or what we deem such. Every one who has paid the slightest attention to this subject knows that domestic rule is built upon justice, and therefore upon truth; but it may not have been observed what evils will arise from even a slight deviation into conventionality. For instance, there is a common expression about 'overlooking trifles.' But what many persons should say, when they use this expression, is—That they affect not to observe something, when there is no reason why they should not openly recognise it. Thus they contrive to make matter of offence out of things which really have no harm in them. Or the expression means that they do not care to take notice of something which they really believe to be wrong; and as it is not of much present annoyance to them, they persuade themselves that it is not of much harm to those who practise it. In either case, it is their duty to look boldly at the matter. The greater quantity of truth and distinctness you can throw into your proceedings, the better. Connivance creates uncertainty, and gives an example of slyness; and very often you will find that you connive at some practice merely because you have not made up your mind whether it is right or wrong, and you wish to spare yourself the trouble of thinking. All this is falsehood. Whatever you allow in the way of pleasure or of liberty to those under your control, you should do it heartily: you should recognise it entirely, encourage it, and enter into it. If, on the contrary, you do not care for their pleasures or sympathise with their happiness, how can you expect to obtain their confidence? And when you tell them that you consult their welfare, they look upon it as some abstract idea of your own. They will doubt whether you can know what is best for them, if they have good reason for thinking that you are likely to leave their particular views of happiness entirely out of the account. We come next to consider some of the various means which may be made use of in domestic rule. Of course it is obvious that his own example must be the chief means in any man's power, by which he can illustrate and enforce those duties which he seeks to impress upon his household. Next to this, praise and blame are among the strongest means which he possesses; and they should not depend upon his humour. He should not throw a bit of praise at his dependants by way of making up for a previous display of anger, not warranted by the occasion. Ridicule is in general to be avoided; not that it is inefficient, perhaps, for the present purpose, but because it tends to make a poor and world-fearing character. It is too strong a remedy, and can seldom be applied with such just precision as to neutralise the evil aimed at, without destroying at the same time something that is good. Still less should it ever appear that ridicule is directed against that which is good in itself, or which may be the beginning of goodness. There is perhaps more gentleness required in dealing with the infant virtues, than even with the vices of those under our guidance. We should be very kind to any attempt at amendment. An idle sneer, or a look of incredulity, has been the death of many a good resolve. We should also be very cautious in reminding those who now would fain be wiser, of their rash sayings of evil, of their early and uncharitable judgments of others; otherwise we run a great risk of hardening them in evil. This is especially to be guarded against with the young; for never having felt the mutability of all human things, nor having lived long enough to discover that his former certainties are among the strangest things which a man looks back upon in the vista of the past; not perceiving that time is told by that pendulum, man, which goes backwards and forwards in its progress, nor dreaming that the way to some opinions may lie through their opposites, they are mightily ashamed of inconsistency, and may be made to look upon reparation as a crime.

## ANTOINE MINGRAT.

BY MRS CROWE.

The bare record of frightful crimes we hold to be neither pleasant nor profitable reading. It is in the annals of the doings and sufferings of the good and brave spirits of the earth that we should learn our lessons. It is by these that our hearts are mellowed, our minds exalted, and our souls nerved to go and do likewise. But there are occasionally circumstances connected with the history of great crimes that render them the most impressive of homilies; fitting them to be set aloft as beacons to warn away the frail mortal, tossed on the tempest of his passions, from the destruction that awaits him if he pursues his course; and such instruction we hold may be best derived from those cases in which the subsequent feelings of a criminal are disclosed to us; those cases, in short, in which the chastisement proceeds from within instead of from without; that chastisement that no cunning concealment, no legal subtlety, no eloquent counsel, no indulgent judge, can avert; but which, do what we will, fly where we may, 'Monte en croupe et gallope avec nous.' It is because we think the history of Antoine Mingrat affords such a lesson, that we propose presenting it to the reader.

In the year 1822, a young priest bearing the above appellation, was inducted into the cure of a small village called St Quentin, situated on the borders of Piedmont. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age; tall, stout, and gifted with uncommon bodily strength; but his countenance was not pleasing; his complexion was sallow, his eye malicious, his smile treacherous; so at least it was said after the events we are about to detail had occurred, when people were willing to vindicate their own discernment by the earliness of their adverse impressions. He was, moreover, a rigid pastor; zealous overmuch; reproving harshly, inflicting severe penances, and magnifying small faults into great sins. He forbade his parishioners all sorts of innocent pleasures as strictly as michievous ones, and dancing and singing were as much proscribed at St Quentin as drinking and gambling. The fact was, he was extremely ambitious; and not possessing those qualities that were likely to recommend him to the notice of his superiors, he sought to win their favour by his burning zeal and exemplary rigour.

It may be easily conceived that Antoine Mingrat was not much beloved by his flock; but at that period the church was all powerful, and out of Paris no one dared raise his voice against her members, so that whatever may have been thought, except in confidential whispers, no murmurs were heard against the pastor of St Quentin.

About a quarter of an hour's walk from the church there resided a retired soldier, named Stephen Charnelot, with his beautiful wife Marie Guérin. He was the possessor of a small bit of land, and passed his days in peace and contentment with Marie, who was as pious and prudent as she was beautiful. Her only fault was, that where religion was concerned she did not allow herself the exercise of her judgment; her piety amounted to fanaticism; and every priest, in her eyes, was a saint. Antoine Mingrat was her confessor and the pastor of her parish, and it is not to be doubted that her extraordinary beauty had inspired him with a criminal passion, although we have neither witnesses nor proofs to establish the fact, the evidence in this strange case being purely circumstantial, though of a very decisive as well as singular character.

On the 8th of May, 1822, several young persons in the adjoining parish of Veuray were to receive their first communion, and Marie, who was a constant attendant at all the religious festivals in the neighbourhood, announced her intention of being present. Mingrat hearing of this, made it the pretext of a visit to her. He had a letter for

the minister there which he requested her to take charge of. He had not, however, brought it with him, but promised to have it ready by the evening when she came to confession. On the same afternoon she was seen to leave the village for this purpose, having requested her friends, when her husband came home, to tell him whither she was gone. Poor Marie never returned to her happy home; and after one other momentary glimpse of her, we see her alive no more.

We learn from Madame St Michel, a lady of great respectability who happened to be at her devotions in the church of St Quentin about five o'clock on that afternoon, that she saw Marie Charnelot enter and throw herself on her knees before the confessional, whilst at the same moment she perceived a strange figure in black, apparently without either arms or legs, and with some singular headgear, glide behind the altar. Alarmed at the phantom, she tried to draw Marie's attention to it; but the latter was too deeply absorbed in her devotions to heed her; and when Madame St Michel looked again the spectre had disappeared. The circumstance seems, however, to have so far terrified the old lady that the immediately quitted the church. There can be no doubt that the phantom was Mingrat, though the motive of his assuming the disguise does not appear; neither do we know what further occurred in the church, except that she must have been induced to accompany him to his house, which was close at hand, probably for the purpose of receiving the letter for the minister of Veuray. No one, however, saw her enter. The priest kept but one maid, a simple, honest, young creature, who was also very devout, and standing in great awe of her master.

The first indications we gather that a crime had been committed, are from the evidence of this girl, extracted from her, for reasons which will be hereafter explained, with great difficulty. Somewhere betwixt the hour of five and the closing in of the evening, she thought she heard suppressed sighs proceeding from a back room of the parsonage, but these sounds she did not investigate further. Later, came the sacristan, to ask if he should ring in the mass for the dead, and then the girl knocked at the door of the parlour where she supposed her master to be, in order to make the inquiry. There being no answer, she ascended the stairs to his chamber, where at first she was not more successful, although she heard heavy sighs from within, as of one very sick or in the agonies of death. She tried to lift the latch, but the door was fast, and, alarmed, she knocked vehemently. Then the priest spoke, and in a loud voice bade her go below and he would follow her immediately. She went, but she had scarcely reached the bottom of the stairs when he appeared at the top, inquiring who wanted him. On learning what the sacristan sought, he answered decidedly *no;* and then retreating into his chamber closed the door behind him.

There was something in this that seems to have awakened the girl's curiosity as well as her fears, so she crept softly up the stairs and listened at the door—she heard still the sighs and groans—then there was a shaking of the bed—then the groans ceased, and there was silence. Pale and trembling she went below. By and by the priest came down, evidently much disturbed. She told him she had been frightened—she thought he had been dying in the chamber above. He bade her hold her tongue, called her a fool, and ordered her to take the newspapers to M. Huddard, with his compliments. But curiosity was stronger than obedience. She took the paper, but instead of going to the neighbour's with it, she went round the church and came again to the portal. She could now hear nothing; but she saw a light in the upper room, and tried to climb to the window; but she could not do this without making some noise—instantly the light was extinguished, and she heard the priest descending the stairs. Presently he opened the door, and stepping out cried 'Who's there?' He had called several times before she had courage to speak; at length she answered, trembling, 'It is I.'

'What are you doing there?' he asked, in an angry tone.

'I was going to shut the door of the hencoop,' she replied.

'That's false!' said he. 'You were here for some other purpose.'

She then returned into the kitchen to prepare the supper, of which he scarcely touched a morsel. After a few minutes, he started from the table, and bade her now convey the paper to Huddard. This time she went. When she returned, he conversed with her for some minutes, betraying, however, great inquietude. Then he ascended the stairs again and shut himself into the mysterious chamber. The girl remained below, oppressed with fear and anxiety; what could be going on above? She took a book of devotion and tried to calm her mind by reading it; but in vain—she could not collect her thoughts. Suddenly she was startled by a violent knocking at the door, but before she could reach it, the priest came down, and thrusting her aside, opened it himself. It was Charnelot, come to inquire for his wife; she had left home saying she was going to confession, but had not returned. Mingrat had his answer ready. He said that he had seen her in the church, but that displeased with the unsuitableness of her attire he had sent her home again. Nevertheless his speech was not calm—he stammered and spoke thick—but no suspicion of the truth seems to have entered the husband's mind. He retired; and Mingrat saying he would remove the supper things himself, sent away the maid, who did not sleep in the house, and commenced the labours of that most awful night.

Not far from the church was an ascent, on the summit of which rose a wall of huge strangely formed rock—at the foot of this cliff flowed the river Isère. Mingrat's object appears to have been to convey the body of his victim thither and fling it into the stream. With this view he bound it hand and foot with cords and let it down from the window; then he extinguished the light, and, descending himself by the stairs, he lifted it, and partly by carrying and partly by dragging, he succeeded in conveying it to the top of the hill—but here he found a difficulty he had not reckoned on—great as was his strength he could not raise the body over the rock.

This was an alarming discovery, for the night was short where there was so much to be done. It then occurred to him that if he could separate the limbs from the trunk he might more easily dispose of it—and he attempted this by means of his pocket knife, and by some others which we will not detail—but all were inadequate.

And now imagine his situation! Let us picture to ourselves the murderer as he stood on that lonely hill, scantily sprinkled with thorn bushes and withered nut trees; battered by the storm, for the rain fell and the wind raged furiously on that awful night; before him the steep ascent that he could not surmount; beside him the body that he could not get rid of! Conceive his horror, his anguish, his despair! How little do we think, when each night we lay our heads calmly on our pillows, of the scenes that at that moment may be acting in different parts of the world! For ourselves we could not, on reading this fearful story, help endeavouring to recall the period of the terrible drama—bringing back to our memory that May of 1822; contrasting situations—our peaceful chamber, our calm sleep, and our cheerful waking. We felt ready to fall upon our knees and bless God that we had been exempted from such trials. Indeed, it is the melting of the heart that this tale produced on ourselves that has induced us to relate it; for such contemplations are very wholesome. Trembling whilst we rejoice, we learn the inestimable value of innocence; and whilst humbly thankful for the past, we prepare to encounter the future, at once softened and strengthened, encouraged and reproved.

But to return to that lonely hill and the conflict there. What was to be done? He must either carry the body round to the river by the public path or return home and

fetch a more efficient instrument. The time that either operation would absorb was terrific to think of. At length he decided on the latter expedient, probably from the apprehension that passengers would be abroad upon the road before he could accomplish his task. So with rapid strides he made his way back to the manse, possessed himself of the kitchen hatchet, and returned to the hill. With the aid of this weapon he attained his object, and then succeeded in conveying the mangled remains to the river; leaving, as he believed, no traces of his own whereabout or of his victim's fate, except a handkerchief she had worn about her neck. This he hung on a thorn bush near the water, in order to encourage the idea that she had destroyed herself.

The morning now began to dawn, but his night's work was scarcely half finished. How much must be done before the maid returned! There were the murdered woman's clothes to be disposed of; his own blood besprinkled habiliments to be cleaned; the hatchet to be polished. It was a sore labour, for still, toil as he would, some spot, some stain remained! Her dress he burned, cutting it up into shreds, and then cutting again to make them small enough for hasty combustion; but the very ashes were treacherous and cried aloud against him. They were so red that he was obliged to mingle sand and earth amongst them to disguise the colour. As for the hatchet, in his anguish he rubbed it so bright that its very lustre stood out as a testimony against him. It is surely one of the providences of God, that the stains of blood should be so ineffaceable!

But suddenly he pauses—his whole frame is relaxed—his visage, inflamed by the torture of his mind and his vehement labours, is overspread with a ghastly pallor—what is it that affrights him so? Is there a noise without, or has he discerned some human eye watching him through an unguarded chink? Why does he fling down the hatchet and thrust his hands wildly into his pockets, and then rush frantically from the house? *He has missed his pocket knife!* He must have left it behind him on the hill. Oh, the agony of that moment! Away he strides again, this time in the broad light of day—but every thing must be risked to recover such a damning evidence. He reaches the summit—seeks it—looks here, looks there—under every bush, in every cleft—runs hither, thither—but in vain; the knife has disappeared. He dare linger no longer—he must return without it.

He reached the parsonage before the maid's arrival, and had it not been for her fanatical faith in his holy office, his demeanour must now have betrayed him. He met her with confusion—addressed her with fury—'Where had she been? What had she seen? What did she think?' The poor girl, trembling, answered that she had seen nothing, understood nothing. She had only heard a sighing and groaning, and she fancied that her master was ill. He looked hard at her, uttered fearful threats that she could not comprehend, and commanded her to be silent on the peril of her life. So he left her and shut himself up in his chamber.

The girl seems at this crisis to have suffered a severe conflict betwixt her uncertainty, terror, and amazement on the one hand; and her sense of duty and allegiance to her master, together with her respect for his priesthood, and humble reverence for his office, on the other. That he, the ordained minister of God, the director of her soul, the keeper of her conscience—he who had authority to absolve her sins and lend her wings for heaven—that he should do wrong, seemed so strange, so impossible!

Nevertheless, she could not close her eyes to what she saw; why was the kitchen hearth heaped with ashes? There must surely have been a large fire since she had last been there! She swept them aside, and there appeared a half burned wreath of flowers; in the back yard, upon some straw, she perceived blood spots, and picked up a withered leaf of hazel; there were no hazel trees there, and the leaf was stained, and there was something adhering to it that made her own blood freeze. She found a bit of the minister's cloak, too, and that was stained. What should she do? What ought she to do? She resolved she would leave him, and tell him of her determination immediately; then, be this fearful mystery what it might, she was free of it. So she went to seek him, expecting to find him in his chamber or reading his breviary in the parlour, but she no sooner opened the door than he stood before her, more wild more gloomy than before. When she saw him she durst not open her lips to speak, and was about to retreat when he sternly bade her go up stairs. This harshness rendered her desperate, and folding her hands, as in earnest prayer, she besought him to 'let her go away, for she could bear it no longer.'

What a thunderclap to Mingrat! The request told all. He was betrayed; his fatal secret, his life, his honour, were in the power of this girl. He could not kill *her* too—the burthen of the blood he had spilt was too heavy upon him. That fearful night had already made another man of him. If the expression of his features had been before unpleasing, it had now become frightful; the anguish of his soul was imprinted on his countenance. His complexion, formerly sallow, was now purple, and that not on this day alone, but for the remaining eight days of his agony it continued so. His eyes stared wildly, his step was uncertain, he stammered in his speech, and could never sufficiently command himself to perform any office of the church with decent composure.

Shaking like a leaf, the girl stood before him; whilst he, barring her way to the door, and holding her arm with a grasp of iron, his eyes fixed on the earth, deliberated what was to be done. Suddenly a resource presents itself. He is acquainted with her simplicity and scrupulous conscience, and hope awakes once more. Still grasping her arm, he dragged her to the church—it was yet early morning and no one was there to witness the scene—flung her on the steps of the altar, and gave her the choice at once to die or there swear to observe an inviolable secrecy on the events of that night. She consented to take the oath, and he held the crucifix upon her lips whilst she pronounced it.

The poor young creature seems to have thought that in making this vow she not only bound herself to silence, but also to the abstaining from every act which could possibly tend to the betrayal of her master. On this account she believed it to be her duty to remain with him. She therefore returned to the manse and resumed her service, endeavouring to the best of her power to conceal her terror and agitation.

In the meanwhile, the disappearance of the beautiful Marie Charnelot was beginning to excite general attention, and her husband naturally became extremely uneasy. Her having been seen to enter the village of St Quentin, conjoined to her avowed intention of going to confession, inevitably connected Antoine Mingrat with the mystery; but the people of the neighbourhood were extremely pious; however unloveable a being their pastor was, he was a holy one in their eyes; and if any vague suspicions arose in their minds they sought to suppress them. But of the awful crime committed no suspicion did arise; the only idea that seems to have occurred—and this only to a few young men—was the possibility of an improper intimacy betwixt the priest and Marie. Incited by curiosity, two or three of them had agreed to watch his house on the night she was first missed. They seem to have arrived during the few minutes he was at home seeking the kitchen hatchet. Little thought he, when he issued from his door with the fatal weapon under his cloak, of the eyes that were peering upon him from the angle of a neighbouring wall. They, however, seeing no one come out but himself, grew weary of the frolic, and the storm increasing drove them away.

It happened that very early on that morning a gentleman, named Michon, had occasion to visit a part of his property which was situated at a little distance from the village. His way lay across the hill, and although the day was but dawning, it was light enough for him to perceive that the ground was stained with newly shed blood. Alarmed, he would have retreated, but his limbs failed

him; near at hand lay a bloody cord; farther, stuck in the earth, a pocket knife with a black handle bearing the same fatal marks. He picked it up; but, overcome with horror, flung it from him into a bush and hastily left the place. Presently, however, recollecting how important this instrument would be to the conviction of the assassin, whoever he might be, he returned and buried it in the earth. Thus when Mingrat went back to seek it, it was no longer to be found.

It was an hour or more after this, though still early morning, that a butcher and his son, on their way to St Quentin, had occasion to pass under the cliff. 'See there, father,' said the boy, with some alarm, 'what is that man doing upon the hill?' The butcher looked, and with surprise perceived it was Antoine Mingrat the priest. His gestures, too, amazed them, for themselves unseen, they saw him distinctly; his eye wandered in all directions—he ran hastily from place to place—now stooped staring into a bush—then, upon his knees, seemed to be peering into the earth—then stood erect and glared wildly about him—and at length, with a frantic gesture of despair, fled down the hill.

The unsuspected witnesses of so strange a scene were naturally desirous of knowing what it meant; so, when the priest was gone, they ascended the hill, and there found enough to convince them that some fearful crime had been committed; but whether the agitation of Mingrat arose from his being a party to it, or merely from his horror at the discovery of it, time alone could disclose. Meanwhile, he was their pastor; if he were innocent, he would know what to do better than they; if guilty, it might be dangerous to meddle with him. So they kept their own counsel, and said nothing of what they had seen.

But the excitement of the public continued to increase. The anxious husband, seeking his wife in all directions, and visiting the neighbouring villages, spread the intelligence. Their inhabitants, eager to investigate the mystery, flocked into St Quentin; the hill was covered with people.

By this time Marie's handkerchief being found upon the thorn bush, and blood stains traced as far as the river, a warm discussion arose as to whether she had drowned herself, after unsuccessfully attempting some other mode of death, or whether she had fallen by the hand of another. Mingrat, who, for appearance sake, had been obliged to accompany some of her friends to the scene of the murder, and was the unwilling auditor of the dispute, evinced the most violent anguish; wringing his hands and convulsively casting up his eyes to heaven. But man's eye as well as God's eye was upon him; there was in his whole appearance and demeanour something so unnatural, that in spite of their superstitious reverence for the church, they began to suspect him, and now Michon came forward with the knife, and placed it in the hands of the magistrate. Charnelot declared it had not belonged to his wife. Was it the priest's? Still fettered by their veneration, they durst not ask him the question; so under pretence of an ordinary visit, the adjunct or substitute called on him, and adroitly led the conversation to the subject which then formed the theme of inquiry. Mingrat as adroitly changed it; the adjunct brought it back again to Marie; Mingrat said he was suffering extremely from the state of his blood, which was much disordered; and, indeed, at the moment he spoke, his visiter describes his face to have been almost black; gradually, the adjunct spoke of the knife—he wondered that Marie should have had recourse to such a weapon; Mingrat, sitting with his eyes fixed upon the table before him, requested the loan of a certain work on geometry which the adjunct possessed; the latter promised it and took his leave, confirmed in his suspicions. He knew that the priest had a copy of the book in his own library.

Meanwhile, an aunt of Mingrat's, who had been absent on a journey, arrived at St Quentin, and learned the fatal rumour. Alarmed, she took the opportunity of the adjunct's visit to her nephew to call on his wife, and turning the conversation on the murder, she requested to see the knife; the lady produced it. For some moments the poor woman remained motionless, staring at it with a fixed gaze of horror, then clasping her hands, she murmured with quivering lips, 'that then is the instrument of this dreadful crime!' Unable to utter another syllable, she rose and quitted the house.

Scarcely had the adjunct reached home when Mingrat himself arrived, under the pretext of fetching the book he wanted; his real motive was supposed to be a faint hope of possessing himself of the knife. His conversation was confused and unconnected, whilst his eye wandered anxiously over the room. This visit produced a very unfavourable impression against him; but still, always considering his office, there was nothing that in the magistrate's opinion authorised him to lay hands on the priest. It was not till the remains of the poor victim were found in the river, by some boys who were fishing on its banks, that the higher authorities interfered, and dispatched some gens d'armes to his house to keep him under *surveillance*. Mingrat now exerted himself to the utmost to appear composed, and to perform the various offices of the church, from which, under the pretext of indisposition, he had since the murder excused himself; but his frightful complexion, his features distorted by anguish, and the blundering manner in which he stumbled through what was so familiar to him, only confirmed the now universal persuasion.

It was on the eighth day after the death of Marie Charnelot, whilst the gens d'armes were at table, that a stranger, evidently a priest, entered the room, and placing a letter in Mingrat's hands, desired him instantly to read it, and then disappeared. The letter contained the following words: 'You are covered with infamy by the rumours which connect you with that murdered woman. If you are guilty, fly instantly!' The priest was the vicar of Toulon. Antoine Mingrat followed this advice; intentionally or otherwise, the gens d'armes allowed him to escape, and he fled across the mountains into Piedmont. The aunt also disappeared. It was with much difficulty that the poor maid was brought to confess what she knew; her vow weighed heavily upon her; and it was only under the influence of another confessor that she at length gave her evidence.

The guilt of Mingrat was now established, but he was beyond the reach of the law. The bereaved husband and a brother of Marie's went to Paris, and throwing themselves at the king's feet, demanded that the criminal should be required of the Sardinian government. But there were difficulties in the way of their satisfaction; Mingrat was, however, seized and thrown into prison at Chambery. But the family and friends still thirsted for vengeance, and the process was continued till, at length, in 1828, the assassin was formally demanded of the Piedmontese. But this requisition only resulted in his removal to the strong fortress of Fenestrelle, from whence, it is supposed, he was transferred to a penitentiary. May he repent!

To this hour, the inhabitants of St Quentin and its neighbourhood look with terror on the scene of this dreadful tragedy, never passing over the hill by night, and as rarely as they can by day.

## MANUFACTURES OF SCOTLAND.

### HAWICK.

Although Scotland can boast of little, when compared with England, in the way of contributing to the increase of those manufactures which have been the principal means of placing our country in that proud position which she occupies among the nations of the world, still there are a few of our Scottish towns, situated under apparently insurmountable local difficulties, which have, through the indomitable perseverance and well directed industry of the inhabitants, risen to no inconsiderable fame among the manufacturing towns of the country. Hawick, if not in the front rank of such places, is second to few in Scotland,

Situated in the centre of what was lately known only by the appellation of the wild border country, this town on several occasions suffered severely from the disgraceful feuds which so long subsisted betwixt England and Scotland, having been more than once laid waste by fire. Times are now happily changed; and we trust it is no Utopian hope to entertain that the retrospect afforded during the times to which we have referred, and those in which we now live, will not only be taken as an index of the advantages which have been derived from a continuance of peaceful and brotherly feeling betwixt England and Scotland, but that it will serve to point the way, on grounds of principle as well as policy, for carrying out the same beneficial and peaceful relations throughout all ends of the earth. From the interest which we feel in the increasing prosperity of our manufacturing towns, and from a belief that the subject is of great importance to many of our readers, we gladly give insertion to the following account of the present state of manufactures in Hawick, for which we are chiefly indebted to an article which appeared a few weeks ago in the *Kelso Chronicle*, and at the time was kindly forwarded to us by the gentleman who furnished it for that paper.

For the information of our more distant readers, it may be necessary to state, that Hawick is situated in Roxburghshire, about midway betwixt Edinburgh and Carlisle, being about 50 miles from the former and 45 from the latter. Notwithstanding its inland position, Hawick has gone on steadily increasing in wealth, trade, and population. Nor is this increase the result of any aristocratic influence, or any great and local physical advantage. Were some of the great landlords to grant to the town their available waterfalls in the vicinity, the physical advantages would then be very great, and the power to increase nearly interminable. As it is, the waterfalls are very limited, for, with the exception of a few on the Slitrig and Teviot, the town enjoys few other natural facilities for manufacturing; while, on the other hand, it has to contend against many advantages. It is nearly 50 miles from a seaport, and 30 miles from a coal-field. These are two serious drawbacks on the commerce of the burgh: the latter raises the price of coal to £1 per ton, which in a great measure precludes the use of steam, although of late years several engines have been introduced. If such are a few of the impediments to the development of manufacturing here, what are the mainsprings of the prosperity of Hawick? The true cause is to be found in the wealth and enterprise of its manufacturers, and in the skill and industry of its operatives. These are the elements that have raised it to its present greatness—a greatness, designated by an eloquent writer of the day as the 'Leeds of the Border.' In the year 1824 the entire mills of the place contained only 24 sets of machines, and at present about 60 sets are in full operation, which is an increase of 250 per cent. Combining these great facts together, it follows that, compared with 1824, three times the number of hands must now be employed. To ascertain, however, the precise number at present employed in the three great branches of *lanifice*, viz. spinning, weaving, and hosiery, were perhaps difficult, but the aggregate may be stated at nearly 4000, including old and young of both sexes. This vast bechive of workers receive their wages weekly, when from two to three thousand pounds are disbursed. In point of number, more than one half of the above are engaged in connection with hosiery, and the remainder may be fairly put down to the spinning and weaving departments, &c. Though the hosiery branch gives employment to the greatest number of workers, yet the weaving employs the greatest amount of capital. The manufacture of stockings was introduced in 1771 by Bailie John Hardie, who employed four looms, producing on an average annually about 2400 pairs of stockings, chiefly of the coarser descriptions. From this the stocking manufacture was introduced into the neighbouring towns. The introduction of weaving is of a much more recent date. The former is the foundation of the latter, but the latter, like a new colony, has outgrown the parent stock. In addition to hose, all sorts and sizes of shirts, drawers, dresses, pantaloons, gloves, &c. in every variety of fashion and quality are made. These useful and elastic articles are worn by all orders of society, and, being highly recommended by the medical faculty, the trade is consequently progressing. The productions of the loom are of a varied character, comprising blankets, tweeds, tartans, &c., chiefly woven by the power-loom. The tweed trade, too, is very considerable, while the patterns are exquisitely beautiful. During the spring months about 200 looms are employed on tweeds alone. Of late the *jacquard* has been introduced both for hand and power-weaving, which, combined with the aid of a skilful designer and a good colourer, have imparted an original and improved style to the tweed trade. To the power-loom the jacquard is of the last importance, as simple and compound patterns are executed with equal ease, which was hitherto a desideratum. The manufacture of tartans, to which we directed attention in a late number of the INSTRUCTOR, although not carried on to such an extent as in Galashiels and other towns in Scotland, has of late made considerable progress in Hawick; one manufacturer, in particular, producing these beautiful national articles in large quantities, solely, we believe, for the London trade. The goods of this description manufactured at this establishment are justly celebrated for the taste displayed in the styles and the brilliancy of the colours. Others, again, are large makers of clan and shepherd tartans, &c. Notwithstanding the present extensive trade of Hawick, it is only as yet in its infancy. With free trade, and the completion of the railways, immense facilities will evolve from the new state of thinsg. Coals will decline in price; tall chimneys will multiply; trade will expand; wealth amass; and, as a matter of course, population will increase with the general improvement.

## HALLUCINATIONS.

### SECOND PAPER.

IN returning to the subject of hallucinations, we find as a general rule, that their primary cause is to be sought in the violation of some great principle, in the wrong direction of ideas, and consequently in the abnormal reproduction of their sensible signs. A more extended consideration upon the nature of ideas, their share in the operations of the mind when brought into play in hallucinations, explains why so many, even celebrated individuals, have been attacked, without at the same time suffering under mental alienation. The examples of Loyola, Luther, and Joan of Arc, suggest themselves as demonstrative of this reasoning.

A difference will, however, be remarked between the hallucinations of former days and those of our own times. Then, as the names quoted show, they depended on a complex influence, proceeding at once from the tribute which great intelligence was obliged to pay to the popular beliefs of the day, and from the extatic character produced in the ideas by the contention of the mind, and from the nature of the organisation; then, enterprises were conceived and carried out with all the force of reason and power of genius; now, projects are formed without continuance, object, or actuality, and almost always stamped by folly.

Grief and sorrow, the melancholy inheritance of humanity, rank high among the causes of mental alienation. In the world the features are trained to deceive the eyes of those who look on with envy or indifference; while in the asylum the mask falls, and the suffering is laid bare with all the symptoms of its form. Alexander Morison remarks that in *panophobia* the patients are more exposed to hallucinations than others, since they see and hear continually the objects and noises which surround them, and accuse themselves of the whole catalogue of crimes. A lady, celebrated for her heroic courage, had lost her reason after severe moral excitement. The commencement of her malady was characterised by an extreme agitation, arising from the belief of undergoing persecution, and especially from the painful hallucinations of the senses of touch, hearing, and vision. Not only did she hear voices

which held disagreeable conversations with her, but she saw hideous and threatening figures issue from the walls. Every time, in fact, that she placed her feet upon the ground, she imagined she felt electric shocks, which obliged her to leave off her shoes and stockings, and to change her situation every instant.

Hallucinations of this character have generally some reference to the cause, the nature of the complaint, the kind of ideas, or to the germ of the passions: they are, in consequence, a more or less faithful reproduction of all these originals. Those who have studied chemistry, or other sciences, imagine themselves pursued by philosophers, electricity, magnetism, &c. Those who have been rich, or engaged in commercial pursuits and sustained losses of property, fancy themselves surrounded by robbers, or by gensd'armes who have come to take them to prison. The majority of such cases, in short, present distinctive features, which remain as evidence for philosophical scrutiny.

It sometimes happens that the illusion is transformed into a hallucination, and *vice versa*. A maniac believed that he saw a frightful animal in every person who passed before him; then, by a natural proceeding, he separated the image from the idea, and placing it before his eyes became terrified at his own creation, and with continued howlings gave himself up to furious combats with the imaginary animals. At other times, after having taken a stranger for a person with whom he was acquainted, he would see the person before him, speak to him and receive his answers. Hallucinations also, like mental maladies, are symptomatic. A woman was attacked with a dangerous inward complaint; her reason wandered, she uttered loud screams, sang, and chattered in the most incoherent manner. In the midst of her delirium she saw enormous fishes in the yard, which she caught with a line; and was occasionally very much frightened as the fishes were going to devour her. In proportion, however, to the alleviation of her complaint, so did the intensity of the insane idea diminish; and when discharged from the asylum she was perfectly cured.

For the production of hallucinations, certain faculties, among which the imagination plays a prominent part, must be brought into action. But when these faculties have completely disappeared, as in the last stage of madness; or that they have never shown themselves, as in idiocy and cretinism, there can be no errors of the senses. A distinction, however, should be made in the case of idiots in whom there are yet some traces of intelligence; who, for instance, exhibit some indications of memory; who are teachable; display feelings of gratitude; experience fear, and are sometimes revengeful. It will be readily understood that, with these qualities, although very limited, hallucinations are reconcileable.

We come next to notice the hallucinations resulting from delirium tremens, or the action of alcoholic liquors, whose effects are, unfortunately, too well known to render any particular illustration necessary in this place; we shall notice them only in the distressing result of mental alienation. It is, however, important to observe that the desire for intoxicating drinks manifests itself frequently after the commencement of the illusion.*

The functional derangement resulting from the excessive use of intoxicating liquors assumes different forms: the patient sees objects double; everything reels around him; spectres and shadows flit by; he hears the sudden sound of many voices, and unusual noises; and imagines that his food tastes of poison, while he breathes the most fetid odours. Among other cases of this class is that of a man aged thirty-seven, of a lymphatic temperament, who had contracted the habit of drinking great quantities of brandy. Three days before his admission into the asylum, his relations observed that he stammered, and was seized with a general trembling. He imagined the walls of his apartment to be covered with skeletons, phantoms, and devils, which crawled about and disappeared. At other times, on the contrary, the phenomenon appeared in a space not larger than a sheet of paper. The most familiar objects before him underwent the strangest transformations. He one day gave a pitcher and his cap to his physician, observing that they had assumed the appearance of extraordinary personages; and he fancied that his wife was guilty of committing the grossest outrages in his presence. He frequently pointed to the spectral images which he saw, asking the bystanders if they did not see them also; and stooped repeatedly to pick up the figures which he saw crawling out of the floor; their forms occasionally appeared so hideous that he started back in affright, while he made signs to others to approach and converse with him. This man was cured by two immersions, each of eight hours, in the bath, accompanied by copious local applications of cold water.

After the hallucinations proper to the various divisions of folly, come those originating in nervous affections, such as catalepsy, epilepsy, hysteria, hypochondria, delirium, &c. They are comparatively rare in catalepsy, owing to the suspension of the intellectual faculties, but appear frequently in epilepsy, and generally of a sad and melancholy character. In hysteria they appear at the commencement of the attack, and rarely when the sensibility has departed. The fixity of ideas in hypochondria is particularly favourable to the development of hallucinations.

The next class consists of those in connexion with dreams and nightmare; the latter present a marked analogy with the *vésanies*—(maladies in which there is no fever or comatose affection)—as seen in the curious facts adduced in illustration. Sometimes the individual imagines he is flying at a great height through the air; at others just skimming the surface of the earth, pursued by a swift enemy. In infancy or adolescence it appears in the idea of being pushed with irresistible force over a precipice, and waking with the shock of the fall. At other times robbers enter the chamber; flight is attempted but in vain; a power not to be overcome seems to have nailed the sleeper to the spot in which his fancy has placed him. Instances have occurred in which an individual has imagined himself condemned to death, and, witnessing all the preparations for his execution, afterwards mounts the scaffold and loses his head, and yet continues to feel as though nothing extraordinary had happened. Another peculiarity not before noticed is, that a person who has undergone an attack of nightmare may be troubled with it on many successive nights at the same hour. A young man was attacked in this way, and saw several men come repeatedly and place themselves at the foot of his bed for the purpose of drawing off the covering; a struggle commenced, in which the phantoms were always the victors, and when they had stripped off everything he awoke from the crisis. In other cases, the hallucinations of nightmare, however painful they may be, are not revealed by outward indications. A physician habituated to read in bed, stated that his wife on one occasion awoke and described the torments she had suffered from a long and frightful nightmare; he, however, had not remarked the least movement or agitation on her part. The difference between the hallucinations of the night and day consists in the intensity. It is necessary that the mind be excited to a high degree, and that the thoughts be remarkably active to produce hallucinations in the day time; while in sleep, on the contrary, the slightest stimulant communicated to the enfeebled ideas, suffices to produce the phenomena. The manner in which the images and ideas succeed each other, is deserving attention. It will be easily understood that this succession is not under the control of the will; and that we no longer have, as in the waking state, the power of varying or of arresting at our will the combinations of thought. Another fact, which ought also to be taken into consideration, is, that during sleep the conceptions which arise in the mind are almost always accepted as real—as actually taking place; and this belief does not admit of rectification, as in the waking state, by comparison with external objects. A celebrated dream has de-

* Of 1679 cases of insanity admitted to the Bicetre in five years, 136 were proved to originate in excess of drink; and of 264 cases admitted to the Salpetriere, 26 were due to the same cause.

scended to us from antiquity:—Two friends travelling arrived at Megara, but were obliged to lodge separately during the night. One of them had scarcely fallen asleep when he saw his friend appear before him, who related in a serious manner that his host had formed the design of murdering him, and begged the other to come as speedily as possible to his assistance. He awoke, but, under the persuasion that he had been duped by a dream, again fell asleep. The friend appeared a second time, conjuring him to hasten, for the murderers were at the door of his chamber. He awoke a second time in great trouble, astonished at the continuance of the dream, and half rose to go to his friend, but his reason, joined to his weariness, overcame him, and he again yielded to repose. His friend then appeared for the third time, pale, bleeding, and mangled. 'Unhappy one,' he said, 'when I implored thee thou camest not: now all is over; avenge me. At sunrise a waggon laden with dung will be at the gate of the city. Stop it; let it be unloaded, and my body will be found in the midst. Let my remains receive the rites of sepulture, and punish my murderers.' So much tenacity, joined to details so connected, left no longer room for hesitation. The friend rose, hastened to the gate indicated, met the waggon and arrested the driver, who became confused, and after very little searching the dead body was discovered.

Admitting the truth of this history, and supposing that it has not been amplified or embellished by time, it may still be explained from natural causes. The separation of two friends in a strange city after the fatigues of the journey, is more than sufficient to create melancholy presentiments in the mind of one, which at last are worked into the form of assassins; this idea once conceived, imagination would do the rest. As to the episode of the waggon, which appears difficult of interpretation, there is nothing opposed to the belief that it may have been seen in the court-yard of the house, and by the principle of association become attached to the dream. It has often been observed, that although impressions are weakened during sleep, and escape from the government of the will, yet at other times the labour of thought continues. A remarkable illustration occurs in the circumstances to which the world is indebted for the famous sonata of Tartini, known as the Devil's Sonata. That celebrated composer had fallen asleep after having tried in vain to complete a sonata; his pre-occupation followed him in his repose, until, in a dream, he imagined that he had resumed his work in despair at composing with so little vigour and success, when he suddenly saw the evil one, who appeared, and proposed to finish the sonata on certain conditions. Entirely overcome by the hallucination, he accepted the terms, and heard distinctly the much-desired sonata played on the violin, with an inexpressible charm of execution. He awoke in transports of joy, ran to his desk, and wrote from memory the piece which he had really finished in an auricular deception—a species of hallucination of which there probably exists no other so extraordinary an example.

Condorcet observes that, after passing several hours in difficult calculations, he was often obliged to rest and leave his work unfinished; and afterwards frequently completed the operation in his dreams, and discovered the corollaries. Dr Franklin related to Cabanis that political combinations which had embarrassed him during the day disentangled themselves in his dreams. Among monomaniacs sleep has always proved a source of valuable indications. Convinced of this, M. Esquirol often passed whole nights in listening, and was rewarded more than once for his attention, by hearing the patient reveal in his sleep the cause of his malady. There are certain hallucinations which, commencing in sleep, are reproduced through many successive nights, and are in the end accepted as realities in the day. A widow heard a voice during three nights, saying to her, 'Kill thy child.' She resisted at first, and succeeded in chasing away the thoughts which had troubled her when asleep; but the idea eventually became fixed, and did not disappear on waking, and some days after, the unhappy mother sacrificed her offspring.

In general the hallucinations of dreams cease with the waking state, or if they still retain a certain degree of power, no influence is experienced on the conduct. In mental derangements, on the contrary, they present a character of extreme fixity and intensity, and remain deeply engraved on the memory. Popular belief and religious opinion have at all times concurred in attributing a great influence to the hallucinations of sleep; and it is not surprising that individuals powerfully impressed by their dreams, have succeeded in imparting their convictions to a mass of followers. It is even possible that in some cases the remembrance of the nocturnal hallucination may have been completely lost, and the mind accepted as a reality the revelation of a dream.

We now approach an interesting part of the subject—that connected with extasy, magnetism, and somnambulism. All the authors who have written upon extasy agree that the disposition to this state supposes in the ideas and habitual sentiments of those who experience it, a degree of elevation seldom witnessed in ordinary intellectual life, with an extreme concentration of thought, and consequently a state more or less painful of the mind and body. The celebrated visionary, Emanuel Swedenborg, believed that he possessed the power of holding interviews with the world of spirits; and his writings contain a description of all the places he visited, and the conversations he heard. Of a similar nature were the visions of John Engelbracht, who, after having passed a number of years in a melancholy state of suffering, in which he had been often tempted to commit suicide, appeared at last to die, and afterwards returned again to life. During the short space of apparent death, he imagined that he had visited the infernal and celestial regions; and from that moment his melancholy yielded to religious exaltation. He sometimes passed two, and even three weeks at a time without food or drink; and once remained nine months without closing his eyes in sleep; and at another period, so profound was his abstraction, that he imagined he heard the angels singing celestial music during forty-one nights, and could not refrain from joining them.

From these cases it appears that extasy is a phenomenon of nervous superexcitability, manifesting itself at every epoch when the human mind has been agitated either by fanaticism, or by beliefs involving great fears or extravagant hopes. In this view it will be evident that it was much more widely spread in times of ignorance and error, than when a higher degree of civilisation had given reason the predominance over imagination. We can now look back on the pythoness of antiquity, the initiation into the sacred rites and mysteries, the famous sects of the middle ages, the demoniacs, tremblers, and estimate them at their true value. We find, nevertheless, some remains of the feeling reaching down to our own times, in the events which took place in the years 1841–42, in the central provinces of Sweden, where a malady appeared characterised by two striking and extraordinary symptoms —the one *physical*, showing itself in a spasmodic attack, with distortions and involuntary contractions; the other *psychical*, indicated by an extasy more or less under the control of the will, during which the persons attacked imagined they saw divine or supernatural objects, and were compelled at the same time to speak, or, as the peasantry expressed it, 'to preach.' * During the extasy these persons were distinguished by an irresistible loquacity, visions and prophecies. They predicted the end of the world, the last judgment, and the day of their own death, with the usual result in such cases, that none of them were verified. It is said that none but the lower classes were affected by this singular malady, which in one year attacked several thousand persons.

To the phenomena of extasy are related some other nervous phenomena, which are all characterised by the

* Several physicians regard this malady as one of the forms of the chorea, or St Vitus's dance, of the middle ages.

cessation, more or less complete, of the action of the senses, the isolation of the external world, and concentration in one's self. The most remarkable are foresight, second sight, magnetism, and somnambulism; all frequently accompanied by visions or apparitions. An extraordinary case of prevision is recorded in Josephus, of a man who, previous to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, cried aloud without intermission, 'Wo to the city,' for more than seven years; and at last cried wo to himself, at the moment that a stone, hurled from a Roman *balista*, dashed him lifeless to the earth. We are told also by Gregory of Tours, the best annalist of the fifth century, that on the day of the death of St Martin at Tours, St Ambroise was warned of it at Milan, while celebrating mass.

The visions of Joan of Arc, and the dreams of Peter the Hermit, were of this class. In later days we read of Ben Johnson passing a whole night in watching nations of antiquity who were fighting round his great toe. Luther imagined himself surrounded by blazing torches, and to see the devil in the shape of an attorney dressed in black. So prevalent was the belief in visions in his day, that there was no castle, cemetery, house, street, or solitary place, which was not haunted by a spirit. Every one was the hero of an apparition; and hallucinations, at first isolated, showed themselves as epidemics. In the plague of Neocesarea, for instance, the people believed that they saw spectres enter their houses; as in Egypt, in the reign of the emperor Justinian, black men without heads were seen sailing on the sea in brazen ships. During a pestilence which nearly depopulated Constantinople, many persons supposed they saw demons flying about the city, inflicting death in passing from house to house. Mahomet talked with the angel Gabriel; Luther with the devil; and Charles IX. was haunted by the howlings of the victims of the massacre of St Bartholomew.

Reason and science explain these facts by an over-excitement of the brain; and men of great learning have recognised the truth of cases of prevision even while confessing their ignorance of the cause. Bacon says that striking examples of it have been seen in dreams, extasies, and at the approach of death. 'I cannot explain the reason,' remarks Machiavel, 'but it is a fact attested by all ancient and modern history, that no great misfortune has ever arrived in a city or province that has not been predicted by some diviner, or announced by revelations, prodigies, or celestial signs. It were much to be wished that the cause should be discussed by men expert in natural and supernatural things; a knowledge of which I do not possess. Whichever it may be, the thing is certain.'

In closing our notice of this valuable and interesting work, we avail ourselves of a curious extract from the writings of Cabanis.* 'I judge necessary,' says the physician, 'to recall particularly the singularly acute maladies in which are seen certain intellectual faculties to be suddenly generated and developed, which had no previous existence. It is also seen in some extatic and convulsive maladies, that the organs of sense become sensible to impressions which are not perceived in the ordinary state, and sometimes even receive impressions contrary to human nature. I have several times remarked in women, who would have made excellent prophetesses, the most singular effects of the changes of which I have spoken. Some can distinguish microscopic objects easily with the naked eye, others see clearly in the most profound darkness, so as to walk about in security. There are others who will track a person like a dog, and recognise by the scent the objects which those persons have used or even touched. I have known individuals whose taste had acquired an extreme delicacy, and who desired or knew how to choose the remedies which appeared to be really serviceable to them, with the sagacity commonly noticed among animals. Others, again, have the faculty of looking into themselves in the time of their paroxysms, or of foretelling the approach of certain crises; whose termination frequently proves the accuracy of their sensations.'

A *resumé* of the subject will show that hallucinations, either simple or complicated with illusions, may be the cause of a great number of dangerous or criminal actions, such as suicide and assault. Assassination even has often been determined by the sight of an imaginary enemy, or by the taunts, grimaces, and insults, which exist only in the imagination of the individual affected. Provocation to duel has sometimes been the consequence of this mental error; and many murders have been committed by the command of imaginary invisible beings. Incendiarism and theft are also, in many instances, the result of hallucinations, which thus become the key to a wide range of incomprehensible actions.

For the superficial observer, it is difficult to explain many of these apparently inexplicable facts. The philosopher and the moralist, however, clear up some of the mysteries; but the physician is he who sees through the thick veil behind which men conceal their defects, their passions, and vices; their maladies, mental and physical, furnish him with the clue to their character and conduct; and his researches enable him to draw the line between the actions resulting from physical or mental disease, and those produced by depravity, vicious inclinations, or crimes.

* On the influence of maladies upon the formation of ideas and natural affections.

## BOAT-RACING AMONG THE BURMESE.

When the waters of the Irawadi begin permanently to fall, a festival is held yearly, for three days, the chief amusement of which consists of boat-racing; this is called, in the Burman language, Rethaben, or the Water-festival. According to promise, a gilt boat and six common war-boats were sent to convey us to the place where these races were exhibited, which was on the Irawadi, before the palace. We reached it at eleven o'clock. The kyi-wun, accompanied by a palace secretary, received us in a large and commodious covered boat, anchored, to accommodate us, in the middle of the river. The escort and our servants were very comfortably provided for in other covered boats. The king and queen had already arrived, and were in a large barge at the east bank of the river: this vessel, the form of which represented two large fishes, was extremely splendid; every part of it was richly gilt; and a spire of at least thirty feet high, resembling in miniature that of the palace, rose in the middle. The king and queen sat under a green canopy at the bow of the vessel, which, according to Burman notions, is the place of honour; indeed the only part ever occupied by persons of rank. The situation of their majesties could be distinguished by the white umbrellas, which are the appropriate marks of royalty. Near the king's barge were a number of gold boats, and the side of the river, in this quarter, was lined with those of the nobility, decked with gay banners, each having its little band of music, and some dancers exhibiting occasionally on their benches. Shortly after our arrival some gilt war-boats were ordered to manœuvre before us. The Burmans nowhere appear to so much advantage as in their boats, the management of which is evidently a favourite occupation. The boats themselves are extremely neat, and the rowers expert, cheerful, and animated. In rowing, they almost always sing, and they are not destitute of melody. Some time after this exhibition, the state-boats of the king and queen were also sent to exhibit before us. These, like all others belonging to the king, are gilt all over, the very oars or paddles not excepted. In the centre of each was a throne, that of the queen being latticed to the back and sides, so as partially to conceal her person when she occupied it. They were both very brilliant. According to the Burmans, there are thirty-seven motions of the paddle. The king's and queen's boats went through many of them with grace and dexterity, and much to our gratification and amusement.—*Crawfurd.*

### PROTECTION FROM CARBONIC ACID GAS IN MINES.

At a late meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a paper was read by M. Faucille, on the means of enabling persons at work in mines, pits, reservoirs, &c., to continue their operations without danger or inconvenience from the carbonic acid gas which is found where there is not a free current of air. The means adopted by him are simple, and are based on the fact that this gas is rapidly absorbed by steam. He connects a hose or pipe, having its open end in the mine, pit, or reservoir, with a steam-boiler of any kind, and thus sends a supply of steam into the place where the gas exists.

### NUTRITIVE POWERS OF GRASS AND HAY.

At the meeting referred to in the preceding paragraph, a communication was made by M. Boussingault, on the comparative nutritive powers of green and dry fodder for cattle. Hitherto, the received opinion was, that natural or artificial grasses, on their being converted into hay, lost a portion of their virtues. To determine the point, M. Boussingault fed a heifer alternately, for ten days at a time, upon green or dry food, and weighed the animal after each ten days. He found no difference in the average weights, and therefore comes to the conclusion, that the hay made from any given quantity of natural or artificial grass has the same nutrition as the quantity of green food from which it is made.—*Athenæum.*

### NARROWNESS OF MIND.

Narrowness of mind is frequently the cause of obstinacy; we do not easily believe beyond what we see.

### FREAKS OF MONKEYS.

Major Rogers had once accepted the invitation of a brother officer, in a totally different part of the island, to try a few days' hostilities against the elephants of that neighbourhood, and had arrived, after a day's sport, to within a mile or two of the bungalow where his hostess was awaiting his arrival, when passing by a delightful and cool-looking river, he thought a plunge would be the most renovating luxury in existence; so a plunge he determined to take, sending on his servants with his guns, and an intimation that in ten minutes he would be home to dinner. So stripping, and placing his things very carefully on a stone, he began to luxuriate in the water. He was a capital swimmer, and had swam to some distance, when, to his horror and dismay, on looking to the place where he had left his habiliments, he perceived a dozen monkeys 'overhauling' his entire wardrobe. One was putting his legs through the sleeves of his shirt; another cramming his head into his trousers; a third trying to find if any treasure was concealed in his boot; whilst the hat had formed a source of wonderment and amusement to some two or three others, who were endeavouring to unravel its mysteries by unripping the lining, and taking half-a-dozen bites out of the brim. As soon as he regained his mental equilibrium (for the thing was so ridiculous that it made him laugh heartily, notwithstanding his disgust at seeing his garments turned to so 'vile purposes') he made with all haste to the shore; but judge of his horror when he saw these 'precious rascals' each catch up what he could lay hold of, and rattle off at full speed into the jungle, not leaving poor Rogers even a vestige of an article of raiment to cover himself! All he heard was a glorious chattering, as they one by one disappeared, the last one lugging off his shirt, which, being rather awkward to carry, was continually tripping it up, by getting between its legs. Here was a pretty pickle for a man, under a broiling sun; and here he stayed till the inmates of the bungalow, beginning to supect some accident, came out in search, and found poor Rogers sitting up to his neck in water, in a frame of body and mind which may be 'more easily imagined than described.'—*Reminiscences of the late Major Rogers.*

### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

In Paris, the chiefs of the manufacturing interest lately met, to form what they call a jury of rewards, for bestowing medals, prizes, and other encouragements on deserving workmen, as well as to protect the interests and aid in the moral improvement and material well-being of the class.

## ORIGIN OF THE RED ROSE.

In a recent Number, we inserted a poetical account of the origin of the white rose, from the pen of Mr M. C. Cooke. Since that time we have been favoured by a correspondent with the following equally fanciful description of the origin of the red rose, by Dr Hooker. Although the two accounts are of an opposite character, still all must admire the talent and ingenuity displayed by both writers. Speaking of the singular changes effected in flowers by the transmission of their farina, a lady said, she understood that originally there was but one kind of rose, which was white, and nearly scentless. 'What occasioned,' said she, 'so beautiful a variety in the species, as the red one? and whence did it derive its odour?' The author immediately, with his pencil, wrote as follows:—

To sinless Eve's admiring sight,
The rose expanded snowy white,
When, in the extasy of bliss,
She gave the modest flower a kiss;
And instantaneous, lo! it drew
From her red lip its blushing hue;
While from her breath it sweetness found,
And spread new fragrance all around.

## DEW-DROPS.

FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER—BY MRS C. E. RICHARDSON.

*Father and Child.*

'Why do the pretty dew-drops fade so soon?
I wish it would please God to let them stay.
There will be none when we come back at noon—
Not one of all those sparklers, now so gay.

Did you not say once, dews go up to heaven?'
'Yes; all pure things go there, my precious child:
Some, oh, too soon!—but be the words forgiven.'
And while he utter'd them, the father smiled—

Smiled, though with feelings half made up of tears.
His prattler's cheek, alas! had long been pale:
He saw her daily fading, chid his fears,
And trusted in the arm that will not fail.

The day advanced; a noontide rain shower fell;
And then a beauteous rainbow spann'd the sky.
'See, Mary, see! the dews you love so well,'
The father cried, 'are now exhaled on high,

Like gems re-set, tinged with all radiant hues,
Safe from rude feet, a shining diadem;
And souls that bear to heaven their morning dews,
Such change, but far more glorious, waits for them.'

## THE CHILD'S HYMN.

BY THE REV. A. PATON.

Though in a sinful world I live,
And short my span of time,
Yet, Lord, if thou me wisdom give
To seek a brighter clime—
All will be well.

Quick-circling years sweep off mankind,
Like leaves before the blast;
But if each coming season find
Me wiser than the past—
All will be well.

With health, O Lord, should'st thou me bless,
And prosperous make my days,
And I my gratitude express
By living to thy praise—
All will be well.

If with affliction thou see fit
To try me here below,
And I resignedly submit,
Nor murmur at the blow—
All will be well.

If when—life pass'd—I come to die,
Thy Spirit shall me cheer,
Commanding all my doubts to fly,
By whispering, 'Do not fear'—
All will be well.

If on the great, the judgment day,
When from death's power set free,
I hear my dear Redeemer say,
'Come, dwell in bliss with me!'—
All will be well.

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## POLLOK'S COURSE OF TIME.

FIRST ARTICLE.

RELIGION, the stern accuser of folly, and the strict economist of time and talent, has been more just and generous to poetry than ever philosophy was. By the latter, which acted as often the harlequin as the sage, and might therefore have sympathised with what could not be more trifling than many of its own speculations, it was vilified. Denunciations of its uselessness, because its figures were not circles and squares, and its object a Q. E. D. to some mathematical problem, were thrown out; and though these were occasionally modified into grudging admissions that it was a small and rather elegant recreation—tickling the ear with its rhyme and the fancy with its sentiment—it still lay under the burden of Platonic contempt. Even when thus praised, its noble nature and purpose were disregarded. Never has it been exhibited as better than a plaything for the weary hand of labour, or the itching palm of idleness. The nine muses have such a superfluity of nonsense, that they would easily make up *ten foolish virgins*.

Religion, surnamed of men the austere, and represented as destructive of all that is graceful, has given poetry not a law of tolcration, but a new kingdom—has anointed it for a high vocation and surrounded it with a sacred responsibility. It took not away David's harp, but consecrated it for nobler duties than the rousing of his own spirit, amid quiet occupations, to warlike moods, or charming the mind of Saul out of its madness; for its strains were appointed to fill—not the vales of Bethlehem, nor Israel's palace, but the temple, and to be echoed, with many Selahs, in every gathering-place of worshippers, down to the end of time, as the fit melody in honour of the Most High. Plato would have banished poets from his republic—Christ constitutes a choir of them before the throne of heaven. True, it may be said, religion has not discarded poetry; but has it not changed it into a whining prisoner of church-service, and imposed such restrictions that it is no longer the free and beautiful spirit that danced on the mountains and by the streams of Greece and Rome, with feet sandalled only by the flowers which sprung up from their touch, and with zone to which no phylacteries were attached?

We admit that religion has made poetry—*sacred* poetry: but this is new and perfect freedom; for sacred poetry, with a peculiar character, has yet a universal range. It commands all the developments, modifications, and relations of matter and mind; and in addition to this privilege over the common world, it alone finds access to the spiritual universe, where in new kind and degree are the wildest fears, the purest aspirations, the brightest hopes, the firmest faith, and the deepest love of man—in whose small soul is enclosed the Being who fills immensity—man, on the span of whose existence lies unfolded eternity. Poetry has now to set about the incarnation of new character, instead of dressing the old—the making new thought passionate, new feeling sensible. Poetry has now to open a door in heaven for human destiny, instead of strewing the grave.

Does not man occupy the widest sphere, and connect himself with the most multiplied relationships for diffusing the best influence, when he becomes the servant of God? And so does poetry. There is, we trust, a strong and general dissent from the old critics, who circumscribed within a very narrow and dull range the walk of the Christian muse. She was forbidden to approach the grand truths of our faith, as if she wished to add colour and symmetry, when her object would have been only to bring out these to view. She was driven from the cross as if she were about to perpetrate the impiety of making a fictitious Christ, when she but longed to have the blessed sufferer imaged on her heart, in the moment when his love was proved to be stronger than death. Nay, she was prevented from turning to the penitent by his side, whose ruffian hardihood had for ever melted, and from attempting to repeat his first and last prayer. These critics would only allow her to compose a grace before meals, a hymn at worship, and an ode to Providence upon the occurrence of some accident.

Sacred poetry, in its peculiar province, is poetry working upon sacred subjects, and this is a field little of which is yet cultivated. Sacred poetry, in its less restricted circle, is poetry with a sanctified nature taking up common subjects, and infusing into these materials something of quickening principle. We believe that, for the present, the latter is its more useful occupation, for small as yet is the relish or even the patience for its highest services; and if subjects to which the general taste clings, can be impregnated more or less with divine truth, the earthly mind, not suspecting any disguise, may in its own home of carnal security, and at the moment of entertainment, be quietly arrested by intrusive religion; and an age will come when all shall follow poetry away from nature to revelation, and have ears only for the song of the redeemed.

We propose to examine the works of two very different men, who not only afford good specimens of the direct and indirect kinds of sacred poetry, but form strong illustrations of the injustice or stupid caprice of popular admiration. They are Robert Pollok and Professor Wilson. Pollok's book is far up in its teens of editions; Wilson's

poems are just into the second edition. Our reverence for genius will not allow us to keep these poets together, but to place them apart, and we begin with the 'Course of Time.'

The place among poets which Pollok occupies is indefinite, either through the irregular and imperfectly evolved character of his genius, or the different tastes and sympathies, as well as the discordant rules and modes of judgment among his critics. He is first with some and last with others; and with a great many more, the bounds of his habitation are not fixed. As gravely decided by the Christian public—who, though eager to have weak literature smuggled into religion, yet demand that piety shall be the staple commodity, so that when (as in the 'Course of Time') a scene at the trysting-tree of youthful love is introduced and described in all its points and transitions of interest, it must, like a religious meeting, close with prayer, the solemn amen concealing, if not forbidding, some soft token of farewell—he ranks with Milton, and a hint has been thrown out, that had he lived to write the Course of *Eternity*, he might have had a single throne. This verdict is not the less high, *first*, from its being pronounced upon one who, in an age when poetry was perverted to make vice attractive and irreligion lovely, and when her inspiration was the intoxication of wildest passion, baptised his muse in the name of the Lord, and trained it up a Nazarite, abstaining from the strong drink of mad excitement; and, *secondly*, from its being pronounced over his early grave, where merits take the appearance of pledges rather than of achievements, and where, handling the first fruits, we sigh over what might have been the harvest-gathering, never trying to ascertain whether it were possible even, from the productiveness of the mind, that with all the advantages of maturity, it could have done much more. These two circumstances explain to some extent the zeal which threatens Milton with an associate in fame.

Literary men, on the other hand, with few exceptions, have treated Pollok's claims with contempt, and scarcely allow him, save as a gratuity, the bare name of a poet. In their eyes, the 'Course of Time' is a long sermon on the volume of providence, the blank verse intended to suit some asthmatic complaint in the speaker, and the pathetic illustrations such as would be creditable accompaniments to the exhibition of cambric. This opinion has evidently been formed more from a review of what his admirers are, than of what he is himself. Passages from his work are adducible, that are indeed prosaic, and may be found anywhere on the highway of preaching; but these prove his great inequality, and not his thorough dulness.

Now, both estimates we conceive to be extravagantly false. Pollok must not be admitted to the lofty seat where the blind old man reigns, nor even to the more humble places of Young and Cowper; neither must he be excluded from, or degraded in the temple of fame. Good Dr Watts, though the vacuum of his diminutive form could not afford much room, would make way; and save on Sabbath, Grahame, too, would be courteous. We could not predict that either Episcopalian or Moravian Montgomery would show such respect; nor, really, could we insist upon them yielding precedence.

We may well scoff at the assumed equality with Milton, the latchets of whose shoes—shoes that trod over the burning region, the heavenly country, and green Eden—Pollok, crowned with the venerable age of Methuselah, and author, moreover, of the *Course of Eternity*, is not worthy to loose. This gives melancholy proof that England's matchless son is little appreciated. It is high time that the poet again become the politician, and that this age free itself from the affectation of knowing him better, and honouring him more than the one in which, to its lasting disgrace, he was neglected save as a republican. There is nothing in 'Paradise Lost' which this *equal* could have written save the catalogue of devils, and he would have broken their backs under the weight of his enormous epithets, and Satan, instead of being 'proudly eminent,' would have been made to move like a dromedary, under a monstrous accumulation of images.

Equally absurd is it to shut Pollok out from the company of those who also are Milton's inferiors. To us it seems impossible to read 'the Course of Time' without receiving the impression that it is the production of genius as well as of piety. Its superabundance of faults would have doomed it, but for the strong plea presented by the neighbouring excellencies. Frequently, and for a long space, we are deserted of all inspiration; but patience must be exercised, cheered with the certain hope that the oracle will yet speak, and the soft cadence of its fresh strain possess us. At times, the music of satisfied joy steals forth gently, like the echo of the angelic song that greeted innocent man, and its sound seems taught by the leaves of Paradise, through which it moved; whilst melancholy comes like a sigh, trembling faintly over a fountain of tears. In the power of expressing deeply quiet emotions, whether of gladness or sorrow, Pollok has few superiors. Such religious states of the heart are imaged forth truthfully; and the gliding level is felt to be the equipoise between happiness and resignation. Unlike those described by Wordsworth, theirs is not the tranquillity of slow shadows on the lake of profound intellect; and unlike Wilson's, theirs is not the cradled repose which murmurs through a high-wrought dream; but they are feelings, neither made placid by the reign of noble thought, nor hushed by rich imagination, for they are at rest only through holy faith, and they lie still waters in the hollow of the Omnipotent hand.

Let us examine the subject, the machinery, and the plan of the poem:—

The subject is, literally, a map of the globe, and a history of time. In the poet's own words, it is

> 'The world at dawn, at midday, and decline—
> Time gone, the righteous saved, the wicked damned.'

Here is a proud monopoly of human themes, which can, however, only exist nominally. The countries and ages, characters and events, which earth and time, man and life, comprehend, clamour loudly at the ambition that seized them all, and laugh as loudly at the weakness that conquers none. The tribute-money from each cannot be more than a penny. The subject is boundless and unmanageable. If a poem design to create a world, it must end with the dawn of the rest—the Sabbath. There must not be a thread of destiny woven, a scroll of history unfolded. Or if it design to form a special destiny, it must assume the world as created. There must be unity, not of time and place, but of generation and the state of being. We could incontrovertibly establish this as an essential law in the construction of a poem. There is, therefore, a reasonable objection against Pollok's subject. Besides, in its treatment, he has no new connecting links or stages of time, which might, to some extent, by affording opportunities for new relations and closer combinations, have given more unity, but we have just vulgar days, months, and years. B.C. and A.D. are on all the milestones of his progress.

Let us now look at the machinery of the poem. From the invocation, which pleads for all needful gifts to bear up such a mighty theme, we might have expected that the author in his own person was to rehearse the song. He, however, merely introduces another agent, and retires, leaving the task with the stranger; and henceforth we shall regard *poetic* succession much in the same light as *apostolic*.

Time is supposed to be ended, and the judgment pa[st]. Two spirits stand on the battlements of heaven, and learn little of the object of this sentry, save that it is morning and evening '*pastime*' of theirs to gaze at the or[b] rolling in the distance, and to greet any new compani[on]

whom these orbs may splinter off to them. On the present occasion they have the honour of giving such a welcome (and as information on the manners and etiquette of foreigners is important, we may state that this welcome is expressed and responded to, by *shaking hands*), for a stranger arrives. They are concerned to witness traces of agitation on his features, and attribute these to a sense of unworthiness, when drawing near the Holy One—an opinion, it seems, more charitable than correct, as he gives another interpretation of his melancholy face. He premises as something settled ('I need not tell,') that virtue, 'as gravitation, inclines us up to God and heaven.' He states that 'virtue in him was ripe;' yet curiosity suspended virtue's law, and 'impelled him to see what lay beyond the visible creation.' Entering within 'a nameless region vast, where utter nothing dwells,' he proceeds, until, borne over 'continents of desert gloom,' he finds himself in a vicinity where his ear catches dismal sounds, and his eye falls on horrid sights. We refuse to remark upon his description of the abode of God's condemned, though never had ridicule such easy scope. Could we disjoin the tremendously solemn subject from its ineffably vulgar treatment, never would laughter over the absurd be as prolonged. We have sickened in head and heart disgust over the paragraphs devoted to a picture of hell. It is not the nakedness of eternal misery and shame, uncovered by a leaf of hope, which excites this feeling—for before that, who would not be prostrate in deepest awe—but it is the low and savage hideousness of butchery, the death that never dies, being denoted by 'an unsightly being,' piercing soul and body with an 'everlasting lance.' At length—but not before he draws near the burning lake—a peculiar groan frightens the visiter, and he ascends to heaven, longing to know the meaning of the awful spectacle. The two spirits propose to introduce him to an 'ancient bard of earth—great in all wisdom, and great in song;' and as an encouragement to the traveller weary with long excursions, they assure him that '*it is an easy path*.' They soon reach the poet's bower, situated on a little mount. Though attired in white, he had no company that day, and with great cordiality receives them. We here gain further intelligence as to manners, &c.

> 'Not bent
> In low obeisancy, from creature most
> Unfit to creature, but with manly form,
> Upright, they entered in.'

The new-arrived spirit again relates what he saw, and we are surprised that the old bard does not lecture him sharply upon the evil of *curiosity*, throwing out some insinuations that if virtue had been so '*ripe*' in him as he alleged, he would not have wandered where he did. Without a word of scolding, however, he begins to impart his knowledge, and that his audience may be versant in all the points of the case, gives the history of those that tenant hell—a history which embraces the 'Course of Time.' He warns them that he will speak in his own dialect, being rather partial to it; and as we learn that he was a Caledonian, mindful of 'auld lang syne,' we imagine that we hear the slow Doric winding along. He apprizes them of the pleasing fact that no glossary will be required, as all the spirits have the gift of tongues, and are quite skilled in the principles of universal grammar.

> 'Every word
> That each to other speaks, though never heard
> Before, at once is fully understood.'

Yet small confidence seems to be attached by the bard himself to this aptitude of understanding, for repetitions the most ludicrous, not only of thoughts but of words, can be accounted for only on the supposition that the first enunciation of them had conveyed to his hearers no definite idea. Here is a small gleaning of a full harvest of such repetitions: 'peace, much peace;' 'great, originally great;' 'absurd, prodigiously absurd;' 'this book, this holy book;' 'two sons, two youthful sons;' 'unworthy, most unworthy;' 'I owe, entirely owe;' 'one cause of folly, one especial cause;' 'a man, a worthy man;' 'though honest men, some very honest men.'

We hope that this method of making himself intelligible, at the risk of being prolix, succeeded. Or perhaps the object was to be emphatic, yet we are afraid that in general the strength of a word is exhausted by the first blow which it gives, and, 'though honest men, some very honest men,' make it strike again, it does them no service; and we must conclude that 'one cause of this folly, one especial cause,' is the want of other words.

This is the machinery of the poem, and to it we have serious objections: 1st, It is cumbrous, with the aggravation of being unnecessary, and only throws simplicity into confusion. Why should the poet delegate to a successor, found with such difficulty, and after long excursions, the labour of song? Wherefore should a subject of such intense human interest be taken to heaven to occupy the attention of one spirit merely curious, and of other two perfectly indifferent? The poem would have sounded more harmoniously from the green earth than from the ancient bard's mount. True, the machinery involves a description of hell and heaven, but that description *is after its kind*, and we should have preferred a lithograph of the modern poet's cottage. 2d, Does not this machinery involve actions which give strange ideas of a pure spirit's love for God and His presence? Fallen but redeemed man, with imperfect views of highest good and happiness, chastens on earth his wayward thoughts and feelings, and brings them to the great throne, and to be ever near God is his first aim and dearest privilege; and even when the awful gate of death closes behind him, and shuts him out from this familiar world, he trembles, but it is with the strength of desire—he faints, but it is with the ecstatic expectation of being with God! Only fancy a Christian at his departure, taking a flight to the moon to settle the theory of its being inhabited before he bent his course to heaven! With what ardent and irrepressible zeal should a spirit who has been unclogged by corruption burn when he leaves the scene of his pilgrimage, to be placed within the veil of the Eternal, face to face, in a fellowship, the closeness of which is the measure of his bliss! What should be the fervour of his impatience to know as he never knew before—to enjoy as he never enjoyed before—his God? To him all swiftness in the passage is slow, though equalling thought, for thought is far behind his restless wish. But here is one dismissed from the orb of his creation and residence, and instead of hastening to be with God, he proceeds to gratify his curiosity as to what 'lay beyond the visible creation;' and even after he arrives in heaven, his first object is to get an explanation of what he had just seen, proving that God was not in all his thoughts.

We hold the author in all this to be guilty of no slight offence against religion and those in whom it is pure and supreme. He establishes a tyranny of sheer curiosity over an unfallen creature's tendency to God. Byron's Cain is as proper an example for our imitation as Pollok's spirit. The first is a blasphemer, the last is a practical atheist. There is poetry in the character, and sublimity in the bearing of him whose envy of his brother in being favoured and accepted by God, nurses hatred alike against both objects, and prompts the blow of death on the mortal, and the word of defiance against the Eternal. That this impious daring might not be overtopped, it behoved the poet to display none of the tempter's dark grandeur, though critics have amused themselves with what they consider as Byron's incapacity to bring out the unconquerable spirit of the fiend. In Cain's journey through the void, Byron lavishes forth beauty and splendour; in the excursion of the spirit through the region of nothingness, Pollok is either tame or extravagant. Were it not therefore that there is all the attraction of genius around Cain, we should look upon him as less dangerous than the spirit of 'the Course of Time.'

Before discussing the plan and execution of the poem, we must refer to the opening invocation. We denounce the invariable practice among sacred poets, of making the Holy Spirit a *muse*. Are there not *nine* already, and why degrade the Infinite God into a tenth? But in such companionship, He is placed for the sole purpose of being ad-

dressed in an inflated apostrophe, or what is more blasphemous, to be made responsible for the truthfulness of the poem. Pollok, on this point, is more than once guilty, with the farther heinousness of connecting with the prayer something superlatively trivial. Thus he says that there were two spirits of heaven in conversation. The matter is so unimportant, that so far from inquiring about his authority, we care not whether there were two or three spirits, or whether they were singing or conversing. Yet he mentions his authority. Of course it was his imagination? No.

> 'For thus the heavenly muse instructs me, wooed
> At midnight hour, with offering sincere
> Of all the heart poured out in holy prayer.'

Here a small fiction of no consequence is gravely called a dictate of inspiration, vouchsafed in answer to midnight petitions. Oh, religious public, do you not see that your Pollok is an ape of Mahomet? He commences the last book with a thanksgiving to God for the gift of His Spirit in leading his 'venturous song, while boldly circumnavigating man.' On reviewing the immensity of his work, which, it seems, he prosecuted at midnight, he exclaims—

> 'Nor, unrewarded, have I watched at night,
> *And heard the drowsy sound of neighbouring sleep.*'

The imminent danger of *being near a snore* was compensated by 'new thoughts, new scenes of bliss, and glory unrehearsed by mortal tongue,' and by hearing at the same trying moment, 'the voice of God and His propitious Spirit,' saying 'Fear not!'

We delight when Milton, in some touching digression, speaks of the hour of midnight which he knew not by its darkness but by its silence, when he meditated over his immortal work. We can conceive of little sleep to those eyes that gazed on the scenes and objects of heaven, hell, and paradise; of short and broken slumber to that spirit which mixed in deepest tumults of unutterable glory and grandeur, sin and despair. The dark rebel whom he had summoned, might well awe the magician himself, and haunt his couch. The rolling of Messiah's chariot 'over the road of heaven star-paved,' might resound long in his ears. The fair creature, Eve, might glide near to him, and look in upon that pure, serene, and majestic soul, where she was mirrored, as in the lake of Eden. Milton, at midnight, was awake, not through dread of the rude and wanton ingression of the angry Royalists, but through the influence and spells of his own glorious creation. His work was such, that rest he could little, until it was ended, and then came the Sabbath to his mighty soul.

We can almost justify Milton's invocations, so humble and devout are they, and to him the Holy Spirit is something more than a Pagan muse. In this respect, well had it been if Pollok had imitated Milton.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF AMBER.

Few productions of the mineral kingdom are more remarkable, either for their history or character, than amber. It appears to have been known to the ancients, even in the time of Homer, who mentions *electron*, the Greek name for this substance, among the ornaments of the luxurious palace of Menelaus. Some critics think that it was not the mineral that is here intended, but a mixture of gold and silver, which bore the same name, as the poet places electron between these precious metals. But this meaning is less applicable to two other passages, where he mentions necklaces of gold, ornamented with electron or amber, bright as the sun. At a later period there can be no doubt that this mineral was well known to the Greeks and Romans, who were much struck by its property of attracting light substances when warmed by rubbing. Its fine rich colour, transparency, and splendour, gave it popularity as an ornament, whilst its sweet odour when burned made them believe it a highly acceptable offering to their gods. Superstition too took part in its fame; it was not only thought a sure preservative 'against pernicious vapours in the body,' but was formed into amulets of wonderful power to repel disease, and guard those wearing it from numerous dangers. One motive of the celebrated voyage of Pytheas to the north was to discover the country where amber was produced; and many of the Roman coins found in the Baltic provinces are supposed to have come there in exchange for this substance.

The sources of amber have in all ages been the same. It has been derived especially from the shores of the Baltic, near the mouth of the Vistula. From this place it was conveyed to Italy, and thence to Greece; and when Theophrastus names Liguria as the place of its origin, perhaps this rather indicates the route by which it was conveyed to Greece, though, as we shall afterwards mention, it is still occasionally found in these countries. To the historian of commerce, amber is often of much importance, as pointing out the connexion of remote nations with each other, and the routes followed by merchants in the most ancient times. The trade in this substance formed one of the earliest motives of intercourse between the world of Rome on the south, and the barbarian world on the north of the Alps, whose subsequent relations produced those manifold revolutions which occupy so great a space in ancient history.

The nature and birthplace of this singular fossil was long involved in obscurity, and formed the subject of learned disputes. The ancient mythology placed it at the mouth of the Eridanus, a river well known in the fabulous history of the Argonauts. A beautiful fable explained, or seemed to explain, the origin of this mineral. The sisters of Phaeton, turned into poplar trees, did not forget the brother whom they loved. Warmed by the god of light, they still shed tears for his untimely end, which, falling into the cold waters of the river, were congealed into the golden amber. In the end of last century, a Prussian doctor of divinity transferred the site of this fable to his native country. His patriotic imagination changed the shores of the Oder and Vistula into the seat of Paradise, where, in the golden age, the apples of the Hesperides were produced, and the trees wept tears of liquid amber. This story is at least more poetical than some other accounts of the origin of this substance. Dioscorides, an ancient botanist, considered it an exudation of the black poplar; Pliny, of the pine; others, the congealed fat of whales; whilst Theophrastus was content to describe it as a stone dug out of the earth, in the same place with certain kinds of fossil coal. In modern times, its history has been investigated with much accuracy, and, as often happens, the truth is perhaps even more wonderful than the fable.

Amber is now known to be the juice or resin of a tree, a species of the fir or pine, now wholly extinct, but which seems to have been not unlike our present white or red pines. Its connexion with this tree is shown not only by their being found together in the earth, but the wood of the tree is often seen full of the resin forming rings between the layers. Amber confirms this opinion, not only by its outward aspect, but also by its internal composition, agreeing with that of other bodies of similar origin. It is composed of a fragrant volative oil, of resin, and of a peculiar vegetable acid. Many of the fragments of this mineral are still attached to portions of the trunk or bark of the trees, just as gum may be seen collecting in the present day. That it was originally soft, is also shown by another no less remarkable circumstance. The amber encloses insects, fragments of plants and flowers, mosses, seeds, grains of sand, and earth. Over all these it has flowed, and shutting them up in natural balsam, preserved them for our instruction. The insects, the most curious of the objects thus preserved, were described and compared with those still living in a work by Schweigger, a distinguished teacher of natural history in the University of Konigsberg, who was afterwards murdered by his guide during a scientific journey in Sicily. From his researches, it appears that the amber must have been very fluid when the animals were involved in it, as much so as turpentine, and gradually hardened. The most delicate parts of the insects are preserved; their antennæ, wings, and legs not broken or crushed, but spread out, and their position and

attitudes exactly like those of insects drowned in water. This is more curious, as those found involved in the resin of pines now growing, have their limbs bent and their wings rolled up and crushed. It also appears that few of these insects belong to entirely new genera, and most of them agree with species still living in Europe, and even in the regions where the amber is now found. Some of them have, however, been referred to species which now frequent the woods of Brazil or New Holland. The more common are beetles, flies, gnats, spiders, curiously formed, and very different from those now living; ants with large heads, and distinct from existing kinds, grasshoppers, moths, and millipeds. Among the rarer specimens are caterpillars and small scorpions of an extinct race, but so beautifully preserved, that no doubt exists as to their true character.

Doubts were at one time entertained of the genuineness of the fossils said to be enclosed in amber. The great request in which such specimens stood, and the high price readily given for them, gave rise to many deceptions and imitations. Remains of animals were introduced into pieces of amber with so much art, as to be readily mistaken for true fossils. Fragments of the gum were cut in two, hollowed out, filled with gum mastix, containing not only the greatest variety of insects, but also small fishes, lizards, tree-frogs, and other objects, and again skilfully conjoined. Pieces of copal and other kinds of gum enclosing insects were also sold for amber. These falsifications can, however, in most cases, be distinguished from the genuine specimens, and the character of the insects shows that they are truly fossil. The vegetable remains found in the same or other fragments, confirm the true origin of the animals. Though longer of attracting attention, they have also been recently investigated with great skill and success by Goeppert, well known for his acquirements in fossil botany. In the amber he has found flowers of coniferæ and cupuliferæ, and fragments of junipers and pines, mingled with those of the cypress, thuja, and chesnut. These remains show a vegetation different in some respects from that which now covers the shores of the Baltic, though perhaps implying no very extensive change of climate, as other species of the same genera, though not indigenous to that part of Europe, yet grow in gardens or in the woods when planted. This similarity of climate is also shown by the fragments of moss or peat earth occasionally found inclosed in amber.

These statements form a sufficient answer to many questions which have been asked in regard to the origin of this substance. The trees producing it have been long extinct, and no longer flourish in any known part of the globe. How they were destroyed, or in what vast catastrophe they were swept from the earth, no record remains to tell. Amber is usually connected with the most recent tertiary formations, but still seems to have been produced in the very earliest period of the world's existence. The rudely carved rings and amulets of this substance, sometimes mixed with the rough native pieces, appear to have come there by accident, and to be long posterior to the first formation of this gum. No tree now growing in the north produces resin in such profusion, but in South America similar substances are well known; as in Chili, where the trunk of a tree is seen covered nearly a foot thick with a kind of resin not unlike amber. The tree was, however, a pine, and not a variety of palm, as some have affirmed. This is shown by the nature of the fragments enclosed in the amber, and thoroughly penetrated, or, so to speak, soaked, in this precious juice. Even distinct fir cones, containing amber between their scales, have been found in the north of Germany. Many circumstances also prove that the amber was formed on the surface of the earth, and neither below ground nor in the sea, as has been supposed. Thus, the insects contained in it are all terrestrial species which live in the open air, and the fruits and seeds also belong to land-plants.

Amber is usually found either on the shore of the sea, or connected with a formation of brown coal very common in the north of Germany. This coal is of a nature almost intermediate between peat or moss and the stone coal of this country. It consists of a brown-coloured mass of fragments of wood and leaves of trees compressed together, and partly converted into an earthy substance. Great beds of this imperfect fuel are spread over the chalk rocks forming the substratum of the southern shore of the Baltic. Out of this formation the amber is occasionally dug, and especially along the banks of the Vistula, in the former kingdom of Poland. In one place here, an immense number of trees are found, partly turned into earthy brown coal, partly into bituminous wood, but with their structure so entire that the annual rings may be counted. Some stems are ninety feet long, and hence must have been many years in growing. The whole forest seems to have been levelled in one great catastrophe, as the tops of the trees are all directed to the north-west, and hence were probably overwhelmed by a flood from the opposite quarter. In this bed of fossil wood amber is frequently found. In the duchy of Posen there is a place of some forty or fifty square miles in extent, with a soil composed of a black earth mixed with clay and sand, where, in digging, amber is almost sure to be found; and a small lake in it usually throws some fragments on shore after storms. In other places on the shore of the Baltic, amber is dug out of the sandhills, but with considerable danger and very uncertain success, so as to give rise to many superstitions, of which the author of the fiction of the 'Amber Witch' has made good use. It is curious to find the same mineral dug for on the opposite extremity of the old world—in the valley of Hukong in Birma. Here it is contained in a reddish or yellowish earth, forming low hills about fifty feet high. The best is found at a depth of about forty feet from the surface, and the newly turned up soil has an aromatic or bituminous odour. We have no information to enable us to determine whether the tree producing it here was of the same species with that in the north of Europe.

But by far the larger portion of amber is procured from the Prussian coast, between the Curische-haff and the Frische-haff. During 'favourable' winds, particularly storms from the north and north-west, in which the sea is kept in constant violent motion for many days, and agitated to a great depth, much amber is cast on the shore. No certain knowledge of the manner in which it exists in the bottom of the sea can of course be obtained. The 'amber-weeds,' as they are called, thrown on shore with it, furnish but little information. These consist of various marine plants or fuci, fragments of wood, broken reeds, roots, and brushwood. Some of these are merely accidentally associated with the amber; like it for a time consigned to the ocean, and again thrown out with it on the shore. When the amber forests were destroyed, much of this substance would be washed northward into the low valley now occupied by the Baltic, and this may again be cast back on the land. But the constancy with which, for nearly two thousand years, one portion of the shore, between Danzig and Memel, has furnished this mineral in greatest abundance, shows that there must be some special store of it in that quarter. Probably some stratum of brown coal, very rich in it, forms the bed of the sea in that place, and as it is gradually wasted by the waves, permits the amber to be cast on the shore.

The amber found on the Prussian coast belongs, with some exceptions, to the crown; and before 1811, it was collected under the inspection of a royal officer. The ease with which this precious material might be concealed and disposed of, has led to very harsh regulations, which have proved a great annoyance to the people who dwell on the coast honoured by producing this substance. They cannot enjoy a walk along the shore without being liable to be searched by the officers in charge; they are only allowed to bathe at one place, and that the most melancholy-looking and disagreeable in the vicinity, but possessing the advantage of seldom producing amber. The unfruitful soil also drives most of the inhabitants to the sea and fishing for a livelihood, and here again they are subjected to much inconvenience. They dare not leave or return to the shore except in particular spots, and if found out of the prescribed limits, are liable to be taken to Konigsberg for examination, and detained for one or more days. To remedy this it was

proposed in 1809 to let the amber fishery to the people themselves, but some difficulty arose; and in 1811, it was rented by a Mr Douglas for ten thousand dollars, or about fifteen hundred pounds, per annum. For such a trifle it is hardly worth the while of the government to subject its subjects to so much annoyance, and there is no prospect of the amount increasing. Tables of the produce from 1585 to 1811 have been drawn up, which show that the annual gathering has been very nearly uniform; the whole fluctuations arising from more or less favourable storms, and greater faithfulness in the collectors. The yearly average from 1661 to 1811 was 150 tons, each containing 87 stof, a measure about equal to the English quart. The amber is preserved in large vaulted magazines with iron doors to prevent the risk of fire. In 1829, when its sale in Turkey had been much diminished from particular circumstances, 150,000 pound weight was accumulated in these magazines. It was arranged in boxes and baskets according to the size, four or five kinds being distinguished. The best consists of species which weigh 5 loths (2½ ounces nearly) or upwards, but these do not form 1 per cent. of the whole. Of the second quality, 30 to 40 pieces make a pound, and these form nearly 10 per cent. of that collected. In the amber procured by digging, there is a greater proportion of the larger sizes than in that thrown out by the sea.

In fishing amber, a small but strong net, fastened to a long pole, is made use of. Armed with this, the men wade into the sea to meet the waves, and draw on shore the mass of sea-weed and wreck with which they are loaded. This is spread out and examined by their wives and children. This employment is by no means free from danger, as it must be carried on during stormy weather, and in opposition to the cold north winds. Sometimes boats are used; and in calm weather the sailors occasionally look for it on the bottom, or throw in their nets merely by chance. In 1837, the shore was covered with ice, on breaking through which and drawing out the mud and weeds below, a rich harvest of amber was found. This too was of unusual size, one piece weighing about three pounds five ounces, though evidently worn by washing in the sea, and formerly much larger.

The aspect of this mineral is too well known to require any long description. It is usually of a yellow colour, varying in purity and transparency. Some is of a hyacinth red, other fragments brown or white, and pieces have been found with several tints united. The perfectly transparent pieces are most valued in the west, and next to these the milky white opaque kinds; but in the east, the pale, dull kinds are in most request. As might be expected from its mode of origin, it assumes various external forms—round or flat lumps, small grains like drops, stalactitic, or other shapes. The pieces named pins are the most curious, having apparently been drops, which, in falling, were drawn out into a fine thread, as may be seen in any viscous substance. The outside is rough, uneven, and often covered with a brown opaque coat. In the fragments cast out by the sea, this is of course often worn off by friction, but this is merely accidental. In Sicily, where this mineral also occurs, pure transparent pieces, just as if they had newly flowed from the tree, are sometimes found. The largest pieces are procured by digging, and in this way a mass, the most considerable known, now in the Royal Collection in Berlin, was obtained. It was found in 1803, in Lithuania, about 55 miles from the Baltic coast, and measures 14 inches long by 8 broad and 4 to 5 thick, and weighs 18½ pounds, but was originally heavier, a portion having been broken off by the person who discovered it before he knew what it was. It is transparent, but clouded in some places; and the person who found it received a reward of £150, which, according to the law, should be one-tenth of its real value.

This mineral is chiefly employed as an object of luxury. At Danzig, Catania in Sicily, and Constantinople, many artists are employed in fashioning amber into various forms. Paris is also celebrated for the elegance of the articles formed of this material, and many of these find their way back to Germany. Ear-rings, lockets, crucifixes, rosaries, chessmen, and similar wares are carved as neatly and delicately as from ivory or mother-of-pearl. Amber necklaces are in special favour among the Egyptian ladies; large, flat, shapeless corals go principally to India. In Germany it is most in request for mouth-pieces to the tobacco-pipe. In one of the Russian palaces near St Petersburg is a room thirty feet square, whose walls are covered from top to bottom with amber, the gift of a Prussian king to the Czar. The effect by no means corresponds to the expense, the whole having an extremely gloomy aspect, and distinguished neither by beauty nor splendour.

But the uses of this substance are not yet exhausted. In Europe it is employed in manufacturing its peculiar acid and also a kind of oil. It is also used as a varnish of a beautiful shining nature, and impervious to air and water. A large portion of the smaller kinds is exported to the east, where it is burned as a perfume, the Chinese, Japanese, and Persians preferring its smell to that of the numerous odoriferous substances common in these warm climates. It is not only consumed in the temples as an acceptable offering to their gods, but in private houses when any guest is present to whom particular honour is wished to be awarded. In China, the splendour of the feast is often estimated by the quantity of amber consumed.

Such are a few particulars regarding this remarkable substance. One other property must, however, be mentioned. This is its power of becoming electric when rubbed, and then attracting small fragments of paper and other light bodies. The investigation of this property has led to the science of electricity, named from electron, the Greek term for this body. On the various facts of this extensive, important, and interesting science, this is no place to dilate. We may only mention that this property forms one of the best means of distinguishing genuine amber from its various imitations, which seldom possess this power of attraction in so high a degree.

## MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.*

Though there may be something like affectation in the title of these volumes, we can assure our readers that nothing of this characterises their contents. If the style of the work has a charm at all, it is its dignified simplicity and truthfulness to nature. The title had its origin, we learn, in the circumstance of the author having become the inhabitant of a dwelling which, through many generations, had been the secluded abode of a race of holy occupants. To use Mr Hawthorne's words in describing the old manse, 'a priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men, from time to time, had dwelt in it; and children, born in its chambers, had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written there.' What effect these sermons produced upon the minds of the auditors at the time they were delivered we may conjecture, but it is of course impossible to decide. That these volumes, if attentively and thoughtfully pondered, must be productive of a sound and healthy moral influence on the minds of all who may peruse them, is beyond question. The pieces which the volumes contain are at once detached and varied. The ordinary class of tales, several of which we had marked for insertion, are exceedingly well told; and even the most humorous of them have a decidedly moral bearing. These, however, after a careful perusal, are not the portions of the volumes which deserve the highest praise. The allegorical pieces are, in our estimation, superior to anything of the kind which has been presented to the public since the days of the 'Spectator' and the 'Vision of Mirza.' It may be proper to remark, too, that several of the tales, though not positively laid in fairyland, are constructed on principles similar to those which have guided the genius of Tieck and other German writers. Incredible as some of

* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. London: Wiley & Putnam. Two vols. 1846.

the characters may appear, they are introduced for other purposes than merely to excite wonder or gratify a love for the marvellous—adorning the author's tale, they also aid him in pointing a decided moral. In these days, when utility is too frequently sacrificed at the shrine of mere gratification, if not of positive vice, it is refreshing in no ordinary degree to meet with such a work. In justification of our remarks, we present our readers with the following allegorical sketch. We have been so much pleased with these volumes that, should space permit, we may in an early number present our readers with an additional extract; meantime we give

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

A grave figure, with a pair of mysterious spectacles on his nose and a pen behind his ear, was seated at a desk in the corner of a metropolitan office. The apartment was fitted up with a counter, and furnished with an oaken cabinet and a chair or two, in simple and business-like style. Around the walls were stuck advertisements of articles lost, or articles wanted, or articles to be disposed of; in one or another of which classes were comprehended nearly all the conveniences, or otherwise, that the imagination of man has contrived. The interior of the room was thrown into shadow, partly by the tall edifices that rose on the opposite side of the street, and partly by the immense show-bills of blue and crimson paper, that were expanded over each of the three windows. Undisturbed by the tramp of feet, the rattle of wheels, the hum of voices, the shout of the city-crier, the scream of the news-boys, and other tokens of the multitudinous life that surged along in front of the office, the figure at the desk pored diligently over a folio volume of ledger-like size and aspect. He looked like the spirit of a record—the soul of his own great volume—made visible in mortal shape.

But scarcely an instant elapsed without the appearance at the door of some individual from the busy population whose vicinity was manifested by so much buzz, and clatter, and outcry. Now it was a thriving mechanic, in quest of a tenement that should come within his moderate means of rent; now a ruddy Irish girl, from the banks of Killarney, wandering from kitchen to kitchen of our land, while her heart still hung in the peat-smoke of her native cottage; now a single gentleman, looking out for economical board; and now—for this establishment offered an epitome of worldly pursuits—it was a faded beauty inquiring for her lost bloom; or Peter Schlemihl for his lost shadow; or an author, of ten years' standing, for his vanished reputation; or a moody man for yesterday's sunshine.

At the next lifting of the latch there entered a person with his hat awry upon his head, his clothes perversely ill-suited to his form, his eyes staring in directions opposite to their intelligence, and a certain odd unsuitableness pervading his whole figure. Wherever he might chance to be, whether in palace or cottage, church or market, on land or sea, or even at his own fireside, he must have worn the characteristic expression of a man out of his right place.

'This,' inquired he, putting his question in the form of an assertion, 'this is the Central Intelligence Office?'

'Even so,' answered the figure at the desk, turning another leaf of his volume; he then looked the applicant in the face, and said briefly, 'Your business?'

'I want,' said the latter, with tremulous earnestness, 'a place!'

'A place! and of what nature?' asked the Intelligencer. 'There are many vacant, or soon to be so, some of which will probably suit, since they range from that of a footman up to a seat at the council-board, or in the cabinet, or a throne, or a presidential chair.'

The stranger stood pondering before the desk, with an unquiet dissatisfied air—a dull vague pain of heart, expressed by a slight contortion of the brow—an earnestness of glance that asked and expected, yet continually wavered, as if distrusting. In short, he evidently wanted, not in a physical or intellectual sense, but with an urgent moral necessity that is the hardest of all things to satisfy, since it knows not its own object.

'Ah, you mistake me!' said he at length, with a gesture of nervous impatience. 'Either of the places you mention, indeed, might answer my purpose; or, more probably, none of them. I want my place! my own place! my true place in the world! my proper sphere! my thing to do which nature intended me to perform when she fashioned me thus awry, and which I have vainly sought all my lifetime! Whether it be a footman's duty or a king's, is of little consequence, so it be naturally mine. Can you help me here?'

'I will enter your application,' answered the Intelligencer, at the same time writing a few lines in his volume. 'But to undertake such a business, I tell you frankly, is quite apart from the ground covered by my official duties. Ask for something specific, and it may doubtless be negotiated for you on your compliance with the conditions. But were I to go further, I should have the whole population of the city upon my shoulders; since far the greater proportion of them are, more or less, in your predicament.'

The applicant sank into a fit of despondency, and passed out of the door without again lifting his eyes; and, if he died of the disappointment, he was probably buried in the wrong tomb; inasmuch as the fatality of such people never deserts them, and, whether alive or dead, they are invariably out of place.

Almost immediately, another foot was heard on the threshold. A youth entered hastily, and threw a glance around the office to ascertain whether the man of intelligence was alone. He then approached close to the desk, blushed like a maiden, and seemed at a loss how to broach his business.

'You come upon an affair of the heart,' said the official personage, looking into him through his mysterious spectacles. 'State it in as few words as may be.'

'You are right,' replied the youth. 'I have a heart to dispose of.'

'You seek an exchange?' said the Intelligencer. 'Foolish youth, why not be contented with your own?'

'Because,' exclaimed the young man, losing his embarrassment in a passionate glow, 'because my heart burns me with an intolerable fire; it tortures me all day long with yearnings for I know not what, and feverish throbbings, and the pangs of a vague sorrow; and it awakens me in the night-time with a quake, when there is nothing to be feared! I cannot endure it any longer. It were wiser to throw away such a heart, even if it brings me nothing in return!'

'Oh, very well,' said the man of office, making an entry in his volume. 'Your affair will be easily transacted. This species of brokerage makes no inconsiderable part of my business; and there is always a large assortment of the article to select from. Here, if I mistake not, comes a pretty fair sample.'

Even as he spoke, the door was gently and slowly thrust ajar, affording a glimpse of the slender figure of a young girl, who, as she timidly entered, seemed to bring the light and cheerfulness of the outer atmosphere into the somewhat gloomy apartment. We know not her errand there; nor can we reveal whether the young man gave up his heart into her custody. If so, the arrangement was neither better nor worse than in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where the parallel sensibilities of a similar age, importunate affections, and the easy satisfaction of characters not deeply conscious of themselves, supply the place of any profounder sympathy.

Not always, however, was the agency of the passions and affections an office of so little trouble. It happened—rarely indeed in proportion to the cases that came under an ordinary rule, but still it did happen—that a heart was occasionally brought hither, of such exquisite material, so delicately attempered, and so curiously wrought, that no other heart could be found to match it. It might almost be considered a misfortune, in a worldly point of view, to be the possessor of such a diamond of the purest

water; since, in any reasonable probability, it could only be exchanged for an ordinary pebble, or a bit of cunningly manufactured glass, or at least for a jewel of native richness, but ill set, or with some fatal flaw, or an earthy vein running through its central lustre. To choose another figure, it is sad that hearts which have their well-spring in the infinite, and contain inexhaustible sympathies, should ever be doomed to pour themselves into shallow vessels, and thus lavish their rich affections on the ground. Strange, that the finer and deeper nature, whether in man or woman, while possessed of every other delicate instinct, should so often lack that most invaluable one, of preserving itself from contamination with what is of a baser kind! Sometimes, it is true, the spiritual fountain is kept pure by a wisdom within itself, and sparkles into the light of heaven, without a stain from the earthy strata through which it had gushed upward. And sometimes, even here on earth, the pure mingles with the pure, and the inexhaustible is recompensed with the infinite. But these miracles, though he should claim the credit of them, are far beyond the scope of such a superficial agent in human affairs as the figure in the mysterious spectacles.

Again the door was opened, admitting the bustle of the city with a fresher reverberation into the Intelligence Office. Now entered a man of wo-begone and downcast look; it was such an aspect as if he had lost the very soul out of his body, and had traversed all the world over, searching in the dust of the highways, and along the shady footpaths, and beneath the leaves of the forest, and among the sands of the sea-shore, in hopes to recover it again. He had bent an anxious glance along the pavement of the street as he came hitherward; he looked, also, in the angle of the doorstep, and upon the floor of the room; and, finally, coming up to the Man of Intelligence, he gazed through the inscrutable spectacles which the latter wore, as if the lost treasure might be hidden within his eyes.

'I have lost—' he began; and then he paused.

'Yes,' said the Intelligencer, 'I see that you have lost, but what?'

'I have lost a precious jewel!' replied the unfortunate person, 'the like of which is not to be found among any prince's treasures. While I possessed it, the contemplation of it was my sole and sufficient happiness. No price should have purchased it of me; but it has fallen from my bosom, where I wore it, in my careless wanderings about the city.'

After causing the stranger to describe the marks of his lost jewel, the Intelligencer opened a drawer of the oaken cabinet, which has been mentioned as forming a part of the furniture of the room. Here were deposited whatever articles had been picked up in the streets until the right owners should claim them. It was a strange and heterogeneous collection. Not the least remarkable part of it was a great number of wedding rings, each one of which had been riveted upon the finger with holy vows, and all the mystic potency that the most solemn rites could attain, but had, nevertheless, proved too slippery for the wearer's vigilance. The gold of some was worn thin, betokening the attrition of years of wedlock; others, glittering from the jeweller's shop, must have been lost within the honey-moon. There were ivory tablets, the leaves scribbled over with sentiments that had been the deepest truths of the writer's earlier years, but which were now quite obliterated from his memory. So scrupulously were articles preserved in this depository, that not even withered flowers were rejected; white roses, and blush roses, and moss roses, fit emblems of virgin purity and shamefacedness, which had been lost or flung away, and trampled into the pollution of the streets; locks of hair, the golden and the glossy dark, the long tresses of woman and the crisp curls of man, signified that lovers were now and then so heedless of the faith intrusted to them as to drop its symbol from the treasure-place of the bosom. Many of these things were imbued with perfumes; and perhaps a sweet scent had departed from the lives of their former possessors, ever since they had so wilfully or negligently lost them. Here were gold pencil-cases, little ruby hearts with golden arrows through them, bosom-pins, pieces of coin, and small articles of every description, comprising nearly all that have been lost since a long while ago. Most of them, doubtless, had a history and a meaning, if there were time to search it out and room to tell it. Whoever has missed anything valuable, whether out of his heart, mind, or pocket, would do well to make inquiry at the Central Intelligence Office. And in the corner of one of the drawers of the oaken cabinet, after considerable research, was found a great pearl, looking like the soul of celestial purity, congealed and polished.

'There is my jewel! my very pearl!' cried the stranger, almost beside himself with rapture. 'It is mine! Give it me this moment, or I shall perish!'

'I perceive,' said the Man of Intelligence, examining it more closely, 'that this is the Pearl of Great Price.'

'The very same,' answered the stranger. 'Judge, then, of my misery at losing it out of my bosom! Restore it to me! I must not live without it an instant longer.'

'Pardon me,' rejoined the Intelligencer, calmly. 'You ask what is beyond my duty. This pearl, as you well know, is held upon a peculiar tenure; and having once let it escape from your keeping, you have no greater claim to it, nay, not so great, as any other person. I cannot give it back.'

Nor could the entreaties of the miserable man, who saw before his eyes the jewel of his life, without the power to reclaim it, soften the heart of this stern being, impassive to human sympathy, though exercising such an apparent influence over human fortunes. Finally, the loser of the inestimable pearl clutched his hands among his hair, and ran madly forth into the world, which was affrighted at his desperate looks. There passed him on the doorstep a fashionable young gentleman, whose business was to inquire for a damask rose-bud, the gift of his lady love, which he had lost out of his button-hole within an hour after receiving it. So various were the errands of those who visited this Central Office, where all human wishes seemed to be made known, and, so far as destiny would allow, negotiated to their fulfilment.

The next that entered was a man beyond the middle age, bearing the look of one who knew the world and his own course in it. He had just alighted from a handsome private carriage, which had orders to wait in the street while its owner transacted his business. This person came up to the desk with a quick determined step, and looked the Intelligencer in the face with a resolute eye; though, at the same time, some secret trouble gleamed from it in red and dusky light.

'I have an estate to dispose of,' said he, with a brevity that seemed characteristic.

'Describe it,' said the Intelligencer.

The applicant proceeded to give the boundaries of his property, its nature, comprising tillage, pasture, woodland, and pleasure-grounds, in ample circuit; together with a mansion-house, in the construction of which it had been his object to realise a castle in the air, hardening its shadowy walls into granite, and rendering its visionary splendour perceptible to the awakened eye. Judging from his description, it was beautiful enough to vanish like a dream, yet substantial enough to endure for centuries. He spoke, too, of the gorgeous furniture, the refinements of upholstery, and all the luxurious artifices that combined to render this a residence where life might flow onward in a stream of golden days, undisturbed by the ruggedness which fate loves to fling into it.

'I am a man of strong will,' said he, in conclusion; 'and at my first setting out in life, as a poor unfriended youth, I resolved to make myself the possessor of such a mansion and estate as this, together with the abundant revenue necessary to uphold it. I have succeeded to the extent of my utmost wish. And this is the estate which I have now concluded to dispose of.'

'And your terms?' asked the Intelligencer, after tak-

ing down the particulars with which the stranger had supplied him.

'Easy, abundantly easy!' answered the successful man, smiling, but with a stern and almost frightful contraction of the brow, as if to quell an inward pang. 'I have been engaged in various sorts of business—a distiller, a trader to Africa, an East India merchant, a speculator in the stocks—and, in the course of these affairs, have contracted an incumbrance of a certain nature. The purchaser of the estate shall merely be required to assume this burden to himself.'

'I understand you,' said the Man of Intelligence, putting his pen behind his ear. 'I fear that no bargain can be negotiated on these conditions. Very probably, the next possessor may acquire the estate with a similar incumbrance, but it will be of his own contracting, and will not lighten your burden in the least.'

'And am I to live on,' fiercely exclaimed the stranger, 'with the dirt of these accursed acres, and the granite of this infernal mansion crushing down my soul? How, if I should turn the edifice into an almshouse or an hospital, or tear it down and build a church?'

'You can at least make the experiment,' said the Intelligencer; 'but the whole matter is one which you must settle for yourself.'

The man of deplorable success withdrew, and got into his coach, which rattled off lightly over the wooden pavements, though laden with the weight of much land, a stately house, and ponderous heaps of gold, all compressed into an evil conscience.

There now appeared many applicants for places; among the most note-worthy of whom was a small smoke-dried figure, who gave himself out to be one of the bad spirits that had waited upon Doctor Faustus in his laboratory. He pretended to show a certificate of character, which, he averred, had been given him by that famous necromancer, and countersigned by several masters whom he had subsequently served.

'I am afraid, my good friend,' observed the Intelligencer, 'that your chance of getting a service is but poor. Now-a-days, men act the evil spirit for themselves and for their neighbours, and play the part more effectually than ninety-nine out of a hundred of your fraternity.'

But just as the poor fiend was assuming a vaporous consistency, being about to vanish through the floor in sad disappointment and chagrin, the editor of a political newspaper chanced to enter the office in quest of a scribbler of party paragraphs. The former servant of Doctor Faustus, with some misgivings as to his sufficiency of venom, was allowed to try his hand in this capacity. Next appeared, likewise seeking a service, the mysterious Man in Red, who had aided Bonaparte in his ascent to imperial power. He was examined as to his qualifications by an aspiring politician, but finally rejected as lacking familiarity with the cunning tactics of the present day.

People continued to succeed each other with as much briskness as if everybody turned aside, out of the roar and tumult of the city, to record here some want, or superfluity, or desire. Some had goods or possessions of which they wished to negotiate the sale. A China merchant had lost his health by a long residence in that wasting climate; he very liberally offered his disease, and his wealth along with it, to any physician who would rid him of both together. A soldier offered his wreath of laurels for as good a leg as that which it had cost him on the battle-field. One poor weary wretch desired nothing but to be accommodated with any creditable method of laying down his life; for misfortune and pecuniary troubles had so subdued his spirits, that he could no longer conceive the possibility of happiness, nor had he the heart to try for it. Nevertheless, happening to overhear some conversation in the Intelligence Office respecting wealth to be rapidly accumulated by a certain mode of speculation, he resolved to live out this one other experiment of better fortune. Many persons desired to exchange their youthful vices for others better suited to the gravity of advancing age; a few, we are glad to say, made earnest efforts to exchange vice for virtue, and, hard as the bargain was, succeeded in effecting it. But it was remarkable, that what all were the least willing to give up, even on the most advantageous terms, were the habits, the oddities, the characteristic traits, the little ridiculous indulgences, somewhere between faults and follies, of which nobody but themselves could understand the fascination.

The great folio, in which the Man of Intelligence recorded all these freaks of idle hearts, and aspirations of deep hearts, and desperate longings of miserable hearts, and evil prayers of perverted hearts, would be curious reading, were it possible to obtain it for publication. Human character in its individual developments—human nature in the mass—may best be studied in its wishes; and this was the record of them all. There was an endless diversity of mode and circumstance, yet withal such a similarity in the real ground-work, that any one page of the volume—whether written in the days before the flood, or the yesterday that is just gone by, or to be written on the morrow that is close at hand, or a thousand ages hence—might serve as a specimen of the whole. Not but that there were wild sallies of fantasy that could scarcely occur to more than one man's brain, whether reasonable or lunatic. The strangest wishes—yet most incident to men who had gone deep into scientific pursuits, and attained a high intellectual stage, though not the loftiest—were to contend with nature, and wrest from her some secret or some power which she had seen fit to withhold from mortal grasp. She loves to delude her aspiring students, and mock them with mysteries that seem but just beyond their utmost reach. To concoct new minerals—to produce new forms of vegetable life—to create an insect, if nothing higher in the living scale—is a sort of wish that has often revelled in the breast of a man of science. An astronomer, who lived far more among the distant worlds of space than in this lower sphere, recorded a wish to behold the opposite side of the moon, which, unless the system of the firmament be reversed, she can never turn towards the earth. On the same page of the volume was written the wish of a little child to have the stars for playthings.

The most ordinary wish, that was written down with wearisome recurrence, was, of course, for wealth, wealth, wealth, in sums from a few shillings up to unreckonable thousands. But in reality this often repeated expression covered as many different desires. Wealth is the golden essence of the outward world, embodying almost everything that exists beyond the limits of the soul; and therefore it is the natural yearning for the life in the midst of which we find ourselves, and of which gold is the condition of enjoyment, that men abridge into this general wish. Here and there, it is true, the volume testified to some heart so perverted as to desire gold for its own sake. Many wished for power; a strange desire, indeed, since it is but another form of slavery. Old people wished for the delights of youth; a fop for a fashionable coat; an idle reader for a new novel; a versifier for a rhyme to some stubborn word; a painter for Titian's secret of colouring; a prince for a cottage; a republican for a kingdom and a palace; a libertine for his neighbour's wife; a man of palate for green pease; and a poor man for a crust of bread. The ambitious desires of public men, elsewhere so craftily concealed, were here expressed openly and boldly, side by side with the unselfish wishes of the philanthropist for the welfare of the race, so beautiful, so comforting, in contrast with the egotism that continually weighed self against the world. Into the darker secrets of the Book of Wishes we will not penetrate.

It would be an instructive employment for a student of mankind, perusing this volume carefully, and comparing its records with men's perfected designs, as expressed in their deeds and daily life, to ascertain how far the one accorded with the other. Undoubtedly, in most cases, the correspondence would be found remote. The holy and generous wish, that rises like incense from a pure heart towards heaven, often lavishes its sweet perfume on the blast of evil times. The foul, selfish, murderous

wish, that steams forth from a corrupted heart, often passes into the spiritual atmosphere without being concreted into an earthly deed. Yet this volume is probably truer, as a representation of the human heart, than is the living drama of action, as it evolves around us. There is more of good and more of evil in it; more redeeming points of the bad, and more errors of the virtuous; higher up-soarings and baser degradation of the soul; in short, a more perplexing amalgamation of vice and virtue than we witness in the outward world. Decency and external conscience often produce a far fairer outside than is warranted by the stains within. And be it owned, on the other hand, that a man seldom repeats to his nearest friend, any more than he realises in act, the purest wishes which, at some blessed time or other, have arisen from the depths of his nature, and witnessed for him in this volume. Yet there is enough on every leaf to make the good man shudder for his own wild and idle wishes, as well as for the sinner, whose whole life is the incarnation of a wicked desire.

But again the door is opened; and we hear the tumultuous stir of the world—a deep and awful sound, expressing in another form some portion of what is written in the volume that lies before the Man of Intelligence. A grandfatherly personage tottered hastily into the office, with such an earnestness in his infirm alacrity that his white hair floated backward as he hurried up to the desk; while his dim eyes caught a momentary lustre from his vehemence of purpose. This venerable figure explained that he was in search of to-morrow.

'I have spent all my life in pursuit of it,' added the sage old gentleman, 'being assured that to-morrow has some vast benefit or other in store for me. But I am now getting a little in years, and must make haste; for unless I overtake to-morrow soon, I begin to be afraid it will finally escape me.'

'This fugitive to-morrow, my venerable friend,' said the Man of Intelligence, 'is a stray child of time, and is flying from his father into the region of the infinite. Continue your pursuit, and you will doubtless come up with him; but as to the earthly gifts which you expect, he has scattered them all among a throng of yesterdays.'

Obliged to content himself with this enigmatical response, the grandsire hastened forth, with a quick clatter of his staff upon the floor; and as he disappeared a little boy scampered through the door in chase of a butterfly, which had got astray amid the barren sunshine of the city. Had the old gentleman been shrewder, he might have detected to-morrow under the semblance of that gaudy insect. The golden butterfly glistened through the shadowy apartment, and brushed its wings against the Book of Wishes, and fluttered forth again with the child still in pursuit.

A man now entered, in neglected attire, with the aspect of a thinker, but somewhat too rough-hewn and brawny for a scholar. His face was full of sturdy vigour, with some finer and keener attribute beneath; though harsh at first, it was tempered with the glow of a large warm heart, which had force enough to heat his powerful intellect through and through. He advanced to the Intelligencer, and looked at him with a glance of such stern sincerity, that perhaps few secrets were beyond its scope.

'I seek for truth,' said he.

'It is precisely the most rare pursuit that has ever come under my cognizance,' replied the Intelligencer, as he made the new inscription in his volume. 'Most men seek to impose some cunning falsehood upon themselves for truth. But I can lend no help to your researches. You must achieve the miracle for yourself. At some fortunate moment, you may find truth at your side; or, perhaps, she may be mistily discerned, far in advance; or, possibly, behind you.'

'Not behind me,' said the seeker, 'for I have left nothing on my track without a thorough investigation. She flits before me, passing now through a naked solitude, and now mingling with the throng of a popular assembly, and now writing with the pen of a French philosopher, and now standing at the altar of an old cathedral, in the guise of a Catholic priest, performing the high mass. Oh weary search! But I must not falter; and surely my heart-deep quest of truth shall avail at last.' He paused, and fixed his eyes upon the Intelligencer, with a depth of investigation that seemed to hold converse with the inner nature of this being, wholly regardless of his external development. 'And what are you?' said he. 'It will not satisfy me to point to this fantastic show of an Intelligence Office, and this mockery of business. Tell me what is beneath it, and what your real agency in life, and your influence upon mankind?'

'Yours is a mind,' answered the Man of Intelligence, 'before which the forms and fantasies that conceal the inner idea from the multitude vanish at once, and leave the naked reality beneath. Know then the secret. My agency in worldly action—my connexion with the press, and tumult, and intermingling, and development of human affairs—is merely delusive. The desire of man's heart does for him whatever I seem to do. I am no minister of action, but the Recording Spirit!'

What further secrets were then spoken remains a mystery; inasmuch as the roar of the city, the bustle of human business, the outcry of the jostling masses, the rush and tumult of man's life, in its noisy and brief career, arose so high that it drowned the words of these two talkers. And whether they stood talking in the Moon, or in Vanity Fair, or in a city of this actual world, is more than I can say.

## THE VENTRILOQUIST.

A FEW years ago, towards the dusk of the evening, a stranger was leisurely pursuing his way towards a little tavern, situated at the foot of a mountain, in one of the western states of America. A little in advance of him, a negro returning from the plough was singing the favourite Ethiopian melody,

'Gwine down to shinbone alley,
Long time ago!'

The stranger hailed him—'Hallo! uncle, you snowball!'

'Sah?' said the blacky, holding up his horses.

'Is that the half-way house ahead yonder?'

'No, sah, dat Massa Billy Lemond's hotel.'

'Hotel! eh! Billy Lemond!'

'Yes, sah, you know massa Billy? he used to live at the mouf of Cedar Creek; he don't move now though—he keeps a monsus nice house now, I tell you.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes, sah; you stop dah dis ebening, I spec; all spectable gemplemen put up dere. You chaw backah, massa?'

'Yes, Sambo; her is some real cavendish for you.'

'Tankee, massa—tankee, sah—Quash my name.'

'Quash, eh?'

'Yes, sah, at your service. Oh!' grunted out the delighted African, 'dis is nice; he better dan de Green Riber; tankee, sah—tankee.'

'Well, Quash, what kind of person is Mr. Lemond?'

'Oh, he nice man—monsus nice man; empertain gemplemen in fust style, and I take care ov de horses. I 'blongs to him, and though I say it, massa Billy mighty cleber man. He funny, too, tell a heap o' stories, 'bout ghoses and spirits, notwithstanding he 'fraid on 'em hesef, too, my opinion.'

'Afraid of ghosts, eh?' said the traveller, musing. 'Well, go ahead, Quash—as it is getting late, I will stop with Mr Lemond to-night.'

'Yes, sah; gee up hoe, dobbin! go along, lively!' and setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke out in 'Gwine down shinbone alley.'

The burden of 'Long time ago,' was taken up by one apparently in an adjoining corn-field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise; he continued, however, with 'Long time ago,' and the same voice resounded again from the field.

'Who dat?' said the astonished negro, suddenly check-

ing his horses and looking around on every side for the cause of his surprise.

'Oh, never mind; drive ahead, snowball; its some of your master's spirits, I suppose.'

Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern without another word. Halting before the door the stranger was soon waited on by the obliging Mr Lemond, a bustling talkative gentleman, who greeted his customer with—'Light, sir, light—here, John! Quash! never mind your umbrella, sir—here, Quash, take off that trunk—walk in, sir—John, take out that chair box—come, sir—and carry his horse to the stable—do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir?'

'If you please, sir. He is rather particular about his lodgings.'

'Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and attend to him well; I always like to see a horse well tended; and this is a noble critter too,' continued the landlord, clapping him on the back.

'None of your familiarity,' said the horse, looking spitefully around at the astonished tavern-keeper.

'Silence, Beelzebub,' said the traveller, caressing the animal; and turning to the landord observed, 'you must excuse him, sir; he is rather an aristocratic horse—the effect of education, sir.'

'He's a witch sir.'

'Wo hoa, Beelzebub! loose those traces, Quash. What are you staring at? He'll not eat you.'

'Come, landlord,' said Beelzebub, 'I want my oats.'

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up into the porch—and the traveller was fain to jump into his vehicle, and drive round in search of the stable himself. Having succeeded to his satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned to the tavern.

Anon, supper came on. The eggs had apparently chickens in them—the landlord, confused at such a mortifying circumstance, promised the traveller amends from a cold pig, which as he inserted the carving-knife into it uttered a piercing squeak, which was responded to by a louder one from the landlady. Down went the knife and fork, and the perspiration began to grow in large loads upon the forehead of the host, as he looked carefully at the granter; his attention was taken, however, by a voice from without, calling out, 'Hillo, house! landlord!'

'Ay, coming gentlemen—more travellers—do help yourself, sir.'

'Coming, gentlemen; here John, a light, bring a light to the door—Sally, wait on the gentleman,'—and out the landlord bounced, followed by John with lights, but soon returned with looks of disappointment—he declared there was no living being without. The voices called again—and the landlord, after going, returned the second time, declaring his belief that the whole plantation was haunted that night by evil spirits.

That night, rumour sayeth, Mr Billy Lemond slept with a candle burning in his room till morning, and those who pass there to this day, upon close examination, discover the heels of horse-shoes peeping over the door casement, as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins, and other evil spirits.

## PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### DR M'CRIE.

The foundation of religious sects on points, however important, not constituting the essence of Christianity, so inevitably tends to elicit some of the pettiest vices of human nature, that he must be a great and a good man, who, in originating a party, even escapes from these, and much more so who turns the circumstances into occasion for a display of the opposite virtues. Separation requires vindication, and to the point of difference attention is chiefly directed. In the course of the dispute, suspicion, jealousy, envy, passion, and too often some grains of malice, are called into being; while, as the discussion becomes more intricate and perplexed by the growing subtlety and warmth of the antagonists, a sense on each side of unfairness in the other is engendered, and a habit of mistrusting mankind at large is induced on the character. Christianity itself meanwhile, during this affray about its circumstances, drops out of view, and the Christian graces, one after another, are left to fade, if not to rot, and at last to disappear for ever. If the party originated be very small, uninfluential, and despised, the usual effects of separation are made worse by vanity, conceit, partisanship, and retaliation, which a feeling of unfriended obloquy calls into play. A sense of martyrdom mixes in the total result; and reversing the beautiful prophecy of Scripture, instead of the 'wilderness and the solitary place being glad for them, and the desert rejoicing and blossoming as the rose,' the garden of our Lord is thrown into a common, over which each foolish thought and irreligious sentiment treads with impunity.

Although every circumstance which usually contributes to create this morose and fanatical habit of mind coincided in the early public life of Dr M'Crie, the subject of the present notice, it is not possible to point to any of the shining men of his age whose inner spirit displays more of a catholic and magnanimous state of feeling than his did, not only in his later life and labours, but even at the time when real and supposed injury united to sow in his forming character the seeds of bigotry and sectarianism. Originally sweet and noble in his disposition, he seems to have been so soon and so profoundly imbued with the finest and grandest influences of Christianity, that no impulse towards an exclusive and isolated class of sympathies which either his intellectual tastes or his condition communicated, could sophisticate his heart, or rob it of its sensibility to beat in unison with a universal benevolence. The combination of so much and so eminent worth cannot be studied without profit, by extending our acquaintance with human nature, stimulating us to more charity and tolerance, and displaying the riches of that sublime Faith, which is only so much the more triumphant as the obstacles which oppose it seem the less capable of being surmounted.

The circumstances of Dr M'Crie's early life, and the traits of character which he then displayed, would have given interest to the biography of any individual, however undistinguished he might afterwards have turned out to be. But, seen in the light of his later history, they indicate how closely connected are the different stages of life, and how soon the man becomes foreshadowed in the child. One incident, indeed, throws an air of touching romance over his youth; heard of with tears by ourselves when a boy, and scarcely even now read of by us without strong emotion. When setting out from home to attend the University of Edinburgh for the first time, he was accompanied part of the way by his mother, a woman of the most feminine disposition and most maternal affection. Before returning, she took him aside into a field near the road of Coldingham Moor, kneeled down with her son behind a rock, and, in the spirit of holiest faith and love, devoted her child to the ministry, and commended him to the care of his covenant God. On a nature so gentle and manly as his, an occurrence of this sort must have made a deep and ineffaceable impression; the image of his mother as she knelt and consecrated him, must have been an ever-present companion—a monitor in the hour of temptation, a comforter in the season of trouble, and an encourager in the time of difficulty. The name of this admirable woman was Mary Hood; she was daughter of a Mr John Hood, a farmer in the vicinity of Dunse.

Her husband's name was Thomas M'Crie; he was a manufacturer and merchant; and the doctor was the eldest of seven children. The subject of our notice was born at Dunse, the county town of Berwickshire, in November, 1772. He received the elements of a classical education from Mr Crookshanks, the parish schoolmaster at that time. On his own resources he had chiefly to rely for his education; he accordingly taught successively two country schools in the neighbourhood of Dunse before he was fifteen years of age, and employed himself in a similar manner on several occasions afterwards. A robust self-dependence stands out with fine prominence in his early character, and gives promise of that force and inflexibility of purpose in the pursuit of great objects, which marked his later life, and which communicates so much healthful interest to his historical and other works. But in him it was finely softened and shaded by an exquisite gentleness of nature, which, perhaps, is the source and nourisher of independence, and which distinguishes a noble dignity from a coarse and repulsive hardness. To a spirit of active inquiry, there appear also to have been united, even in his youth, a quick observation of incident and persons, a relish for miscellaneous society, and a certain skilfulness in availing himself for future use of materials which others less sagacious would have suffered to pass without any notice.

A youth so disciplined by necessity was soon had in requisition; for, no sooner was his term of preparation for the ministry completed, than he was brought into stormy waters, in which his bark would probably have foundered, had not his skill served him to pilot in safety out of his embarrassments. On the 9th September, 1795, he received license from the Associate Presbytery of Kelso; and forthwith, so attractive were his pulpit services, he obtained a unanimous call to become minister of the second Associate Congregation then assembling in Potterrow, but at a later period, after a division on public grounds, in Davie Street, Edinburgh. Owing to his desire that a reservation, without which he was not prepared to take the ordination vows, should be declared as publicly as the vows themselves, he was not ordained till the 26th of May, 1796, when he was set apart to the office of the holy ministry in the congregation of Potterrow. Of course, in a notice of this kind, we have nothing to do with the merits of the question on which his secession from ecclesiastical fellowship with the great body of his brethren was made to rest. Whether of great or of little moment, and whether the doctor ranged on the right or on the wrong side of the question, it is not in this place that we must decide. It is of importance, however, to observe here, that the controversy in which he was thus early involved, gave opportunity of display to some of the most eminent qualities both of his intellectual and personal character, and furnished the occasion, by indirect hint, of the composition of the Life of John Knox, and remotely, of that series of historical works which at different times issued from his pen. On these accounts, we cannot look but with interest on circumstances which were overruled for purposes so important, whether we view the position of the doctor as a true or as a false one. The truth is, that a man of originality and genius, when sound at heart, will make everything subserve to the evolution of his character and mental tendencies. He is not made by his circumstances: they only furnish the theatre in which he is destined to display those riches of mind and spirit which were given him for the glory of God and the benefit of the world.

The publication of the 'Life of John Knox,' in November, 1811, formed an epoch in the history of Dr M'Crie, and the beginning of an era in that of the public mind on the subject of Knox and the Reformation. Indeed, to one uninformed on the state of public opinion at that time, and looking at it now in its new and altered condition, the fact that in 1811, when the life was published, John Knox was associated in general esteem with every quality of a vulgar, illiberal, and violent sort, will scarcely appear very credible. The work came upon the public by surprise; nor is this on many accounts to be wondered at. Not only was the subject a novel and a striking one, but the views taken of the reformer and his labours were unexpected; the narrative was bold and picturesque, the characters were dramatically disposed, and the spirit which presided over the whole was so pure, elevated, and impressive, that a new mode of writing history was at once seen to have taken place of the frigid and pompous, or the sceptical and unsympathetic method, which had hitherto signalised the histories of the period. The manly graces of the style, in connexion with the obscure condition of the author, added also to the interest with which the work was received. It was impossible that such a history should have long remained unnoticed; but a happy circumstance brought it at once into request, and determined its reputation. The 'Edinburgh Review,' in an article known to have been written by the brilliant editor, gave it a very flattering criticism; extolled the matter and the style, commended the spirit of the author, and declared it the best piece of history which had reached the reviewer's hands since the commencement of his career. From such a quarter, a review so encomiastic caused it to be the subject of general examination; high and low, rich and poor, made a point of buying or at least of reading it; and its fame passed out of the critic's hands into those of the public, and soon afterwards travelled into other countries. Since then its place has been established; and even yet it has not been superseded, nor, perhaps, is soon likely to be. In connexion with the publication of Knox, we may mention that, chiefly through the instrumentality of the spirited publisher, Mr Blackwood, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was, in February, 1813, bestowed on the author by the Senatus of the University of Edinburgh, and followed his name in the title-page of the second edition of his work.

Besides serving its proper and intended purpose, this history incidentally illustrates the historian's own character, in so various and characteristic a light, that we think proper to avail ourselves of this occasion to introduce the greater part of that estimate which his mental and moral qualities have led us to form of him. The very selection of Knox and his friends as a subject, is significant and descriptive in relation to the historian. Of a brave and lofty religious temperament, he at once felt that, in the struggles of the reformers he found a congenial topic of thought, and an opportunity for giving expression to the chivalrous sentiments which, in so noble a nature, rose naturally and as if by instinct. As a piece of history, too, and thereby as giving scope to powers of analysis and generalisation, of subtle insight into character and motives, of rapid and passionate description, of occasional strokes of satire and bursts of proud disdain, it met with a response in the nature and tastes of the author. For he had a wonderful capacity of grouping events and characters, and of diffusing an appropriate light and shade over them. Nor could he brook anything bordering on the paltry or mean-spirited. He was himself in large measure a hero; but his exceeding shyness and modesty obscured his greatness of soul, when there was any possibility of its attracting to himself admiration and applause. In vindicating illustrious merit, however, he could find opportunity of at once giving expression to his own magnanimity, and of indulging all those delicate feelings of retiringness and self-depreciation which the position of a mere apologist seemed to afford him.

Nothing appears more remarkable in the character of Dr M'Crie, than a certain admirable judgment in adjusting the claims of a case over which most other men would pause, hopeless of extricating themselves from the difficulty, or from which they would run into paradox and extravagance, in order to conceal their incapacity. It may be useful to analyse this power; as, in him, it was a complex rather than a simple one. It was not purely intellectual, but was both directly and indirectly modified by the condition of his moral feelings. Exquisitely conscientious, he spared no labour in order to collect adequate materials for a judgment; with these, when obtained, he would make himself thoroughly acquainted, lest he

should either omit some important item in the case, or misconstrue its meaning in the circumstances of which it was at the time called to serve as a part; and as a result of these exercises, in union with that direct and sagacious glance which he instinctively cast upon the opposing sides, he gave an opinion, curious, in general, for its conformity equally to the intellect and to a subtle moral sentiment. Had Dr M'Crie been less wise or less good, the fact we have noticed would have been impossible.

Over and above, however, the influence of sincerity upon the character of his judgments, the quality itself of sincerity occupied a conspicuous place in his mind, and is deserving of separate remark. The conscientiousness of the doctor did not stop at mere statements plainly false, or even such as, though formally and in some measure really true, were yet incorrect in their final impression. But, anticipating and deliberately setting aside the ordinary causes of bias, he sought to reach a dispassionate relation to the truth, and, according to his view of it, to re-state it without any reservation or change—without any of that delusive colouring of presentation, which as really falsifies a statement as if a plain falsehood were imposed as a veritable fact. Whatever partialities, therefore, Dr M'Crie may be supposed to have felt, the reader of his works has perfect confidence that their influence was either not present to him, or that it was present under such conditions that all causes of human error arising from such a source must cease before the existence of his share of them can be made the ground of distrust or hesitation.

It is important to observe the peculiar form of the imagination of Dr M'Crie. It was, indeed, historical rather than creative; it was literal and not ideal; it sought to make a picture of the actual, and its aim was reached if persons and circumstances, in any great past occasion, were restored to the present in such a manner as to make an impression true to the original one. In this respect, the doctor's imagination was the best possible for his purpose; it stands pre-eminent, indeed, as an historical faculty, and is finely contrasted with that richer and more purely inventive power by which other historians have too often trenched on the walks of the poet and the novelist. The same conscientiousness which modified his judgments, set limits to his imagination, and unconsciously restrained its efforts within a matter-of-fact compass. A higher sort of it, however, does not appear to have belonged to him. On no occasion that we remember has he indulged in any strain that awakens poetical emotion. But it is scarcely possible to overrate that faculty which he really possessed, considered in its application to the purposes of history. In the moral sublime, the doctor rose to his full dimensions; every power he had, distended; his judgments became intuitive; his moral balances instinct; bold and burning imagery rushed from his imagination and passions, and his success was complete. The distinction between the faculty he possessed and the poetical, ought to be insisted on, that historians may preserve the nice line of demarcation which separates the imaginative real from the imaginative ideal—the one the domain of legitimate history, the other the sphere of poetry and romance.

The next great history of Dr M'Crie was the 'Life of Andrew Melville,' published in 1819. It was followed, in 1827, by the 'History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy;' and in 1829, by the 'History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain.' Besides these historical works, there were others less professedly so, but which contain a great amount of historical lore and reflection. Of this sort, there is the 'Review of the Tales of My Landlord, or Vindication of the Covenanters,' 1817, a work of striking rhetorical force, and full of high moral sentiment; also, the 'Life of Alexander Henderson,' published in the Christian Magazine, and Memoirs of Veitch and Brysson, &c., with biographical sketches and notes. All these works are worthy of study by those who are anxious to acquire a competent acquaintance with the periods of which they treat.

As a preacher, Dr M'Crie is less generally known, although many of the most celebrated as well as more common strangers who visited Edinburgh while he lived, resorted to his church in Davie Street, that they might for once listen with their ears to the man who as historian had already awakened in their minds a religious enthusiasm in behalf of forgotten men and principles, of which before contact with his genius they had been unconscious. He was as great a preacher as he was a writer. In his discourses there was an intermixture of picturesque narrative, exquisite pathos, sublime moral rhapsody, and solemn practical application. We venture to say that, during the present century, and, perhaps, we might add the one before, the press has not sent forth a volume of sermons equal in so many of the highest qualities to the volume of the doctor's sermons, or a volume of lectures as beautiful as those on Esther; both, too, published posthumously, and without the superintending care of the author's own scrupulous eye. Indeed, we think that they are the best of his works, although others of them may display a rarer combination and more continuous exertion of powers.

It was in the circle of private life, however—that touchstone of pretension—that the beauty of this holy, great, and good man's character most conspicuously appeared. Oh, what excellence but the highest could elicit such an outbreak of passionate wailing from that child of genius and love, his son the late John M'Crie, as seems to have burst from him on the occasion of his father's death! In reading the record of this effusion, the spirit of the reader is overcome by the tumult of its own emotions: swayed now by pity, now by admiration; at this moment echoing the lamentations of the son, at the next absorbed in veneration of the father. What a father, and what a son, has the world lost! Separated, alas, but too much by distance in their lives, they were scarcely divided in death. The cloud which overshadowed the father, and in which he ascended heavenward to his inheritance, returned forthwith for the son, that where the one already was, the other might be also.

Yes; it was in the private circle that Dr M'Crie most fascinated his fellow-men. There, his wisdom and his sweetness enchained every one who came within the reach of his influence. His friends had no separate existence from him in their love; at least such of his friends as, like himself, had the higher and nobler human sensibilities in large measure. We could present many proofs of this; but the sanctity of domestic life forbids anything beyond a mere reference to their existence. The death of this illustrious man took place on the 5th of August, 1835, after a brief illness, preceded, however, by various premonitory symptoms of dissolution. His funeral, which was on the 12th day of the same month, was public; for, indeed, his life was public, and at his decease all were plunged into grief as for a friend whom each familiarly knew and loved.

## HENRY PHILLIPS.

### A TALE OF HOME.

If the sacredness of home, so to speak, be not preserved inviolate; if the attractiveness of the domestic circle be not cultivated with assiduous affection; if the cheerful and rational pleasures of our own fireside are by any means sacrificed to out-of-door excitement, then is the truest happiness of the family destroyed, the fairest prospects blighted, and social ruin may be looked upon in almost all cases as the inevitable result. A clean, comfortable, and happy home, with an affectionate and attentive partner, is the garden of earthly happiness, in which bloom the fairest perennial flowers of the soul. The social reformers of our day wisely look upon home—home as it should be—as one of the greatest agents in the prevention of a gigantic evil, and the best element in restoring the lapsed and erring to sobriety and virtue. Piety and morality are best cultivated at the fireside: there the purest and finest feelings of our nature are developed, and the infant mind is instructed in the fear of

God, thus laying the only groundwork for the practice of every virtue. Beyond the precincts of the domestic hearth, purity and peace of mind may be lost but can never be acquired or improved. Above all things, it is necessary that the young married couple should look upon their home as the happiest place on earth, that in it centres all mere earthly attractions, and that when once the beauty of the fireside has departed love lingers not behind. How essential is it then that both parties should sacrifice every vain and inferior gratification to the sanctity of the household—the bottom of the ladder which leads to heaven.

In one of the large manufacturing towns of England, Henry Phillips, some time after having served an apprenticeship with diligence and fidelity as a clerk to a respectable merchant, commenced business on his own account. Though young, he entered upon the active and responsible duties of his profession with every prospect of success; respected by all who knew him for his strict probity and business habits, for his talent and industry, he was looked upon as an enterprising young man, who, if spared, would realise an honourable competency in his native city. Being left an orphan at an early age, he had little more to start him in life than unblemished reputation. Devoting himself during business hours alone to his duty, he spent the evenings in the cultivation of his mind by the perusal and study of the best authors. Business throve apace, and Henry Phillips was contented and happy.

About two years after the commencement of our story, the young merchant was introduced to the company of a young lady, of respectable parentage, residing in the same town. Beautiful, cheerful, and accomplished, Henry was soon over head and ears in love with her. Nor was his affection misplaced; attracted by his good sense and manly character, his love was returned by Ellen Merton with an ardour only inferior to his own. Though the parents of the young lady were in comfortable circumstances, yet they could not be considered wealthy; and being looked upon as a prosperous man, Henry became the successful suitor for her hand. Within twelve months of their introduction, the lovers were husband and wife. For nearly a year after his marriage, Henry enjoyed as much happiness as can possibly fall to the lot of humanity. Whenever the labours of the day ceased, he returned to the company and conversation of his young wife. He had no pleasures beyond the circle of his home. Ellen was a kind and affectionate wife, and the only struggle between the two seemed to be who would do most to render the other happy.

About a year and a half of their married life passed away. During this period, like other young people in the same circumstances, they had received many visiters. Henry rarely returned those visits, as he always felt more happy in perusing a favourite author at his own fireside. These feelings were shared in to some extent by his wife, but after a time she came to long for amusement abroad in other society than that of her husband. In returning home from his place of business for the evening, Henry began to notice the occasional absence of his wife. Occupied by reading or in meditation, he at first paid little or no attention to the circumstance; but when its frequency increased, and till later hours of the night, he considered it his duty to remonstrate with her on spending the evenings abroad when more rational pleasure could be enjoyed in her own house in the company of her husband. One day, after dinner, Henry, in a playful manner, hinted to his wife that he must look out for some charm with which to win back a young lady who deserted him every night because he was getting old and dull, for livelier and more attractive company. Ellen retorted with the greatest good-humour, rallied her husband upon his household virtue, and told him he would injure his health and soon sure enough become old and stupid, if he did not go out oftener and spend a cheerful evening with some of the respectable families which she was in the habit of visiting; nevertheless she laughingly confessed her error, affectionately kissed her fond husband, and promised to be a good little lady in future. For some time after this Ellen gave her evenings to the society of her husband; but this attention gradually wore off, and under pretence that cheerful company was necessary to her health, her society was seldom enjoyed by him who had the best claim and ability to render her happy.

One afternoon, having been detained later than usual, Henry brought home to dinner a friend with whom he had been transacting business. Ellen not expecting the return of her husband till the ordinary hour of closing, had dressed herself and gone out. On reaching his house, Henry discovered that he had no proper means of entertaining his friend, and made a thousand apologies for the absence of his wife and his own want of foresight. The gentleman, who had seen much of the world, professed to treat the matter as of no consequence, and proposed that they should dine at a certain tavern, where they might enjoy the conversation of a few friends. Henry, galled and indignant at what he considered the incurable carelessness and want of affection of his wife, readily consented. Ellen Phillips was sitting crying, in an agony of suspense, when her husband came home, with flushed face and heavy eyes, at two o'clock in the morning. The spell was now broken. Home gradually lost more and more of its charms. In a comparatively short time, it mattered little to Henry whether his wife was at home or abroad; he had, fatally for domestic happiness, discovered a set of *jolly* companions elsewhere. His evenings were now frequently spent in society of a questionable character. The excitement and false hilarity of the tavern had weaned him from the staid but purer and better enjoyments of his own hearth. Late hours naturally led to listlessness, relaxed exertions, and consequent inability to prosecute business with the vigour required in an energetic age, when trade and commerce are pushed to their utmost limits.

Ellen had not observed this change in the character of her husband without dismay. Remonstrances frequently led to recrimination and strife. Henry, scarcely aware of the brink on which he stood, still knew that his conduct was not in every respect what he himself could desire, yet he thought there was little danger to be apprehended from his present course; but if so, it would be no difficult matter to withdraw entirely from the fascination of the company in which he was involved. Thus it is that a man, once departed from the paths of purity, does not see the gulf hid with flowers to which he is rapidly hastening. Man trusts more to himself than to a higher power, and perishes in his pride. Ellen could now perceive that a priceless jewel was lost to her for ever. Whispers were going abroad, set afloat by those whom he had thrust aside in the race of life by his energy and talent, to the injury of the character of her husband. Scandal, with her hundred poisoned tongues, rumoured that he was seldom home at night, that he was dissipated and inattentive to his business, and, worse than all, that he had become a confirmed gambler. These reports the unhappy wife knew to be too true, and many and bitter were the tears she shed and the reproaches she lavished upon her husband and herself.

Four years after his marriage, money, credit, and character exhausted, the once sober and respected merchant was a ruined man and a drunkard. The home that was once the abode of happiness and peace, and promised to be so till God in his providence took his children to himself, was now the scene of discord and misery. Henry, who had become morose and reckless, blamed his wife as the author of their wretchedness, and sought to drown the remembrance of former joys and prosperity in deeper excesses than had at first induced his ruin. At last, Ellen, not altogether free from remorse, took refuge with her two children in her father's house, and the unhappy husband was left to pursue his career of dissipation and shame. About six months after their separation, Henry suddenly disappeared. The still loving wife set inquiries afoot as to his fate, and it was at length discovered that

he had enlisted as a common soldier in a regiment of foot on the eve of embarkation for India.

Years passed away, and tidings occasionally reached the anxious wife that her husband was engaged in one of the sanguinary wars which have so often raged in that remote land. At last news came to this country of a crowning and unexpected victory, and with it the painful yet gratifying intelligence that Henry Phillips had received a mortal wound in storming the desperately defended intrenchments of the enemy, and that promotion, so tardily and sparely distributed in the bravest army of the world, came to reward the chivalrous valour displayed in that and previous engagements; but before the fact could reach him who, like thousands of others, had fought with the courage of his nation without hope of recompense, his spirit had fled for ever.

Painful as the above simple story may be considered, yet thousands from their own experience can tell a similar tale. How few there are who have not known dear friends, perhaps, who have entered life with buoyant spirits and brilliant expectations, and yet in a few short years have seen them ruined in health, reputation, and the goods of this world! It is a true though melancholy illustration of the effects which flow in so many instances from the desecration, by vanity, carelessness, or passion, of the sanctity and loveliness of the domestic abode.

## INDIAN CORN MEAL.

Mr Elihu Burritt, popularly known as the learned American blacksmith, and the able advocate of peace, temperance, and universal brotherhood, has recently, as most of our readers will be aware, arrived in Manchester, from America. Notwithstanding the many important objects which have engaged the attention of this philanthropic and truly wonderful individual, he has not been inattentive to matters which many regard as unworthy of their notice. In proof of this, we give insertion to the following communication, which we have received from Mr Burritt, wherein he says—'A few months previous to my leaving America, I applied, through the columns of my paper, to ladies throughout the Union for receipts for making different articles of food of Indian corn meal, with the view of presenting them to the people of this country, on my arrival here. This application met a ready response; and experienced housewives, from every part of the United States, sent me receipts, not extracted from books, but penned by their own hands, from their own personal experience in converting corn meal, not only into food for the common people, but into luxuries that would tempt the most fastidious palate. I would now respectfully solicit, through your columns, a medium of communication to your female readers for this culinary offering from their American sisters. They present these receipts with no other motive than that of contributing to the comfort of a great many families in this country, by instructing them in the art of making an almost infinite variety of nutritious and delicate articles of food of the cheapest and most prolific species of grain that any part of the earth can produce!' The following are the receipts sent us by Mr Burritt:—

*Common Journey, or Johnny Cake.*—Into one quart of meal, stir one pint of boiling water, with salt; spread it on a board an inch thick, and bake it before the fire, or otherwise on an iron over the fire.

*Superior Johnny Cake.*—Take one pint of cream, half a pint of meal, two eggs, two tablespoonful of wheat flour, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and salt to suit the taste. Bake in a hot oven.

*An Excellent Johnny Cake.*—Take one quart of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teacup of wheat flower, and Indian meal sufficient to make a batter of the consistency of pancakes. Bake quick, in pans previously buttered, and eat it warm with butter or milk.

*Indian Pound Cake.*—Eight eggs; the weight of the eggs in sugar; the weight of six of them in meal; half a pound in meal, half a pound of butter, and one large nutmeg.

*Indian Cake.*—One pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, salt, and stiff enough to roll.

*Batter Cakes.*—No. 1. Prepare a thick batter by wetting sifted meal with cold water, and then stirring it into that which is boiling. Salt, and when it is lukewarm, add yeast; when risen, bake in thin cakes over the fire.—No. 2. Take some milk, correct its acidity with carbonate of soda, add salt and meal to make a thick batter, and cook as before.—No. 3. Stir a quart of boiling water into the same quantity of meal, add a little salt and two eggs well beaten; cook as before.

*Ginger Cake.*—One quart of sour milk with carbonate of soda, one quart of meal, one pint of flour, one gill of molasses; add salt and ginger to your taste.

*A Corn Meal Cake.*—For one pint of meal take one teacup of sweet milk, one cup of sour cream, half a cup of molasses or treacle, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful carbonate of soda, half a spoonful of salt; cinnamon, nutmeg, or other spices may be used to suit the taste.

*Corn Dodgers.*—To one quart of meal pour boiling water till thoroughly wet; add two tablespoonful of flour; a teaspoonful of salt; mix it well; spread it smooth in a spider or pan; first heat and oil the pan well, then set it on the coals till you can run a knife under and turn it round, then set it up before the fire to roast.

*Hoe Cake.*—Three tablespoonful of sugar; three of cream; three eggs; one teacup of buttermilk. Stir in the meal till it is a little thicker than batter, and salt and spice to your liking.

*Corn Muffins.*—Take one quart of buttermilk, three or four eggs well beaten, a small quantity of flour; mix them together, and make it quite thick with corn meal; add a tablespoonful of melted butter, and salt to suit the taste; butter the pan in which it is baked.

*Corn and Flour Bread.*—Prepare a thin batter by wetting sifted meal in cold water, and then stirring it into that which is boiling; salt, and when it is lukewarm, add yeast, and as much flour as there is common meal; bake in deep dishes in an oven when risen.

*Yankee Brown Bread.*—To two quarts of corn meal, pour one quart of boiling water; stir yeast into two quarts of rye meal, and knead together with two quarts of lukewarm water. Add, if you choose, one gill of molasses or treacle.

*Corn Bread.*—To one quart of sifted meal, add one teacup of cream, three eggs, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in water, buttermilk to make it quite soft; stir it well, and bake it in a bake-kettle or oven.

*Brown Bread Biscuit.*—Two quarts of Indian meal; one pint and a half of rye meal; one teacup of flour, two spoonful of yeast, and a tablespoonful of molasses. Add a little carbonate of soda to the yeast, and let it rise over night.

*Hasty Pudding.*—Put in three pints of water and a tablespoonful of salt, and when it begins to boil, stir in meal until it is thick enough for the table. Add, if you choose, sour apple chopped. Cook twenty or thirty minutes. Eaten with milk, butter, or treacle.

*Fried Hasty Pudding.*—Cut cold pudding into smooth slices, and fry brown in a little butter or pork fat.

*Hasty Pudding Bread.*—Prepare hasty pudding as before; when lukewarm add yeast, and after rising, bake in a deep dish in a hot oven.

*Corn Meal Pudding.*—Scald four quarts of milk, stir into it one quart of sifted meal, one cup of molasses, a tablespoonful of salt, a little spice of any kind you like; bake it three or four hours in a pretty hot oven.

*Baked Pudding.*—To two quarts of milk add one quart of meal, a little salt, and a cup of sugar. Prepare by heating the milk over the fire, stirring it occasionally to prevent its burning; when it scarcely boils, remove it, put in the salt and sugar, and scatter in the meal, stirring rapidly to prevent its collecting into lumps; put in the nutmeg, and turn into a deep pan. Bake immediately or otherwise, as may be convenient, in a hot oven, three hours. When it has baked an hour or more, pour over the pudding one gill or one half pint of milk; this will soften the crust, and form a delicious whey.

*Boiled Pudding.*—Into two quarts of meal stir three pints of boiling water, some salt, and a gill of molasses or treacle; spice or not as you choose. Tie up in a strong cloth or pudding-boiler, put in boiling water, and cook over a steady fire for three hours.

*Superior Boiled Pudding.*—To one quart of Indian meal, add three pints of hot milk, half a pint of molasses or treacle, a dessert spoonful of salt, an ounce or more of beef suet shred fine. Stir the materials well together, tie them in a cloth, allowing room for the pudding to swell one-eighth larger, and boil it six or eight hours. The longer it boils the better. It may be made without suet.

*Indian Dumplings.*—Into one quart of meal, stir one pint of boiling water with salt. Wet the hands in cold water, and make them into smooth balls, two or three inches in diameter. Immerse in boiling water, and cook over a steady fire twenty or thirty minutes. If you choose, put a few berries, a peach, or part of an apple, in the centre of each dumpling.

*Superior Dumpling.*—To one pint of sour milk with carbonate of soda, add one quart of meal and a large spoonful of flour; roll out with flour and put in apple, and cook as before.

*Green Corn Pudding.*—Take eighteen ears of green corn; split the kernels lengthwise of the ear with a sharp knife, then with a case-knife scrape the corn from the cob, leaving the hulls on the cob; mix it with three or four quarts of rich sweet milk; add four eggs well beaten; two tablespoonful of sugar; salt to the taste; bake it three hours. To be eaten hot, with butter.

*Homony.*—This article is considered a great delicacy throughout the Southern States, and is seen on almost every breakfast table. It is prepared thus: The corn must be ground not quite into meal. Let the broken grains be about the size of a pin's head. Then sift the flour from it through a fine hair sieve. Next shake the grains in the sieve, so as to make the hulls or bran rise to the top, when it can be removed by the hand. The grains must then be washed in several waters, and the light articles, which rise to the surface, poured off with the water through the fingers, so as to prevent the escape of the grains. Have a pot or boiler ready on the fire with water in it; add the grains at the rate of one pint to two pints of the water. Boil it briskly about twenty minutes, taking off the scum and occasionally stirring it. When the homony has thoroughly soaked up the water, take the boiler off the fire, cover it, and place it near, or at a less heated part of, the fire, and allow it to soak there about ten minutes. It may be eaten with milk, butter, treacle, or sugar. The flour or meal sifted out can be used to make bread or cakes.

*Buck-Wheat Cakes.*—This cheap article of food is considered a luxury throughout most of the American States, from the first of October to the first of April. During this period it is found almost everywhere at breakfast, on the most frugal and the most sumptuous tables. When eaten warm, with butter, sugar, molasses or treacle, it possesses a flavour that cannot be equalled by any other girdlecake whatever. The buckwheat flour, put up in small casks in Philadelphia, is the best that can be procured in America. The following is the receipt:—

Mix the flour with cold water; put in a cup of yeast and a little salt; set it in a warm place over night. If it should be sour in the morning, put in a little carbonate of soda; fry them the same as any girdle cakes. Leave enough of the batter to leaven the next mess. To be eaten with butter, molasses, or sugar.

### SYMPATHY.

Let no man despise the unfortunate, poor, and wretched. Earth has its ills to which all are heir, and no man can tell how soon he may be put in possession of the common legacy. Rather let us sympathise with than despise the unfortunate of our race. Sustaining such relations and cherishing such sentiments gives an earnest of humility, benevolence, and charity, which are at once ennobling to human character. What man who has a brave and true heart, cannot shed for human ills the sympathising tear?

### CULTIVATION OF THE SOIL.

It may, under extreme uncertainty of tenure, be expedient to consider the soil as the mere vehicle of nourishment to plants; but that, in our opinion, only shows how tenantcy at will tends to bad farming. The soil is not a mere vehicle for the food of plants; to a great extent it is the food itself, and the more it is made so, the better the cultivation which is indicated. Farmers should possess a dormant capital, so to speak, invested in their land. Plants should not live, as it were, from hand to mouth; to make them do so involves a great risk of failure. If you have security of tenure you should be a cultivator not of wheat, not of oats or barley, beans or pease, not of potatoes or carrots, turnips or mangold wurzel, &c., but of the soil. Do not let your crops depend on the specific manuring of the current year; they should rather be dependent on the fertility of the soil. And that, though attainable, for the sake of establishing a curious and useful theory, by the application of definite quantities of particular compounds, is rather to be sought for by means of thorough cultivation and the consumption on the land of the crops raised from it. Do you want to grow a good crop of wheat? The way to do it, if your climate be no hindrance, is to make your soil fit for growing anything. Drain and cultivate it thoroughly, and thus bring atmospheric influences to bear upon it. Apply guano, or night-soil, or bone-dust, or sulphuric acid and bones, and force a crop of turnips; consume them on the land, and you will thus confer fertility on the soil; and this will exhibit itself, whatever be the crop you may choose to take next. It may look like extravagance to recommend such a treatment as shall lay up in the land stores of food for plants sufficient for many years; but in the present state of agriculture as an art, we may depend upon it that this is true economy. It tends to improve the texture of the soil, as well as its richness, and till we can leave this wholly to the agency of machines, and till we are able perfectly to carry out a true theory of agriculture, we must be content to act according to a plan proved profitable, however exceptionable it may be in the eyes of scientific men.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

### THE EMPEROR AND THE OUTLAW.

I got out and strained my eyes to discover in the face of a beetling precipice, a hollow cave, in which a crucifix is now placed; this I imagined to be quite small, as the immense height of the rock deceives the eye, but, in fact, it is no less than eighteen feet high. Here it was that the great Emperor, who was certainly as heedless and wild as he was daring and brave, once hung suspended by the heels over the tremendous precipice below, having, when in pursuit of a chamois, missed his footing and stumbled to this terrific spot. He was seen from beneath in this perilous position, but there was no means of helping him, and his friends could only recommend his soul to mercy, conceiving his body devoted to destruction. Maximilian continued to hold on with the desperate strength of despair, but his powers were just on the point of failing when a *halloo* near him restored his courage, and in another moment a friendly grasp dragged him over the rugged rocks to level ground. He owned his delivery to the presence of mind of a hunter named Zips, a native of Zirl, whose character was more remarkable for intrepidity than probity, and who had been, in fact, compelled to choose a mountain home rather than pine in captive 'thral,' for he was a fearless poacher and a chaser of the king's deer. Maximilian, however, was not too particular in his inquiries as to the former conduct of his preserver, and, it is said, was profuse in his rewards to the bold outlaw, on whom he bestowed the title of Count *Hollauer* von Hohenfelsen. It was a happy day for Zips of Zirl, when he found an emperor dangling over a precipice seven hundred and fifty feet perpendicular, above the foaming linn, and a joyful sound to the magnificent Maximilian when he heard the hollos, and felt the grip of the hunter of the Martinswand. —*Miss Costello's Tour to and from Venice.*

### THE MELODY OF FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM M'COMB.

There is a melody in flowers
That soothes the mind to rest,
Soft as the fall of dewy showers
Upon the skylark's nest,
When gentle breezes float along,
All fragrant with their summer song.

The garden rears the blushing rose,
The lily's snowy crest,
And robes of purple velvet throws
Upon the pansy's breast.
Bud, flower, and blossom, shrub, and tree,
The bounteous garden gives to me.

Flowers of the wild have tuneful hours:
The primrose has its lay;
The violet sings 'mid April showers
Her simple roundelay;
Mayflower and daisy lift their voice,
And with the buttercup rejoice.

And winter flowers have melody:
Beneath the leafless thorn,
They send to heaven their plaintive cry
On many a snowy morn;
And oft when threat'ning clouds o'ercast,
They soothe with song the angry blast.

Insects have music—hark! the bee
Sounding his tiny horn,
Waking the butterfly to see
The sparkling gems of morn,
That he her lovely form may view
Mirror'd in pearly drops of dew.

There's music in the summer rose;
There's music in the trees—
Music in every flower that blows,
Music in every breeze;
The garden is a living lyre,
And every flower a tuneful wire!

### THE GOOD OLD TIME.

BY THOMAS LINDSAY.

The good old time, the happy old time;
You surely all have heard about the comfortable time;
For the old, and the young, and the middle aged chime
Like bells, when they speak about the good old time!

For then no chimneys did exist all to let out the smoke,
Which thus was forced deliciously a coughing to provoke;
The houses then were finish'd off without the aid of lime:
Oh, these modern days are nothing to the good old time!

No stockings then did incommode the nether man at all;
No shoes to cram the feet into; no hat the head to gall;
The windows had not any glass, whatever was the clime:
Oh, we think with admiration of the good old time!

And when some money you'd amass'd with many a heavy sigh,
'Twas so enchanting then to think, that there was nought to buy;
For the race of men most surely then was only at its prime:
Oh, the enviable pleasures of the good old time!

Roads were not then expressly made to dislocate the bones,
Nor had M'Adam then arisen to roughen them with stones;
No railway-coaches rattled on, but reason, or but rhyme:
And we'll never cease to mourn for the good old time!

Then, if you chose to travel on to England, or to France,
Your adventures might have furnish'd out a volume of romance,
'Tween overturns and robberies—that was the age of crime:
Oh, we'll never cease to sigh for the good old time!

But if by sea you chose to go, much rather than by land—
No tossing on old ocean's back, impossible to stand—
But, creeping snail-like near the shore, you flounder'd in the slime:
We may weep, but weep in vain, for the good old time!

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## POUNCERS.

THERE is a greater affinity between men and the lower animals than human nature in its majesty and pride is willing to allow. Of course we do not talk of a likeness in the physical conformation, for the inductive philosophers have long ago settled that question. They have proven organised beings to be a long and kindred chain, beginning with the zoophites, and rising by gentle gradations to the *genus homo*. It is in the propensities and other mental characteristics that we discover the analogy. We are not propounding any new idea, nor do we take credit for anything metaphysically original about to be thrown on the subject; but that the subject is capable of copious illustration we hope to convince our readers. Philosophical enunciations are often found to be popular truisms modified and dressed up in abstruse verbiage or flowery rhetoric; and philosophers, for all the fame they sometimes acquire, are oftener dependent upon the *vox populi* than the populace would believe. Savages are perfectly aware of kindred qualities existing in men and animals; their nomenclature and language are procreant with this fact. The bold and dauntless are the eagles and panthers of their tribes; the strong and reckless are the buffaloes and boars; the light and agile are the elks and deer; and the wise and subtle are the serpents and foxes. The poets, who are the most philosophical exponents of nature after all, have not overlooked this analogy, and terms of endearment and images of affection and beauty have sprung like mushrooms from this teeming source. Burns's Jean was a 'bird that with music charmed the air;' Lucy was like a 'lammie that had tint its mither;' and fawns, and swans, and lions, and grimalkins, with hosts of others of the ornithological and bestial train, have been pressed into the service of metaphor, simile, personification, and illustration.

The pouncer, then, is a human creature of prey; an animal somewhat analogous to the *genus felis*. He does not lay 'all nature under restraint for metaphors' and allusions, as Edmund Burke did, but he lays all nature under distraint for something more easily appropriable and tangible. His first idea is of himself, and his last is of something that would suit him. His whole five senses are active, acute, and strong, and he takes care to minister to them gratis as much as is commensurate with his power. In public or private the pouncer is wide awake, declining *ego* in all its cases, and balancing *meum* and *tuum* on his finger ends. He partakes of the airiness of the cat tribe as well as of its propensities; he is a rollicking, easy, familiar fellow, who has the talent of winning an acquaintance and of keeping him as long as he can subsidise. Reserved, quiet, unpersonable people want the prerequisites for pouncing. A buck who can laugh off an impertinence, and can perpetrate an open abstraction without apology, was formed by nature to shine in this sphere, for people say, 'It is his way, you know.' The pouncer begins his operations early in life. He is a human tiger, who carries high principles of individuality into the republic of boyhood; balls, marbles, and other accessories to amusement have strong charms for him, so strong that they supersede all correct notions of property. He will make a dead set at another's goods, and pouncing on them with eager hands and eyes, will bound away with perhaps a dozen juvenile pursuers at his back, while the welkin rings with loud haloos and threats. It must not be imagined that the pouncer ever becomes amenable to the law; if he were subjected to judicial correction for his little mistakes and forgetfulnesses, his connexion with the pouncing *genus* would cease, and he would have passed the rubicon of tolerable dishonesty and become of the *felon* species. But he makes free with what does not belong to him in such an indifferent yet positive manner that mankind bear with him, and a large portion of the human family even encourage the pouncer by lauding the ease with which he suits himself to everything, or rather makes everything suit him.

The gastronomic pouncer possesses the twofold quality of epicure and gourmand. At table he eats as if he had taken a bet to be done against time; and it is amusing to observe how abstractedly he darts on the most choice dishes, despite of the wondering hostess and annoyed host. In the garden he plucks the finest fruits, and reckons that he sufficiently recompenses his friend for the loss of golden pippins and jargonelles by eulogising their flavour. He contrives always to be at the cutting up of a prime Stilton or Westphalia ham. He stalks into tradesmen's shops with a free and easy gait, as if he intended to buy all their stock at an enormous profit, merely to enable them to retire from business; and he tastes their grapes, and raisins, and prunes, with the air of one who has an infallible palate. He discourses upon a few generalities, praises the quality of the merchant's articles of commerce, assures him that he shall receive his custom in future, that he will recommend his goods to his friends, and, saluted with smiles and bows, the pouncer touches his hat to walk off and pounce upon some other victim.

There is another species of pouncer, which may be termed the literarian. He is a lover of books—not your old musty volumes with the dust of ages defiling their leaves and the spider webs clinging to their massive boards. His taste is fashionable, and a crimson case highly gilt, or an elegantly illuminated cover, has greater attraction for him than the Sybilline volumes could have had though canonised with

the dust of twenty centuries. When he enters a room he fixes his gaze on the 'biblical fixings,' and lifting the externally most beautiful volume, he coolly puts it in his pocket, with the smiling intimation that he means to read it. It is against the law of pouncing to ask if he may be permitted to read it; such a course would leave the matter an open question, and permit the owner the privilege of negation. We have no intention of insinuating that the pouncer never reads, but the owners of the books he pounces upon have little evidence to that effect. He is never heard criticising their contents, and a complete oblivion seems to take possession of his memory concerning them. 'Oh, no, he never mentions them, their names are never heard.' And yet he is not an ignorant man, for all his friends are willing to bear evidence to his talents as a book-keeper.

Another class of pouncers fly at higher game than either stomachic joys or books. We mean the matrimonial pouncers—your sporting dashing blades, who have dashed their patrimony and personal prospects into the same abyss of nullity. We may premise that matrimony is the ultimatum of their designs; but as people cannot exist upon designs unless they are done up in pastry or potted head, the matrimonial pouncer has to pounce upon tailor, landlady, and cook, not to mention King Crispin and all other useful manufacturers of fashionable appendages, in order to exist. He is a maccaroni, a fop, or a fierce military-like fortune-hunter, who pounces upon every lady with a reputation for fortune. If she is of a certain age, he skilfully praises her tastes; her parrot is a 'beauty,' her lapdog a 'dear creature,' and she is blessed with a fascinating and ultra amiable amiability of disposition. If she is young and romantic, he is a Romeo with a flowery poetic tongue and languishing eyes. If she is vivacious and flippant, he flatters till she esteems herself a peri. Whatever her age or temperament may be, he charms like the wily snake until he pounces upon her person as she steals from the lattice on a rope ladder, and after the gordian knot has been tied by the riveter of chains at Gretna, he makes a dead set at her fortune, never for a moment at rest until he has firmly clutched the prize he had in view. There have been imperial pouncers, who fastened their claws on crowns and kicked legitimacy into the kennel; martial pouncers, who have stooped like hawks upon other people's territories, and appropriated their homes, ay, and heads, into the bargain.

There is a class of pouncers, however, prowling on our highways and clustering at the corners of streets and tops of alleys, whose depredations are not so cognisable as those of the tribe we have already enumerated. They may be observed in the most crowded thoroughfares, standing with their hands in their otherwise empty pockets, with their battered polygonal hats drawn over their sallow brows, their rent-worn coats buttoned up to their collarless throats, and their toes taking the air as they peep from the windows of their veteran shoes. This class of pouncers is gregarious; they hunt in packs like prairie wolves. They have been bred to some employment or other, but that circumstance has only enlarged their acquaintance with men, and rendered their sphere of pouncing more extensive. In the morning they may be seen with their heads literally laid together, and with trembling hands and quivering lips concocting the day's operations. They have a leader, a bold martial fellow, who can discover simple tavern-keepers with the precision of a slow-hound, and who can pounce upon and cozen them with the celerity and certainty of a human panther. He leads and directs the subordinates of the band, and as there are actions in which he only takes a leading part, he contrives to keep his habiliments a little more passable than those of his corps, and they, in deference to his genius and clothes, term him the 'general.' When decent men are hurrying to or from their labour, the pouncers hunt in couples for those with whom they can claim the merest acquaintance; they throw themselves full in the path of any one who has had the misfortune to know them in other days, and they salute the wayfarer in such a familiar 'hail good fellow well met' manner, that he is stunned at the idea of being seen in such apparent intimacy with persons whose faces are anything but prepossessing, and whose garments are far to the north side of decent or cleanly. He cannot rightly get away from them, for he is like a wild male elephant between two decoyers, who jam him up till the perspiration is running down his brow. At last, when they suppose their victim ripe, the pouncers carelessly borrow a piece of money, and he, glad to escape at any price, transfers to the exchequer of idle voluptuous pouncerdom perhaps his last sixpence, and hurries away from the loathsome ignoble vultures who had marked him for their prey. This description of pouncer has a thorough knowledge of all his victims' characters; the simple, the generous, and the acquisitive, are all arranged on the roll of victimisation, and a plan of operations is sketched out for every contingency. They fleece the simpleton as a sheepshearer would a lamb, they appeal to the feelings of the benevolent by declarations of their approaching death and destruction, and they wile the unwary accumulator to some tavern that they may tell him something to his advantage, and there they leave him upon some plausible pretext till the vintner pounces upon him for the debt they had contrived to debit to his account. When the various sections of pouncers have finished their divided operations, they concentrate and reckon up their aggregate accumulations. The 'general' has discovered a publican who has newly begun business; a simple person, who believes in universal honesty, or who is determined by his suavity and conciliating manners to win a business. The band of pouncers, to the number of a dozen or so, enter his threshold; they call for his liquors, and pay for them with the greatest apparent alacrity and pleasure; they are delighted with the house, the landlord, and their libations, and they take care to let the publican hear their laudations; and he, simple man, believes all, although only the third part of what they have said is true. At last some one proposes to go, because they have an enormous amount of labour to perform, and intend to take great sums of money out of it. The proposal is negatived because some voluptuary is desirous of 'one bottle more;' he is informed that the exchequer is bankrupt, and an indignant pouncer tells him to come to work. 'Only one bottle,' exclaims the bacchanalian. 'There is no money,' iterates the ostensible adjourner. And at this point the landlord interposes. He will trust them—he is sure they will pay him. Oh, so are they! that is a thing as certain as sunshine; and after a little by play the proposed imbibation makes its appearance. Luckless vintner, thy doom is sealed; thy shop that glitters so gaily in new paint, and thy barrels and bottles, that seem bursting with repletion, will soon be things that were. In a short time the 'general' makes his appearance in the character of a distracted foreman, who has hundreds of orders to execute to time and hundreds of customers ready to give more. He is indignant; he informs the publican that these men can make a couple of pounds each a week, and that they can enjoy themselves like noblemen if they will only work three days in six. The landlord believes the 'foreman,' although the clothes of the 'journeymen' would seem to belie that gentleman. The pouncers mollify the 'general' by degrees, and he at last carelessly proposes to the landlord to give them what they require to the workshop and he will see the accounts disbursed. The bait takes, dozen after dozen is sent for and pocketed by the pouncers, who discuss the supplies in some convenient nook. Finally, they send for five or six shillings of copper money from the deluded man, with an intimation that it is merely required for a few minutes to equalise their wages, and that he may expect to see them directly. 'Alas, poor Yorick!' he has been pounced upon, and his closed door and obscured windows attest to what extent.

The pouncers belong to a compound order of philosophers. They are impregnated with Stoicism, Cynicism, and Epicureanism. Their end is selfish pleasure. The ruin or sorrow of mankind cannot affect them, and their garments would almost disgrace a Diogenes. We have long been impressed with a high desire to see the study of natural history extended, and that study regulated and localised,

so that people might have a thorough cognizance of the creatures that surround them. If from the few ideas we have thrown together, and the facts we have expounded, any one is enabled henceforth to discover, amid the jungle of humanity, a fierce devouring pouncer, and to avoid him, our end is secured.

## POLLOK'S COURSE OF TIME.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Having in our former notice adverted to the general conception and machinery of the 'Course of Time,' we come now to the consideration of the poem itself. And we remark at the outset, that there is displayed in it great power of arrangement, with but little of combination. Things are well assorted, but not made one. The subject rendered strict unity impracticable; and Pollok's mind also was partitive, analysing truth by chopping it, and separating scenes by tearing them. He grasps something out of the mass, and he so changes it in magnitude that it could not resume its place. He gives us a succession of pictures which would never form *one* landscape, and of characters which could nowhere group together. He is deficient in the social art of forming a harmonious circle of objects. They are, therefore, isolated, otherwise they would be discordant. To make ourselves understood we offer an example.

At the resurrection, he depicts the appearance of numerous classes of the wicked, and gives prominence to the hypocrite, who had on earth passed for a saint, and is even at the last day anxious to wrap himself in his old cloak of imposture. We overlook the fact that this bearing is not in keeping with the consciousness which his state must have imparted, for this is not the inconsistency to which we call attention:

> 'Yet still he tried to bring his countenance
> To sanctimonious seeming, but meanwhile
> The shame within—now visible to all—
> His purpose balked. The righteous smiled, and even
> Despair itself some signs of laughter gave.'

When we look simply at the hypocrite, the laughter he excited seems to bring out more fully his character; but when we reflect that those who laugh are themselves overwhelmed with terror and about to receive their own doom, can we suppose that their eyes turn anywhere save in confusion to the shaking earth, or in alarm to the troubled heavens, or that their intense meditations about themselves can be interrupted to allow an inspection of the surrounding crowds, or so far forgotten as to permit a suppressed laugh? This is one of the many incongruous scenes in 'the Course of Time.'

We proceed with our analysis. The ancient bard describes innocent man and uncursed earth, mentions the fall, and is interrupted by the new-arrived, in the following unpoetical apostrophe of amazement:

> 'Man most ingrate, so full of grace, to sin,
> Here interposed the new arrived. So full
> Of bliss, to sin against the gracious One,
> The holy, just, and good—the eternal Love—
> Unseen, unheard, unthought of wickedness!'

The bard resumes, and speaks of what should have excited his lyre to ecstacy—the scheme of mercy. Strenuous efforts, on a large scale, are indeed made for a celebration, as we gather from the following:

> 'Harp, lift thy voice on high!
> Attend ye heavens—ye heaven of heavens attend!
> Attend and wonder—wonder evermore!
> Ye everlasting hills, ye angels, bow—
> Bow, ye redeemed of men!'

These weak exclamations, sown thickly everywhere, usher in a most meagre and commonplace history of the divine manifestation of love to our guilty race. Christ's mission, for which this world was made as a platform, is but slightly touched upon. His incarnation and death are borne along 'the Course of Time' as ordinary events, and his character is far less minutely described than Byron's.

The bard then shows how the offered salvation was rejected, though its necessity and sufficiency were revealed by a specific communication from God. He adduces the methods taken to pervert or make a dead letter of the Scriptures, and thus characterises the Epicurean belief that the Creator will never condescend to acquaint himself with what is done on earth:

> 'A strange belief, that leaned its *idiot* back
> On folly's topmost twig.'

It is difficult to perceive the propriety of charging a *back* with being *idiotical*. We fancy that this definition is a leaf dropped from the said twig. Pollok's powers of satire are considerable, but we cannot point to a passage where there is a display of them, free from gross extravagance, and where the censor does not end in being a laughing-stock.

He then resolves the essence of all sin into pride, and amid much that is commonplace, the following noble thought, ill expressed however, occurs:

> 'So pride from God drew off the bad, and so
> Forsaken of him, he lets them ever try
> Their single arm against the second death;
> Amidst vindictive thunder, lets them try
> The stoutness of their heart; and lets them try
> To quench their thirst amidst the unfading fire,
> And to reap joy, where he has sown despair.'

The subsequent conduct of men, on relinquishing the guidance of the Bible, and their various but equally useless pursuits, are strikingly exhibited. The sound of each eager footstep on the hollow earth rings 'Vanity, vanity.' The very song of joy has a sepulchral echo which mocks it, and the palace-halls, illumined in all the glow of festivity, dare to hold up to pleasure's face the inscription of black doom. How ineffable is human misery! Joy finds a more ready and audible expression than grief. Though it exist but for a moment, it can fill and rend the air with its shout; whereas the sadness of a lifetime remains concealed within the stricken spirit, just as a day of bright sunshine makes itself more evident to be bright, than a month of cloudy weather makes itself evident to be cloudy. The broken heart has sighs too low, and sobs too much repressed, to strike the ear and attract notice, whilst delight forces itself into noise. Yet, though this be true—though grief be generally hidden in its own night, and joy broadly displayed, who would not say that this is a world of grief? How strong and intense must grief be, when, though *naturally unseen*, it stands forth as the *great fact*, whilst joy, which naturally makes itself visible, shrinks into nothing! Human nature, clothed in purple and fine linen though it be, and entertained at voluptuous feasts, still looks as it is possessed of an incurable sorrow, laden with every affliction, and groaning under the most varied wo, it looks up to its righteous Judge, like the first-born sinner, and says, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.' Man's search after happiness is an attempt to escape from himself. He strives to rifle earth of all its luxuries, and gather them around him, that the sensations imparted by them may destroy the consciousness of *himself*. He wishes to live, as it were, apart from and undisturbed by *himself*, and therefore the struggle is after transmigration into a new mode of existence. But *self* is the absolute condition of responsibility, and man is at a hopeless work. He may call to his aid avarice, voluptuousness, power, and wisdom, and soon he will be compelled to turn against them as his enemies. It is when exposing the delusions, and all the array of phantom-good, which lure to ruin under the mask of promising a relief from sorrow, that Pollok proves himself a poet. Pensively does he sing the hard labour of mankind to make the cursed ground produce anything better than briars and thorns. On this subject with what intense power would Byron have appeared! His genius, and, alas, his wicked experience, qualified him to denounce with awful energy the worthlessness of the world. Its pleasures would have blackened to ashes under his touch. Gaiety would have been turned back from its bright butterfly existence, to its poor and despised wormhood. Like Solomon, he had tried what these possessed wherewith to give enjoyment, and was mocked; and in revenge was a bitter mocker. Pollok walks through splendour,

and raises mournfully a *voice against the city—a voice against the city*. Byron would have left it the Dead Sea where nothing could grow. The latter regards misery as the natural fruit of the *created* ground, and God is blamed; but the former as of the *cursed* ground, and the sinner alone has caused it. Byron, when trampling on all the objects of ambition, never points to religion as the complete satisfier; but Pollok enumerates all the false pursuits, that thus he may enforce more effectually a resolute betaking of our deceived and despairing race to God in Christ, with whom is fulness of joy. The efforts of the philosopher, far above the debased actions of the voluptuary, all proving that the tree of knowledge is not the tree of life, are contrasted with the simple faith of the peasant, who has through it a peace that passeth understanding. We look upon this part of the poem as by far the best, and regret that our space could not afford a longer quotation than the following illustration of the universality of the passion for fame:

> 'And sometimes, too, the reverend divine,
> In meditations deep of holy things,
> And vanities of time, heard Fame's sweet voice
> Approach his ear, and hung another flower,
> Of earthly sort, about the sacred truth:
> And ventured whiles to mix the bitter text,
> With relish suited to the sinner's taste.'

We are soon led from the region of the beautiful, and compelled to listen to what can only be regarded as an unseemly exhibition of scolding:

> 'Wisdom is humble, said the voice of God.
> 'Tis proud, the world replied. Wisdom, said God,
> Forgives, forbears, and suffers, not for fear
> Of man, but God. Wisdom revenges, said the world.
> Wisdom mistrusts itself, and leans on heaven,
> Said God. It trusts and leans upon itself,
> The world replied. Wisdom retires, said God.
> Wisdom, replied the world, struts forth to gaze;'

and after a well sustained battery of contradiction, the world has the last word.

The bard makes a pause, and strives to arouse his powers:

> 'O, love divine! Harp, lift thy voice on high!
> Shout angels! Shout aloud, ye sons of men!
> And burn, my heart, with the eternal flame!
> My lyre, be eloquent with endless praise.
> O, love divine! Immeasurable love,
> Stooping from heaven to earth, from earth to hell;
> Without beginning, endless, boundless love.
> Above all asking,—giving far to those
> Who nought deserved—who nought deserved but death.
> Saving the vilest, saving me! O, love
> Divine! O, Saviour God! O, Lamb once slain!'

That, we presume, is *Miltonic!* After this swollen paragraph, he naturally adverts to the art of book-making. In his description of the majority of works, which are deceased shortly after their birth, he is guilty of a parody on a solemn passage in Scripture:

> 'Like men, this was their doom—
> That dust they were, and should to dust return.'

Methuselah lived many centuries and died. Books, like 'the Course of Time,' may reach many editions, and not be immortal. We admire the bard's particularity in characterising a novel:

> 'A book three-volumed, and once read.'

What a number of facts he must have obtained and collated before he could adjust this admirably exact definition! How industriously he must have run between the bookbinder's and the librarian's, and how patiently he must have sought and jotted down all sorts of information, before he could furnish such a wonderful digest! Perhaps it would have been a too metaphysical and subtle analysis of a novel had he given the number of pages, and it is not always necessary to probe deeply into any matter.

He passes next to the mysteries which present themselves to the contemplative mind, and these are just converted into unmathematical problems. The circle of knowledge is not overshadowed by the infinite, to make intellect grope about in vain; but it is occupied here and there with a board of puzzles inviting a game at some leisure moment. Those will be disappointed who expect to find the expression of a soul either in agony or calm wonder at the universal maze. The inequalities of Providence suggest pictures of opposite conditions in life, and these are absurdly overdrawn. To the rich man, this world is a golden globe, which he can coin down for his hoard or purse at pleasure. If, like Adam, he is not such a naturalist as to call the animals by their names, he is so much of a proprietor as to call them by *his own*, for he has everything at command, and is truly lord of the creation. To the poor man, the begging-hat is awanting, and it is even doubtful if he has a hand to stretch forth for alms. Without bread, there is also some further deficiency about his mouth, for 'he has no tongue':—

> 'We find him by the way, sitting in dust:
> He has no bread to eat, *no tongue to ask*,
> No limbs to walk, no home, no house, no friend;
> Observe his goblin cheek, his wretched eye:
> See how his hand—*if any hand he has*—
> Involuntary opens. . . . Severely now
> The sun scorches and burns his bald head.'

We suggest it should be added, '*if any head he has*.' The differences in intellect are subsequently noticed, and certainly not diminished. On the one hand, we have a Christian, of whom it is said, with all gravity,

> 'So weak his memory,
> The name his mother called him by, *he scarce Remembered*.'

On the other we have a sage—

> 'Who knew *all* learning, and *all* science knew;
> And *all* phenomena in heaven and earth
> Traced to their causes.'

Accuracy and truthfulness of painting are thus outraged. Exaggeration is uniformly resorted to. Antithesis is fastened down to the antipodes. His famous portrait of the great poet of the age, is inserted after the description of this wonderful master of all science, and it is executed in the same fearless style. Byron's finances, never great, and soon so reduced that Newstead Abbey came under the hammer, are called 'riches beyond desire.' His means of education are thus alluded to in lying prose:

> 'No cost he spared: what books he wished, he read;
> What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
> He saw.'

His travels are thus powerfully multiplied:

> 'The heavens and earth of *every* country saw.

Neither are his pleasures bounded within the dull truth, for he

> 'Drank every cup of joy;
> Drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
> That common millions might have quenched.'

His being once presented to George IV. at a levee, is thus amusingly paraphrased:

> 'And kings to do him honour took delight.'

Frequently Byron, either to show versatility of genius, or hypocrisy of feeling, makes a sudden transition from a most pathetic to a ludicrous strain, and ends a bitter sigh in a scornful laugh. See how this peculiarity is magnified—

> 'All passions of all men—
> The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
> All that was hated, and all that was dear;
> All that was hoped, all that was feared by men,
> He tossed about.'

The 'Edinburgh Review,' severe upon his lordship's juvenile performances, praised, though not indiscriminately, his more matured efforts. This circumstance is taken advantage of:

> 'Critics before him fell, in humble plight—
> Confounded fell, and made debasing signs
> To catch his eye, and stretched and swelled themselves
> To bursting nigh, to utter bulky words
> Of admiration vast.'

The three concluding lines are unfortunate, as suggesting a close application to the manner in which Pollok himself speaks of Byron. But why was Byron introduced? He was *not* 'an example to the poet's purpose quite,' for that purpose was to prove that genius does not confer happiness on its possessor; and an example should have been chosen from those whose genius was not in such close al-

liance with degrading vices as, unluckily for himself and the world, Byron's was.

Then follow some very beautiful paragraphs on the innocent joys of earth. Domestic and social life, as the divine institution for helping and delighting man, is touchingly exhibited. Love and friendship are drawn in their common charms. The adaptation of external nature in its appearances to the moods of the mind, as a refining and elevating agency, is pleasingly described. Who is there that will not admire the following lines illustrative of the impressions made on the man of intellect, by poetry and philosophy?—

'And made
At every step some new discovery,
*That gave the soul sweet sense of larger room.*'

But among the various sources of enjoyment we must call attention to one thus expatiated upon:—

'And from my path I with my friend have turned,
And climbed the neighbouring hill with arduous step,
Fetching from distant cairn, or from the earth,
Digging with labour sore, the ponderous stone,
Which, having carried to the highest top,
We downward rolled; and as it strove at first
With obstacles that seemed to match its force,
With feeble, crocked motion, to and fro,
Wavering, he looked with interest most intense,
*And prayed almost*; and as it gathered strength,
And straightened the current of its furious flow,
Exulting in the swiftness of its course,
And rising now with rainbow-bound immense,
Leaped down careering o'er the subject plain,
He clapped his hands in sign of boundless bliss;
And when at night the story was rehearsed,
Uncommon glory kindled in his eye.'

This is a simple specific against sorrow, and we regret that Byron should have wandered over foreign lands in a vain search for the happiness which he might have secured by staying at home and rolling stones. His lordship, out of reverence to his delicate hands, might have been at first unwilling to dig, fetch, or roll, but such a representation as the above must have overcome all scruples. Be that as it may, we are warranted in affirming, that the man who '*prayed almost*'—not when a stone was approaching his head (for in that predicament he might well have acted the Pharisee even in the market-place), but when it was bounding from his hands—must have been a *truly devotional* character, though certainly not the most acute in distinguishing times and seasons; who, when the stone was careering at the foot of the hill, 'clapped his hands in sign of boundless bliss,' and who, when this event was mentioned at night, displayed 'uncommon glory kindled in his eye,' must have been marvellously good-natured. We should, however, tremble to have such a man for our companion, as he would die some unlucky day by our side, in a fit of ecstacy at the fall of a chimney-can; and we might have difficulty in proving, even to a jury of poets, that there could be such a constituted mind as that of our deceased friend, and thus dark suspicions might rest upon us.

We come next to the 'joy that springs from disappointed wo—the joy in grief;' and here joy is altogether a misnomer. There is a sad and touching picture of a widow refusing to be comforted, and whose only home, even before she dies and is gathered to him, is her husband's grave. Hers is not the feeling which can be satisfied by frequenting the scenes where he often walked; for she goes to the spot whither he was *carried*, and sits by his resting-place. There is no flower-gathering and strewing. The plucked rose withers not over the turf—she herself is withering fast. No tombstone marks him out: *she* is stationary; and that monument is seen by moonlight, for she cares nothing about the cold damps of night. Her babe clings to her breast, and she only feels it to be like a burdensome garment of sackcloth. There is no fury—no madness; she raves not like the robbed, but is quiet as becomes the dying. Byron would have painted one frantic with grief, whom no spectator would have dared to console or pity aloud. But Pollok's picture is more exquisite; and yet, here also, his besetting sin of exaggeration breaks out. He speaks of 'her little, hollow, withered *face, almost invisible*, so worn with wo,' yet he had seen not merely some of her features, but one or two tear-drops in her eye! But if her face was almost invisible, her form was as nearly impalpable—

'The moonbeam now
That falls upon her unsubstantial frame,
Scarce finds obstruction.'

The poet indulges 'another note of kindred wo' over a deathbed he had witnessed. And here we may be permitted to call attention (we believe for the first time) to one passage, full of deepest pathos, in the English burial-service—a passage which no modern poetry concerning death at all approaches: 'We commit our dear *brother*,' or 'our dear *sister* to the tomb.' All *particular* connexion is regarded as at an end, and nothing but the *general* bond of humanity is recognised. As the body is being resolved into dust, it sustains no distinctive relation, and the deceased is henceforth common to the sons of men. The bereaved husband feels that the departed is no more the wife of his bosom, and he says 'we commit our dear *sister* to the tomb.' We know of no language which displays so powerfully, though perhaps unintentionally, the breakings-up of all peculiar relationship in death.

The stern and universal contest between good and evil, which precedes the millenium, is feebly drawn. The seven vials might have been rain, and the summons of the angel a false alarm. Sublimity is totally awanting. There is no vivid light, and no concentrated force. The thousand mystical days, for the dawning of which, as a token of relief from intolerable oppression, the whole creation groans and travails in pain, are not imaged forth in their deep beauty, sunshine, and bliss. The prison-house is converted into a church; it had better been pulled down. Revenge dropped his dagger. Anger sat with Peace. Envy smiled on Worth, and even changed its leopard spots and became charmingly rosy. Pride carried matters so far as to kiss Humility. Lust, like a holy bishop, became the husband of one wife. Falsehood laid aside his cloak, and made himself at home with Truth. Vanity 'cropped her feathers,' we hope not at a mirror. Sloth in the morning rose with Industry. Now, to be plain, we should have been better pleased if all these rascals had skulked off. But the dark night after the millenium comes, and Satan, in the fullest revenge for his long confinement, bursts forth. Evil becomes supreme. Crime abounds, yet is withal ceremonious, for we are told that the robber bows to his victim before he eases him of his purse, and the murderer stabs seducingly, 'and returns the blade reeking into its sheath with graceful air.' Why did not the poet add that the last-mentioned worthy attended the funeral of the slain, and was chief mourner? 'They did these things better' in the days of Richard III. The earth is now near its end, and the natural symptoms are powerfully described, especially the appearance of the sun, which

'Shed a feeble twilight ray at noon,
Rousing the wolf before his time, to chase
The shepherd and his sheep.'

All symptoms soon disappeared, and the world felt at ease again.

We are close upon the unfolding of a scene which should have been the grand effort of the poem; and it is from this point that we observe how the subject might, almost in spite of its dimensions and relations, have possessed unity. God hath prepared his throne for judgment, and all that precedes the day of account is connected with that preparation. In every element of nature, and in every event of providence, God is conducting his arrangements for the tribunal. We may class all the circumstances in the world's history, from its beginning to its end, and all the gifts and states of mankind, into the *moral and physical preparations* for the judgment. Had the author seized upon these, and interpreted them into their own poetical expression, it would have been the sounding of the archangel's trump for the dread gathering; and thus, out of a most complicated theme, there would have arisen noble simplicity. This he has not

done, and the last day draws nigh, unannounced by the previous parts of the work.

We must express our great dissatisfaction with the manner—now tame and then extravagant, now solemn and then ludicrous—in which the resurrection and the judgment are treated. There is a butterfly-fluttering about all the points in the scene—a momentary alighting upon everything. A grave analysis of this part of the poem would be a difficult achievement. A sudden darkness has fallen, one angel has knelled the end of time, another has sounded the tramp, and summoned all to the bar of doom. The living are changed, 'the newly sheeted corpse arose, and stared on those who dressed it;' and still more appalling—

> 'As the anatomist o'er the subject hung,
> And impolitely hewed his way through bones
> And muscles of the sacred human form,
> Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze
> The mysteries of nature, joint embraced
> His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up
> And suddenly the injured man awoke
> Among their hands, and stood arrayed complete
> In immortality, forgiving scarce
> The insult offered to his clay in death.'

Had he known the price given for his 'clay in death,' he would not have entertained such resentment against the anatomist. But without interfering at all in the quarrel, we submit that even a more graphic picture might have been gained, had the poet imagined a cannibal eating a man, and just as his lips were closed in luxury over the last delicious morsel, they were forced open by the meal reappearing alive, and with bones too.

As mankind became immortal, all else in the world returns to dust:

> 'In the valley sunk the lordly bird,
> A clod of clay; before the ploughman fell
> His steers; beneath his rider fell the steed
> To ruins; and the lion in his den
> Grew cold and stiff, or in the furious chase
> With timid fawn, that scarcely missed his paws.'

The idea thus brought out is evidently a reflexion from one of Milton's descriptions of the creation of animals:

> 'Now half appeared
> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
> And, rampant, shakes his brindled mane.'

Ocean, too, gives up its dead. Ships of war are stationary, and cannon balls 'sunk harmlessly' in their intercepted flight.

Of the great assembly, classes of character are singled out, and attention is called at length to the hermit, the controversialist, the sceptic, the tyrant, the fool, the flirt, the modest dame, the judge who took a bribe, the duellist, the suicide, the hypocrite, the slanderer, the false priest, and the envious. At the close of these portraits, in reply to a question put by the curious spirit, the ancient bard gives a definition of *faith*, which is neither so poetical nor accurate as that to be found in the Shorter Catechism:—

> The faith that saved a soul
> And that which in the common truth believed,
> In essence were the same. Hear then what faith,
> True Christian faith, which brought salvation, was
> Belief in all that God revealed to men;
> Observe, in all that God revealed to men—
> In all he promised, threatened, commanded, said,
> Without exception, and without a doubt.'

We have next a gallery of the righteous, where we meet the faithful pastor, the Christian philosopher, the holy ruler, the pious M.P., the charitable man, the sacred poet, and the obscure but good man.

Michael and Gabriel, now descending, 'raised the human race to middle air,' and separated them into two companies. The good were placed 'beneath a crown of rosy light,' in the centre of which were these words, 'Fear not.' The bad were arranged under a dark cloud, the thunder proceeding from which ever articulated, 'Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not.' Carrying on this pantomime, an angel appeared and threw a bow over the redeemed, and then 'another squadron bright' produced another bow which spanned the heavens, and divided the two classes, who read on either side the words—'As ye have sown, so shall ye reap this day.'

We gratefully notice the extreme alacrity with which the author everywhere adduces the help of sign-posts and inscriptions, not to speak of advertisements. The poem is as full of them as a large town. Some literary wag might have a night's amusement in pulling them down from their places and putting them up elsewhere. He might, for example, remove the crown of rosy light, with its 'fear not,' and bear it to the apartment of the poet, when he was trembling at a snore—'the drowsy sound of neighbouring sleep.'

All things are now ready for the judgment, and how prosaically is the great day spoken of!

> 'The day that many thought should never come,
> That all the wicked wished should never come,
> That all the righteous had expected long—
> Day greatly feared, and yet too little feared
> By him who feared it most.
> Judge of all judgments, judge of every judge,
> Adjuster of all causes, rights and wrongs—
> Day most important held, prepared for most
> By every rational, wise, and holy man:
> Day of eternal gain for worldly loss;
> Day of eternal loss for worldly gain!'

And then after this noble burst, which must have been peculiarly exhausting, through the intense sustaining of the poetry, he appropriately finishes—

> 'Great day, what can we more, what should we more?'

The silence (for by this time we suppose that the *laughter* at the hypocrite has ceased) is broken by 'the sound of trumpets, and prancing steeds, and rapid chariot wheels,' and we are told in all solemnity—

> 'And so they seemed to roll with furious speed,
> *As if none meant to be behind the first.*'

This unseemly racing, it would appear, was the gathering of angels from all quarters into the capital of heaven. They were all under their different chiefs, and in their very *richest uniform*, and when they bow before the throne, receive a compliment from God upon their attention to their toilet! We feel the keenest indignation over all the speeches then attributed to the Most High. The procession is formed and descends. The Judge is on the throne, and pronounces the sentence of all. There is a revolting description of Him drawing his sword, and 'plunging the burning edge down among the damned,' and pursuing them with his 'seven ruinous thunders into the jaws of second death.' The earth is set on fire, and the ancient bard points his companion to a drawing of it—'the handiwork of high archangel'—executed from memory, and placed 'in the gallery of New Jerusalem!' The righteous accompany Christ into heaven, and the poem ends.

We have but small space left to mark out the character and assign the rank of Pollok as a poet; and, indeed, our examination of the 'Course of Time' has been so strict and full, and must have given our readers such ample materials for forming a judgment, that we might desist. We have been ever and anon delighted with the pensive tenderness of Pollok, though it is more frequently the expression of amiableness than of genius. Our admiration has never been challenged to an exhibition of high power and daring strength. Through the immensity of his subject, whatever aspect his mind may take, it is never stamped with majesty. Even when he stands on sea and land, and declares that time is no more, the grand commission endows him with nothing supernatural. There are many proofs of his quick sensibilities, but there are no indications that he possesses any of the higher qualities of a poet.

It would surely be inexcusable now to waste a word upon the claims which some have urged for Pollok's equality with Milton. A tithe of the quotations we have made, must have been more than sufficient to demonstrate his immeasurable inferiority. In these, the want of sublime fervour, ill supplied either by the hard friction of industry, or by the heat and raving of extravagance, is observable. *Creation* is easy, being effected without sweat

or groans; *change* is difficult and laborious. The first is only possible to highest genius, and the last to all. Milton invents and causes, and there is not even the irritation of anxiety, much less the straining of effort. Pollok merely alters, or arranges, yet is it an oppressive and grinding task. Neither in point of original and bold conception, sustained execution, along with the other poetic attributes of rich fancy and deep passion, should we ever dream of instituting a comparison between our author and Byron, or any of those foolishly called 'the Lakers.' They have an insight into the depths of character, the secrets of the heart, and the mysteries of life, where he is blind. We admit that he is a commentator of the Bible, whilst they are but the interpreters of nature. We know that he has allied himself more closely with religion than they; but even with this glorious help to gird up his powers, he is weak by their side. They rise from their earthly themes to a grandeur which far overtops him when aloft on sacred ground. Pollok, after finishing his midnight prayers, about which he speaks so much, cannot produce such thrilling strains, or such reflective musings, as Byron after a late debauch. And why? The means of awakening and cherishing inspiration were infinitely nobler, and the sincere amen might have struck the key-note of a rapturous and heavenly song; but he had not the mighty soul of Byron.

Cowper, also, for vigour and condensation of thought, subtle perception of principles, shrewd gaze into characters, and extreme accuracy in his descriptions, is far above Pollok. His susceptibilities have all the calm development and equable motion native to the quiet and domestic range in which he lived, so that in his sketches of the affections there is considerable tameness, and frequently the absence of freshness, and of wild luxuriant beauty in his views of scenery, whilst, on the other hand, his moral painting is most vivid and bold. The sick-room kept him from the open canopy, and he only saw gates, hedges, and poultry. The malady of his mind rendered it necessary that he should make himself little conversant with the agitation of quick passion. His lyre-strings could have vibrated to all the fury and madness of the human soul, and been uninjured, but his nerves were unequal for the crash of such majestic music. Pollok was more privileged. Hence there is greater sunshine over his pictures of the earth, and sweeter romance in those of the heart. But how inferior is he in everything else! Cowper is a *discursive* poet, as his choice of subjects would attest; Pollok is a rambler, emigrating to, and sojourning on the spot where he can gather something.

In spite of his proud epical claims, Pollok must be placed in that numerous and respectable class of poets who write short pieces distinguished for beauty of sentiment. And even there he is not the foremost. Inferior to Mrs Hemans, Mrs Southey, Mrs Sigourney, and a host of Americans, he must be esteemed. We should not, therefore, impeach the poetic taste of that age, which, being gratified by a close acquaintance with standard works, did not call for a new edition of the 'Course of Time,' and we further predict that that age is fast approaching.

## PRIDE AND PIQUE.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

'I CAN endure this state of things no longer,' said Harry Austin to himself, as he closed the door of his office behind him, and proceeded up the street with the firm step of one who has taken a decided resolution, and intends carrying it speedily into effect.

The day was a lovely one, the streets were crowded with the gay and fashionable, but Harry, intent upon his own thoughts, scarcely saw the smiles and bows with which many a blooming face greeted him as he passed, and a short walk brought him to the house it was his object to reach.

'Miss Harcourt is at home, sir,' said the servant, and in a moment Harry entered the handsome parlour where the beautiful Georgiana Harcourt was engaged with some other morning visiters. A casual observer could not have told by her reception of the gentleman whether his presence was acceptable or otherwise. It was quiet and well-bred—nothing more—though Harry detected the slight blush and the quickened breathing with which she continued the conversation his entrance had interrupted, and this more than made amends to him for the very small part he was called upon to take in it. He sat, therefore, little heeding the commonplaces which were poured forth thick and fast by the different members of the circle, and gazed silently upon the lovely face of the daughter of the house, until the rest had paid their parting compliment, and the lovers—for such they were—were at last alone.

But it was not only to a lover's eye that Georgiana Harcourt was beautiful. As she stood in the centre of the room, bowing to her departing guests, her tall and commanding form reflected at full length in the mirror behind her, and the rich glow cast by the crimson curtains adding a still deeper hue to the brilliant colouring on her cheek, her large dark eyes sparkling with animation, and her lovely mouth wreathed with smiles, you could not wonder at the exclamation that involuntarily broke from the lips of a rival belle, addressed to one she was intent on captivating—'Is she not a glorious creature?'

'Yes,' was the answer; 'a glorious creature, indeed—but too proud, too imperious looking, for my ideas of female loveliness—too much of the Juno about her—eh! Miss Grey?'

But we must return to the lovers, who by this time were seated side by side upon the sofa, Georgiana's face still bright with happiness—that of her lover clouded with anxiety.

'Georgiana,' he said, 'I have come to make a last effort to induce you to consent that I should speak with your father. I have yielded too long already to your wishes in keeping our engagement secret. It is equally repugnant both to my feelings and my principles to be acting the part you impose upon me—that of a clandestine lover, who can snatch but a stolen interview, and day after day is obliged to behold the smiles that are his only lavished upon every one rather than himself.'

'Ah, Harry, you are jealous this morning, I know you are,' said Georgiana, laughing—'and of such a person too! Only be quiet now, that is a good boy, and I will promise not to flirt again with Mr Bostwick for a month at least.' She added then more gravely—'Can't you see I only do it for a blind?'

'But I do not see the use of having any blind, any subterfuge in such an affair as this. Why not let all be fair and open? Your father surely can have no reasonable objections to our engagement. My family is good, my character is unexceptionable, and though not rich, I surely have as fair prospects as most young men.'

'Harry, you do not know my father! His whole soul is set upon wealth—his whole life has been devoted to its pursuit, and his whole heart is fixed upon my marrying one as wealthy as himself.'

'In other words, upon your marrying Mr Bostwick?' Georgiana was silent. 'And knowing this, you second his intentions, as you did last night,' said Harry, gravely, 'and, if true to me, would wilfully blight the happiness of another? Oh, Georgiana, you almost madden me!'

Georgiana clapped her hands and laughed heartily. 'Oh what an actor you would make, playing the jealous lover to such perfection! *I* blight Mr Bostwick's happiness! No, no, Harry—his happiness could only be blighted by setting fire to his houses, devastating his farms, or depreciating his stocks. You are indeed paying me a compliment in supposing I could work such a wonder as that.'

'Dear Georgiana, let us be serious'—and Harry took her hand, and with his whole soul beaming in his handsome face, said, 'Listen to me, my beloved. For the four months that have passed since we plighted our faith at Newport, I have yielded implicitly to your will. With all my reverence for truth, I have been acting

falsely—with all my abhorrence of deceit, I stooped to meanness and subterfuge—and what is worse even than that, have seen you debase your noble nature by the same disguises. And to what end? The truth must out at last. Years must pass before I can hope for wealth. Are we to go on plunging deeper and deeper into the tortuous paths we are now treading, the great business of our lives being to conceal the feelings in which we glory, and to deceive those we are most bound to honour? I can scarcely look your parents in the face without a feeling of conscious guilt, knowing as I do that I have stolen their daughter's heart, while they still believe it free and unfettered. I can endure this state no longer, and this day I have determined I will tell your father all.'

'And without my consent?' said Georgiana, her face flushing with indignation.

'Nay, dearest, I hope with your free consent and co-operation. Your father loves you, and if you tell him, as you have so often told me, Georgiana, that your whole heart is mine, he cannot be so cruel as to separate us.'

'But he can—he will.'

'What then is to be done? Disgrace ourselves by an elopement, without even an effort to gain your father's favour? Commence our wedded life by trampling on our highest duties? No, Georgiana, be that far from either of us. I have acted weakly enough in this matter, but wickedly I will not act.'

'Trust all to time and secrecy,' said Georgiana.

'Better trust all to time and truth,' replied her lover. 'Even supposing your father to frown at first, he might gradually be won over to look upon my suit with favour. I cannot think so unworthily either of him or myself as to suppose that impossible.'

'I assure you again it is impossible, and insist upon your silence.'

'Insist! Georgiana—after I have told you the misery it inflicts upon me.'

'Yes, I insist on it,' said Georgiana, angrily; 'and did you love me half as much as you say, you would bear much more for my sake. I am a better judge in this case than you can be, and no power on earth will induce me to yield my wishes to such ridiculous scruples.'

'Georgiana!' exclaimed her lover, in a tone that might have softened a heart less imperious than her own—'My abhorrence of falsehood a ridiculous scruple! Oh, how I have mistaken you!'

'We have each mistaken the other, it appears,' said the lady, haughtily, 'and the sooner our mistakes are rectified the better for us both. I am no weak girl to be led wherever a hotheaded, domineering man chooses to take me; and your affection is worth but little if you are willing to sacrifice nothing to it.'

'Oh, Georgiana! I cannot sacrifice truth and honour even to you! Blinded by my mad, my idolatrous passion for you, I suffered it to lead me—'

'Nay,' interrupted Georgiana, now highly irritated, 'do not mock me with your professions of passion—sincere affection is proved by deeds, not by words. Say, rather, I love you, but I love my own way better. Or, perhaps, you love still better than all the rich portion my father will bestow on his obedient daughter, and would scarce be content to marry me without it. It is well I understand you at last.' And the proud beauty burst into a flood of angry tears.

'Do you really mean what you say, Georgiana?' said her lover, pale with agitation. 'Has it indeed come to this? do you really doubt my affection, proved by the most blind submission that ever man paid to the caprice of woman, and now believe me mercenary?'

Georgiana vouchsafed no reply, but sat sobbing in the corner of the sofa. Harry rose and stood before her. 'Unsay those cruel words—do you believe me the heartless mercenary being you describe? Must we indeed part thus?' Still no answer, and Harry, after a few more vain entreaties that she would break her stubborn silence, rushed madly from the house.

A few moments afterwards, Georgiana ran up to her chamber, where she used such successful efforts to remove the traces of her tears, that by the time she was called to join the family at dinner, she was as calm and cheerful as though nothing had occurred to agitate her.

Georgiana Harcourt was a spoiled beauty, vain, passionate, and impatient of control. Her mother, a weak woman, had indulged her to the utmost point to which her power of indulgence extended—but that power was a limited one. Mr Harcourt, from whom his daughter inherited her pride and wilfulness, was absolute master in his own house, and nothing but the most perfect subservience to his will could ensure domestic harmony. His wife, early taught the hard lesson of a blind submission, had in some degree indemnified herself for this sacrifice of what—let the champions of the sex say what they may—every woman dearly loves, by striving to compass her ends by the less honourable, but in this case more successful means, of cunning and double-dealing; and frequently, while to the worthy husband all seemed smoothly sailing under his own guidance, his wife, by taking advantage of an under current, landed him exactly where she wished. But it was only in small matters that this was ventured upon. Mrs Harcourt's mind was a small one, and in little triumphs her soul delighted. Her daughter, with more intellect than herself, a stronger will and more irritable temper, worked with the same weapons most successfully upon both parents, and had thus ensured to herself a liberty of action few would have believed possessed by the daughter of the stern, uncompromising, opinionated Mr Harcourt.

Still Georgiana held her father greatly in awe. She knew that he loved her, but it was in his own way; his love was not in the least demonstrative, nor would it lead him to sacrifice one cherished notion to her happiness. But he was proud of her—of her beauty, her talents, of the admiration she excited, and last, though not least, of the prospect, through her, of adding to the wealth it was the great object of his life to amass for his descendants. Three other children, between the eldest of whom and Georgiana there was a considerable difference in age, confined Mrs Harcourt a good deal to the nursery, and Georgiana had therefore been able for several months to receive the visits of her lover, to whom she had engaged herself during her absence from parental surveillance, at an hour when she knew the occupations of both would prevent their observing upon their frequency.

Ever since this engagement had been contracted, Harry Austin, to whom, as we have seen, the very thought of pursuing a devious path was abhorrent, had been urging upon the woman whose beauty and apparent worth had gained his warmest affections, the necessity of revealing its existence to her parents. But this step Georgiana could not be induced to take. She knew her father had set his heart upon a wealthier suitor; she knew, too, that this was a matter in which her mother fully sympathised with him, and even if she had not, it was one in which she would not dare to oppose his will; she had, therefore, drawn her lover on day after day, hoping, as she said, that something might turn up that would be more favourable to his suit. What this 'something' was, Harry vainly essayed to discover. With the exception of a very small patrimony, he was entirely dependent upon his own talents and industry for his support. He had no rich relations who could possibly die and leave him a fortune, and he saw no other end to his clandestine courtship than in the open and manly avowal of his wishes to Mr Harcourt, whom he knew to be a strictly honourable man, and one whose prejudices against him, if such existed, might he hoped in time be overcome. In addition to his other trials, Harry had the almost nightly misery of beholding the object of his affection receiving the devotion of others, while he was prevented paying her more than the commonest civilities; and while he, who, though noble, was like most strong characters rather impetuous, was gnashing his teeth with jealousy, and suffering a species of martyrdom that instead of glory brought humiliation as its reward, she was really enjoying the adu-

lation that was offered her, and doing her best to attract it.

We can scarcely say to what Georgiana looked forward as the termination of her engagement. She had a vague idea that she could in some way get round her father, but how she had scarcely thought. Then there was something so delightful in carrying on a secret affair; indeed, a clandestine marriage would not in any degree have disturbed *her* ideas of filial duty, and the horror expressed by Harry at the thought of it, had been no slight mortification to her vanity. She also loved dearly to feel her power. To see a strong man restive under a galling chain her will had imposed on him, was a real satisfaction to her; and fully determined always to govern him, she had no idea it should be speedily relaxed. She therefore had made up her mind that their engagement should continue a secret one, and by obstinately adhering to her first intention, hoped to reduce Harry to obedience. There was in consequence, though much real anger at his opposition to her, some 'method in her madness;' she did not regret their altercation in the least, and convinced that the next day would bring him penitent to her feet, she gave herself up to her usual occupations and enjoyments.

But the next day passed, and the day following, still Harry came not. Georgiana began to be a little uneasy. On the third day he passed her on the street with a distant bow. He looked wretchedly, however, and this gave his haughty mistress no slight satisfaction. Confident in the power of her charms, she had not the least fear of losing him, but that *she* should yield, or make the smallest advance toward a reconciliation, was unthought of. Though she had wounded his feelings in the point most sensitive to a lover and a man of honour, it was *his* business to sue for pardon, and Georgiana had in her own mind determined upon the time and place that was to witness her triumph. There was in a day or two to be a large party at the house of one of Harry's intimate friends. Though he had not appeared in company since their quarrel, there he must certainly be, and Georgiana, who really longed for a renewal of their intercourse, looked forward to the party with the greatest impatience. A few hours before it was time to commence her toilet, she threw herself on the sofa before the fire in her chamber, and gave herself up to happy recollections of the past and hopes for the future. The beautiful dress in which she was to appear was laid across the bed, her maid had arranged on her dressing-table the flowers, laces, and jewels, that were to adorn her hair, neck, and arms, and the young beauty, even lovelier than ever in her careless dishabille, had thrown one fair hand across her brow, and was occupied in weaving a golden web of future happiness in the busy loom of her own fantasy. She thought of Harry—of the deep and ardent passion with which she had inspired him; of the noble, generous nature which must make the happiness of all connected with him; of his talents and acquirements, that necessarily must work their way to independence, if not to wealth. And with a sigh over his present poverty, and another over his strong self-will, she jumped over the difficulties in their path, and pictured herself the presiding genius of his home, the wife that shared his inmost thoughts and feelings, his comforter in the hour of sorrow, and his sympathising friend in that of joy—until tears of happiness bedewed her cheek, and she felt that at that moment she could sacrifice any thing for his sake. Just then the door opened, and her maid ran in breathless with delight—

'Oh, Miss Georgy! the most magnificent bouquet! Not one like it the whole blessed winter! eight camelias, besides roses and *minnynets*—and—and I don't know what besides,' and she laid the costly offering before her happy mistress.

In an instant she decided that it came from Harry, and though much more gorgeous and expensive than those he was in the habit of sending, she saw in this an indication of his anxiety to atone for the offence he had given her. She was lost in admiration of its beauty, and had just decided that one of the splendid white camelias might be withdrawn without injuring the symmetry of the arrangement, to adorn her dark hair, when, in a moment of silence, during which she was indulging some very tender thoughts of the donor, the maid suddenly exclaimed that she had dropped the card the boy had given her, and leaving the room, returned directly and placed it in Georgiana's hand, who read, 'For Miss Harcourt, with Mr Bostwick's compliments.' The revulsion of feeling was too great for Georgiana's temper. Her eyes flashed, and with an exclamation of deep disgust, she flung both card and flowers into the fire that was blazing before her. The maid wrung her hands in despair and tried to save them from the flames, but Georgiana prevented her, and stood enjoying their destruction until they were entirely consumed. Soon afterwards she commenced the labours of the toilet. The maid sighed deeply as she placed the artificial flowers in the hair that was to have been adorned by the camelia; and after she had arranged every fold of her costly dress, and placed the rich handkerchief and fan in Georgiana's hand, she ventured to sigh forth, 'Now, if you had but the flowers, Miss Georgy, you would be the completest dressed lady there!'

'I would not have carried them for the world,' said Georgiana, and after a triumphant glance at her beautiful face in the mirror, she was soon in the carriage.

Her eye wandered restlessly round the brilliant assemblage as she entered the room on her father's arm, but no Harry met her view. At last, after working her way through the folding door, she saw him standing in close conversation with a gentleman, so much engrossed by it in fact that it was some time before he perceived her, and then he merely bowed and continued his conversation. Georgiana felt much provoked, and at that moment, Mr Bostwick joining her, she bestowed on him one of her most bewitching smiles, said she was just beginning to think the party stupid, but would certainly find it pleasant now, and on his expressing some surprise at not seeing the flowers he had sent her, she regretted deeply she had not received them, and suggested that they had probably been left at another house, owing to some mistake in the direction. Very soon after, she allowed Mr Bostwick to lead her to a seat in the corner of the room, and to monopolise her conversation during the greater part of the evening. Three times in the course of it her eye met Harry's, but there was no apparent jealousy in the glance—his eye rested inquiringly upon her, and she at once coldly averted hers. A week before, how different it had been! How sweet was even the momentary interchange of sentiment that a glance conveyed! But still determined that even by a look she would not make the first advance towards a reconciliation, she only flirted more desperately with Mr Bostwick than before, and had rarely appeared in more brilliant spirits. But oh! the storm that raged within that fair and seemingly tranquil breast! the storm of anger, of disappointment, of baffled hope; but amidst it all she preserved the same gay exterior, and no being could guess that while she exchanged a bright repartee with one, an affectionate adieu with another, and a gentle reply to the soft speeches with which Mr Bostwick was regaling her, she was almost suffocated with the violence of the feelings she so perfectly repressed. But when the restraints of society were removed—when, after throwing off her gay apparel, she dashed herself upon the bed in a paroxysm of indignation against him of whom a few hours before she had thought so tenderly, all her former love seemed turned to hatred; and how to be most fully revenged on him was her only thought.

'Have you heard the news, Harry?' said young Staunton, as he entered his friend's office, a few days after the incidents we have related. 'Georgiana Harcourt is engaged to Mr Bostwick.'

It was well that Harry was seated in his large office chair, or he certainly would have fallen. At last he stammered forth, 'Are you sure of this, Staunton?'

'Sure? why I heard it from Bostwick himself, man. Never saw a fellow so delighted in my life. It is as fixed

as fate, and certainly no one can be surprised at it after the way in which she has received his attentions all winter. It is a capital match; she will do the honours of his grand new house elegantly, and there is no end to the parties she will give, such a fine, dashing, spirited creature as she is. But I see you are hard at work,' for Harry had again bowed his head over the parchment with which he had been occupied when Staunton entered, 'and I will not disturb you. I only looked in to tell you the news.' And Harry was left alone—alone with his breaking heart—the beautiful fabric of his once imagined happiness shivered to atoms at his feet. Could this indeed be true? could she who but little more than a week before had been his plighted wife—whose vows were still his, and from whom, though for a while estranged, he had never dreamed of withdrawing his allegiance—thus give him up without by a single look endeavouring to recall him? His first impulse was to rush to her—to reproach her with her cruelty, her treachery, and to let her witness the agony she had caused. But his pride—that pride which in their last interview she had so wounded, and which had determined him, though suffering deeply under their estrangement, to wait for some sign to show that she regretted it also—restrained him even in that moment of desperation from such an outbreak. Then came the humbling question, had she ever really loved him? And when the first burst of anguish was over, and he was able to review the past more calmly, he began to doubt whether he had not from the first been the mere victim of her coquetry—whether she had not from the first been sporting with his affections, and leading him to pour out upon her the deepest feelings of his heart, only for the pleasure of breaking it at last.

As Harry had been prevented from revealing to any one his happiness, his misery was now equally his own; and carefully burying it within his own bosom, he soon reappeared among his friends, a shade paler and more serious than before, but outwardly exhibiting no traces of disappointment. Thus Georgiana was deprived of one great source of triumph; but though she saw him unsubdued, she knew him too well to doubt that he suffered deeply, and this consciousness enabled her still to act her part with spirit.

In her acceptance of Mr Bostwick, who had addressed her when her anger against Harry was at its height, her first thought was the blow it would inflict upon him; but the delight with which he received her assent, the joy of her parents at the match, and the splendid establishment that a marriage with him would secure, were not without their effects upon her. As Mr Bostwick had remarkably soft and insinuating manners, and was really much in love with her, she hoped to be able to govern him completely; she, therefore, tried to forget that he was neither young, handsome, nor interesting, and pleased by the constant flattery of her new admirer, and his perfect submission to all her caprices, and kept in a constant whirl of excitement by the preparations that were rapidly making for her marriage, she believed that her love for Harry was completely annihilated by his misconduct.

But Georgiana had ventured on a dangerous experiment. The wedding gaieties were hardly over before she began to discover that the quiet, obsequious Mr Bostwick was not quite the submissive husband she expected him to be. It is true he was never tired of admiring his youthful bride, but he showed a strong disposition to monopolise her society himself. He did not choose that she should flirt and dance with gay admirers, as she had done in the days of her unfettered girlhood; or that every evening they had no engagement out, she should assemble around her a young and giddy circle, instead of devoting her time to him. And as she from the first showed that his wishes did not influence her conduct in the least, he soon found ways and means to reduce her to obedience.

Their first serious quarrel, which occurred within two months of their marriage, effectually proved who was to be master. They had received an invitation which Mr Bostwick wished should be declined. His wife, after vainly endeavouring to alter his determination, quietly sent an acceptance, hoping some lucky chance might take him out of the way on the appointed evening, when she could well brave his displeasure, after having enjoyed the pleasure she coveted. Contrary to her hopes, her husband remained at home; and, after having presided at the tea-table, she was just going up to dress, when he inquired why she was leaving him.

'To dress for Mrs Lawrence's,' said Georgiana, carelessly. 'You need not go if you do not feel inclined; but as I have a particular desire to be there, I shall go alone.'

'I thought I requested you to decline that invitation,' replied her husband; 'did you not understand me so?'

'Oh, perfectly,' said Georgiana; 'but as I wished to go, I thought proper to accept it;' and passing before her husband as she spoke, she rang for lights in her dressing-room.

'There is no need of dressing, Georgiana: you cannot go to this party.'

'Cannot!' she repeated. 'Why, I pray you?'

'Because I do not wish it. Is not that a sufficient reason?'

'By no means,' said Georgiana; 'if your wishes are unreasonable, you cannot surely expect a reasonable woman to yield to them. I have promised to call for Eugenia and Clara Stewart, and therefore I *must* go;' and with a smile of triumph, she left the room. 'Tell Smith to have the carriage at the door at nine,' she said to a servant whom she met in the entry, and then hurried up stairs.

When the toilet was completed she again descended to the parlour, where her husband was sitting reading the newspaper, and as he showed no signs of displeasure in his face, she concluded he had yielded, and therefore addressed him as though nothing had happened—

'And you think I look well to-night?' she said, as he was assisting her to clasp a bracelet on her arm.

'Charmingly, my love,' he replied. 'I am much gratified by your appearance—those garnets are exquisitely becoming to your lovely neck.'

'But I wonder the carriage does not come,' said Georgiana; 'I ordered it at nine.'

'The carriage!' exclaimed her husband, 'what can you want with a carriage?'

'Are you crazy, Mr Bostwick? To go to Mrs Lawrence's, of course.'

'I told you before, Georgiana, that you were not to go there; so make yourself comfortable, my love, and we will have a pleasant evening together.'

In vain Georgiana stormed—in vain she essayed, finding the carriage was countermanded, to set out on foot by herself. The doors were locked and the servants deaf to her commands. In vain she tried entreaties, reproaches, tears, and finally hysterics. Mr Bostwick was immoveable, and what is more, imperturbable. He sat reading his paper, and did not seem to hear a word. At last his wife threw herself upon a sofa, completely exhausted by the violence of her passions, and wishing—oh how bitterly—that she had never married him.

'You see, my love,' he said, when all was quiet, save a few hysterical sobs, 'how needless it is to agitate yourself in this manner. You have spoiled a very pleasant evening, and gained nothing by it but a very disfigured face.'

'Cruel man, I hate you!' exclaimed the wife.

'You will change your mind to-morrow, my dear,' replied the husband. 'You hated me when you burned a bouquet I once sent you, and yet next day loved me well enough to consent to marry me. I understand the whole matter perfectly, my love, and I hope by this time *you* understand that *I* am master here.'

But we need not follow Georgiana further in her wedded career. It was in vain she tried to circumvent her husband by her cunning, or to destroy his happiness by her evil temper. He seemed armed at all points in the most perfect panoply of insensibility—not even a heel was vulnerable to her attacks. She is, therefore, her own tormentor, and by turns a victim to discontent, to ennui, and to morbid melancholy. Her beauty is gradually fad-

ing, and her interest in life apparently gone. She has, too, the misery of seeing Harry rising rapidly in his profession, to which after his cruel disappointment he devoted himself with tenfold diligence, and recently by his marriage with a beautiful and amiable woman, proves how entirely she is forgotten. But in the daily trials she has to encounter, not the least is the self-reproach that fills her heart, when she remembers how wilfully she threw away her own happiness, and how fatally, in seeking to revenge her wounded pride upon another, the punishment has recoiled upon herself.

Fair reader! in the serious, the unspeakably important affairs of love and marriage, beware—oh! beware of acting from the dictates of *pride and pique*.

## A TRAVELLED STONE, AND THE STORY IT TELLS.

THERE is an old Scotch proverb, that 'Far fowls have fair feathers,' which we cannot help thinking is exemplified by many geological inquirers. They are highly delighted with any fact from a foreign land that seems to confirm a favourite theory, whilst more conclusive facts of the same kind are neglected or despised, provided they are to be found at their own doors or in their own country. Proofs of metamorphic action in igneous rocks, observed in the Alps or Apennines, are far more convincing than similar proofs in Glen Tilt or the Isle of Skye; and Hutton's theories become undoubted verities when found to be confirmed not only by Arthur Seat or the Grampians, but by the rocks of Finland and the Ural Mountains. It is no doubt satisfactory to find a theory, founded on the phenomena of our own little island, confirmed by those of the great continents; but it should not be forgotten that the mere distance of the place where a fact has been observed adds nothing to its value; nay, it rather detracts from it, by putting it out of the power of all except a few to verify its truth, and thus become convinced of its reality by their own eyes. We have been led to these remarks by a fact lately observed by us in the Pentland Hills, within ten miles of this city.

One fine morning this summer we set out for the top of Carnethy, the highest hill in the group. The day, however, became obscured as we ascended, and on reaching the top no very distant view was to be attained. To the north the Frith of Forth, with its islands, was dimly seen through the mist, and in the south the grey clouds hung like a thick curtain over the Lammermuirs and Moorfoot Hills. We took shelter for a time from the sharp east wind behind the vast cairn of stones on the summit, said by tradition to have been piled up by the Druids in ancient times. Not improbably it was a beacon-fire to warn the natives in the low country around of the approach of their enemies, and the traces of two British camps on the outskirts of the hills tell of days when such warnings were needed. The sky showing no signs of soon clearing, so as to unveil the more distant parts of the landscape, we proceeded along the side of the ridge towards the upper part of the Logan House valley or Habbie's How. We reached this near the waterfall, and, crossing the stream, turned up a small valley to the north. Its sides are smooth and grassy, and the bottom so level, that a small stream that meanders through it seems sometimes at a loss to determine which way it ought to run. This is a transverse valley, forming a low pass from the north to the south side of the hills, and has evidently been swept out by more powerful streams than that which now flows in it. Could there be any doubt of this, a large stone lying on the western acclivity would remove it. This is an irregularly oblong block of mica slate, six or eight feet long, about four broad, and two or three feet thick, and will weigh from six to eight tons. As is well known, there is no mica slate in these hills nor in any part of the surrounding country. The nearest rocks of this formation are those forming the romantic scenery of the Trossachs and Loch Ketterin, at least forty miles distant from this place as the crow flies. There is no nearer point from which this stone could have been derived, and, therefore, we must conclude that it has been transported all this distance by some natural cause.

And what, it may be inquired, has been this cause? There is nothing in this stone to induce us to think that it has been carried to this place by any special means. The power that carried it may have carried thousands of other stones, and a true history of its motions would be the history of many other blocks scattered over these hills and the surrounding plains, which are only less remarkable because their dimensions are smaller. Now it is evident there is no power now existing on the surface of the country that could move this stone. The small stream that runs in the valley below could not move a pebble of a ten-thousandth part of its size. Even the river Forth itself, that rises in the mountains from which it has wandered, would be weak to bear such a burden. It now brings down to the low country much mud and moss, but no stones of as many pounds weight as this is tons. It must therefore have been some power not now existing, some mighty engine that has vanished and left only its work behind. And what this engine has been has given rise to very various speculations. Let us consider which among them all could account for the performance of the work.

An old theory affirmed that such stones had been hurled from their primitive birth-place by volcanic agency. The same power which raised the rude summit of the mountain to the clouds, hurled the broken fragments far around. But this theory is too bold to find supporters in the present time; and from fire many now fly to the power of frost to explain such stray stones. It has been said that a crust of ice once covered all this fair and fertile land; that a huge glacier, sweeping down from the Grampians, bore on its icy waves such enormous fragments, and dropped them in the places where we now find them. But no such ice-river now exists, even in the wilds of Greenland, and there is no natural power that would cause it to move, supposing it really to occur. The inclination from the top of Ben Venue to the Pentlands is altogether unfit to produce any motion in such an extensive bed of ice.

Disappointed in finding any power on the dry land sufficient to transport such masses of rock, geological speculators have looked for it in the ocean. It has been said that the elevation of the northern mountains from below the sea would produce a wave, or a series of waves, capable of transporting even larger blocks of stone than this one. Calculations of the velocity that a rise of a hundred or a thousand feet in the bottom of the sea would produce in the water flowing away from it, have been made, and this velocity is sufficient, it is said, to move even the largest boulders as yet observed on the earth. We have some doubts how far calculations made on the water of a small pond or trough form any rule for the movements of the ocean; but letting this pass, another difficulty arises in the case before us. The stone, as we mentioned, has an oblong irregular shape, and shows no marks of ever having been rolled along the bottom, and worn, as it would necessarily have been, in a passage of forty miles. However rapidly it was transported, there must have been some friction, some wear, and instead of a mass with acute angles, we should have looked for a rounded water-worn boulder. It seems thus essential, not only that the stone should be carried, but that it should be carried with little or no friction. And there is one way in which this may be done, according to the accounts of all voyagers in the polar regions. The icebergs which form along the coasts of the islands in the Arctic and Antarctic seas, are frequently loaded with heaps of stones that fall down upon them from the cliffs. When they become detached from the shore they sail away with this burden far down into the open sea, dropping the stones as the ice by which they were attached melts. In this manner blocks of almost any size, at least far above any boulder that has as yet been discovered, may be readily conveyed to distances far greater than this block in the Pentlands needs to have travelled. And such, we have little doubt, has been the way in which it has journeyed from the Highland hills to its present resting place in the Lowlands. Many other facts con-

firm this theory. Over the whole range of the Pentlands travelled stones may be found, though few at all equal to this one in size. Yet we observe that the smaller stones are generally rounded and water-worn, like those on the banks of a river or the sea-shore, whereas the larger ones are more often square than angular. This shows that the former have been rolled and moved about in the water, whereas the latter have not been so. Besides, the smooth outline of the valleys, and the rounded forms of the hills, require the long-continued action of water upon them, and not the mere sweep of a passing wave.

More than forty years ago, Playfair pointed out this little valley in the Pentlands, as illustrating many of the most important geological theories. Had its phenomena been duly studied, many doctrines which were highly fashionable for a time in geological society would never have been entertained. On all points relating to the origin of valleys, it contains a most instructive lesson to those who can read it aright. It is now frequently visited by strangers as the scene of Ramsay's celebrated pastoral the Gentle Shepherd. We trust that some also may look upon it as the scene of an older drama, in which fire and water, winds, waves, and icebergs, the tempest and the earthquake, were the actors. If they do so with an intelligent eye, we can assure them they will not look in vain.

## ENTERPRISE IN TROPICAL AUSTRALIA.*

The rise and progress of the British settlements in Australia present one of the most brilliant chapters in the history of colonisation. Within the last twenty years, New South Wales, from an obscure penal station, has arisen to the first rank among our colonial dependencies, the adjoining island of Van Diemen's Land has been fully settled, thriving offshoots have sprung up on the southern and western coasts of the Australian continent, the foundations of a great colony have been laid in New Zealand, and the recent establishment at Port Essington has carried British industry and enterprise into the region of the tropics, and opened a mart for our commerce among the fertile and populous islands of the eastern archipelago. The severe commercial crisis through which these interesting dependencies have recently passed, though undoubtedly productive of great suffering and loss, has nevertheless tended to demonstrate their inherent stability; while the growing importance of their commerce, and the increasing demand for their great staple production, wool, show that the gradual development of their vast resources may yet secure for them a still larger prosperity. Every kind of information connected with these outlets for the surplus labour and capital of the mother country must possess a high degree of interest, and we accordingly hail with pleasure the present valuable contribution to the annals of Australian enterprise.

The work of Mr Earl consists of a narrative of the North Australian expedition, which resulted in the establishment at Port Essington, of the settlement and progress of that colony, and various important observations on the climate, productions, and capabilities of tropical Australia. Our readers are perhaps aware that two attempts had been made to occupy these regions previous to the expedition with which our author was connected. In 1824 a detachment of military and convicts, under the command of Sir J. J. Gordon Bremer, were settled at Melville Island; but disputes with the natives, and a number of unforeseen casualties, rendered the settlement unfortunate from the first. This led, in 1827, to another establishment at Raffles Bay, on the Coburg Peninsula, a few miles eastward of Port Essington, under the superintendence of Captain Stirling, and hither the colonists at Melville Island were removed. But though this latter settlement, as we are told, proved as prosperous as the former had done the reverse, its existence was destined to be of short duration. Captain Stirling, on his departure from Raffles Bay, had proceeded to the western coast, for the purpose of examining the Swan River; and his report proved so favourable that government immediately determined to colonise the country in its neighbourhood, and to abandon the settlement at Raffles Bay. That colony was therefore broken up, the stores and cattle being carried to the new district, while the garrison was removed to Sydney; and in a few years the recollection of these North Australian settlements was in a great measure obliterated. 'In the year 1837, however,' says our author, 'the subject of colonising the tropical coasts of Australia was again revived, and many circumstances contributed to cause a considerable degree of attention to be directed towards it. Since the abandonment of Raffles Bay, a great change had taken place in the southern or temperate regions of Australia. New colonies had been formed upon the southern and western coasts; and every port that afforded shelter for shipping had been taken possession of; while, from the strong tide of emigration that was setting in in this direction, it became evident that, ere many years elapsed, every spot of country suited to the production of the staple export from the Australian colonies would be occupied; when it would become necessary to open out those regions which, from the nature of the climate, were calculated for the growth of the numerous articles of tropical produce which form the basis of our foreign commerce. The great amount of shipping that now passed through Torres Straits, and the loss of life that had occurred from shipwreck, rendered a port of refuge in the neighbourhood an object of importance; and it was also anticipated that a settlement in these seas would lead to a commercial intercourse with the adjacent islands of the Indian archipelago, the produce of which was known to be of a very valuable description. While the subject was under discussion, it was discovered that a French expedition was preparing at Toulon for the express purpose of taking possession of some port on the north coast of Australia. The evident inconvenience that would have resulted from the establishment of a rival nation midway between our Indian and our Australian possessions tended to precipitate matters, and the immediate occupation of the coast became an object of importance.'

The government accordingly resolved on a new and decisive effort for the colonisation of tropical Australia, and the result was the expedition, the narrative of which is now before us. 'Her Majesty's ship Alligator, of twenty-eight guns, was commissioned by Sir J. J. Gordon Bremer to execute this piece of service, and the Britomart, a brig of ten guns, Lieutenant commanding, Owen Stanley, was subsequently added to the expedition; a vessel of this description being considered as well adapted for the examination of the seas and islands contiguous to the north coast of Australia, which had hitherto been very imperfectly explored. A party of marines, under the command of Captain John Macarthur, was embarked on board the Alligator, to constitute the garrison of the new settlement. The men had been selected from among the numerous volunteers who had offered themselves for the service, and each individual was acquainted with some mechanical art that would prove useful in a new country. A practical gardener, who also understood the collection of botanical specimens, was attached to the expedition; and every article necessary for the comfort of the garrison, or to render effective the service on which they were to be employed, was most liberally supplied from the dockyards of the port at which the expedition had been fitted out.'

The expedition sailed from England in March, 1838, and in the ensuing July arrived safely at Sydney. From this place, after a pleasant sojourn of two months, which had been spent in collecting 'that endless variety of articles necessary for the establishment of a naval post,' and in constructing the framework of certain wooden tenements intended for barracks, storehouses, &c., the adventurers set out for their destination. 'The ship was quite a Noah's ark. Cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry were quartered between the guns, and a number of giant kangaroo-dogs were

* By G. Windsor Earl, M.R.A.S., Linguist to the North Australian Expedition, and Commissioner of Crown Lands for Port Essington. London: Madden & Malcolm. 1846.

incessantly stalking about the decks, trying to discover if there really existed any spot in which they could lie down for five minutes without being trodden upon. But whatever little inconveniences might have resulted from this state of repletion were most cheerfully submitted to, and a general feeling of pleasing anticipation appeared to pervade all ranks on board.'

Our author characterises the voyage as one of the most agreeable he ever remembers to have made, and we must regret that our limits prevent us from following him through his animated descriptions of the coast and its inhabitants. The following extract offers a fair specimen of this portion of the narrative:

'On the morning of October 12, the wind was light from the southward, and our progress was not very rapid. We were now on classic ground. To seaward lay the Endeavour Reef, upon which the ship that first explored these coasts was thrown during the night, and only saved from total wreck by the energy and skill of the ablest of navigators. Within us, Cape Tribulation, a bold and lofty headland, rose abruptly from the sea, forming the most prominent feature in the landscape, and the eye of the commander was no doubt anxiously directed towards it, when it was suddenly found that the water was gaining on the pumps, after the ship had floated off the reef. To our left was Weary Bay, the scene of incessant labour in efforts to save the ship; and far a-head appeared the narrow opening of the Endeavour River, in which she was repaired and once more rendered fit for sea. It is singular that throughout this thousand miles of coast, more recent surveys have not brought to light a single port that would have answered the navigator's purpose one half part so well as this.' Few readers will need to be reminded that the immortal Cook is the navigator here alluded to.

As the vessels advanced farther into the region of the tropics, the appearance of the coast became daily more interesting. 'We got under weigh as usual at daylight on the 17th. The wind was well to the eastward throughout both this day and the one preceding, so that a vessel bound in the opposite direction would have had a fair wind. The appearance of the mainland had considerably improved. Trees had become numerous, and many green and apparently fertile valleys were passed during the day. Towards evening, when near Cape Direction, four natives paddled towards the ship from the mainland in a canoe that was provided with an outrigger, like those of the South Sea islanders; but their object was only to look at the ship, for when within two miles of us they stopped, and after examining us attentively for some time, returned towards the mainland. At five o'clock, we anchored under a low island, covered with bushes, and the greater portion of the officers landed, together with one watch, or half of the crew, who had received permission to take a run on shore. The boats, about a dozen in number—quite a musquito fleet—were soon close to the island, for the men, anxious to get on shore as quickly as possible, pulled most lustily. A more perfectly quiet scene could not be conceived than that which the island presented as we approached. A slight hissing, produced by the ripple of the swell as it washed up the beach, with an occasional scream from the red-billed oyster-catcher, as it tripped lightly along the sands previous to taking flight, were the only sounds that could be heard; but in less than five minutes after the boats had touched the beach it became a perfect bedlam broke loose. A number of little landrail, which could run tolerably fast, but could only take short and imperfect flights, were found among the grass and bushes; and the sailors, to the amount of at least a hundred, were soon scampering about, through brake and briar, in chase of them, being very meritoriously aided by the long-legged kangaroo-dogs; while the sea-birds that had taken up their abode for the night on the island, alarmed at this unusual disturbance, flew screaming overhead, offering a fair mark for the sportsman. The chase soon ended in the capture of all the landrail that did not succeed in hiding themselves under the bushes; and the more boisterous among their pursuers commenced playing at leap-frog, while those of a philosophic turn examined the beach for shells and other curiosities, the gastronomes finding ample employment in catching the rock-fish that had remained behind, in holes in the reef, when the tide had gone out, or in collecting crabs and shell-fish. The beach absolutely swarmed with small crabs that had taken possession of the empty shells thrown up by the sea, and which they carried about with them wherever they went. It certainly appeared at first sight very singular that these creatures should have voluntarily thrust themselves into such inconvenient abodes; but the secret lies in the voracity of the sea-birds, which would soon swallow them up if they appeared outside their houses. The sailors call them soldier-crabs, from some absurd resemblance they suppose them to bear to soldiers running about with sentry-boxes on their backs.'

On the 20th October, the commander, accompanied by the greater portion of the officers, and the marines under arms, landed at Cape York, the northern extremity of Eastern Australia, and took formal possession of the coast in name of her majesty. Six days more carried the ships across the gulf of Carpentaria to the place of their destination. 'In the grey of the morning (October 27) the tops of the trees on Cape Croker were visible from the deck. We now hauled up for Port Essington, and all hands were anxiously looking out to catch a glimpse of the spot which would probably be our head-quarters for some time to come. The land was reported from the mast-head at least half-an-hour before it was visible from the deck, but at length the tops of the trees showed themselves in little detached clumps above the horizon, and the land itself rose to the view. Presently some low sand dunes appeared, and then came the beach, its pure white affording a pleasing contrast with the deep green of the waters that bounded it. The scene was perfectly a quiet one. There appeared to be nothing stirring, with the exception of a few birds which were running along the beach, and occasionally wading into the water as it washed up, to seize upon any little denizen of the sea that might come within their reach. Nor was there much noise on board, for every one appeared to be occupied with his own thoughts, and the general silence was only occasionally disturbed by a remark from some keen observer, who supposed that he had been the first to discover some striking novelty. It was indeed an absorbing moment to the whole of us, for probably no expedition ever sailed upon a similar service in which both officers and men took a more general interest than in this. The breeze had now drawn in more from seaward, and, as is usually the case in the forenoon, had freshened considerably, so that we soon shot past Point Smith, and had now fairly entered the outer harbour. As we advanced, the scene altered very materially. The sandy beach still remained, but beyond it the land rose gradually towards the interior, and was clothed with open forest, so clear of underwood that we could see some distance into the country. Many clumps of the fir-like casuarina, with its dark green foliage, studded the beach at intervals, apparently affording an agreeable shade; and here and there jutting cliffs of red earth and sandstone advanced to the water-side, having forest-trees on their very edges; indeed, some cases occurred of trees having fallen over the cliff into the water below. We were not a little surprised at seeing one of these trees hanging over the edge of the cliff, apparently suspended by the tap-root; and it had evidently been long in this situation, for the branches had adapted themselves to their novel position by growing upwards towards the root.

While passing the schooner Essington to enter the inner harbour, Mr Watson, the master, had come on board, and reported that he had arrived about ten days previously. The natives had been very friendly, and had afforded material assistance in landing the frame of the church, which had been deposited on the beach above high-water mark. Our curiosity to see these denizens of the forest did not long remain ungratified, for shortly after anchoring, a small canoe, containing two men, was seen approaching the ship, and from the direction in which they came, we

judged that they did not belong to the party that had visited the schooner. As the canoe neared the ship, both the men stood up, and the elder made a short speech, the purport of which, as may be imagined, was perfectly unintelligible to us. They seemed very reluctant to come close, and it was not until after repeated invitations that they at length came alongside. The elder, whose name was Lingari, singled out Sir Gordon Bremer the moment he came on board, and delivered a long address, shedding many tears, and frequently touching his shoulders with both hands in a sort of half embrace. From his repeatedly pointing towards Raffles Bay, and making use of the term 'commandant' in a tone of endearment, it appeared that Langari, who, although belonging to the Port Essington tribe, had been a frequent visiter at our settlement at Raffles Bay, had mistaken Sir Gordon Bremer for Captain Barker, the last commandant there, to whom the natives had been very much attached. The younger man, Wanji-wanji, who must have been under twenty years of age, was in a state of the most intense fright from the very commencement of the interview, and I suspect that it was owing to his remonstrances that they hesitated about coming on board at once. His teeth chattered, and his eyes rolled about in an agony of alarm and apprehension, which had not completely subsided when he returned to the shore, after a visit of upwards of an hour, loaded with presents, and possessed of a greater amount of wealth than he had ever before even contemplated. This youth, who belonged to a tribe inhabiting the south coast of the peninsula, soon afterwards became an almost constant resident among us, and proved highly intelligent and useful.'

Having fixed upon a spot for the settlement, which was marked by a white cliff on the western side of the harbour, the colonists commenced their labours with great spirit. While some were employed in preparing enclosures for the stock, and others, under the superintendence of the gardener, in fencing a piece of land for the reception of the plants, the main body of the men were occupied in landing and putting up the frameworks of the buildings. The woods abounded with game, and those of the officers not otherwise engaged, found abundant occupation in bringing down pigeons, tree-partridges, quail, and kangaroos, as yet unaccustomed to the sound of the gun. The water also afforded a plentiful supply of carvallo, mullet, and several other kinds of excellent fish. 'The spot upon which the settlement had been formed was a piece of table-land, about a quarter of a mile in extent from north to south, and projecting from the mainland about the same distance. At its south extreme lay the white cliff which has been already mentioned, and the northern part consisted of a knoll rather above the general level, which was named Minto Head. The landing-place was formed nearly midway between these two points. A short but steep ascent led up to the table-land, which continued nearly level for about three hundred yards, when it sloped gradually towards the interior, but soon rose again to an elevation rather greater than that of the table-land. The northern part of this promontory, if I may so term it, was bounded by a bay, which, however, was rendered useless by a mud-bank, dry at low-water, that entirely filled it; and its shores consisted of a deep and impenetrable belt of mangroves. To the south lay the little sandy bay that I have already mentioned as being the spot in which the garden was made. A more busy scene than the little settlement presented cannot well be conceived. The woods absolutely rang with the sound of the hammer, and in every direction the white posts of the new buildings were seen gleaming through the trees. The organ of constructiveness also became developed to an alarming extent among the junior officers of the frigate, several of whom displayed their architectural skill in constructing little tenements of the materials that were at hand, in which to pass the hotter parts of the day, during which period the men ceased their labours for a time. It does not fall to the lot of many to witness the early struggles of a new settlement, but I can assure those inexperienced in such matters, that although certain privations and inconveniences must necessarily be endured by those who become the first occupants of a new country, yet there are still many little pleasures attending such operations that go far to mitigate these evils. There is scarcely an individual talent possessed by man that cannot be usefully brought into play in the formation of a new settlement; and nothing can exceed the satisfaction with which one contemplates any little improvement that he has effected, be it merely a path through the woods, or a small patch of garden-ground reclaimed from the waste.'

The colonists were fortunate in procuring abundance of fresh water, and a constant friendly intercourse with the natives was kept up. A supply of live stock and plants for the garden was readily procured from the neighbouring islands, of which our author furnishes an interesting description. Several prahus from these islands also visited the settlement. 'By the end of May, 1839, all the preliminary arrangements in the settlement had been so far completed, that Sir Gordon Bremer felt himself at liberty to proceed with the Alligator to Sydney, where it was anticipated that orders for opening Port Essington for colonisation would be found awaiting her arrival. Government-house, officers' quarters, two storehouses, and an hospital, had been completed, and the garrison were all housed in neat little thatched cottages. Several wells, affording an abundant supply of water, had been sunk in different places about the establishment, and a battery, armed with some of the Alligator's eighteen-pounders, had been formed upon the edge of the white cliff, commanding the entrance of the inner harbour, and giving the settlement quite a warlike appearance. An excellent survey of the port, and of the coast to the eastward, had been completed by Mr Tyers, assisted by Mr Byron Drury, of the Alligator; and the excursions of Lieutenant Stanley in the Britomart had made known to the people of the neighbouring islands that a British force had been established in their neighbourhood, which would render any further attempt at molesting the European strangers that might visit them a highly hazardous undertaking.'

We have not space to follow further the progress of this infant colony. We are told that 'the latest dates of news from Port Essington are up to the month of June of the present year. The settlement continues to be prosperous, and a temporary accession had been made to their numbers by the arrival of the crew of the ship Coringa Packet, and a portion of that of another ship, the Hyderabad, in all sixty individuals; the vessels to which they had belonged having been wrecked in Torres Strait a short time previously.'

Our author has dedicated two interesting chapters to a detailed description of the Coburg Peninsula, the seat of the new settlement, embracing its geographical features, soil, climate, and natural productions; but we prefer bringing our extracts to a close with the following observations on tropical Australia generally:

'The explorations carried on from time to time on the tropical coasts of Australia have tended to prove that the nature of the country accords very closely with that of the south-eastern parts of the continent; and, with the exception of the bamboo forests, the vegetation generally is of a similar character. The savannahs at the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and upon the mainland near the neck of the Coburg Peninsula, find a parallel in the plains to the westward of the Blue Mountains; and patches of tropical jungle are also met with near the banks of the rivers to the north of Sydney. The forest lands are of the same open description, and we may conclude that they are equally well adapted for pasturage, since the buffaloes that had been left behind when the settlement at Raffles Bay was abandoned, have increased to a surprising degree, and wander about the country near the neck of the peninsula, in herds consisting of forty or fifty. Stragglers have often been encountered in the more immediate neighbourhood of the settlement; large, unwieldy bulls that have been driven out of the herd by others stronger than themselves, and who roam about in search of other herds; or, on finding a spot suited to their tastes, pass their time away in alternately feeding on the rich pasturage and wallowing

in the mud, like swine; in which positions they are often met with so immersed in mire, that they experience some difficulty in extricating themselves. The buffalo, although large and powerful, is, in other respects, a very inferior description of animal, and I do not anticipate that it will ever prove of much service to settlements upon the coast; indeed, on the contrary, the tendency to increase is so great, that their numbers may eventually prove a nuisance. The European breeds of cattle, for which both climate and pasturage are equally well adapted, prove far superior in every respect; and the ships that now pass through Torres Straits to India in ballast afford a cheap and ready mode of transport from the southern colonies. And, if the nature of the intermediate country is found to present no natural obstacles to their transit, it may be expected that, when the demand is sufficiently great, individuals will undertake to drive herds of cattle overland, as they were formerly introduced from New South Wales into South Australia. I have already stated that the sheep brought to Port Essington did not thrive, and, even if it be found that other pasturages are better suited to them, the nature of the climate, generally, forbids the hope that wool, the staple export from the southern colonies, can ever be produced with advantage in the tropical regions. The country at the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and the hills that abut upon the north coast, which, from their peculiar position, enjoy a lower temperature than other parts, may prove to be adapted for sheep-farming. But the heat and moisture of the tropics, so highly favourable to vegetation, point out the produce of the soil as that to which future settlers must look forward as the reward for their toil. As the settlements that have been formed from time to time upon the northern coasts have never yet been thrown open to individual enterprise, the only criterion from which we can judge of the capabilities of the soil is that afforded by the portions of ground that have been brought into cultivation for the purpose of furnishing a supply of fruits and vegetables for the garrisons. These have been generally termed gardens, but they must not be associated with gravel-walks, neat hedgerows, and beds carefully manured; since they consist of mere patches of waste land, with the smaller trees grubbed up by the roots, and the stumps of the larger ones left standing; unsightly objects, certainly, but land being abundant, the space they occupy becomes of little importance. A ring-fence, to keep out the cattle and pigs, completes the preliminary arrangements, and the ground is then dug up, cleared of weeds, and planted.

'The first garden was formed near the sea-shore, to the south of the settlement, where the soil was of the light description that I have termed upland soil; but from its position near the foot of the slope, the quantity of decomposed vegetable matter it contained was considerable. The young trees and seeds brought from Rio Janeiro and Sydney were planted in this garden, and the tropical productions generally succeeded; but the European vegetables, although the seeds germinated, gave little promise, with the exception of melons and pumpkins, which, indeed, appear to grow well in all climates that are not too cold. A second garden was subsequently formed at the back of the settlement, partly on upland soil, and partly on a rich alluvial flat; and this was taken by Captain Macarthur under his own immediate superintendence. The men of the garrison also planted the ground in the neighbourhood of their houses with yams, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, bananas, Chili pepper, &c., with complete success, although the soil was apparently the poorest of the upland description.' The culture of wheat was not attempted, nor does our author think that this, or indeed any kind of European vegetable, can be successfully reared. But the sugar-cane continued to flourish remarkably well, while the cotton plant, of which various descriptions were introduced, 'appears to be better adapted to the soil and climate of the Coburg Peninsula, and indeed of the northern coasts of Australia generally, than any other description of produce. There are political reasons, too, for wishing that cotton should become the staple product of the tropical parts of Australia, which must be evident to all those who are aware of the source from which our chief supply of this important article is at present derived, and how liable we are to have this supply cut off at a moment's notice.'

The climate of these regions, like that of all tropical countries, is unfavourable to Europeans; but it would appear that an abundant supply of labour could easily be procured from the adjacent regions of the East. 'The natives of the different countries of the East are also each proficient in peculiar kinds of labour. Thus the Malay is the best adapted for clearing new lands; the Chinese being unaccustomed to these operations, from their country having been long under cultivation. The latter, again, are the best agriculturists, and the most skilful manufacturers of raw produce; while the natives of India prove superior herdsmen. They are all acquainted with the culture of cotton, but not in an equal degree; the Chinese and natives of continental India claiming the precedence. The Indian islander is contented with simple food, but is expensive in his clothing, and therefore the best customer to the British manufacturer. The Chinese labourer wears little clothing, but expends a considerable portion of his wages in rich food. The native of continental India is sparing in everything, and saves his wages to carry back to his own country. This was severely felt at the Mauritius when Coolie labourers were first introduced, and caused specie to be in great demand, but the evil was remedied almost as soon as it was generally felt. When it is considered that the population of China is upwards of three hundred millions, that of the British possessions in India seventy millions, and that of the Indian Archipelago between twenty and thirty millions, it may be safely stated that the supply of labour from these sources is likely to prove inexhaustible.'

## MUSIC.

The music of the church, the noblest branch of the art, has remained unchanged for generations, and will probably remain unchanged for generations to come. Founded on the great principles of harmony established by the ecclesiastical composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is constructed of materials over which time has small power; and the few ornaments which may be applied to it, by the varying taste of the different ages, can but slightly affect the aspect of its massive and colossal structure. Compared to this, accordingly, all other kinds of music appear to be fleeting and ephemeral. In every country it is the oldest music that is extant; and in our own, the walls of our cathedrals may still re-echo the sacred strains of Gibbons and Tallis, Purcell and Boyce, after all the profane music that has been produced from their days to our own shall have been swept away. It is on this foundation that Handel has built the stupendous choruses of his oratorios. Their duration is independent of the mutability of taste or fashion. They make the same impression now as when they were heard for the first time, and will continue to act on the mind with undiminished power, so long as the great principles of human nature shall remain unchanged. In regard to the *airs* of these great sacred works, such of them as are disfigured by long and stiff divisions, formal closes, and other marks of the antiquated taste of the time, are no longer heard with the pleasure they originally conferred; but it is the glory of Handel's genius, that, in his moments of inspiration, he broke through the conventional trammels which bound his cotemporaries, and imagined those divine melodies which must for ever find their way to the heart. Handel's airs almost uniformly bear the impress of his mind; but some of them resemble a noble or beautiful figure clothed in the cumbrous costume of his day, while others, free from such trappings, display the perfect symmetry and grace of some exquisite remnant of Grecian art. If the choruses in the *Messiah*, 'For unto us a child is born,' and the 'Hallelujah,' shall continue from age to age to produce awe and veneration, so shall the airs, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' 'He shall feed his flock,' and

'He was despised and rejected,' fill the mind with chastened joy, tenderness, and pity.

The parts of Handel's compositions which will form the most enduring monument to his memory, are those which are capable of producing their effects chiefly by means of the combined powers of human voices; for the more independent music is of the assistance of instruments, the less will it suffer from the influence of time. Changes are incessant in the structure and powers of instruments. Some drop out of use, and others are invented; while their infinite variety of combinations are constantly assuming new forms, in consequence of the boldness of genius and the caprices of taste. But the voice, in its chief features, is always the same. The most sublime harmony in existence is that which is so broad in its structure that it can be distinctly produced by a great body of voices. Of this description are the *Chorales*, which, in Germany, are composed by the greatest masters, and performed on the most solemn occasions. The greatest of Handel's choruses are of this character. The different parts are either united in great and solid masses of sound, or responsive to each other in passages of fugue or imitation, which, taken by themselves, are plain, simple, and distinct phrases of melody, and derive their effect from the manner in which they are combined and blended. Were each of these parts to be sung by so great a number of tunable and powerful voices as would *fill* the church or other place of performance, no instrumental additions could increase the power of harmony; and thus the only use of instruments is to create a volume of sound which could not otherwise be obtained. Accordingly, in these choruses, the instruments are played in unison or in octaves with the different vocal parts; and the design of the composer, and the original structure of his harmony, are in nowise affected, whatever number or variety of instruments are used along with the voices, whether we have only those employed by Handel himself, or the riches of a modern orchestra. Provided, however, that the volume of sound is suited to the magnitude of the place, the more completely it is made up of voices the better; while, on the other hand, we often find that the grandeur of a chorus is impaired by the voices being smothered by an over-proportion of instruments. This comparative independence of the aid of instruments, must necessarily give to the sublime choruses of Handel a longevity which will be denied to the modern compositions of this class, in which the vocal harmony is frequently less prominent than the florid instrumental symphony by which it is accompanied.—*Hogarth.*

### GRATITUDE.

A very poor aged man, busied in planting and grafting an apple-tree, was rudely interrupted by this interrogation: 'Why do you plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?' He raised himself up, and leaning upon his spade, replied, 'Some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone.'

### CONVERSATIONAL POWERS OF A WIFE.

How pleasantly the evening hours may be made to pass, when a woman who really can converse will thus beguile the time. But on the other hand, how wretched is the portion of that man who dreads the dulness of his own fireside! who sees the clog of his existence ever seated there—the same, in the deadening influence she has upon his spirit to-day, as yesterday, to-morrow, and the next day, and the next! Welcome, thrice welcome, is the often invited visiter, who breaks the dismal dual of this scene. Married women are often spoken of in high terms of commendation for their personal services, their handiwork, and their domestic management: but I am inclined to think that a married woman, possessing all these, and even beauty too, yet wanting conversation, might become 'weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,' in the estimation of her husband; and, finally, might drive him from his home by the leaden weight of her uncompanionable society. I know not whether other minds have felt the same as mine und the pressure of some personal presence without fellowsh of feeling. Innocent and harmless the individual may who thus inflicts the grievance, yet there is an irksome ne in their mere bodily presence almost intolerable to borne: and in proportion to the estimate we form of re society, and companionship, and sympathy of feeling, the dread we entertain of association with mere animal li in its human form, while nothing of this fellowship of fee ng is experienced.—*Mrs Ellis.*

### THE HERD LADDIE.

[We give the following from a highly pleasing little volume poems, entitled 'The Home of the Heart,' by Miss AIRD, of ki marnock.]

A herd laddie sat, in his plaidie o' grey,
'Neath the beild o' a bush in the howe o' a brae,
On the moss-theekit stump o' an auld aiken tree,
By a wee wimpling burnie that sang to the sea,
And silver'd the hem o' a bonnie green knowe,
Whar the broom-bush, and breckan, and primroses grow:
As wee stars that glimmer like sprinklings o' gowd,
As they blink through the blue o' the grey e'ening cloud,
His sheep lay besprent on the green mountain's breast,
As white as the snaw-cleeded gowan they prest—
Whar the lammies were bleating, and jumping wi' glee,
And nibbling the gowan that spangled the lea;
Noo laughing and dancing, like youth's morning wave,
Ere it wanders and vaumers awa' to the grave.
The herd laddie doff'd his wee bonnet, and smiled,
But a tear in his dark e'e my heart near him wyled,
Like an amber-bead trickled adown his brown cheek,
Clear as pearlins o' dew-draps that glanced at his feet.
I said, 'Wee herd laddie, what maks you sae wae?
A' nature around you is smiling and gay.
Come, tell me your story, I'll sit by your side:
What book's that you re hiding aneath the grey plaid?
Are ye cauld? are ye hungry? is't far frae your hame?
Hae ye faither or mither?' He sighed—'I hae nane.
Yon bonnie cot-house in the lap o' the glen,
When a bairnie, I toddled it's but and its ben;
When I look till't I greet—for that ance was my hame—
Noo faither, and mither, and help I hae nane:
Syne the nicht faither dee't gushes back to my mind,
Though maister and mistress to me are fu' kind;
And there is the psalm round his bed that we sung—
I hear his last words drapping yet frae his tongue:
Oh, the tears happit fast frae his dim closing e'e,
When he bless'd us, and tauld us his bairns he maun lea'e!
And that is his bible he gied me, and said,
'Mind your Father in heaven, my bairns, when I'm dead;'
When my wee brithers grat round the auld elbow-chair—
For he learned us the psalms on the Sabbath e'en there;
And we knelt on that hearthstane whar uncos noo meet;—
When I think I've nae hame, oh, what wonder I greet!—
But I look to the skies, and I ken there is ane
Wha loves me and guides me, though on earth I hae nane.'
Oh, the heart that ne'er warms for the faitherless bairn
Is hard as the millstane, and cauld as the airn!
Oh, daut them and cleed them wi' mitherly care:
They are nuralings o' heaven—oh, nurse them wi' prayer!

### COMMERCIAL VALUE OF INSECTS.

The importance of insects, commercially speaking, is scarcely ever thought of. Great Britain does not pay less than 1,000,000 of dollars annually for the dried carcasses of the tiny insect, the cochineal; and another Indian insect, gum shellac, is scarcely less valuable. More than 1,500,000 of human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of silk; and the silkworm alone creates an annual circulating medium of nearly 200,000,000 of dollars. 500,000 dollars are annually spent in England alone for foreign honey; at least 10,000 cwt. of wax is imported into that country every year. Then, there are the gall-nuts of commerce, used for dyeing and making ink, &c.; while the cantharides, or Spanish fly, is an absolute indispensable in materia medica.—*Boston Transcript.*

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## HISTORY, NATURE, AND PROPERTIES OF GOLD.

GOLD, it would appear, has been both known and valued from the remotest ages of the world. There are a few Scripture references which would lead us to infer that even before the Flood it was in use; but this, as it is more a matter of conjecture than of certainty, need not be insisted upon. We are sure that so early as the times of the Patriarchs, the value of this metal was distinctly appreciated. In Egypt, at the same period of history, gold was in general use; and hence Pharaoh is represented as pulling off a gold ring from his own, and putting it upon the finger of Joseph; he also arrayed him in vestments of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck. At the time when the Israelites left Egypt, gold, as an ornament to the person, was in common use even among the poorest of the people; 'for the children of Israel borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver and jewels of gold.' Among all nations, indeed, where the slightest pretence to civilisation is exhibited, gold from the earliest times has been regarded as the symbol of wealth, and the most intense cupidity of the human heart has been excited to obtain it.

Anciently it appears to have been very plentiful, as shown in the quantities used in the Tabernacle and in the Temple of Solomon. We are also informed that all Solomon's drinking vessels were of the same metal. Alexander the Great found immense quantities of it in the treasures of Darius, the Persian king. Some of the Roman generals had prodigious quantities of it, which they had taken from the conquered nations, and it was carried before them in their triumphs. Several of the Roman emperors expended excessive sums in luxury. The Roman emperor Caligula is reported to have had a horse which he sometimes invited to his table, where it was presented with gilt oats and wine in a golden cup. On the decline and fall of the Roman empire, and during the wide-spread ravages of the Goths, Huns, Vandals, Saracens, Turks, and Tartars, gold became very scarce, from large portions of it having been hidden by parties who were never permitted to return to the spots where it was concealed. Until the mines of America were discovered by the Spaniards, it was only found in loose particles mingled with the sand of rivers, especially in Guinea, on the west of Africa. From this coast a few vessels still continue to fetch gold and ivory, giving in exchange arms, iron, tobacco, rum, &c. It is also found in the East Indies, in China, and in small quantities on the continent of Europe. In the German mines, pure masses of a great weight have been found. In Lapland and Sweden there are mines producing a small quantity of gold; and it was at one time found in Scotland. On the marriage of James V., 1537, a large part of his presents were cups of gold, filled with gold coin and gold dust, the natural produce of Scotland. This gold came from the mines of Crawfurdmuir, in Lanarkshire, which were then wrought by Germans. The gold produced from these mines was coined into what is called 'bonnet pieces.' More recently it has been found in Wicklow, in Ireland, where it was discovered in the year 1795. There pieces of several ounces weight were frequently found, one piece weighing nearly twenty-two ounces troy. The greatest discovery of gold which has been made within a few years, is that of its existence in the Uralian mountains of Siberia, accompanied by platinum. In the mine Zarewo-Alexandrowsh, in the year 1826, one piece of native gold was found, weighing about twenty-two pounds, with other pieces weighing from two to four pounds each.

According to the mining laws of Brazil, when a person discovers a district rich in gold, he obtains from the government a portion of the land, sixty fathoms in length by forty in breadth, which he is allowed to call his own; the government claims a second portion of equal size, and usually farms it out to other persons; and a third portion is appropriated in a way supposed to be most suitable for the efficient working of the whole, according to the number of slaves that can be collected on the spot. There are three methods of mining adopted, which may illustrate the matter generally.

In the first method, the mountain containing the gold is pierced in various quarters until a vein is found; and this vein is worked as long as it remains profitable. The excavations are seldom very deep, and as soon as the vein becomes too poor to pay for farther excavation, it is abandoned and another one sought; so that the mountain becomes by degrees quite honeycombed. The gold sought for by this mode is nearly pure.

In the second method, streams of water are made by conduits to flow over the beds impregnated with gold. The violent descent of the water tears up the soil, and carries it down the slopes of the mountain-sides to the valleys at the bottom. Slaves furnished with spades and levers aid in this operation, by rending from the side of the hill the large masses which the waters may have loosened. All the masses and fragments thus collected together are broken up, and whilst the water, sand, and gravel are made to flow off through narrow channels, the harder masses are stopped by a grating. While thus flowing on, the water is stirred most assiduously by slaves, in order that the small particles of gold may be separated from the sand and gravel, and fall to the bottom, where they are received on hides or on woollen cloths spread out for their reception. These cloths or hides are dried, and are then well beaten, to libe-

rate the little fragments of gold. This constitutes the whole of the method; and a very wasteful and inefficient one it is; for a number of the smaller and less weighty particles are carried off by the rapidity of the current without being deposited at all; while all the gold which is contained in larger masses of rock detained by the grating is neglected.

In the third method, advantage is taken of the waste which occurs in the other two; and it is adopted by negroes and poor persons, who have full permission to employ themselves in this way. The rejected or neglected pieces of rock, which nevertheless contain gold, are carried down into the rivers and streams, which also have a good deal of minutely divided gold in their waters, arising from the circumstance just alluded to. The 'façadores' (as the poorer class of adventurers are called) wade into the water up to the waist, and lift up the sand or wetted soil in wooden bowls; they shake these bowls in such a way as to cause the golden particles to sink to the bottom, and the earthy and lighter particles to float to the top. By this means, and also by washing a collected heap of sand on the river-side, the 'façadores' find gold enough to pay them for this expenditure of their time. All the gold thus procured is sent to the imperial foundry to be smelted or purified.

Gold is of various tinges or shades of colour, from pale or lemon yellow to yellowish brown, supposed to arise from different physical or constitutional conditions; alloyed with other metals, it may be made to assume a great variety of shades. In the process of melting, it appears of a whitish colour just before it dissolves; when fully melted, it presents a bluish green colour on the surface. It gives a very rich and beautiful colour to glass, called the purple oxide of gold, and is also made into a fine pigment for painters. It likewise affords the means of preparing a fulminating compound; and by a recent discovery of a French chemist, it has been detected in the colouring matter of some flowers. The specific gravity of gold is 19·85, that is nineteen times heavier than an equal bulk of water, being among the heaviest substances in nature (exceeded by platina, which is 21·47). Its atomic weight, according to Thomson, is 200. The degree of heat at which it melts, according to Wedgewood's thermometer, is 32 degrees; or, according to Fahrenheit's, 52·87 degrees; while cast iron melts at 20·577 degrees. The ductility of gold is one of its most singular properties, and cannot fail to excite admiration when compared with other metals. According to well-authenticated calculations by Wallerius, Reaumur, Lewis Geoffroy, &c., a grain of gold may be drawn into a wire 500 feet in length; and Boerhaave mentions that this was actually accomplished by one Cassius, a workman in Augsburg. An ounce of gold may gild a silver wire 444 leagues in length; a grain of gold, flattened into leaves, may cover an area of more than 1400 square inches; it may be lengthened and beat out in such a manner as to occupy 65,590 times the space which it formerly did: a gold wire, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, will support a weight of 500 pounds. Gold, unlike most other metals, does not corrode; nor does the melting of it in a common fire diminish its weight; but if exposed to the focus of a very strong convex lens, it flies off in small particles. It can be oxidated by electricity, by which an oxide of a purple colour is formed. It can be dissolved in nitro-muriatic acid, being a mixture of nitric acid and muriatic acid, commonly called aqua-regia.

Regarding the process of assaying the ores of gold, we may state that native gold is generally alloyed with copper, silver, and iron. This is treated by the nitro-muriatic acid; the silver is deposited spontaneously in an insoluble muriate, one fifth part of the weight of which belongs to the metal; the gold is precipitated in a fine powder by the sulphate of iron (copperas); the iron is indicated by prussiate of potass, and the copper is separated by the iron; each of these operations is performed upon particular portions of the native gold. The auriferous sulphurets of iron are pulverised; they are then digested in diluted nitric acid at 45 degrees of temperature; six parts of this acid being employed at several times for one of ore till the sulphur is separated, pure and of its natural colour; from 12 to 16 parts of acid are required for one of pyrites. The sulphur remains at the surface of the liquor, and the gold is found at the bottom in a brown powder; this is melted in a crucible with borax or potassa. When gold is alloyed with silver mixed with stony matter, the method of extracting is very simple. The ore is first broken into pieces, and freed as much as possible from impurities, after which it is reduced to powder, and made into a paste with salt and water. Mercury is next squeezed through a leather bag on the mixture, and as it flows in, in very minute globules, it is mixed with the ore. When the proper quantity is added, the whole is beat well together, and kept at about the temperature of boiling water for some days, till the union is effected, after which the earthy matter is washed away, and the residue is subjected to distillation, by which the mercury is expelled, and the gold, containing a little silver, is left. These are easily separated by the process of *parting*.

The ordinary method of obtaining pure gold among goldsmiths is to take the metal in the form of old articles, filings, &c. and refining them with half its weight of saltpetre in a crucible, the mass that remains at the bottom, consisting of silver and gold (the copper and other metals being separated by the action of the saltpetre), is alloyed with silver, in the proportion of 2½ parts of silver to each part of gold in the mass: then the whole is melted together and made into thin plates by flattening rollers; it is then put into a vessel containing nitric acid, which absorbs the silver, and the gold remains in a brown mass. The acid, which now contains the silver, acquires a greenish colour, and by adding common salt, the silver is precipitated in a beautiful white powder, which is fused with the addition of potass.

Gold is likewise melted with the addition of borax. In the ordinary process of manufacturing this metal into ornaments, it is usually alloyed with certain proportions of silver and copper, according to the quality or colour required. The quantity of gold in an alloy is expressed by the number of parts called carats existing in 24 of the alloy. Thus gold, 18 carats fine, consists of 18 of gold and 6 of alloying metal. Gold 24 carats fine, is, of course, pure gold. In the working of pure gold, the metal may be wrought at a red heat, but when alloyed, it must be cold, else it will break. In the process called colouring gold, the alloy having a preponderating portion of copper, the articles after being finished are rendered of a beautiful fine pure gold colour, by boiling them in certain proportions of saltpetre, alum, and salt, and refining, as it were, the surface of the metal.

In soldering the different portions of a piece of work, a portion of the gold of which the work is being formed is reduced in fineness, and is melted at the joinings of the work, generally with the blowpipe and flame, the solder being assisted to run by the use of borax. Another way in which gold is used, is in the gilding of metal. This operation is performed by taking pure gold and mercury, the gold being flattened to a considerable degree of thinness, and then put into a vessel containing the mercury in its metallic form; this, at a certain degree of heat, absorbs the gold, and both combined form what is called an amalgam. The metal to be gilt is thoroughly cleaned by washing with acid; then a coat of pure mercury is rubbed over it, after which a portion of the amalgam is rubbed on it, holding it over the heat till it has covered the part required to be gilt. The surface then has the pale silvery appearance of quicksilver, but on the application of a pretty

strong heat, the mercury evaporates, and the gold is left firmly adhering to the metal, having a dull yellow colour, which is rendered bright by the process of burnishing. Among the most recent methods of using this metal, the process called electro-plating is a very striking example of the wonderful power of electricity.

In drawing this paper to a close, it may be useful to say a few words on the so-called philosophy, alchemy, or the pretended art of making gold or silver. In the opinion of the alchemist, all the metals are compounds, the baser of them containing the same constituents as gold, but mixed with various impurities, which, being removed, the common metals were made to assume the properties of gold. The change was effected by what was termed lapis-philosophorum, or the philosopher's stone; which is commonly mentioned as a red powder possessing a peculiar smell. It has been supposed by the learned, that alchemy originated among the Arabians when they began to turn their attention to medicine, after the establishment of the Caliphs; but it would serve little purpose to speak with any minuteness of the different individuals of eminence who have given their attention to this unprofitable study, from Albertus Magnus, a German, in 1282, and continued by many in succeeding ages. The last person (at least in this country) who professed to convert mercury into gold, was Dr Price of Guildford. He is said to have convinced some persons of the probability of transmutation. His experiments were to have been repeated before competent judges, but he prevented detection and exposure by destroying himself; this happened in 1782.

Gibbon the historian, speaking of alchemy, says, that 'congenial to the avarice of the human heart, it was studied in China as in Europe, with equal eagerness, and with equal success.' The darkness of the middle ages ensured a favourable reception to every tale of wonder, and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and suggested more specious arts of deception. Philosophy, with the aid of experience, has at length banished the study of alchemy; and the present age, however desirous of riches, is content to seek them by the humbler means of commerce and industry.

The manufacturing of plate, such as we find at the present day, partakes of much variety in the processes, according to the costliness of the material used. Some of these varieties consist of articles made with gold throughout; those made of solid silver and gilt with gold; others made with solid silver without gilding; and those made of copper or German silver, plated with silver by the old way, or by electro-plating or gilding. This branch of art is one which calls for the exercise of great taste as well as mechanical skill. The costly display of plate which is exhibited on the sideboards of the wealthy, would lose very much of its charm were it not the result of a graceful and highly ornamental design. In past ages in Italy, the workers in gold and silver ranked their art only a little lower than that of sculpture, in respect to the patterns selected for imitation.

The Eglinton Testimonial is one of the many splendid productions of this country which we may take notice of. This superb piece of workmanship was executed by Messrs Garrard, Haymarket, London; and presented to the Earl of Eglinton in 1843, as a testimonial for the liberality displayed by his lordship in the tournament at Eglinton Castle in 1839. The composition is about four feet high; the weight of it is 1600 ounces, costing about 2000 guineas, which was defrayed by subscription among the nobility and gentry. The figures in the composition were designed by Cotterill, the architectural portion by Sibron.

Sir Robert Peel estimates the gold in use and in circulation, or lying in the banks, at from £80,000,000 to £85,000,000—about 867 tons.

Mr Jacob estimates the annual consumption of silver in the United Kingdom at 3,282,046 ounces, valued at £820,521:—that paying duty, 1,275,806; used in watch-cases, 506,740; in plating, 900,000; for other purposes, 600,000. The value of the stock of silver in the hands of the manufacturers and dealers is estimated by the same authority at £3,280,000. The value of ornaments and utensils of the precious metals in Europe and America, if brought to the crucible, he values at £400,000,000, or one fourth more than the value of the coined metals. The annual consumption of gold and silver in Europe and America he estimates at £6,000,000; that of Great Britain being valued at £2,457,000.

## A VIEW OF ENGLISH LITERATURE BETWEEN 1727 AND 1780.

### POLITICAL ELOQUENCE, CHIEFLY PARLIAMENTARY.

CHATHAM—BURKE—PITT—FOX—SHERIDAN—JUNIUS—DE LOLME.

THERE is no question that, with a single exception in favour of the present age, the greatest orators of modern times must be looked for in the period before us. The first who graced this period is Chatham, eminent, viewed in relation to any succeeding orator, but standing alone and unapproached by his early cotemporaries. This fact makes us exceedingly regret that there are so few specimens indisputably genuine of his speeches; and that we can little more than guess, from the extraordinary influence he exerted upon his times, the high merits which belonged to them. Like a tower, against whose sides every element of heaven rages to no purpose, Chatham stood unmoved and immoveable amidst a venal age, when his well-merited laurels were attempted to be insidiously plucked from his brow, or he himself precipitated from the heights to which his virtues and genius had raised him. However, a few fragments of his eloquence have been transmitted to us in a state comparatively unimpaired by the channels through which they have come down; and from these, as well as from four volumes of his letters, recently published, and which are purely genuine, we are enabled to collect the leading qualities of his mind, and to fix him amongst the greatest spirits of modern or of ancient times, who have wielded a despotic influence over assemblies of the people, or of their representatives. Chatham was singularly cut out to make a great figure in popular meetings, where grand results, possessing in themselves their proof, not less than their nature, rather than trains of reasoning, however able, have to be displayed to an audience. To a voice possessing a full and most melodious utterance, and a countenance, form, and gesture, imposing and majestic in the highest degree, he united every accomplishment of genius and political learning which could recommend a speaker to a deliberative assembly; of astonishing sagacity and penetration, he unravelled the most complicated knots which political intrigue and venality could contrive wherewith to perplex him; and with perceptions seemingly intuitive, he darted into the policy of cabinets, and set in motion agents, drawn from opposite quarters of the world, with which to thwart their schemes, and to raise his country from the lowest possible political degradation to the very summit of political glory. In the fragments of Chatham's speeches we find no ingenious refinements, no subtle or profound distinctions, nor yet any attempts at lengthened and recondite reasoning. The orator achieved his triumphs by rapid bursts, by volumes of impassioned thought, which illuminated every sphere that circled around him, and in the mighty conflagration consumed every invention which the wits of hostile minds could devise. Confident in his own uprightness, and cherishing the most unwavering faith in the power of conscience to convict and alarm, he pursued his antagonist through no windings, but proclaimed, in tones of thunder, those words which he knew would strike his adversary dumb, and procure for the speaker the acclamations even of his enemies. Proud in an extraordinary degree, he possessed all those magnanimous qualities which are commonly allied to pride, and in which, perhaps, it takes its origin. Inferior minds could not understand him; and even men only inferior to himself found it difficult, if not sometimes altogether impracticable, to work along with him. His virtues were those equally of the heart and of

the head; and rose to such an astonishing height, that in genius of a different kind must we look to find any parallel to them.

For such a parallel, we turn with confidence to Burke—endowed with so great a profusion of gifts, both natural and acquired, that we are at a loss to ascertain the extent of these, or to fix the relative measure in which they were severally possessed by him. In one respect only, do we find it possible to bring Chatham and Burke into comparison, or rather, we should say, into contrast. As a mere tactician in the art of governing an assembly, Burke was singularly deficient. For eminence in this department, the qualities of his mind and the defects of his exterior manner equally conspired to unfit him. Harsh in the tones of his voice, and provincial in his accent, as well as uncouth and monotonous in his gesture, he could not seduce the more effeminate of his hearers into attention; while the extraordinary length and unceasingly argumentative character of his speeches succeeded in wearying minds of all but the very highest in power. As a speaker, therefore, it is obvious that we must place Burke out of view, and take his orations not as spoken but as written, not as addressed to the audience of Westminster Hall or of the House of Commons, but as, in common with his other works, prepared for the world and for posterity.

The first thing which strikes us on turning in this spirit to the works of Burke, is the prodigality of his invention; viewed whether in relation to argument, to imagination, or to what Mackintosh correctly observes, some foolishly think his greatest excellence, to style. Not only is a profusion of thought and fancy, almost boundless in extent and variety, placed before the reader, but he receives the impression that what is displayed falls infinitely short of what lay within the capacity of the author. Every science and every art is touched at one point or another: the manners and customs of people, ancient and modern, of every clime and speech, whether savage or civilised, are made either to furnish or to adorn an argument. The allusions to ancient learning, though not at all so numerous as those of writers during the Elizabethan age, are yet profuse compared with those of political writers of more recent times; while no fact, whether political or commercial, that could affect the condition of the world, and especially of England, to which his eye was directed with all the hopes he cherished of liberty and happiness, seemed to escape his notice. Arguments of every kind, more recondite or more popular, are scattered with an open hand over his path; and images pour in from all quarters to make accessible to other minds, to enrich, or to recommend his arguments. Every instrument of rhetorical power is used at one time or another; whether invective, to crush an opponent; wit, to rally and amuse; or pathos, to melt his audience. Metaphors and similes, tropes, and sometimes figures, carried occasionally to an extravagant length, lie heaped upon the page of the orator. Nothing seems too vast or too minute for him to handle; nor is there any kind of argument or mode of address to which his wonderfully flexible style is unequal. Narrative, description, passionate appeal, stormy declamation, overwhelming ridicule, and profound political disquisition, are found, in greater or less proportions, in his extraordinary speeches and pamphlets.

This prodigality, we have said, is the first thing which strikes the reader of Burke's works. But astonishment at the resources of the inventor soon gives place, in the reader's mind, to admiration of the skill of the artist, when he comes to analyse the workmanship, and to reflect on the harmony of its parts, its curious joinery, and the marvellous polish which its framer has succeeded in imparting to it. This is true, especially when the object of examination is the 'Reflections on the Revolution of France,' certainly the most finished of Burke's productions. In it all his powers are displayed, and these in better proportion and taste than in any other of his works. A work so well known, it would be superfluous to attempt, especially here, to describe. The art, whatever may be said of the materials, is unbounded. The manner of Burke is, however, peculiarly worthy of notice. He approaches the citadel of opponents by the most subtle and dexterous steps; first by sapping their intellectual, moral, or political characters, then by conjuring up the most fantastic or the most horrible spectres of social and political distress that can be supposed capable of affecting the hopes and fears of mankind. Nor is his declamation pure and unmixed which his readers might allow to roll over them untouched by it. Maxims of profound wisdom, and reflections on the nature and prospects of man, both apart and in society, are so interwoven with whatever is merely rhetorical, that it is difficult, or all but impossible, to keep the passions in a state of repose, and resist the magic influence of his fancy. Nor does the writer invite you, by division into chapters, to review calmly the ground you have gone over, or, by overloading the imagination, does he leave you to become distrustful of your guide. In spite of yourself you must go right on to the end, taking as your clue to what follows, the remarkable counterpart that goes before. Like a panoramic view, each figure as it comes into sight is so related to those yet unseen, that you allow the whole to be unrolled ere you suspend your attention. There is, too, a grandeur, an earnestness, and a dignity about the whole, not less in the characters and events to which the work relates than in the execution, which, together with the other qualities we have mentioned, give it almost unbounded sway over the reader.

The method of Burke's argument is, as it appears to us, accumulative. A principle is stated, after a comprehensive preliminary survey of supposable obstructions in the way of its reception has been made. From the statement of the principle, the orator makes digressions on all sides of it, sweeping off whatever is irrelevant, and bringing out into the foreground the main position of his topic. The illustrations are copious, or even redundant, without being tautological. His fancy seems to dilate with its object; and instead of being overborne by its greatness, it is only the more excited thereby to load it with ornament of every kind. From this source arises the weakness of Burke. Not only the judgment, but also the taste, is offended by the ceaseless flow of imagery, not always very select, which he pours upon his argument. The argument, like an object seen through a haze, expands beyond its natural dimensions. To this objection, the 'Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents' is a most striking exception. Nothing can be more calm, dignified, and profoundly discussed than that article. We had, indeed, selected it and the speech on American taxation, for analysis, but our space entirely forbids that exercise. In a word, there is such a blaze of genius in the writings of Edmund Burke, that it is with difficulty we can escape from their dazzling influence so as to speak impartially, and yet adequately, of their merits.

The genius and manner of Pitt are so different from those of Burke, that, if the latter sometimes exceeds in spirit and fancy, the former as often errs from coldness and severity. Among practical intellects, we have no hesitation in placing Pitt's the very highest. Not that the views and general policy of Burke had less ultimate reference to practice; for Mackintosh, in an able fragment of criticism, has elucidated this feature in Burke's mind, that, however much he ran up in speculation to first principles, yet it was their bearing upon life that furnished the motive, as well as fixed the limits, to the exercise. But there is wanting in Burke that which in Pitt never failed him—the habit of regulating his speeches, both in the form and length of them, not so much by the subject as by the nature and disposition of his audience. Both equally aimed at utility as their object; but in the art of adapting their resources to the exigency of the case, Pitt was far the superior of the other. Of course, we do not mean to say that this remark is invariably true of these great men; for though Pitt seldom, perhaps never, lost sight of his immediate object, Burke was, in this respect, oftentimes his equal, and, in extent of influence, greatly his superior.

It could hardly be expected that, except from minds of a somewhat liberal taste, two such different kinds of eloquence

as those of Burke and Pitt should obtain the suffrages of the same persons. It is observable, accordingly, that Burke's writings have gained for him a far more general reputation —we mean among those classes who, though readers, are engaged in mechanical or commercial occupations, as well as those of the learned professions—than the speeches of Pitt have won for him. This is owing partly to the superior lustre of his genius, and partly to the more general manner in which he treats his subjects, less exclusively applicable to the exigency which called them forth. But of those whose taste can relish the severer graces of oratory, the directness, the simplicity, the invariable neatness, and harmonious development of Pitt's speeches, must command the highest admiration. A dignity, approaching to a cold and haughty pride of manner, is conspicuous in the addresses of the youthful premier, well befitting his office, and calculated to inspire his party with a feeling of security, from the confidence which it bespoke of resources to meet the necessities of the state. His argument is exhaustive without being wearisome, and there is a perspicuity in his diction which could alone result from a taste formed on the purest models of Grecian eloquence. Nothing irrelevant, however fine, is allowed to stay the speaker on his way. His eloquence flows like a river, placid from its depth and fullness. This, however, gives rise in the mind to a sense of uniformity, though hardly of monotony. What Pitt says is always good, and apparently very much to the purpose. But you are rarely surprised with a passage so dazzling as to draw from you an involuntary burst of applause. It is the ceaseless variety of Burke's manner that forms one of its principal charms; but if you are seldom very greatly moved by Pitt, you are never offended. Pitt's original faculties appear to have been wrought and mutually harmonised to a degree that invariably produces an admirable instrument, though the mind loses the enterprise, along with the eccentric movements, of one less artificially educated.

With a taste as severe, but with sympathies far more generous and universal, Fox must be allowed to have carried off from his great rival the palm of the affections of his hearers. The love of liberty, which burned brightly till death in the enthusiastic spirit of Fox, is a principle which we might expect would fire its possessor with an eloquence ardent and rapid. Such, in short, was the character of Charles Fox's eloquence. Ardent to an extraordinary degree, it blazed forth incessantly, especially when the question before the house regarded the rights or happiness of mankind. Far more direct and chaste than Burke, he also excelled him in the bearing down on an opponent. His invective was overwhelming, because the fancy was never allowed to divert the orator for a moment from the object of his merciless and consuming attack. Burke delighted in the exercise of his mind, for the sake of exertion itself; Fox spoke because he had something great, as he thought, to gain by speaking.

In many respects, there is a striking resemblance between the eloquence of Fox and that of Robert Hall. Both minds loved liberty with an idolatrous affection. Both, though comprehensive in their excursions measured by a certain standard, were practical rather than speculative. There is the same lucid transparency of thought and diction in the eloquence of both. Both possessed, in a remarkable measure, the power of successful retort and withering sarcasm; and each in his own sphere successfully directed his talents to the more perfect development of the constitution of England, without falling down in stupid worship before it. Hall's was, indeed, a finer mind, though not more manly or so powerful. In these, and a few other respects, we can trace an interesting resemblance between these two great apostles of liberty.

In the character of Sheridan there is something so chivalrous that one feels rather deterred from entering into its merits with the specification of criticism proper on other occasions. It seems not liable to be tried by the same rules; and the same remark is felt to be applicable to his eloquence. Sheridan spoke for fame; and his eloquence, therefore, is marked by extraordinary rhetorical merits. In these chiefly, it must be admitted, lies the power of his oratory. Effect was what Sheridan aimed at; not the effect which follows the exposition of truth and righteousness, and which, as an object of desire, takes its origin in a devoted love to the progress of mankind; but the effect which is the sparkling emblem of power, however evanescent—the momentary persuasion which yields a vote, though it does not permanently influence. Not that the public service was an object of indifference to Sheridan; yet it was rather the vehicle by which he hoped to win a reputation, than the goddess at whose feet he laid his talents with joy. Hence, though he shed astonishing lustre on his party, he has effected nothing which makes the patriot hang on his name with admiration. Sheridan was deficient in what is called *character*, and you stand amazed at him, as at a brilliant meteor, but you do not fondly retrace his course in the hope of gathering the great truths of political wisdom and morality which fell so liberally in the wake of Burke and Fox.

This seems to be a proper place for noticing the 'Letters of Junius,' and the work of De Lolme on the Constitution of England, though we can spare no room for an extended notice. Such a notice, indeed, of either of these works, is unnecessary; since both, especially that of Junius, are well known to general readers. The letters, though wanting in truth, candour, and charity, are unquestionably the most extraordinary works of the kind that have appeared either in ancient or modern times. We do not here allude to the authorship, which, with Macaulay, we think must be traced to Francis. But viewed as literary productions, prepared for a given object, they are remarkable for every quality which could recommend them to the public. All the small firearms of rhetoric were put in requisition by the author. Wit, satire, invective; terrible, and sometimes coarse abuse; many commonplaces of morality stated in a striking manner; the ornaments of style, consisting of antitheses in great abundance, metaphors, and figures, especially the figure of interrogation; melodious, though varied, periods; together with an apparently unbounded knowledge of the private transactions of the cabinet and of public men; these are the resources which Junius brought to the preparation of his letters. They made an unexampled noise at the time of publication; and then, as well as since, have set as many minds to work, in attempts to trace their author, as, perhaps, the Iliad and Odyssey.*

De Lolme's work is a very good book for making Englishmen contented and peaceable, at least so far as the form of government concerns them. It aims to be popular, and has received a very general and favourable reception. It has been thought by Burke not unworthy of commendation. The style is simple and pleasing; very good considered as that of a foreigner.

## EFFECTS OF MENTAL INHERITANCE.

It was on a certain day in the summer of 1844, that I found myself seated at a *table d'hote* in the little dorf of Meinberg, in Westphalia, along with a motley company of persons belonging to almost all nations, who had come there either to enjoy pleasure, or to reap benefit from the use of the mineral waters for which the village is celebrated. It chanced that my right hand neighbour was a man of so very uncommon an appearance, as to rivet my instant attention. He was dark complexioned, melancholy, and reserved almost to rudeness. His countenance bore marks of much suffering, but whether of a bodily or of a mental nature it was impossible to tell; and when the different dishes were passed from person to person, round the table, as is the custom in Germany, each one helping himself, he peered anxiously and earnestly into them—plunged the fork or spoon always down to the very bottom, and turned up the lowest portions of the food for his use;

* In the 'Remains of Coleridge,' there are some observations on the 'Letters of Junius,' as discriminating in their nature as the remarks of that profound and eloquent critic usually are.

besides which he constantly examined what he had thus obtained with a sort of microscopic attention, totally at variance with all common proceedings, and certainly not indicative of any very keen development of appetite. If he had been hunting a bride's cake for the ring, or dragging the ocean for the last—the very last fish, he could scarcely have been more particular; and I must say, I soon became exceedingly curious to know the reason of all this, for that there was a reason I never once doubted. The fact of being countrymen and speaking the same language, gradually drew aside his veil of reserve, and ere we separated, which was not until bedtime, he was a changed man: but all I could learn from him was, that he was one seeking change of scene on account of his mental health, and that he despaired of finding any benefit, go where he might. I did not despair, however, of learning more, and my mind being entirely occupied with thoughts concerning his sufferings, it is no wonder if I dreamed all night of men expiring in dreadful agonies, of ghastly visions of human miseries, and then of the calm and the peace of the grave, and of the vastness and incomprehensibility of eternity.

Next morning I anxiously waited in the public room for his appearance. He came not. I inquired—he was gone! But on his dressing-table lay a small packet addressed to me. I opened it and read. Judge of my astonishment as I perused the following lines:—

'The interest you displayed yesterday for my sufferings, which I know my manner makes apparent to all, raised a feeling within my breast to which I have long been a stranger. If I had had time I meant to have confided my history to you verbally; but fate calls me away—a fate I cannot resist—at an early hour to seek in another change of scene, if possible, some alleviation of my misery. The dark hours of night which bring no darkness to me, and which are usually allotted by others to rest, are the hours when most the spirit of my agony prevails. Under a more than common influence of that agony, I have this night employed these hours in drawing up a short sketch of my life. It is herewith enclosed. I give it to you because of my confidence that you will sympathise with me. Adieu! we shall never meet again! I go to a climate where the hand of disease lies with leaden heaviness on the most robust, and where death walks about in open day, a fleshless, loathsome skeleton. How much more heavily then shall that hand lie on me, and how much more easily shall I become a prey to death, wasted and reduced as I am by the cravings of my mind after what I know to be a mere hallucination—a dream never to be realised, but which my greatest efforts do not enable me to resist! Again farewell! may you never feel—indeed no other man not born as I was *can* ever feel the dreadful influence of desires which *cannot* be gratified.'

If I was curious before, I was now doubly so; and immediately retired and perused the following:—

Few people of understanding doubt the evident effects produced, both physically and mentally, on offspring by the previous state and conduct of the parents, and especially by the mother, during her pregnancy. It is a well known fact, that tadpoles, confined amongst water in a dark place, do not grow to frogs, but to monstrous tadpoles. It is also a fact, that at Lille, in certain dark caverns under the fortifications, some beggars had taken up their residence, and produced so many deformed children, that the authorities strictly prohibited access to these accursed holes. Here we have undoubted proof of the consequences which circumstances may engender as regards the physical formation of man; and if so *apparently trifling* a cause as the want of light shall so affect his physical formation, how much more may not the same cause or others, to us equally trifling, apparently affect his far more acutely sensitive mental being—that mysterious and refined connecting intelligence betwixt the present and the future world! And we see that it is so in reality. The mixed breed between Hindoos and Europeans, are a superior race in their mental qualifications to the pure Hindoos, at the same time that they are inferior to Europeans. In Persia, the nobles are the most gifted individuals, both bodily and mental, of any class of society in that country; and no other cause can be assigned for this, save that they marry with Circassians alone. Now this is diametrically opposed to the conduct of the Spanish nobility, who intermarry to such an extent amongst themselves, cousins with cousins, and even uncles with nieces, that next to a general idiocy prevails. Bonaparte's father was a very handsome man—eloquent, and of a very vivacious intellect. He married Lætitia Ramolini, whilst he was engaged in civil discords, fights, and skirmishes. She was a woman of firm character, and very beautiful in form. She attended her husband during her pregnancy with the future emperor in his flights, enduring dangers and fatigues of no common kind. The result is too well known. Europe yet trembles under the inflictions of their gifted offspring. Tristram Shandy does not hesitate to blame his parents for various evils which occurred to him by inheritance, the consequence of their actions, and I fear not to follow his example. I attribute all my misfortunes and sufferings to errors on the part of my parents both before and after my birth, but particularly to those errors committed before I saw the light.

It were well if parents considered what I have just stated more than they usually do: it were well both for themselves and their offspring; but alas! the social laws, anomalous as it may appear, act as preventatives. The rich man has no time to spare from his pleasures and the demands of his associates; the middle class is absorbed in business; and the poor man is prevented by the daily, hourly, momently calls of dire necessity: the cry of 'Food! food! food!' is ever in his ears, goading him on, even when the drumming, *murdering* sound of the factory is there also. Man is a slave to social law. They talk of liberty! who has liberty? where dwells liberty? Liberty is a dream—a false meteor guiding the ignorant to destruction. Liberty, as the people understand it, is not consistent with man's original formation, that formation being *social*. I know she is said to live singly in the deserts, to 'howl in the wilderness,' and to sing 'a charmed song' in the wild, solemn, and silent woods, and still more silent prairies of the far and much sought after west; but I know that it is false. The man who 'listens to the voice of the charmer' is as much a slave, save in the mere idea, the mere name; he is as much bound to *all* which *liberty hunters* wish to get rid of, as is the factory slave to the course of *social devilries* which eat into his soul, destroy his health, and, as a consequence, produce offspring deformed both in mind and body. Who is he who says *spirits* is the *cause* of this? alas! he knows not the facts. Over indulgence in 'spirits' is but one, and it is a dreadful one, of the many *consequences* of that vast social evil—the *too constant confinement of the masses*. A morbid desire for excitement is engendered by the monotonous nature of the employment, and when the hour of relief comes, the poor infatuated being, overjoyed at his release, rushes madly for comfort into those horrid drinking dens, where more souls have been irretrievably lost than in any other way since the days of Adam. By and by he reels to his home. Home! what a prostitution of the word! The money he has spent within the last two or three hours would have made that home comfortable during a whole week. As it is, he sees nothing but filth, squalor, hunger; infants in rags crying for food in sounds dwindled away into shadowy ventriloquism; and the enduringly patient and heart-broken wife, struggling with more than human effort to maintain her own life and that of her offspring. Morning comes, but brings with it no real repentance. The effects of the previous night's excitement have not had time to operate for good, because, ere his eyes are well opened, and before he can observe his household and its dreadful state, he must be at his work. That work goes on; his deadened faculties receive another blow, and the evening again finds him as before, on the look-out for excitement, without even the desire of resistance.

Is there no remedy for this? Not for this generation, except in alleviation. But for the next and all following there is vast ground for hope, *if* government would set their shoulders to the wheel. A system of national education, *obligatory in the highest degree*, in such a form as to instil into the pupils, in addition to the common courses, a knowledge of the *principles of the natural laws, and the consequences of their infringements*, together with the creation of large public walks, parks, or gardens, containing conveniences for rational amusements and games, where the masses would find at once healthful exercise and moral excitement, where the meeting together in such a way would induce habits of cleanliness, and a desire for respectable appearances, where *fresh air* would produce its sure result in health of body and mind; where —but I digress fearfully. I have said my sufferings were to be attributed to errors on the part of my parents. I will not accuse them merely: I will give proof.

My father was a Cornish miner, what is called a 'tributer,' besides which he held a 'dole.' He was thus directly interested in the success of the mine; he was anxious to get good ore; his daily business was to examine the ore; his nightly amusement was to talk with my mother about the mine, the ore, and his prospects. My mother had little else to take up her attention; she became equally interested in the affairs of the mine; she often accompanied my father in his descents and examinations; she looked into the very bowels of the earth, and was ever thinking of underground affairs. Their very existence seemed to depend on matters connected with the interior in place of the surface of the globe. Born, as I was, under these circumstances, is it to be wondered at that I partook in an uncommon degree—nay, entirely—of their *then* mental conformation? Is it to be wondered at, that when I was a mere child I manifested a desire to look into the insides of all things; that I attempted to dive into basins of cold, or into pots of boiling water, and exhibited on a large scale certain mole-like propensities, whenever I could come at soft penetrable bodies? That as I grew up I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to examine sea-shores when the tide had receded—to watch the letting off of the water from mill-ponds—to saunter about the banks of rivers, looking earnestly into deep holes on quiet sunny days—poking into the mud with long poles, and sometimes even stripping and diving into clear or muddy waters, and grappling about the bottom for hidden and unseen things? Is it to be wondered at that I eagerly sought after and read all sorts of books where underground adventures were depicted—that I longed to be the inmate of the diving-bell—and that I earnestly desired to see the end of the world, when the 'graves would give up their dead, and the sea would give up its dead?' Is it to be wondered at that I thought and reasoned on this last point, until I came to a conclusion as to the way it was to be managed—that I convinced myself it would happen by an increase of the earth's diurnal motion, without a corresponding increase of our and its gravity; and that thus we and all things would fly off at a tangent? Oh, how I envied the Israelites their journey through the Red Sea! How I wished I had been there to have seen the bottom when the water was withdrawn, and stood as a wall on each side while they passed along! I would not have cared for Pharaoh and his host, no, nor for the Israelites themselves, provided my wish had been gratified, and I had had time to scrape amongst the mud in consonance with my wretched propensity. But however much envy I have had of the Israelites in that particular, I have none whatever as regards their after proceedings. Both Elijah and Elisha had the satisfaction of cleaving asunder the waters of Jordan, and of walking dry-shod across its channel. Is it surprising that I look back on the favour thus granted to them with envy?

Whilst I was scarcely a man my parents died, my mother soon following my father, leaving me quite comfortable as regards money, but perishing for want of nourishment to my insatiable and consuming desires. Is it strange that I then left my home to seek more extended gratification to my fatal mental inheritance—that I descended many times the diving-bell in the Polytechnic Institution in London, yet refused their medal, for it was no feat to me—that I went to the wreck of the Royal George, and earnestly, I fear almost madly, entreated Colonel Pasley to allow me only one descent—but it was denied me? But why need I multiply instances; let me come to the crowning one—the one which has made me what I now am—an old man at twenty-seven —a grey-haired skeleton, whose days are numbered and nearly wasted, ere they are well begun—a mere thing, aimlessly wandering about the earth, except to find a phantom; and what that phantom is, is only known to me in the morbid and irresistible desire to seek for a *something*, and that something under the water or in the bowels of the earth!

During my residence in London, I had often been attracted to the Tunnel then in course of being excavated under the Thames. Many an entire day have I fruitlessly spent there, watching the progress of the labourers, and examining the earth which they brought away by slow degrees and laborious efforts, and with no other result than that of a sort of unsatisfactory partial mental gratification at the moment. It was one day in January, 1828, that I once more, and for the last time, descended the shaft and proceeded to the scene of operations. I had been complaining a little during the morning of headache and weariness, and as I found the air in the Tunnel somewhat impure and oppressive, I began to think of retiring; but a sudden faintness overcame me, and I sat down almost close to the workmen, on a pile of loose bricks, in order to recover myself. I cannot tell how it was that I should know it, but I knew that I was falling asleep, and could not help it. I wished to rouse myself, but I had no power to do so. Then soft things touched me gently all round, and clouds rolled about me, and men and women with beautiful faces sat in the clouds quite at ease, and passed things like letters fast and surely from one to another, and spoke in whispers; and some came and rubbed me gently, with hands as soft as downs; and I felt as if I were swimming amongst oil, and my soul was pleased, and I felt infinitely happy. Suddenly a change took place: I thought I was flying through the air—that I had no wings, but that I possessed a power within myself entirely under the control of the will, by means of which I guided myself through the 'blue ethereal'—that I was determined to pay a visit to the top of a high rock of a very precipitous nature, in the vicinity of my birthplace, and which was the wonder and desire of my boyhood—that I had reached the top without any great effort, and was about to place my feet on a projecting ledge, the summit of my boyish wishes, when suddenly I heard a crash and then a mighty rushing-noise, a sound of fearful import which made me pause and look around. Myriads of bats and owls, of whose existence I had never dreamed in relation to that spot, were hovering about me —the rustling of their pinions was dreadful—anon, their cries, almost shrieks, stunned my ears—then the icy coldness of the air, agitated by so many wings, was unbearable; it was like the pouring of water over my whole body. I started away to leave so horrid a place; the exertion caused me to awake. Judge—no, you *cannot* judge—of my awful terror and dismay on finding myself alone in the Tunnel, a strong current of water rushing past and partly over me in the direction of the entrance; most of the lights out, and in the other direction a vast dark body of water pouring down from a hole in the bed of the river, with a fearful, dull, and enervating sound. I felt stupified for the moment, but the innate desire of prolonging life instantly came to my aid, and my first impulse was to run out. Alas! that was no longer possible; the strength of the current took me off my feet, and had I not instinctively seized hold of a post, I should inevitably have been drowned. But what was to be done next? There was no time for consideration; in a couple of minutes at most the Tunnel would be full, and death in a most ghastly form stood staring me in the face—death,

which seemed now awfully near, confounding me with his terrors, was before and behind and around me. I looked every way, but there was no opening, not a crevice save where the dark flood came tumbling down in one unbroken and impenetrable mass. The cold perspiration stood in large drops on my forehead—my body felt as if thousands of snakes were crawling upon it, using their ribs as so many feet, and impressing their detested cold track on my skin—my tongue clove dryly to the roof of my parched mouth, the shock had caused the saliva to cease to flow—my teeth chattered—and my whole frame was agitated with a hundred various tortures. Oh, the dark, the horrid thoughts, the dismal images, which that one burning and yet death-cold minute engendered! Years of privations and of sufferings have not, and never can, efface the impressions from my memory. Steep me in Lethe—do all and every thing which has ever yet been done to cause the past to be forgotten—yet still it will cling to me like the green ivy to the withering tree, blasting and destroying, slowly and surely, the embraced trunk, and gathering fresh vigour from its very decay. Many volumes would not contain the ideas which arose and passed with electric velocity through my mind—visions of the grave—of the meeting of long separated friends and kindred—of the judgment—of the bliss of heaven and of the frightful pains of hell. Suffice it to say, that they came and passed away; new ideas arose, and these again gave place to others, with a strange impetuosity, until all at length seemed chaos and confusion. Still I have a fearfully distinct recollection of the locality. There was the pillar I clung to—there the now almost hidden brick arches—there the piles of loose bricks tumbling down from the force of the current—while the water itself was an object never to be forgotten; and ever and anon, some floundering and bewildered fish would leap madly from the element, in mortal agony at its unaccustomed position. The slimy eel in vain endeavoured to insinuate its slippery folds into the crevices of the bricks; the current was too strong, and it too, like all other living things except myself, who grasped like a giant to my pillar, was hurried wildly away in the mad career of the flood. And now the waters were rising fast. I thought they must have more than reached the entrance, for they seemed to swell and swell, like the dark and ominous thunder-cloud gathering strength for a discharge, at the same time that the current seemed rather if anything diminished in force. At this moment an idea of escape occurred to me, which had some appearance of success, strange though it may appear, and which I clung to with every nerve alive and strung to endeavour to put it in execution. It occurred to me that, from the vast velocity and power of the current, the water would continue to run on in the same direction for a short space of time, *after the Tunnel was full*, rising higher *in the shaft* than the surface of the river, and then, when that force had exhausted itself, return through the breach in the bed of the river to the Thames, until it regained its proper level, *carrying me up along with it.* The post to which I was clinging was within three yards of the breach, and thus I could not have had a more favourable position. I climbed with dreadful energy to its very top—my head touched the arch—and instantly afterwards my whole body was immersed in water. I feared now that I could not refrain from breathing until the revulsion in the flood took place, but I held firmly on to the post, resolved not to lose my chance by any error if possible—I began to grow giddy and confused—was it real? Yes! I had enough of sensation left to feel my legs turning towards the breach with the backward rush of the water—I had enough of sensation left to perceive that now was the time to let go my hold of the pillar. I must then have done so, but my consciousness was gone so soon as the idea was generated. Still I heard the hissing, bubbling, gurgling, deafening sound of the water in my ears, and strange dreamlike visions of the past flitted about me like phantasmagoria. But they were of the past alone; the present I was insensible to, and *the future was not yet come.*

On returning to consciousness, I found myself lying in bed in a narrow crib, in the cabin of a large vessel whose pitching and heaving motions spoke in unmistakeable language that I was at sea! I need not trouble you with particulars; it is enough to say that, as the ship was being towed down the river, and in the act of taking on board her last boat, I made my appearance on the surface, was picked up, and means were used to restore animation, which unfortunately succeeded. I say unfortunately, for I feel it would have been better that I had then died. The ship was bound for Australia, and as I had no alternative, I was obliged to go there also. I experienced no gratification during all the two years of my absence. The coasts and inland parts of Australia afforded scope enough for my propensity, but the heat was so suffocating that my health suffered considerably. I returned home—returned to my very few friends, as one from the grave, not more so as to time than as in appearance. I found considerable difficulty in obtaining credence in regard to my identity, so altered was I; indeed, unless for my extraordinary and uncontrollable disposition, which adhered to me throughout, and which it was but too clear no man could simulate, I would not have been acknowledged. At length I got possession of my property, and shortly afterwards came over here in search of health of mind and body. Alas, for my prospects! I thought here to enjoy retirement and an absence of all excitement—'vain are the hopes of man.' Last night, after leaving you, I took up a newspaper, and the first thing that caught my eye was an intimation that the French government had sent out engineers of experience and talent to set about constructing a canal between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean. I cannot resist the temptation—I *must* go there also. Many excavations must necessarily be made; many rivers must be dammed up; some lakes probably let out and drained; besides many other operations, all calculated to afford me enjoyment—if enjoyment it may be called. I shall see them all—I shall have a rare time of it! The thought inspires some comfort in me for the moment. God grant it may continue! The only gleam of real satisfaction I have felt for many years illuminates my enfeebled frame as I write. The hitherto almost unfelt influence of hope at last takes possession in earnest of my soul, and—glorious idea!—it is yet possible that I may conclude my few remaining days in peace—that the dreadful struggle of my mind after unattainable and unknown objects, may gradually expire as the partial gratification is obtained at the Isthmus of Panama—and that I may have the satisfaction of experiencing the feelings of my fellow-men. Vain, I fear, is the hope. The past intrudes itself like an incubus during sleep; the wings of hope are only expanded for flight, and I fear she is too young to soar. I go, however, to make the attempt; and if I succeed I shall not fail in letting you know; if I am unsuccessful, my silence will be sufficient to tell you of my fate.—Farewell!

## ANECDOTES OF DOGS.*

Some months ago we directed the attention of our readers to Mr Jesse's 'Gleanings in Natural History,' and we have again before us another delightful volume of the same interesting class. The author's tastes and pursuits are certainly to be envied. Apart from the war of politics and polemics, and the thousand distracting pursuits of active life, he follows his favourite studies of nature, animate and inanimate, and gathers the materials of instruction and entertainment from those cool and shady places, those bright meads and blossomed hill-sides, where the foot of the man of the world is never privileged to tread. For a week after laying down one of his volumes we are haunted with the music of running waters, and, like Falstaff, could 'babble of green fields.' The present volume carries the assurance of its own popularity on the title-page. Illus-

* By Edward Jesse, Esq. With illustrations. London: Bentley. 1846.

trations of the habits, instincts, and capabilities of the lower animals are always interesting; but the dog is such an especial favourite, and deservedly so, that everything connected with his history has a charm peculiarly its own. Almost every one has his own stock of anecdotes and personal experiences in reference to the sagacity and disinterestedness of this 'friend of man,' and volumes have already been written on the same fertile theme. But Mr Jesse brings so much earnestness and enthusiasm to bear upon it, that, though occasionally inclined to doubt the authenticity of some of his anecdotes, we cannot forbear making a few extracts, even at the risk of quoting what is already known.

Agreeably to authorised precedent, our author introduces his subject by alluding to the controversy as to the origin of the dog—whether, in fact, he is a dog, or a transformed fox or wolf. This question, of course, he leaves just where he found it, informing us somewhat magniloquently, that the origin of our favourite companion 'is lost in antiquity.' He rather inclines to assign an independent derivation to the canine race; but those who favour the *wolfish* hypothesis may possibly find some confirmation of it in the following:—

'The wolf, perhaps, has some claim to be considered as the parent animal, and that he is susceptible of as strong attachment as the dog, is proved by the following anecdote related by Cuvier. He informs us, that a young wolf was brought up as a dog, became familiar with every person whom he was in the habit of seeing, and, in particular, followed his master everywhere, evincing evident chagrin at his absence, obeying his voice, and showing a degree of submission scarcely differing in any respect from that of the domesticated dog. His master, being obliged to be absent for a time, presented his pet to the Menagerie du Roi, where the animal, confined in a den, continued disconsolate, and would scarcely eat his food. At length, however, his health returned, he became attached to his keepers, and appeared to have forgotten all his former affection, when, after an absence of eighteen months, his master returned. At the first word he uttered, the wolf, who had not perceived him amongst the crowd, recognised him, and exhibited the most lively joy. On being set at liberty, the most affectionate caresses were lavished on his old master, such as the most attached dog would have shown after an absence of a few days. A second separation was followed by similar demonstrations of sorrow, which, however, again yielded to time. Three years passed, and the wolf was living happily in company with a dog which had been placed with him, when his master again returned, and again the long lost but still remembered voice was instantly replied to by the most impatient cries, which were redoubled as soon as the poor animal was set at liberty, when, rushing to his master, he threw his fore-feet on his shoulders, licking his face with the most lively joy, and menacing his keepers, who offered to remove him, and towards whom, not a moment before, he had been showing every mark of fondness. A third separation, however, seemed to be too much for this faithful animal's temper. He became gloomy, desponding, refused his food, and for a long time his life appeared in great danger. His health at last returned; but he no longer suffered the caresses of any but his keepers, and towards strangers manifested the original savageness of his species.'

This wolf seems to have been rather an amiable animal, who had his good nature pretty severely tested; but we cannot allow him a nearer relationship than that of first cousin to the dog. There have been anecdotes of well-disposed tigers, and the story of Androcles and the lion, if not a fable, exhibits both memory and gratitude on the part of the king of beasts. There is no reason why the wolf should be an exception, even though his progenitors were as different from those of the dog as are their descendants at the present day. But leaving the question of genealogy to the curious in such matters, let us hear something of the mental and moral qualities of the race. The following anecdote has its parallel in many of those told of the shepherd's dog:—

'The extraordinary sense of a dog was shown in the following instance. A gentleman, residing near Pontipool, had his horse brought to his house by a servant. While the man went to the door, the horse ran away, and made his escape to a neighbouring mountain. A dog belonging to the house saw this, and of his own accord followed the horse, got hold of the bridle, and brought him back to the door.'

If the animals had a humane society, the hero of the following might have put in a fair claim for a medal:—

'During a very severe frost and fall of snow in Scotland, the fowls did not make their appearance at the hour when they usually retired to roost, and no one knew what had become of them. The house-dog at last entered the kitchen, having in his mouth a hen, apparently dead. Forcing his way to the fire, the sagacious animal laid his charge down upon the warm hearth, and immediately set off. He soon came again with another, which he deposited in the same place, and so continued till the whole of the poor birds were rescued. Wandering about the stack-yard, the fowls had become quite benumbed by the extreme cold, and had crowded together, when the dog, observing them, effected their deliverance; for they all revived by the warmth of the fire.'

Not a few professing Christians might profitably imitate the church-going tendencies of our next specimen:—

'It is a curious fact that dogs can count time. I had, when a boy, a favourite terrier, which always went with me to church. My mother, thinking that he attracted too much of my attention, ordered the servant to fasten him up every Sunday morning. He did so once or twice, but never afterwards. Trim concealed himself every Sunday morning, and either met me as I entered the church, or I found him under my seat in the pew.'

Dogs have often died of grief for the loss of their masters. The following exhibit the opposite phase of canine sentiment:—

'Dogs have been known to die from excess of joy at seeing their masters after a long absence. An English officer had a large dog, which he left with his family in England, while he accompanied an expedition to America, during the war of the colonies. Throughout his absence, the animal appeared very much dejected. When the officer returned home, the dog, who happened to be lying at the door of an apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognised him, leaped upon his neck, licked his face, and in a few minutes fell dead at his feet. A favourite spaniel of a lady recently died on seeing his beloved mistress, after a long absence.'

The next was what the Americans would call 'wide-awake':—

'A small cur, blind of one eye, lame, ugly, old, and somewhat selfish, yet possessed of great shrewdness, was usually fed along with three large dogs. Watching his opportunity, he generally contrived to seize the best bit of offal or bone, with which he retreated into a recess, the opening to which was so small that he knew the other dogs could not follow him into it, and where he enjoyed his repast without the fear of molestation.'

The dog of the succeeding anecdote might have taken lessons from Mrs Gamp, and qualified for the profession of sick-nurse:—

'His mistress always has her shoes warmed before she puts them on; but during the late hot weather her maid was putting them on without their having been previously placed before the fire. When the dog saw this, he immediately interfered, expressing the greatest indignation at the maid's negligence. He took the shoes from her, carried them to the fire, and after they had been warmed as usual, he brought them back to his mistress, with much apparent satisfaction, evidently intending to say, if he could —'It is all right now.''

The following dog performed the duties of post-boy 'for a consideration':—

'At Albany, in Worcestershire, at the seat of Admiral Maling, a dog went every day to meet the mail, and brought the bag in his mouth to the house. The distance was about

half a quarter of a mile. The dog usually received a meal of meat as his reward. The servants having on one day only neglected to give him his accustomed meal, the dog, on the arrival of the next mail, buried the bag; nor was it found without considerable search.'

Whoever furnished our author with the next anecdote must surely have been quizzing him; but, like Sir Walter Scott, Mr Jesse can 'believe anything of the dog.' Such an animal might have got a high salary in the Lyon Office:—

'A gentleman of an ancient family, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, from his having been engaged in the troubles which agitated Ireland about forty years since, went into a coffeeroom at Dublin, during that period, accompanied by a noble wolf dog, supposed to be one of the last of the breed. There was only one other gentleman in the coffeeroom, who, on seeing the dog, went up to him, and began to notice him. The owner, in considerable alarm, begged him to desist, as the dog was fierce, and would never allow a stranger to touch him. The gentleman resumed his seat, when the dog came to him, showed the greatest pleasure at being noticed, and allowed himself to be fondled. His owner could not disguise his astonishment. 'You are the only person,' he said, 'whom that dog would ever allow to touch him without showing resentment. May I beg the favour of you to tell me your name?'—mentioning his own at the same time. The stranger announced it—(he was the last of his race, one of the most ancient and noble in Ireland, and descended from one of its kings). 'I do not wonder,' said the owner of the dog, 'at the homage this animal has paid you. He recognises in you the descendant of one of our most ancient race of gentlemen to whom this breed of dogs almost exclusively belonged, and the peculiar instinct he possesses has now been shown in a manner which cannot be mistaken by me, who am so well acquainted with the ferocity this dog has hitherto shown to all strangers.'

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Among the many circumstances which contributed to make the reign of Elizabeth one of the most illustrious in English history, not the least prominent is the impetus then given to maritime adventure. At first, England had seen with comparative indifference those great results of Portuguese enterprise which for a time made the Tagus the emporium of the East; and though her statesmen may have viewed with envy the conquests of Spain, when they poured into her lap the treasures of the New World, the desire of rivalling her in these acquisitions was very slowly developed. But during the reign of the Virgin Queen, the English people summoned their energies to encounter the hazards of that element destined to become peculiarly their own, and thereon achieved victories as glorious in their character and as momentous in their results as that even which scattered the 'Invincible Armada.' When nautical science was yet in its infancy, a host of gallant leaders, inspired by the love of adventure or the ambition of discovery and conquest, sprung forward to this new career, and carried into it much of that chivalrous spirit that still survived from the middle ages. At the same time it must be confessed that these lofty and romantic feelings were often alloyed with an unscrupulousness very little in accordance with the moral standard of the present times, and that the characters of these early nautical adventurers too often exhibited a curious mixture of the knight-errant and the pirate. The desire of humbling and despoiling the Spaniard, then the most formidable national foe, was at least as prominent a motive with most of them as that of extending the glory of their sovereign and native land, and seems to have been considered an ample sanction for many dark and cruel deeds. Such, in some degree, was the case with the great naval hero, whose history we propose briefly to trace in the present paper. He belonged in many respects to the same school as his illustrious cotemporary Sir Walter Raleigh; and it cannot be denied of either that their most glorious actions were tarnished by others, which the spirit of the age may palliate but can never altogether excuse.

Francis Drake was born in the year 1544, in a cottage about a mile from Tavistock, on the banks of the Tavy, in Devonshire. His father, an intelligent but obscure yeoman, had twelve sons, of whom Francis was the eldest. In the days of persecution under Queen Mary, having attracted attention as a zealous Protestant and a man of some acquirements, this worthy person removed from Devonshire into Kent, where young Drake was brought up—'God dividing the honour,' says Fuller, 'between two counties, that the one might have his birth and the other his education.' Under Elizabeth, the father, having taken orders, obtained the appointment of chaplain to the fleet stationed in the Medway, and was some time after ordained vicar of Upnor church, situated a little below Chatham. The youth, thus reared from infancy in the vicinity of the royal fleet, seems to have early imbibed a passion for a sailor's life; and his father, poor and encumbered with a numerous family, was not disposed to thwart his inclination. 'He put him,' says Camden, 'to the master of a bark, his neighbour, who carried on a coasting trade, and sometimes made voyages to Zealand and France.'

In the service of this master, who 'kept him hard to his business in the vessel,' the young sailor rapidly acquired a thorough knowledge of his profession; and the old seaman became so fond of him that on his death he bequeathed to him the bark and all its equipments. At the early age of eighteen we find him employed as purser of a ship which traded with the ports of Biscay. About this time the slave trade, the subsequent source of so many crimes and horrors, was commenced by some London adventurers, with the view of supplying the Spanish colonies in the West Indies and America. This odious but lucrative traffic, the inhumanity of which was not denounced till a much later date, was of a nature too well calculated to allure the adventurous spirits of the period; and Drake, at the age of twenty-two, desirous of extending his professional knowledge, and participating in its gains, embarked for Guinea in a squadron commanded by his reputed relative, Captain John Hawkins, in which he had command of the Judith, a vessel of only fifty tons. The history of this unfortunate voyage, the last of the kind which Hawkins ever made, offers a curious picture of the nautical morality of the age. Having completed his human cargo, that navigator took the usual course to the Canaries and Spanish America, apparently quite indifferent whether the profits of his expedition should be the result of his ostensible traffic or of open piracy. In passing, he stormed the town of Rio de la Hacha, because the Spanish governor refused to trade with him; and soon after, when off the coast of Florida, being driven by severe gales to seek shelter in the port of San Juan de Ulloa, he made two of the principal inhabitants hostages to secure himself from retaliation. Here, while debating whether he should not at once seize upon twelve merchant ships lying in the port, and laden with cargoes worth £200,000, his position was rendered extremely critical by the arrival of a powerful Spanish fleet, having on board goods to the value of nearly two millions sterling. In the prospect of so tempting a prize, the English commander would willingly have hazarded an action, notwithstanding great disparity of force; but, dreading the anger of Queen Elizabeth, he made a truce with the Spaniards, and suffered himself to be lulled into security. The Dons, however, were even more than a match for their unwelcome guests in duplicity and cruelty, and only adhered to the truce till they could break it with impunity. Accordingly, while the people of Hawkins were quietly repairing and revictualling their ships, they were treacherously attacked by a powerful force from land and sea; numbers were massacred in cold blood; and the only vessels that escaped were Hawkins's own bark the Minion, and the Judith, commanded by Drake. After incredible hardships these two vessels succeeded in reaching England.

where the relation of their sufferings produced an indelible impression on the popular mind.

Our hero had embarked his whole fortune in this disastrous expedition, and he had lost all. Hence was laid the foundation of that deep-rooted hostility to the Spaniards which he ever afterwards evinced—a feeling not a little confirmed by the exhortations of a chaplain to the fleet, who assured him that, as he had suffered from the treachery of the king of Spain's subjects, he might lawfully make reprisals from that monarch whenever and wherever he could. Fuller says—'The case was clear in sea divinity, and few are such infidels as not to believe doctrines which make for their profit.' Be this as it may, Drake no sooner developed plans for attacking the Spanish American colonies, than he found numerous adventurers ready to aid him with money and personal assistance. He made two preparatory voyages, first with two ships and then only with one, in which he carefully reconnoitred the scene of his future exploits, improved his acquaintance with the coasts and islands of South America, and, it is coolly added, amassed some store of money 'by playing the seaman and the pirate.'

Thus experienced and reinforced, and having obtained a regular though secret commission from the queen, he made his first bold and daring attempt at reprisal. In May 1572, with two small vessels—the Pacha of seventy tons, and the Swan of twenty-five tons—the united crews of which amounted to seventy-three men and boys, he sailed for the Spanish Main, where he was joined by a vessel from the Isle of Wight, having on board thirty-eight men. With this insignificant force, he surprised the town of Nombre de Dios, then the entrepôt between Old Spain and the wealth of Mexico and Peru. The place was captured almost without resistance; and though the adventurers were somewhat disappointed of their expected booty, this was amply made up to them by the capture, soon after, of a string of fifty mules laden with gold and silver. Having gained the friendship and exchanged presents with an Indian chief, the navigator now partially crossed the isthmus of Darien, and for the first time obtained a view of the great Pacific, an ocean hitherto closed to English enterprise. With a kind of piety then perfectly intelligible, he gazed for a while intently on its boundless waters, and then prayed God to 'grant him life and leave to sail once an English ship upon its bosom.' Such was the earliest aspiration breathed after those noble discoveries which have since shed such lustre on the maritime fame of England. While indulging these emotions, however, the adventurer never lost sight of the more obvious purpose of his expedition—namely, plunder. After several other extraordinary adventures and some hairbreadth escapes, he set sail for England, with his fragile barks absolutely loaded and crammed with treasure and plundered merchandise, and reached Plymouth on the 9th August, 1573. It was the Sabbath-day, and the townspeople were at church, but the news of Drake's return no sooner reached them than 'there remained few or no people with the preacher,' all rushing eagerly out to welcome the Devonshire hero.

The successful issue of these adventures obtained for Drake at once fortune, fame, and noble patronage. The wealth he had acquired enabled him to fit out three stout frigates, which, with himself as a volunteer, he placed at the disposal of Walter, Earl of Essex, the father of Elizabeth's celebrated favourite. Of these he was of course appointed commander, and performed good service in subduing the rebellion then raging in Ireland. These exploits, and his former reputation, procured him an introduction to her majesty—a distinction which he prized the more as it promised to further what was now the great object of his thoughts, a voyage to the Pacific.

In the year 1577, the monarchies of Spain and England were still nominally at peace, though the subjects of both crowns were engaged in constant acts of aggression and violence against each other, which, though not openly countenanced by the sovereigns, were at least tacitly connived at. Accordingly, Drake found little difficulty in obtaining the decided though secret sanction of Elizabeth for another marauding expedition, in which he contemplated the realisation of his long-cherished purpose. The miniature fleet, with which he proposed to make war on the possessions of the most powerful monarch in Europe, consisted only of five vessels, the largest one hundred, and the smallest fifteen tons, and containing a crew of 164 men, 'gentlemen' and sailors. Among the *gentlemen* were some youths of noble families, who, not to mention the plunder anticipated, went out 'to learn the art of navigation.' The adventurers set sail on the 13th December, and first touched at Mogadore, on the coast of Barbary, where one of the sailors was captured by the Moors. Sailing thence, they reached the Portuguese island of San Jago, having taken and plundered several vessels which fell in their way. Here they seized upon a ship belonging to that nation, laden with wine, cloth, and general merchandise, and having numerous passengers on board. These captives Drake dismissed at the first convenient place, giving to each his wearing apparel, and presenting them with a butt of wine and some provisions, and with a pinnace he had set up at Mogadore. He, however, detained the pilot, Nuno da Silva, an expert mariner, who was well acquainted with the coast of Brazil, and afterwards published a minute account of the voyage; while the captured vessel itself was manned and placed under the command of Thomas Drake, a brother of the commodore.

Having crossed the line without meeting anything more remarkable than the tropical phenomena of the air and waters, the adventurers cast anchor within the entrance of the Rio de la Plata, on the 14th of April, whence they soon after steered to the southward, along that wild coast since known as Patagonia. Though the avowed objects of our hero were little better than open robbery, he seems at no time to have indulged in that treachery and gratuitous cruelty which have so often disgraced European voyagers in barbarous lands. On the contrary, he endeavoured to cultivate a friendly correspondence with the rude natives, and in his progress opened at various places an agreeable, if not very profitable traffic. The narrative gives little sanction to reports about the gigantic stature of these people; but they are described as strong made, middle-sized, and extremely active, with a gay and cheerful disposition. For such trifles as the English bestowed, they gave in return bows and arrows, and other rude implements, and soon became familiar. This good understanding was not, however, invariably preserved; for on another part of the coast a misunderstading led to an encounter with the natives, in which several individuals on both sides lost their lives.

On the 19th of June the voyagers cast anchor in Port Julian, near the Straits of Magellan, where they were much comforted by finding a gibbet standing—'a proof that Christian people had been there before them.' Here an event occurred which has been considered the most questionable act of this distinguished navigator. This was the trial and execution of Mr Thomas Doughty, an officer of the squadron, on a charge of conspiracy and mutiny. Though, properly speaking, no stretch of authority on the part of the commander, supposing the charge to be well founded, great obscurity has always involved this transaction; but the high character of Drake for humanity and fair-dealing among his associates seems to make it probable that the punishment was deserved. After the execution, Drake, who possessed a bold natural eloquence, addressed his whole company, exhorting them to 'unity, obedience, and regard to our voyage; and for the better confirmation thereof, willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the communion,' of which accordingly all very devoutly partook.

On the 20th of August, Drake reached Cape Virgenes, and sailed through the dreaded Strait of Magellan, being the fourth navigator who had performed that passage. By this time his fleet had been reduced to only three vessels, those considered unserviceable having been broken up. The character of this difficult navigation is now so well known, that it may suffice to say that he cleared the

western entrance on the 6th of September without accident, and at length attained the long-desired happiness of sailing an English ship on the South Sea. Here his comrades expected to begin the main business of their enterprise, and here also commenced their chief difficulties. The ship commanded by Thomas Drake was separated from the others by a violent tempest, and never more heard of; while of her two consorts, the one in charge of Mr Winter took advantage soon after of an accidental separation, and sailed back for England. Drake was now left alone with only one ship, and driven by tempestuous weather as far south as Cape Horn, the very opposite of his intended route. Undismayed by these adverse circumstances, he resumed his voyage northward on the first favourable opportunity, and on the 5th December reached Valparaiso, where he captured a valuable prize, laden with gold, jewels, wine, and other merchandise, and of course pillaged the town, which only contained nine families. Booty was now obtained in abundance. At one place a Spaniard was found asleep with thirteen bars of silver lying beside him; 'we took the silver and left the man,' quaintly says the account in Hakluyt. Soon after they captured eight llamas carrying two hundred pounds weight of silver; and in the port of Arica two or three small vessels were seized, in one of which were found fifty-seven wedges of silver as large as a brickbat. Tidings that the English were on the coast had now been dispatched to the governor at Lima; but the difficulty of travelling in these trackless regions was such that Drake outstripped the messenger, and on the 13th September, 1579, surprised seventeen vessels lying at Callao, the port of the very city where the viceroy resided. Here, however, he learned that he had missed the great prize of his voyage; the royal gallion, called the Cacafuego, having sailed for Panama, thirteen days before, laden with gold and silver. Without losing a moment, he immediately set out in pursuit, closely chased by the now aroused and enraged Spaniards, whom, however, he speedily distanced. Notwithstanding his eagerness, he took time to capture and rifle four vessels he met in with on the way, resolved apparently that no contingent advantage should interfere with present gain. At length, on the 1st March, the royal gallion was descried from the mainmast, her crew altogether unconscious of the daring enemy who was rapidly approaching. She was boarded and taken without much difficulty, and was found to contain twenty-six tons of silver, thirteen chests of rials of plate, and eighty pounds of gold, besides diamonds and inferior gems, the whole estimated at 360,000 pesos.

The great object of Drake's companions had now been obtained: if they could carry their booty safe to England their fortunes were made. But through all these scenes of pillage, their bold leader himself seems to have nursed the ambition of discovery; and the idea of a north-east passage to Europe, for long afterwards the *ignis fatuus* of mariners, had taken strong hold of his mind. Besides, he could hardly hope, in the face of the awakened vigilance and anger of the Spaniards, with the whole coast aroused against him, to make a safe return by the Strait of Magellan. Possessing the unbounded confidence of his crew, he easily persuaded them to adopt his views; and having taken in water and repaired their vessel at the island of Canno, the adventurers, on the 24th March, continued their course to the north. While at the latter place, the pinnace had brought in a prize laden with rural produce, but which also contained letters from the king of Spain to the governor of the Philippines, and certain charts of the route to that settlement, which subsequently proved of use to the captors. Another valuable prize was taken on the 6th April, one of the articles being a falcon of finely wrought gold, having in its breast a large emerald. Finally, the small settlement of Guatalco was taken and ransacked, and there also the prisoners were set at liberty, together with the pilot, Nuno da Silva, who had been brought from the Cape Verd Islands. The north-east passage to England was now the sole object; and by the 3d of June, Drake had sailed 1400 leagues on different courses without seeing land, having reached the 48th degree of north latitude. Here the cold became so intense, notwithstanding the season of the year, that meat froze the moment it was taken from the fire, and the ropes and tackling became stiff and almost unmanageable. Putting back ten degrees, the adventurers anchored soon after in a good harbour, on the shore of an inhabited country in 38 deg. 30 min. north, probably the port now known as San Francisco, on the coast of California. Here they had some singular interviews with the natives, who showed themselves very friendly; and during one barbarous ceremony, their king or chief was supposed to make a formal resignation of his dominions in favour of the English captain, who very politely accepted the gift on behalf of his sovereign. The rigours of a northern climate had now so far cooled the courage of his crew, that Drake abandoned all hope of finding a north-east passage, and at once adopted the bold resolution of crossing the Pacific, and sailing to England by India and the Cape of Good Hope.

Our limits will not permit us to trace minutely the course of the navigator in his homeward voyage. He crossed the Pacific without accident, and on the 3d November reached the island of Ternate, where he was hospitably received by the king or sultan, who is denominated by Fuller 'a true gentleman pagan.' Having thoroughly repaired his ship at a place called Crab Island, on the coast of Celebes, he reached Java, after a difficult navigation, on the 12th March. Here the voyagers enjoyed twelve days of uninterrupted festivity, the five chiefs of the island, who lived in perfect amity, vying with each other in hospitality and courtesy to their visiters. From Java our navigator stretched right across the Indian Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope, which was doubled without difficulty, and thence shaped his course for England. He arrived at Plymouth on Monday the 26th September, 1579, after an absence of nearly two years and ten months, during which he had circumnavigated the globe, and carried on a course of successful privateering unparalleled in the annals of navigation. After some little delay Drake was most graciously received at court, and Elizabeth now asserted more firmly than ever her right of navigating the ocean in all its parts, and denied the exclusive right claimed by the Spaniards over the seas and lands of the New World. The whole of England rang with the praise of Drake's achievements; and though the queen allowed certain merchants (who complained, not without abundant reason, of having been robbed) an indemnity out of the treasure which he had brought home, enough remained to make the voyage profitable to all parties. By Elizabeth's order, Drake's ship was drawn up in a little creek near Deptford, there to be preserved as a memento of the most memorable voyage yet achieved by her subjects; she partook of a banquet on board the vessel, and there knighted the captain. The author of the memoir in the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library' well remarks: 'The expedition of Sir Francis Drake thus received the approbation of his sovereign; and as the war so long impending was now unavoidable, his depredations were forgotten even by his detractors, and his fame became as universal as it was high. Envy itself had even been forced to acknowledge, not merely his maritime skill and genius for command, but the humanity and benevolence which marked his intercourse with the barbarous tribes whom he visited, and the generosity with which he uniformly treated his Spanish captives, though belonging to a nation at that period of all others the most hateful to Englishmen, and in some respects the most injurious to himself.'

With a brilliant reputation, and high in favour with his sovereign, Drake could now aspire to the first maritime employments. In 1585 the war with Spain virtually commenced, and our hero found himself once more at the head of an armament destined to carry hostilities into the Spanish Main. On this occasion his fleet consisted of twenty-five vessels, two of which belonged to the crown, and there were on board 2300 seamen and soldiers. Among the commanders were the celebrated Martin Frobisher, Captain Knollis, and other distinguished men. After cruising for

some time on the coast of Spain, and capturing the town of San Jago in the Cape Verd Islands, Drake stood for the West Indies, where he speedily made himself master of the capital of St Domingo. His next enterprise was directed against the town of Carthagena, which, after a siege of six weeks, was taken by assault, and compelled to pay a ransom of £30,000. But here one of those contagious diseases common to the climate broke out on board the fleet, so that the commander was compelled to abandon some brilliant designs he had formed. He sailed for the coast of Florida, where two small Spanish settlements were taken and burned; and, touching at Virginia, took on board the governor and wretched survivors of the colony which had been planted there the year before by Sir Walter Raleigh. By these returned colonists it is said that tobacco was first introduced into England.

The results of this expedition, which arrived in England in July 1586, though by no means so profitable as the former memorable voyage, were highly important in a national point of view. The dismantling so many fortresses was a valuable service at the beginning of a war, and, besides, the adventurers had obtained £60,000 of prize-money, with two hundred brass and forty iron cannon. The whole energies of the English nation were now aroused to oppose that formidable armament prepared by Spain for the conquest of their country, to which had been given the title of Invincible Armada. The merchants of London, at their own expense, equipped twenty-six vessels of different sizes, to which the queen added four ships and two pinnaces; the whole being placed under the command of our hero, with orders to attack the Spaniards in their own harbours. He left Plymouth in April, 1587, and learning on his passage to the coast of Spain that a fleet was lying at Cadiz ready to sail for Lisbon with supplies for the Armada, he made instantly for the former port. In the course of two days he captured and destroyed shipping to the extent of 10,000 tons—an achievement which materially crippled the enemy's resources. He then turned back along the coast, taking and burning nearly a hundred vessels between Cadiz and Cape St Vincent, besides destroying four castles on shore. This was what Drake jocularly called 'singeing the King of Spain's beard.' From Cape St Vincent he sailed to the Tagus, and entering that river, came to anchor near Cascaes, whence he sent to tell the Marquis of Santa Cruz that he was ready to encounter him. The marquis, who was accounted the best seaman in Spain, and had been appointed commander of the Armada, declined the challenge, and is said to have died of chagrin at the mischief done by Drake before that ill-fated expedition could sail. In fact, these successful operations delayed the sailing of the Armada for more than a year, and gave Elizabeth ample time to prepare for the defence of her kingdom.

Having thus gallantly accomplished his public duty, Drake resolved on an enterprise which promised to reward the spirited individuals who had enabled him so essentially to serve their common country. He accordingly sailed for the Azores, on the look-out for the treasure-ships from India; and was so fortunate as to fall in with an immense Portuguese carrack called the San Philipe, laden with the richest wares. The cargo, though of enormous value, was of even less importance to his principals than the papers found on board; for from these they acquired so complete a knowledge of the Indian trade, that they were enabled at no distant period to engage in this lucrative traffic, and to lay the foundations of that powerful association to which England owes her splendid eastern empire. In the brief leisure which he enjoyed subsequently to this expedition, our hero generously took the opportunity of conferring a lasting benefit on the town of Plymouth. He introduced into it, from springs eight miles distant, a plentiful supply of pure water, of which the place was greatly in need—an achievement still gratefully remembered in Devonshire.

In the following year, one of the most memorable in the history of England, Drake was appointed vice-admiral, under Lord Charles Howard of Effingham. Certain tidings had been received of the sailing of the Armada, and on the 18th July information was conveyed to Plymouth, where the English admiral had anchored his fleet, that his terrible adversaries were already on the coast. By noon next day his ships were at sea and ready for action, and almost at the same moment the gigantic armament of the enemy hove in sight. The issue is well known. On the 21st, with a force greatly inferior, the admiral at once commenced an attack, which was continued with unshaken courage from day to day, till, by the blessing of Heaven on the valour and skill of her defenders, England was freed from the most formidable assailants that ever threatened her coasts, and the proud Armada, shattered and disabled, was entirely swept from the channel. On the second day of the action, the vice-admiral made an important capture. Among the enemy's fleet was a large gallion commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, a man of high rank, having nearly fifty noblemen and gentlemen in his company, and a crew of 450 persons. When summoned to surrender in the formidable name of Drake, the Spanish captain offered no resistance, his vessel being already crippled and separated from her companions. Kissing the hand of his renowned victor, Don Pedro said that he and his companions had resolved to die in battle had they not experienced the good fortune of falling into the hands of one so celebrated for courtesy, gentleness, and generosity to the vanquished. In the case of our hero this was no unmeaning compliment; and he showed that he deserved it by treating his guests with great kindness and politeness, and two years afterwards he received £3500 for their ransom. Such was the fame of Drake among his countrymen of the south of England, that the common people long ascribed his wonderful successes to magical power, and his share in the destruction of the Armada was ascribed less to his courage and seamanship than to his irresistible incantations.

In the following year, 1589, Drake was employed as admiral in an expedition sent to Portugal to restore Don Antonio and expel the Spaniards, the land forces being led by Sir John Norris. But like many other able leaders, Drake was not successful in a divided command. The whole expedition was badly planned and wretchedly equipped, and was finally abandoned, after the English had disgraced themselves by many unnecessary severities. The admiral, however, justified his own share in the transaction before the queen and council, and continued to retain their confidence. This was the first check his fortunes had received, yet it did not prevent him, after an interval of six years, from again committing the fatal error of accepting a divided command.

The war with Spain still continued with unabated rancour but diminished efforts on both sides, when, in conjunction with Sir John Hawkins, Drake offered his services for another expedition to the West Indies. The design easily obtained the royal approbation, and a formidable fleet was speedily fitted out, consisting of six ships of the navy and twenty-one private vessels, having on board land and sea forces to the number of 2500. The land troops were under the orders of Sir Thomas Baskerville and Sir Nicholas Clifford. The whole set sail from Plymouth in August 1595; but hardly had they put to sea when dissensions arose among the commanders. After losing time in debate they were obliged to give up an attempt on the Canaries with some loss, while the enemy had leisure to strengthen their defences. When among the West India islands, Drake and Hawkins not only quarrelled, but separated for some time; and on the 12th November, when the fleet arrived before Porto Rico, the latter died of combined disease and grief. Meditating an instant attack, the English had anchored within reach of the enemy's guns; and while the officers were at supper, a shot entered the great cabin, drove Drake's stool from under him, killed Sir Nicholas Clifford, and mortally wounded several others. The place was assaulted next day with desperate valour; but the Spaniards were prepared at all points, and ultimately forced the besiegers to retire. The squadron then stood for the Main, where several towns and villages were taken and burned; but Drake began too late to discover

that by this desultory warfare his forces were gradually reduced without any substantial advantage. Chagrin and disappointment had also begun to undermine his health, and he now began to manifest a degree of despondency hitherto foreign to his character.

The enterprise, however, was not yet abandoned. The towns of Santa Martha and Nombre de Dios were taken with little difficulty, and at the latter were obtained two thousand pounds of silver and two bars of gold, with other valuable articles. Sir Thomas Baskerville now made an effort to penetrate to Panama with 750 soldiers, through the rocky passes of Darien. This fatal attempt gave the death-blow to the expedition. At every step he was assailed from the woods with a deadly fire of musketry; fortifications had been thrown up to impede his progress, sudden ambuscades burst on him from unexpected quarters, till, after advancing about half-way, the dispirited wreck of his little force, exhausted by fatigue and privation, were forced to retreat to the ships. This last calamity proved too much for even the strong mind of Drake. A fatal disease had broken out among the crews, and soon deprived them of the able services of the chief surgeon of the fleet. To this malady the dispirited commander himself fell a ready victim, and, after struggling with it for twenty days, he expired on the 28th January, 1595, in the fifty-first year of his age. On the same day the fleet anchored at Porto Bello, and in sight of that place, which he had formerly taken and plundered, his remains received a sailor's funeral.

'The waves became his winding sheet,
The waters were his tomb;
But for his fame the ocean sea
Was not sufficient room.'

The greater part of the life of this eminent man was spent in prosecution of the various public and private enterprises we have been endeavouring to narrate. Of what may be called his private history very little is known. It is ascertained that he married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir George Sydenham, a landholder in Somerset; and that he sat in two parliaments—on one occasion, in 1592–3, for the borough of Plymouth. He had no children, but bequeathed a valuable estate to Francis Drake, his nephew, who was afterwards advanced to the baronetcy. The eloquent writer in the 'Cabinet Library,' formerly quoted, describes him as of 'low stature, but exquisitely proportioned; his chest was broad, his head round and well-formed. He had a fair and sanguine complexion, a countenance open and cheerful; his eyes were large and lively; his beard full and comely, and his hair of a brown colour.' His whole countenance displayed that quick and resolute character conspicuous in all his actions. Of his extraordinary talents his history affords continued evidence, and though fond of amassing wealth, 'he was generous and bountiful in its distribution. He has been charged with ambition; but it is well remarked that never in any man did that infirmity take a happier direction for the welfare of his country. His example did more to advance the maritime power and reputation of England, than that of all the navigators who preceded him; he indicated or led the way to new sources of trade, and opened that career of commercial prosperity and national aggrandisement which his countrymen are still pursuing. Poets and historians celebrated his courage; and after the lapse of more than two hundred years he yet lives as the mythological hero of the traditions of his native province. Hostile lands offered equal tribute to his fame: when tidings of his death were carried to Panama, two days were given to public rejoicings; and Lope de Vega, the most popular poet in Spain, composed an epic poem to revile his deeds and calumniate his memory.' We must judge the darker shades of his character by the standard of his own rough times; and though in many of his exploits he appears chiefly in the light of a daring and skilful buccaneer, it cannot be forgotten that the most exceptionable of these enterprises were directed against that bigoted and grasping power, which had ever shown itself the unwearied enemy alike of England and of European liberty.

## THE STRAYED CHILDREN.

The shepherd's often seen at evening tide
To pause awhile, in pensive mood, beside
A ruined cottage, standing lone and still,
Beneath the shadow of yon distant hill;—
A naked roofless thing, without a door,
Weeds in its hearth, and nettles on its floor,
With empty windows wailing in the wind
To three old trees that creak and moan behind.
And one lived there, some sixty years ago,
Beloved of all, and scarce the bad his foe,
For ever oped his heart to tale of want or wo.
His sire and grandsire had before him been,
In turn, possessors of that humble scene;
And held, at little price, a piece of ground,
Which each returning year with needful plenty crown'd.
And so they lived, and waxed in years, and died,
And had their place from sire to son supplied.
And he, who then in their quiet footsteps trode,
Was like themselves a follower of his God.
A wife he had, and knew a father's joy
In one fair girl and one red cheeked boy.
But worth nor wealth can keep that power at bay
Which turns or kings or cottars into clay.
A winter's cold sat resolutely down,
And kept its place till autumn's leaves were brown;
And then it stretched him, weak and thin and wan,
Upon his lowly couch—a dying man.
'Come near me, Jean,' the anxious husband said,
'The debt 'll soon be sought that maun be paid.
Ye'll need to haud your head aboon my breath,
For, oh, it's cauld and laigh the word o' death.
Tent weel the bairns—discreetly use the rod—
And mind them o' their bibles and their God.
Our trysting-place was ance the auld thorn tree,
The nicst ane, lass, will in the kirkyard be.
And now, farewee! and may the Lord——'
His heart grew big and stopp'd him at the word.
He tried to swallow something—but his head
Fell slowly back, and laid him with the dead.
But from the stone-still eyes, and down the wan
And sunken cheeks, his tears of blessing ran.
It was a sight to haunt the mind for years,
That widow gazing on her dead man's tears.
Anon she knelt, and moved her faltering tongue,
While round her neck her weeping children clung,
And cast herself and burden on her God,
And prayed for grace to bow beneath the rod.
If day reveals the earth's refreshing green,
In night's dark eye the starry skies are seen.

And time went by, and it has power to soothe
And chasten grief, as streams their channels smooth;
And she was bless'd, as widowed heart could be,
Her thriving crops and prospering bairns to see.
The boy was six years now, the girl was nine;
She fair as morn, he dark as forest pine;
He quiet and moody, but of warm deep love;
She quick and gay, but gentle as the dove;
Both frank to friends, with smile and prompt reply,
But both to strangers, as the landrail, shy.
Thrice from the hills had roared the Lammas floods,
And thrice had autumn settled on the woods,
Since weeping neighbours their assistance gave,
And bore their father to his honour'd grave,
When came a morn that brought not morning's light,
For seas of mist made up a second night.
Their mother's gone with Nora for the cow,
And youth unfettered gambols gaily now.
'Tig, Willie, tig!' the playful sister cries;
The boy pursues, the nimble maiden flies.
On through the mist they double and they wind,
The giggling girl before, the earnest boy behind.
She slacks her speed that he may lead the way,
'Tig, tig!' he cries, and bounds in mirth away.
The chase is turned, and, as they deftly run,
Each one maintains a running fire of fun.
'Tig, tig, again!' the girl exclaims and flies,
But he grows sad as after her he hies;
For, wearied now, he falters in the rear,
And she draws up to spare his coming tear.
Hail, sacred pity, woman's noblest dower!
At once her weakness and her source of power.

'Tig and a barley!' cries the exhausted boy,
And ends the contest with a shout of joy.
She takes his hand, and home they chatting go,
But home no more nor mother shall they know.
'Where are we, Mary, for I'm getting lame?'
'We ran far, Willie, but we'll soon be hame.
Come run a bit, for I've to sew the day,
And mother will be angry if I stay away.'
They run, but soon the idle race is by,
For Willie's strength is gone, and he begins to cry.
She takes him on her back, and presses on,
But what is purpose when the power is gone?
She sets him down, unequal to the load,
And seeks about for some familiar road;
But every thing a foreign aspect wears
Amid the mist, and nothing seen declares
That home is near. 'Oh, Willie! dinna cry
Or I'll cry, too,' she says despondingly;
And then her sorrow's pent and prison'd tide
Bursts through its doors, and sets restraint aside.
Their sobs and tears in mingled current flow,
And each adds unction to the other's woe.
Amidst their grief, they both at times exclaim
'Oh, mother, mother, come and tak' us hame!'
A crow repeats its low hoarse monotone,
Sweeps into sight, and in a moment's gone.
The well-known sound revives their sinking hearts,
New hope inspires, and courage fresh imparts.
They rise, and move, and sob in silence on—
For sobs will come, as waves when winds are gone—
And even sobs a kind of company be
To those who wander in extremity.
'Tis ever thus among terrestrial things,
That tears bring tears, and grief companions brings.
A fallen briar pierces Willie's foot,
And leaves a prickle broken by the root.
Poor Mary tries to pluck the evil out,
Scarce sees for tears, or knows what she's about;
In vain she tries, the cruel shaft has gone
Through skin and flesh, and settles at the bone.
She takes him up, in fit of wild despair,
And runs with him, but runs she knows not where.
Soon, soon she falls, and struggles hard for breath,
Like one that's seated near the gates of death:
That conflict's past, and then her tears have place,
And then she turns and looks in Willie's face.
Oh, what a look of love and utter wo!
Which none but he that's felt can ever know.
She takes his foot, all swollen, red, and sore,
And wipes away the sand and clotted gore,
And says to him, 'Oh, Willie, dinna cry!'
'I canna help it,' is his brief reply.
A bark is heard, but far away it seems;
'It's Nora, Willie!' 'Nora!' Willie screams.
'Nora! Nora!' shout the exulting pair:
But no response gives Nora to their prayer.
'I'm sure 'twas Nora, Willie.' 'So am I.'
And then afresh they raise a piteous cry—
And as they cry, the little boy limps on,
Nor feels the thorn that rankles at the bone.
Oh! would some power arrest them as they go!
They're near to cliffs where ferns and bushes grow,
And where the mist in denser volume broods,
And hides the glen and its impending woods;
Another step, and o'er the rocks they go;
They stand, thank God! and tears begin to flow
For hope is sinking, and despair fills up
The growing space in hope's fast ebbing cup.
No Nora comes—no helping hand appears—
So down they sit to shed their bitter tears.
Few words are said, but long and sore they weep,
Till wearied nature seals their eyes in sleep;
And there they lie in strict and fond embrace,
Arm lock'd in arm, and face saluting face.

May He who fed the prophet in his cave,
And Israel led across the stormy wave;
Who opes his hand and gives the raven food,
And warms the sun to fledge its callow brood;
Who guides his flock through deserts dry and lone,
And gently leads the laden mother on;
Who bears the young upon his careful breast,
Their food prepares, and lulls them to their rest;
May He vouchsafe a father's anxious care,
And watch the fatherless that slumber there!
Let no dark dream have access to their sleep,
For one wild start would hurl them o'er the steep,
And leave a Rachel who would comfort shun,
And clamour on for daughter and for son.
Alas! poor woman, little does she think
Her children lie upon the very brink
Of those dread crags, where death in ambush lies,
With outstretch'd arms, to snatch his destined prize.
And yet, perhaps, 'twere better did she know,
For mother's fears heap wo on crowded wo,
Which sting like adders, in a wound that's green,
And plant the fang where but the sting has been.
A mother's terrors, dread and strong as death,
The stout heart awes, and cuts the strong man's breath.
See where she flies, in desperation wild!
Hear how she cries on each beloved child!
And scarcely waits to list if answer's given,
But rends the air, and storms the gates of heaven;
Heaps blame on blame, as if by demons yell'd,
For want of care, and warning voice withheld.
'Who's there?' inquires a voice profound
From out the mist. She rushes to the sound.
'My bairns! Oh, James! they're lost! what will I do?
He charged me wi' them, but I've proved untrue!'
'They'll soon cast up, compose yourself and try——'
'Ye needna speak, I'll have my bairns or die;'
And off she rushes, shrieking, in despair,
'Where are ye, Mary! Willie, are ye there!'
The farmer runs, infected with her fears,
And, as he runs, he wipes the gathering tears,
And cries in thunder, 'Mary, are ye there!'
But echo only answers to his prayer.
The farmer's house they fortunately near,
He turns aside, and shouts that stones might hear.
'Come out, baith young and old, and lend your aid;
And bring the dogs! the widow's bairns are stray'd.'
Away they scour through wood and valley wide,
And lusty shouts resound on every side.
The frantic mother with the farmer flies,
And hill and glen re-echo with their cries.
Two tedious hours of dread suspense are spent
In fruitless search and loud and vain lament;
The widow's heart and strength are failing fast;
Her breath departs, and stopping still at last,
She whispering says, and holds her aching brow,
I dreaded this—but all is over now.'
'No! not at all! they'll soon cast up again.'
'Ye needna speak, I ken it's a' in vain!
It's good *he* didna live to see't; if *he!*——
But I maun gang to them; they cannot come to me.'
That moment, up the glen, came shrill and clear
The bark of Nora. Half in hope and fear
She shrieked back a loud and wild reply.
'It's something, James, I ken by Nora's cry;
Oh, if it's them!' And off again she bounds,
And 'Nora! Nora!' through the glen resounds.
O'er stream and cairn, through shrub and tangled reed,
The faithful Nora, at her utmost speed,
Bounds, plunges on, and dashes to their side;
Then flings away, and oft returns to chide
Their tardy steps. She leads them up the glen
And down a sloping pass, then up again,
To where the cliffs their jutting shoulders throw
Full fifty fathoms o'er the depths below—
And there they are. O God! that cry of fear,
And frantic joy, was terrible to hear.
They're in her arms; but light she feels the load,
While clasping, kissing them, she blesses God;
Eyes the dark gulph, and strains its threatened spoils,
Scarce feels assured, and backward still recoils;
While Nora, whining, to the children leaps,
And James looks on, and wonders why he weeps.

## SELECT PASSAGES FROM THE FRENCH.

### ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Self-love is the greatest of all flatterers.

The passions often make a fool of the most skilful men, and often render the most foolish skilful.

We have all strength enough to support the misfortunes of our fellows.

Men give nothing so freely as their advices.

Nothing is so much liable to lessen the satisfaction with

which we regard ourselves, than to observe that we disapprove at one time what we approve of at another.

As great virtues are necessary to sustain good fortune as bad.

The happiness and unhappiness of men depend no less upon their humours than their fortunes.

Deceive a man prepossessed with his own merit, and you render him as ill an office as that which was rendered to the Athenian fool who believed that all the ships which arrived in the port were come to him.

It is as easy to deceive one's self without perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without their perceiving it.

Men are never so ridiculous by the qualities which they possess, as by those which they affect to possess.

As it is the characteristic of great minds to make many things be understood in few words; little minds, on the contrary, have the faculty of speaking much but of meaning nothing.

Few people are wise enough to prefer the censure which is useful to them to the praise which betrays them.

There are reproaches which praise, and praises which slander.

If we flatter not ourselves, the flattery of others would not injure us.

To be too eager to acquit ourselves of an obligation is a species of ingratitude.

Pride desires not to be due, and self-love desires not to pay.

Littleness of mind leads to obstinacy; for we do not easily believe what is beyond our sphere of vision.

We confess our most trifling defects only to persuade others we have no prominent ones.

The most part of men possess, like plants, hidden properties which owe their discovery to chance.

We find few people of good sense, except those of our own opinions.

Mediocre minds usually condemn everything which exceeds their capacity.

We would gain more if we left ourselves to appear such as we are, than by attempting to appear what we are not.

Our enemies approach nearer the truth in the opinions they form regarding us than we do ourselves.

Bodily labour delivers us from mental afflictions; and it is this which renders the poor happy.

Humility is the altar upon which God desires his creatures should offer him sacrifice.

It is much easier to extinguish a first desire, than to satisfy all those which follow.

Wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body.

We give counsels, but we give not the wisdom to profit by them.

We love better to see those on whom we confer benefits, than those who confer them on us.

It is more difficult to conceal the sentiments which we feel than to feign those which we do not feel.

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### SUNRISE.

When the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a full fair light, and a face, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly; so is a man's reason and his life.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

### TO DESTROY WASPS' NESTS.

Professor Henslow has discovered that turpentine, placed at the entrance of the nest, was fatal to these insects. The best mode of applying it is to put the turpentine in a bottle (as much as will merely wet the sides of the bottle is sufficient), and insert the neck of the bottle in the hole leading to the nest, surrounding it with some earth. If applied in the dusk of the evening, every wasp will be dead by the following morning. 'In no instance,' says a correspondent of the Gardener's Chronicle, 'have I known it to fail, except in cases where the nest was deeper in the ground, or at a greater distance from the mouth of the hole, than I anticipated. A partial failure may sometimes occur where there happen to be two entrances, but a second application is sure to prove effectual.'

### SCIENCE ALLIED TO RELIGION.

Every branch of modern science abounds with instances of remote correspondences between the great system of the world, and the artificial (*the truly natural*) condition to which knowledge raises man. If these correspondences were single or rare, they might be deemed merely fortuitous, like the drifting of a plank athwart the track of one who is swimming from a wreck. But when they meet us on all sides and invariably, we must be resolute in atheism not to confess that they are emanations from one and the same centre of wisdom and goodness. Is it nothing more than a lucky accommodation which makes the polarity of the needle to subserve the purposes of the mariner? Or may it not safely be affirmed, both that the magnetic influence (whatever its primary intention may be) had reference to the business of navigation—a reference incalculably important to the spread and improvement of the human race; and that the discovery and the application of this influence arrived at the destined moment in the revolution of human affairs, when, in combination with other events, it would produce the greatest effect? Nor should we scruple to affirm that the relation between the inclination of the earth's axis and the conspicuous star which, without a near rival, attracts even the eye of the vulgar, and shows the north to the wanderer on the wilderness or on the ocean, is in like manner a beneficent arrangement. Those who would spurn the supposition that the celestial locality of a sun, immeasurably remote from our system, should have reference to the accommodation of the inhabitants of a planet so inconsiderable as our own, forget the style of the Divine Works, which is, to serve some great or principal end, compatibly with ten thousand lesser and remote interests. Man if he would secure the greater, must neglect or sacrifice the less; not so the Omnipotent Contriver. It is a fact full of meaning, that those astronomical phenomena (and so others) which offer themselves as available for the purposes of art, as for instance of navigation or geography, do not fully or effectively yield the end they promise, until after long and elaborate processes of calculation have disentangled them from variations, disturbing forces, and apparent irregularities. To the rude fact, if so we might designate it, a mass of recondite science must be appended, before it can be brought to bear with precision upon the arts of life. Thus the polarity of the needle, or the eclipses of Jupiter's moons, are as nothing to the mariner or the geographer without the voluminous commentary furnished by the mathematics of astronomy. The fact of the expansive force of steam must employ the intelligence and energy of the mechanicians of an empire, during a century, before the whole of its beneficial powers can be put in activity. Chemical, medical, and botanical science is filled with parallel instances; and they all affirm, in an articulate manner, the twofold purpose of the Creator—to benefit man and to educate him.—*Isaac Taylor.*

### FORGIVENESS.

Has any one offended you? Forgive as you would be forgiven. Who needs not forgiveness? Who can say, no one can rightfully complain of me?

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## PROPOSED REMEDY FOR THE POTATO DISEASE.*

THE present general failure of the potato crop must be regarded as a matter of the most serious moment by every reflecting person in these islands. To Great Britain, indeed, the subject is one of peculiarly deep importance; for, though the evil has befallen other lands as well as ours, there is no country in the world where the vegetable in question has been so long habitually used to the same large extent—Ireland in the first place, and Scotland in the second, being especially noted for its constant and free employment as a necessary of life. We cannot yet be said to have felt the full inconveniences arising from the failure of this portion of our agricultural productions. Let the coming winter fairly set in, and the misfortune will become more clearly apparent. All who know how often the Irish peasant saw no other species of food, in numberless quarters, from year to year, and that the families of the Scottish ploughmen and herdsmen found in it their staple means of supporting existence, will be able to anticipate how heavily the evil must press ere long on these sections of the British population. The richer orders have many resources which will compensate to them the absence of the potato; but it is difficult to see in what way, without strenuous and generous exertions on the part of those in high places, the poor of the country will find an efficient substitute for their wonted means of sustaining life. While thus important as regards what has really passed, the subject of the potato disease is of even greater consequence as respects the future. By extraordinary efforts the loss of the current season may be made up in part to the suffering poor, and other articles of diet be for the time supplied; but it is frightful to think that the mischief may yet continue much longer in operation, and that the next season, if not many more to come, may be characterised by the same distressing phenomena in our fields and gardens. Nay, though the grain of our country has hitherto remained intact, who can say that the noxious influences in action, obviously so general in their nature, will not extend to that portion of our crops likewise? It is to be hoped that no such thing will happen; but, as the case stands, it is plainly the duty of every man who thinks that he can throw light on the causes of the existing potato disease, or can suggest a remedy, to make his opinions known to the public at large without delay. Without having the presumption to assume that he has made any positive discovery on the subject, the writer of the present remarks yet conceives that the ideas which he has to communicate may be found worthy of the attention of those practically engaged in agriculture, as well as of all the millions, indeed, interested in its welfare.

To recapitulate here all the conjectures which have been offered on the nature of the potato disease, would be a task equally tedious and unnecessary. It is sufficient for the purpose to mention one or two of those most generally promulgated and adopted. One theory then is, that it is to the recent changes in the system of agriculture, and more especially to the use of new manures, such as *guano*, that the ruinous condition of the potato crops at this moment is to be ascribed. It seems to me that an answer perfectly decisive and incontrovertible may be given to this supposition. The evil in question, if it did not actually originate among the potato-patches of the Irish peasantry, at least began early to rage with great severity in these places, where the poor growers probably never heard of guano, nor had adopted any other modes of tillage than those practised by their fathers from time immemorial. As the same parties almost uniformly obtained their annual seed from their own little stocks, it seems most improbable, moreover, that the evil could have crept in through seed derived from quarters using guano or following other new plans of culture.

Another theory is, that, by reiterated reproductions, we have exhausted the virtues of our existing potato stock, and that we ought long ago to have reverted to the use of the original apple. One strong objection to this idea is, the simultaneous occurrence of the disease in all kinds of potatoes, and in so many different regions, at one and the same time. But, laying that argument aside, a convincing and, it seems to me, unanswerable refutation of the theory is to be found in the fact that it is *not the potato alone* which is affected by the present mischievous ailment. Our apple and pear trees, gooseberry bushes, and most of our leguminous vegetables, are involved in the evil. There is, scarcely an orchard or garden to be seen which is not blasted in aspect, and fruitless. The argument of *exhaustion* from annual plantings and reproductions will not apply in the cases of fruit-trees. In short, though the potato has undoubtedly suffered in an especial degree, every thing tends to prove that it is not to any circumstance connected with that particular vegetable alone that we are to look for an explanation of the present

* We have much pleasure in laying before our readers the above paper, the subject matter of which is at present so deeply interesting. The article is from the pen of a gentleman not unknown to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, who has already gained for himself a well-earned fame, both in the scientific and literary world. Fully satisfied of the accuracy of the principles on which the conclusions are based, and as these bear on points of so much practical importance to the community at large, we believe the information here given will be received with general approbation, and that it may lead to the most beneficial results.—ED.

calamity. The affection appears to be general; and it is to a general, not a special cause that we accordingly must direct our researches.

Without dwelling on other suggestions that have been offered on this subject, it may at once be observed that there is but one species of agency so comprehensive in its sphere of operation as to justify the reference to it of the current disease in the vegetable creation. This is, as may be anticipated, the agency of the *atmosphere*. But the next question is—To what peculiar constituent, element, or condition of the atmosphere is the evil to be immediately ascribed? Considering the immense tracts of country which it has to a greater or lesser extent overrun, and looking to the great variety of climes, sites, and soils similarly implicated, few persons, it is probable, will be inclined, on due reflection, to attribute this vegetable pestilence to peculiarities and changes in the weather of an *ordinary* description. Heat and cold, rains and frost, may explain local and comparatively circumscribed affections of the vegetable world, and each or all may have so far operated here and there during the two past seasons; but it is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that a disease so extensively visible over Europe (and elsewhere also, it is said), where every different species of climate is to be found, and where similar weather-mutations are most unlikely to have occurred simultaneously, can with propriety be referred to any of the common casualties of the seasons. To account for phenomena so unusual, we must look for an unusual cause, or one acting in an unusual way. Now, there is but one atmospherical agent to which we can turn in these circumstances—namely, to electricity. Here, indeed, we have a power possessing all the properties that must necessarily be resident in the cause of the present disastrous affection. We know that it is ever existent in the atmosphere, in one state or another, and in greater or lesser quantities. We know that it is an agent of great potency, capable of producing marvellous effects. We know that it can exist, travel, and display itself in the same form over vast tracts of territory at the same time—as the simultaneous occurrence of thunder-storms, at great distances, would alone suffice to prove. We find, in brief, in the electric, or rather the electro-magnetic power, an agent of such comprehensive and powerful influence, as is indispensably requisite to explain all the phenomena of the disease under notice. It may indeed be said, that in it *alone* do we find such an agent; for the equally widespread pestilence which of late years attacked human beings in this and other countries, and bore the name of cholera, has been by many scientific persons referred to the same electro-magnetic agency, and with the strongest seeming probability. If then we can discover no other power capable of working out the deleterious results now perceptible in the vegetable world—if these cannot be ascribed to new modes of culture, from having prominently occurred where such were never tried—if the theory of the exhaustion of the virtues of the potato will not afford an explanation, from other vegetables being also affected by the disease—and if the vast spaces of country involved will not allow us to attribute the evil to ordinary changes and peculiarities of the weather and seasons—is it not reasonable to turn our eyes to the only solution of the mystery which presents itself to our inquiries? Whether the electro-magnetic power—assuming it to be the cause of the existing calamity—produces its noxious effects from being in excess in the atmosphere, or from being in a peculiar condition merely, it may not be easy to determine. It is certainly a power susceptible of many modifications, and, while some of these are known to us, there may be others yet unknown. That electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, are but modifications of one and the same great agency, is now universally admitted; and the identity of the laws governing the development of these powers with those under which light, heat, and even the principle of vitality are found to act, has led to the conjecture that they also are but mysterious modifications of the same wonderful force. It is possible, therefore, that some unknown peculiarity in the condition of the electricity of the atmosphere may have caused, and still causes, the disastrous state of things on the earth's surface; but it seems more likely that the evil results mainly from a surcharge of the electric power in some of its ordinary forms, and most probably in that which is called the electro-magnetic. I will not pretend to explain the action between this agent and the vegetable creation, and which is so baneful to the latter. It is enough for my present purpose to repeat, that no other power can be discerned, which possesses the comprehensive influence appertaining of necessity to the cause of the vegetable pestilence under notice.

Before coming to the main object and end of these remarks—namely, the suggestion of a remedy—it may be well to remind those who are not familiar with this subject of the relations of the earth's atmosphere with the electro-magnetic power. The simple electric fluid, according to the common mode of viewing it, is understood usually to exist in the atmosphere in a *free* state, if that term may be used; and is supposed to exercise itself in every direction indiscriminately, or as the influence of heat and other circumstances may determine. The electro-magnetic power, again, traverses the surface of the globe, and permeates the globe itself, in currents of greater or lesser force and equality at different points and periods, but is always in action to some extent. The direction of the great electro-magnetic currents is, in the first place, from the heavens towards the earth, and, in the second place, from the earth outwards. A late writer observes 'that there are two currents of circulating force which run counter to each other (originating what are called the *polar* and *directive* qualities of magnets), a circulation proceeding to a point a little west of the true north, and a similar circulation running to a point east of the south.' These currents vary and fluctuate greatly, traversing or striking one spot in a strong stream, and another in a weak one, the irregularity being produced by many causes, and chiefly by alterations of temperature. The fluctuating character of the electro-magnetic currents may be seen in the *aurora borealis*, which is held to be a visible specimen of the circulating lines of force. At the same time, the currents have ever one general direction, notwithstanding these irregularities; and though some localities may not be influenced so early as others, they will probably in part feel the magnetic power sooner or later, when it is operating widely for good or for evil. Is not this straggling tendency of the electro-magnetic influences in perfect accordance with the phenomena of our human and vegetable pestilences?

These explanations being given to sanction the reference of the present vegetable malady to electro-magnetic agency, the great question now falls to be answered—Supposing the theory here laid down to be correct, where lies the remedy? Reflecting on this subject, I recently asked myself in what manner the dangerous effects of the electricity of the atmosphere were obviated at times when it was known to be present in great quantities. The reply of course was by means of *conductors*—by using those lightning-rods suggested by the illustrious Franklin, and immortalised in the well-known epigraphic hexameter—'Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.' That these conducting-rods (little used in this country but much used abroad) had been most efficient in saving buildings in the most terrible thunder-storms I knew well; and I had seen it averred, indeed, that there is no instance known in which they have failed in any circumstances however trying. Most persons will be aware that these conductors are simply slender rods of iron, so placed as to rise a short way above the structure to be secured, and sunk to the depth of several feet in the ground beneath. The attraction existing betwixt the metal and the electric fluid is so powerful, that, when the atmosphere is charged with the latter, it enters the rod, descends into the earth, and is there disseminated innocuously. These facts having recurred to my memory, and being persuaded that to electricity, as a cause or a medium, the present disease among vegetables is to be ascribed, I began to ask myself why conductors should not relieve the atmosphere of its surplus

load of electricity over a field as well as over a building. If they save a temple, they ought to save a cottage; if they save a cottage, they ought to save a pigstye; and if they save a pigstye, why should they not preserve a potato-plant? I could see, and can yet see, no reason for believing that they would not be as serviceable in the last case as in the former ones. This, then, is my suggestion—the *Use of conductors to relieve the air of that surplus electricity to which the devastation of our fields is with strong probability to be ascribed.*

Those not well acquainted with the subject may imagine that conductors over buildings are only useful when the actual lightning is fairly formed in the atmosphere. Now, though they unquestionably are great safeguards at such times also, yet the use of the conductors is never-ceasing. The unseen and undeveloped electricity is carried off by them continuously, and so do they tend to prevent such accumulations of that power as terminate in thunder-storms. They are constantly in operation; and, as already observed, the electrical force is perfectly harmless when once lodged in the earth.

My object here is merely to develop the principle of a remedy for the existing vegetable pestilence. Its proper application must be left in a great measure to experience. However, it seems to me probable that one pointed iron rod, of from six to twelve feet in height, and of half an inch or three quarters in diameter, would efficiently secure a space of fifty yards square. Each rod would require to be sunk at least to a depth of one-and-a-half if not two feet. But these calculations are altogether conjectural, and experiments alone could determine their accuracy. Such conducting-rods as those required would cost very little—a matter of some moment in such a case, where the results are in doubt. One thing is plain, it may be here observed, namely, that if the present ideas on our vegetable disaster be well founded, those parties who, by way of manure, used iron wires, stretching from one wooden pole to another over the surface of their fields, took the very way to increase the mischief, by collecting and retaining the electricity above ground. They wished their 'electrical manure,' as it was named, to enter the exposed stalks of the plants or grain. *A priori*, this proceeding seemed a strange one. It is one at all events utterly at variance with the plan here proposed; which is, to take the electricity out of the atmosphere as far as possible, and, by lodging it in the earth, to prevent its continuing to work that injury to the superterraneous vegetables which it is assumed to have before done. Once in the earth, the electricity would at least be innocuous, if it did not increase the fertility of soils when rightly introduced. On the latter point one could only pronounce after full experience.

I have now endeavoured to do three things; firstly, to show that some of the most commonly received theories on the present vegetable disease are open to almost insuperable objections; secondly, to demonstrate that electricity possesses, and possesses alone, the leading powers which must appertain to the cause of such a disease; and thirdly, I have attempted to suggest a remedy. Before leaving these remarks to the consideration of the agricultural public, I shall make but one further observation. I have made no effort, being indeed totally unable, to explain what physicians call the *rationale* of the noxious action of electricity on the potato or other vegetables; and I would remark now, that it may really only be the *medium of conveying* the pestiferous influence. But in this case the removal of it from the atmosphere by conductors would be equally effective—just as in pouring out water holding a poison in solution, you remove the dangerous body with the medium in which it was suspended.

The latest accounts, it is to be regretted, rather tend to confirm the fears expressed respecting the spread of this vegetable plague. In some parts of the country, the turnips of the season are said to have become affected, and even some of our farinaceous grain-crops.

It may be here observed in conclusion, that, though some inquirers have imagined the vegetable malady, in most cases, to commence with the roots of the plant, this fact, even if it be one, controverts not in the least the theory laid down in the present paper. The electric agency, entering the vegetable above, may yet readily influence the roots in the first instance deleteriously, at least to appearance.

## SKETCHES OF MODERN HISTORY.

### HAROLD II., THE LAST OF THE RACE OF ENGLISH KINGS, CROWNED JANUARY, 1066—DIED OCTOBER, 1066.

VARIOUS authors have variously accounted for the succession of Harold to the English throne after the death of Edward the Confessor. That of Daniel is probably the most worthy of credence: 'The circumstances of the time,' he says, 'were such as necessarily required that the sceptre should be put into the hands of such a person as was best able to undergo the burthen of war, and the other great troubles the nation was likely to fall into, through the various claims then put in, both by the Dane and Norman, for the English crown; and none could be fitter than Harold, who was judged on all hands the most eminent man of the kingdom, both for his deserts and great alliance with the nobility.'

The not uncommon belief that William Duke of Normandy was named as his successor by the dying king, seems amply refuted by the words uttered on his death-bed, when he remarked concerning his right to the English crown—'It was not an hereditary right that put me in possession of this honour, but by a desperate engagement and much bloodshed I wrested it from the perjured King Harold, when, having slain or put to flight all his abettors, I made myself master of it.'* And again—'The royal diadem which none of my predecessors wore, I got not by right of inheritance, but by heavenly grace.'† That he had, even during the life of Edward, aspired to the succession, is no less certain; for not only did he proclaim that the bounteous King Edward had, by adoption, made him heir to the crown of England, but on his future rival, Harold, being selected ambassador to the court of Normandy, that politic prince left no art untried to make him his friend, well aware that he was the only person in England likely to stand between him and the object of his ambition, and thus he won from him a promise to support his cause, so soon as the throne should become vacant. Upon bare promises and professions of faith, however, he well knew he could rest with but little dependence; and he resolved therefore to bind Harold to his interests by a ceremony in those days deemed so sacred as not to be violated without some terrible and immediate judgment from Heaven.

His design was only to be accomplished by deception. The sacred relics, the presence of which in those days could alone make a vow binding, were carefully concealed; but no sooner had the unconscious Harold uttered an oath to keep the stipulations between them, than the covering was removed, and the startled knight beheld relics of saints as venerable in the eyes of all present, as St Cuthbert was at that moment held in Durham, and no less terrible either, to such as violated in any degree the respect due to their holiness. It was too late to draw back, and Harold therefore disguised, and shortly afterwards forgot his chagrin; for, parting from William with the fairest professions of regard, he returned to England, and there in the immediate measures he adopted for making himself master of the kingdom, forgot alike the professions and the oath by which he had bound himself.

Although the death of Edward the Confessor, in the beginning of the year 1066, closed the line of the last Saxon family, the English empire was still for a time to exist. Its total overthrow was to signalise the brief reign of his successor, who, the last of a long line of sovereigns, was himself to be buried in its ruins. The death of Edward, says Echard, 'although occasioning an exceeding grief to his miserable people,' was within the space of forty-eight hours followed by acclamation and rejoicing on

* Milton. † Daniel.

the coronation of the new king, whose accession was attended with as little opposition and disturbance as if he had succeeded by hereditary right. The citizens of London were his zealous partisans. The bishops and clergy had adopted his cause, and all the powerful nobility connected with him by alliance or friendship, willingly seconded his pretensions; the whole nation, in fine, seeming joyfully to acquiesce in his elevation. Neither were they disappointed in the expectation they had formed of him. 'For no sooner was he placed on the throne, than he began to frame himself by all manner of compliances to gain affection. He endeavoured to make good laws, repealed bad ones, became a great patron to church and churchmen, and courteous and affable to all reputed good, a hater of evil doers; he charged all his officers to punish thieves, robbers, and all disturbers of the peace; while he himself, by sea and land, laboured in defence of his country.'*

The first disturbance in the reign of Harold was occasioned by his brother, who in the time of Edward having been banished the kingdom, took refuge in Normandy, and was, on the succession of Harold to the throne, looked upon by his rival as a valuable tool, to be used or thrown aside at pleasure. William found it easy to re-awaken the mortal hatred of his brother, which had slumbered, not died, in the heart of Tosti, and encouraging him, in concert with Harold Halfagen, king of Norway, to infest the coast of England, he did so with a force of five hundred, some say one thousand, ships, landing on the Isle of Wight, where he raised contributions, and from thence practised piracy all along the coast, till he came to Sandwich harbour.

Harold was at this time in London, but no sooner was he made aware of his brother's proceedings, than 'he got ready both a strong fleet and a large body of horse, resolving, like a good warrior, to go in person to Sandwich.' The well intended but over precipitancy of his brothers-in-law, Morcar Earl of Northumberland, and Edwin Earl of Mercia, had on this occasion nearly proved fatal to the cause of the English king; for, hastily assembling a body of men, ill-armed, undisciplined, and unequal in number to the army of Tosti, they threw themselves against them, gave battle, and were defeated. It was not until five days after this disaster that Harold found himself in a situation to offer resistance to his brother. The necessary delay was not, however, owing to any backwardness on the part of his people; he had lost no opportunity of acquiring their affection, and his prudent and equitable administration fully justifying the choice they had made of him as their sovereign, they now flocked from all quarters to join his standard. At Stanford the two armies met, and after an obstinate and most bloody fight, which closed only with the total rout of the enemy, and the death of the two captains, Tosti and Halfagen, Harold remained victor of the day. Those of the Norwegians who did succeed in escaping to their ships, owed, it is told, their safety to the unparalleled bravery of one of their own countrymen, who posted himself on the bridge over the Derwent, and with his single resistance defended it against the whole force of the English army for the entire space of one hour. Forty of the boldest of his assailants fell, one after another, under the unerring stroke of his battle-axe, until, scorning to accept quarter, and no man daring to grapple with him, 'being dreaded either as too strong or condemned as one desperate, he was at length shot dead with an arrow, and by his fall opened the passage of pursuit.'†

This victory, although great and honourable, proved in the main prejudicial to Harold; for, flushed by success, and yielding to the demon of covetousness, of which hitherto he had appeared so devoid, he reserved for his own use the whole of the spoil and treasure, which must have been considerable, since from the ships alone there is said to have been 'more of gold than twelve lusty men could carry;' and by this impolitic step, so disobliged his soldiers, that they, feeling themselves defrauded of the price of their blood, began to renounce his interest and repent of their former service. The greater portion of them accordingly dispersed, and thus both sea and land being left open to the invasion of the Norman duke, we may from this time date the downfall and ruin of the Saxon king.

The Duke of Normandy had meanwhile employed the last eight months in vigorous preparation, and had now completed an armament sufficient for the formidable invasion he proposed; but first, in order to give a better colour to his pretensions, he sent an embassy to England, upbraiding Harold with his breach of faith, and summoning him to resign immediately the possession of the kingdom. To this peremptory demand, Harold replied that he had been fairly elected by those who had a right to confer the sovereignty, while even admitting the truth that the late king had disposed of it in favour of the duke, such a disposition could not take place, inasmuch as it was diametrically opposite to the laws of the kingdom, which restricted kings from bestowing their crowns according to their own caprice, especially to strangers; and with regard to his oath, it having been extorted from him by well grounded fear of violence while in the power of the duke, it was, according to the law of all nations, null and void. This answer, which was no other than William had expected, served only to strengthen his resolve, for consulting only his own courage, resentment, and ambition, he overlooked all difficulties he might encounter. Besides, no little encouragement had been tendered him by Alexander, the then reigning pope; for, flattered by William's appeal to his tribunal, and by his having been rendered umpire between him and Harold, as well as by the fame of the duke's piety and virtues, he eagerly embraced his cause, pronounced Harold a perjured usurper, denounced excommunication against him and his adherents, and the more to encourage William in his enterprise, he sent him a consecrated banner, with several relics, one of these being a ring containing one of St Peter's hairs, which in those times was thought sufficient both to justify his title and to sanctify his arms. Thus secured of success, and scorning to take the advantage a surprise might have given, William sent to advertise the English king of the very day on which he should give him battle. So chivalric a display of courage proved, however, of no disadvantage to the duke, for upon landing in Sussex, so little opposition was offered to the disembarkation of his troops, that he leisurely set about fortifying his camp; and then, to leave his followers no resource but that of valour, he sent his ships back to Normandy, or, according to the account given by Camden, he 'ordered them to be burned, that his men might think of nothing but conquest or death.' The English king was meanwhile with his army at York, celebrating the victory which had been obtained over his brother Tosti and the King of Norway; but no sooner had he received the news of the formidable invasion of the Normans, than with fatal precipitancy he hurried with little more than the third part of the army that the delay of a few days might have secured to him, and advancing upon the enemy, although inferior in all things save indomitable courage and resolve, he threw himself upon a host, not only superior in numbers, but composed of the bravest and most experienced soldiers of the age, and commanded by a leader, who in a long series of wars had attained to the highest pitch of military glory.

The reports spread of the force, discipline, and valour of the Norman army, were such as to lead Gurth, the brave but more politic brother of the king, to represent in the strongest terms the advantage of deferring the battle, if only for the space of a few days, as in that time he might greatly augment the number of his own army. The desperate situation of the Duke of Normandy, he argued, made it necessary for him to bring matters to a speedy decision, and to risk all things on the issue of a battle; but that he, the King of England, in his own country, beloved by his subjects, and provided with every supply, had a more certain and less dangerous means of ensuring himself of the victory; that the Norman troops, elevated, on the one hand, with the highest hopes, and seeing on the other no resource in case of a discomfiture, would fight to the last

* Milton. † Echard.

extremity; and being the flower of all the warriors of the Continent, must be regarded as formidable to the English. If, however, still resolved to admit of no delay, then he entreated that Harold would not command in person, but resign that post to himself, when 'he would undertake, not to conquer, since that depended on a higher power, but to do his duty, and if need be, to die upon the field.'*

To all these remonstrances and entreaties Harold, stimulated by his native courage, as well as by his late success, refused compliance. 'He had,' he said, 'by courage and decision, as much as by a regard for their welfare, won the affections of his people, and he would not now by a cowardly flight show himself unworthy of that affection;' for he preferred rather the risk of a battle, of which the success was uncertain, to the inevitable loss of that high reputation he had gained. These were not the only feelings by which the English king was instigated, for he argued that the Normans were not more to be dreaded than the Norwegians, whom he had found it so easy to conquer; and so convinced was he of his superior prowess, that a message was sent by him to the duke, promising a sum of money if he would depart the kingdom without effusion of blood. The offer was rejected with disdain; for not less confident of victory than his adversary, William vaunted the certainty of success to his soldiers, telling them not to spare the lives of the vanquished, but to admit of no plunder or outrage, declaring that '*they ought to spare those things which would shortly be their own.*' He even dispatched some monks to the English camp, requiring Harold to resign the kingdom, or to hold it of him in fealty; and, should he decline these, either to submit their cause to the arbitration of the Pope, or in the sight of both armies decide it by single combat.

The answer of Harold to these various propositions was a denial to each. He was not so simple, he observed, as to submit to the arbitration of the Pope, who had already decided himself in favour of William, declaring that he would scorn to hold the crown of England dependent on any prince whatever; and that, as he would not put the safety of his kingdom on the issue of a single combat, God and the sword of the nation should decide the controversy. No hopes of accommodation thus appearing, both parties prepared for the decisive contest; and the duke, advancing his forces upon Hastings, seized upon a post which enabled him to draw out his army to the greatest advantage. The night previous to the battle was very differently spent in the two camps. By the English it was passed in riot and rejoicing; by the Normans in preparation for the coming day, in prayer for the success of their cause, and in receiving the solemn sacrament of the Lord's Supper.† The dawn of the following morning, the 14th of October, the anniversary of Harold's birth, and destined to be the death day not only of the Saxon king but of the Saxon empire, was ushered in with rejoicings and hopes of success on either side. At an early hour the duke called together the greater number of his commanders, and representing to them that the event to which they had so long looked forward was approaching, he observed that the whole fortune of the war depending on their swords, it must be decided by a single action; that never army had greater motive than theirs for exerting a vigorous courage, since a noble prize awaited their victory, and inevitable destruction must follow on their discomfiture, since, the sea preventing all hope of retreat, an ignominious death must necessarily be the certain consequence of imprudence or cowardice. By collecting so numerous and brave a host, he had ensured, he told them, every human means of conquest, while the commander of the enemy, by his criminal conduct, had given him just cause to hope for the favour of the Almighty, in whose hands alone lay the event of wars and battles, and that a perjured usurper, anathematised by the sovereign pontiff, and conscious of his own breach of faith, would be struck with terror on their appearance. 'Thus,' says Hume, 'were all the ambition and violence of that invasion covered over with the broad mantle of religion.' At the close of his address the duke divided his army into three lines, the first of which consisted of archers and light-armed infantry, the second of his bravest battalions, all heavily armed and ranged in close order. His cavalry, at whose head he placed himself, formed the third line, and were so disposed that they stretched beyond the infantry, flanking each wing of the army.

The position of Harold was not less advantageous than that of the duke. He had secured a rising ground, and having formed some trenches to protect his flanks, he resolved to stand on the defensive, and if possible to avoid all action with the cavalry, his own force consisting chiefly of infantry, armed with the battle-axe, target, spear, and scimetar. The entire body of the English were formed into one deep and compact mass, 'in the centre of which, on the rising ground, stood the king on foot, with his brother, that the danger being common, none might think of flying.'* The Normans were the first to advance, and they did so singing the famous song of Rowland, by the martial example of that hero to rouse and excite themselves to imitation of his brave deeds. The onset was made with equal fury on both sides, but the English were severely galled by the thick shower of arrows from the Norman long-bows, a weapon then unused in England, 'and thereby more surprising, the wounds coming from enemies so far distant, and not suddenly to be revenged. But when they came to a close fight, the Normans were hewed down by the English bills after a deplorable manner; and their points were so strong and so close together that no charge of the Norman horse could break their ranks, though the duke assaulted them so often and with so great bravery, that he had three choice horses killed under him in the attempt.' † Again and again the attack was renewed, and still with as little effect as formerly. 'Les Anglois,' says Rapin, 'aimant mieux mourir, que de reculer;' and the Normans equally resolved not to yield, the ground was long and obstinately disputed before an inch was yielded, or any advantage gained on either side.

At length the Duke of Normandy, who throughout the whole day had fought with unyielding courage, on observing that the troops had begun to relax in their efforts and to despair of breaking the ranks of the enemy, feeling himself already on the brink of destruction, risked all things on the success of a stratagem, which must either decide the victory in his favour, or totally effect his overthrow. He commanded his troops to make a hasty retreat, that by the appearance of flight they might allure the enemy from their ground. This, unhappily for the English, succeeded but too well. Led on by their courage and high hopes, the apparent flight of the enemy was the signal for eager pursuit; the hitherto impenetrable ranks were scattered, and at that moment the preconcerted signal of the Norman duke restored order to his own well-disciplined bands; they turned on their pursuers, and having thus gained the advantage they desired, fell upon them with fury, and with great slaughter drove them back to the hill.

The presence and courage of their leader here for a time reanimated the spirits of the English troops; they rallied round him, and once more seemed resolved to dispute the victory to the last extremity. The Norman ranks were literally mown down by the battle-axe and spear; while the compact body of the English, still immoveable, defied every effort to dislodge them, 'they still standing their ground and opposing the enemy with a resolution which seemed to show they had made choice of that place for an honourable death.' ‡

The approach of night, so favourable to Harold, for he trusted during the darkness to reorganise his whole band, and on the following morning commence anew the fight, was, on the contrary, an incitement to the duke, by one last and desperate effort, to secure the victory. He collected, therefore, his whole force, and inspiriting his men to the utmost, threw himself upon the enemy, yet still without any impression being made on the impenetrable phalanx of the English. As a last resource, he resorted to

* Hume. † Rapin.

* Carte. † Echard. ‡ Rider.

his former stratagem; it was again successful, and thus the troops routed by themselves wrought their own overthrow, yet so they died not unmanfully, but turning oft upon their enemies, by the advantage of an upper ground beat them down by heaps, and filled up a great ditch with their carcasses. Thus hung the victory wavering on either side until evening, when Harold, having maintained the fight with unspeakable courage and personal valour, shot into the head with an arrow, fell at length, and left his soldiers without heart longer to withstand the unwearied enemy.' For a little space the brave brothers of the fallen king attempted still to reanimate the sinking courage of his followers, and to guard the royal standard from being captured by the enemy; they fell in its defence, and the conquest of the invader was complete.

The slaughter that now followed was terrific, for to avoid the burthen of many prisoners, the routed English were pursued and slain without mercy, the close of night only putting a stop to the horrible carnage. 'Thus,' says Daniel, 'fortune cast the victory upon William Duke of Normandy, yet never battle was more bravely fought on the part of the English, who rather than fall under slavery of the Normans, died 69,074 upon the spot, few or none escaping.' If the Normans had, with an insatiable feeling of revenge, pursued their vanquished enemy, their brave leader gave early proof of a more noble spirit, for when the unfortunate mother of Harold besought of him the bodies of her three slain sons, and offered for that of the king its own weight in gold, he not only granted her request, refusing all ransom, but hearing that an officer of his own army had, in proof of contempt, thrust his sword into the body of the dead king, he cashiered him for so mean and cowardly an action. Nor had the valour of the conqueror been shown more conspicuously in the fight, than was his prudence, humanity, and devotion, at its close; for scarcely had he thus obtained the summit of his ambition, when the whole army knelt together on the field, returning solemn thanks to God for the success of their arms.

Thus commenced the Norman race of kings, and thus, with the fall of Harold, after a brief but vigorous reign of nine months, one week, and two days, ended the empire of the English Saxons in England, where, from their first entrance under Hengist and Horsa, they had kept possession for about six hundred and seventeen years.

## PRESENT STATE OF THE ISLAND OF BORNEO.*

Borneo is the largest of a group of islands in the Chinese Sea, which are inhabited by a singular race of people, the Malays, famous for their roving piratical habits and the singular daring of their characters. Little has hitherto been known of Borneo except what was gleaned by occasional visits of navigators to its ports and bays, and nothing almost is yet ascertained of its extensive interior. But lying in the very track of the voyage to China, it has now begun to excite more and more attention, and a late colonisation of it by a British gentleman has rendered it an object of great interest not only to the merchant but to the philanthropist.

Mr Brooke, the son of a gentleman in the East India Company's employment, commenced life as a cadet in that service, and was engaged in the Burmese war. On its termination he made a casual visit to China, and it was in the course of that voyage that the idea of exploring and civilising the great archipelago first took possession of his enthusiastic and soaring imagination. 'The voyage I made to China,' says this remarkable individual, 'opened up an entirely new scene, and showed me what I had never seen before—savage life and savage nature. I inquired and I read, and I became more and more assured that there was a large field of discovery and adventure open to any man daring enough to enter upon it. Just take a map and trace a line over the Indian Archipelago, with its thousand unknown islands and tribes. Cast your eye over the vast island of New Guinea, where the foot of European has scarcely if ever trod. Look at the northern coast of Australia with its mysterious Gulf of Carpentaria—a survey of which it is supposed would solve the great geographical question respecting the rivers of the mimic continent. Place your finger on Japan, with its exclusive but civilised people—it lies an unknown lump on our earth and an undefined line on our charts. Think of the northern coast of China, willing, as is reported, to open an intercourse and trade with Europeans, spite of their arbitrary government. Stretch your eye over the Pacific Ocean, which Cook himself declares a field of discovery for ages to come. Proceed to the coast of South America, from the region of gold-dust to the region of furs—the land ravaged by the cruel Spaniard and the no less cruel buccaneer—the scene of the adventures of Drake and the descriptions of Dampier. The places I have enumerated are mere names, with no specific ideas attached to them, lands and seas where the boldest navigators gained a reputation, and where hundreds may yet do so if they have the same courage and the same perseverance. Imagination whispers to ambition that there are yet lands unknown which might be discovered. Tell me, would not a man's life be well spent—tell me, would it not be well sacrificed in an endeavour to explore these regions? When I think on dangers and death, I think of them only because they would remove me from such a field for ambition, for energy, and for knowledge.'

Cherishing such sentiments, with an energy and perseverance only to be found in a real practical enthusiast, Mr Brooke, at his own expense, fitted out a small vessel, the Royalist, which originally belonged to a yacht club. In order to train both himself and his crew, which consisted of half-a-dozen select men, for the anticipated adventure, he spent three years in cruising in the Mediterranean and other places, and, at the end of this period, finding that his crew had acquired a thorough comprehension of and reliance on each other, he set sail for Borneo, and arrived there like an independent buccaneer of old, on the 1st of August, 1839.

Borneo, by glancing at the map, appears to contain more space than the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. It is called Pulo Kalamantan by the Malays; and Borneo or Bruni is properly the name of a kingdom and city at its north-western extremity. The island lies directly under the line, and consequently has a high temperature, with excess of moisture, being subject to falls of rain at all periods of the year. It is watered by numerous rivers, which form so many estuaries where the tide flows for many miles upwards. The vegetation is most luxuriant, and the interior, so far as known, is composed of dense forests, where the orang-outang, or 'old man of the woods,' roams about, the only representation of humanity. The coast is comparatively clear, and exceedingly fertile in the places partially cultivated, and all along which the natives chiefly live in their rude dwellings among the trees. The climate appears to be healthy, with little variation of temperature. The population, so far as yet known, appears to consist of two races, the Malays and Dyaks. The latter seem to have been the original or earlier possessors of the soil, but have been subdued by the more powerful Malays, and are now kept by them under a state of great oppression.

The Malay race, the original centre of which is supposed to have been Sumatra, have now spread over and taken possession of the whole surrounding archipelago. With a degree of civilisation above the mere savage, they have for ages roamed the neighbouring seas as pirates, and have generally obtained the character of remorseless tyrants, and of being false, vindictive, cunning, and rapacious. Mr Brooke, however, from a more intimate knowledge of them, is disposed to be much more lenient in his judgment. In general, he says, they are neither treacherous nor bloodthirsty. 'Cheerful, polite, hospitable, gentle in their manners, they live in communities, with fewer crimes and fewer punishments than most other people of the globe. They are passionately fond of their

* Voyage of H.M.S. Dido, by Captain Keppel. London, 1846.

children, and indulgent even to a fault, and the ties of family relationship and good feeling continue in force for several generations. The feeling of the Malay, fostered by education, is acute, and his passions are roused if shame be put upon him; indeed, this dread of shame amounts to a disease, and the evil is that it has taken a wrong direction, the dread of shame being more of exposure or abuse than contrition for any offence. I have always found them good-tempered and obliging, wonderfully amenable to authority, and quite as sensible of benefits conferred and as grateful as other people of more favoured countries. Of course,' adds he, 'there is a reverse to this picture. The worst feature of Malay character is the want of all candour or openness, and the restless spirit of cunning intrigue which animates them from the highest to the lowest. Like other Asiatics, truth is a rare quality among them. They are superstitious, somewhat inclined to deceit in the ordinary concerns of life, and they have neither principle nor conscience when they have the means of oppressing an infidel and a Dyak, who is their inferior in civilisation and intellect.'

The Dyaks, who form the great mass of the population, seem to be the same race with the Bugis of Celebes, a branch of the Polynesian family of mankind. They are of two kinds, the land and sea Dyaks, the one inhabiting the interior the other the shores of the numerous estuaries. The two only differ in their mode of life. The sea Dyaks, under the leadership of the Malays, roam the seas as pirates in their vessels called *prahus*. 'The datus or chiefs,' says Captain Keppel, 'are incorrigible, for they are pirates by descent, robbers from pride as well as taste, and they look upon their occupation as the most honourable hereditary pursuit. They are indifferent to blood, fond of plunder, but fondest of slaves. They despise trade, though its profits be greater; they look upon piracy as their calling, and the noblest occupation of chiefs and freemen. Their swords they show with boasts, as having belonged to their ancestors, who were pirates renowned and terrible in their day, and they always speak of their ancestral heir-loom as decayed from its pristine vigour, but still the wielding it as the highest of earthly pleasures.' The Sarebus and Sakarrans, two of the fiercest pirate tribes, are described as fine men, fairer than the Malays, with sharp keen eyes, thin lips, and handsome countenances, though frequently marked by an expression of cunning.

The land Dyaks are completely under the subjection of the Malays, and are tyrannised over in the most cruel, selfish, and relentless manner by their oppressors; the fruits of their labour, their huts, property, and even their persons, being liable to be seized with the most remorseless rapacity. They have frequently attempted to resist, but have always been overpowered by their masters, superior in arms and energy, and aided by their dependants the sea Dyaks. These oppressed creatures, according to Mr Brooke, are mild and tractable, hospitable when well used, grateful for kindness, industrious, honest, and simple, neither treacherous nor cunning, and so truthful that the word of one of them might safely be taken before the oath of half-a-dozen Borneans. In their dealings they are straightforward and correct, and so trustworthy that they rarely attempt, even after a lapse of years, to evade payment of a just debt. Of course they have, on the other hand, the vices of savages. Their ideas of a Deity are obscure, and they have no religious forms. They practise augury, and put much faith in it. The women are more respected than among most savage nations, and polygamy is not practised. They keep distinct from the Malays, never intermarrying with them. They have considerable ingenuity in the arts, know the use of iron, construct very serviceable *prahus* or boats, and cultivate the soil to such an extent as to afford them a few of the necessaries of life.

Mr Brooke, on his first visit, made the acquaintance of Rajah Muda Hassim, a dependant of the Sultan of Borneo, and Governor of Sarawak, a small town and district situated in a navigable river in Borneo proper. Their first negotiations were directed to establish a commercial treaty, but though inclined to encourage these views, the prince had not the power or talent to carry them into effect. On a second visit, in August, 1840, Mr Brooke found the rajah at war with a confederacy of Dyak tribes, and was induced to lend his assistance to the prince against his rebellious subjects. The influence of this European, with his ship's crew of half-a-dozen men, had a prodigious weight in the subsequent warfare, so much so that at last the Dyaks were reduced to submission, and Mr Brooke's efforts were then directed to save their lives and procure for them the best terms possible. Peace being restored, Mr Brooke established himself at Sarawak, and laboured with incessant energy to ameliorate the condition of the poor Dyaks, as also to establish a commercial trade between Borneo and Singapore. His address and vigorous management soon procured him authority in the province. His presence and efforts in no long time became indispensable, and at last he accepted from the rajah a complete cession of Sarawak, with its surrounding territory, as his own dominion. This happened in September, 1841. 'I have a country,' he writes in his journal, 'but oh, how beset with difficulties, how ravaged by war, torn by dissensions, and ruined by duplicity, weakness, and intrigue!' The new rajah, however, set to work with all his energy and enthusiasm to his task of government and of improvement. He promulgated a brief code of laws, printed in the Malay language. The first regarded the punishment of murder, robbery, and other heinous crimes; the next three laws establish free trade; the sixth and seventh regulated finance and the currency; and the last was a warning to all peacebreakers to seek some other country where they may be permitted to break the laws of God and man. These laws, in the face of many and great difficulties, he strenuously laboured to carry into effect, ever animated by the most benignant views of humanity. 'At a distance,' he writes in his journal, 'I have heard of and pitied the sufferings of the negroes and the race of New Holland; yet it was the cold feeling dictated by reason and humanity: but now having witnessed the miseries of a race superior to either, the feeling glows with the fervour of personal commiseration—so true is it that visible misery will raise us to exertion, which the picture, however powerfully delineated, will never produce. Poor, poor Dyaks! exposed to starvation, slavery, death; you may well raise the warmest feelings of compassion; enthusiasm awakes at witnessing your sufferings! To save men from death has its merit, but to alleviate suffering, to ameliorate all the ills of slavery, to protect these tribes from pillage and yearly scarcity is far nobler, and if in the endeavour to do so one poor life is sacrificed, how little is that in the vast amount of human existence.'

Some time after Mr Brooke's settlement in his new dominions, and while he was busily occupied in his task of government, but especially in his self-defence against the swarms of pirates and hostile chiefs by whom he was surrounded, Captain Keppel, in her Majesty's ship Dido, arrived at Sarawak. This vessel had been dispatched to aid in the promotion of commerce and for the suppression of piracy in those seas, and came very opportunely to strengthen the hands of Mr Brooke. Captain Keppel found the new rajah established in a large rude hut, built after the native fashion on piles on the brink of the water, with a space surrounded with palisades and a ditch, forming a protection to some sheep, goats, bullocks, pigeons, cats, poultry, geese, monkeys, dogs, and ducks. His establishment consisted of a young navy surgeon who acted as a kind of prime minister; an old man-of-wars-man who kept the arms in first-rate condition; and another person, called Charlie, who acted as secretary. Captain Keppel and the officers of the Dido were hospitably entertained, and it was while smoking cigars in the evening, that the natives as well as the Chinese who had become settlers, used to drop in, and after creeping up, according to their custom, and touching the hand of their European rajah, retired to the further end of the room, squatting down upon their haunches and remaining a couple of

hours without uttering a word, and then creeped out again. 'I have seen,' says Captain Keppel, 'sixty or seventy come in and make this sort of salaam.' Aided by the force under command of Captain Keppel, Mr Brooke, in 1843, set out on an expedition against the piratical Dyaks of the Sakarran and Sarebus rivers. They embarked in several boats and pinnaces, manned both by British sailors and natives attached to the rajah, forming a motley but rather formidable armament. The pirates were so far prepared for them, having manned their forts and barricaded the pass of the river by two rows of trees stuck into the mud with their branches intertwined. The assailing party overcame this latter difficulty, and after a short resistance took and burned the forts and dispersed, for the time at least, the pirates.

Still, however, the situation of Mr Brooke and his party was by no means a quiet or enviable one. The neighbouring chiefs joined with the defeated pirates, and threatened him on every side, so that still more decided measures seemed absolutely necessary. Accordingly, another expedition was undertaken, the crew of the Dido being now reinforced by another steamer, the Phlegethon. A more serious and less bloodless encounter now took place, when the combined chiefs and pirates were again put to flight. Still, however, these wandering hoards, trained to incessant activity and adventure, are not so easy to be intimidated or put down. We accordingly find that, in May, 1845, Mr Brooke, assisted by the crews of three of her Majesty's war-ships, had again to take the field, and were again successful in capturing and destroying one of their chief fortifications. Yet later intelligence brings down the history of this undaunted and persevering settler, and shows him, though still surrounded by difficulties, bearing on his course of improvement, and as yet safe from the machinations of his enemies.

The advantage of Borneo as a calling station for vessels in the China trade, and as a link in the line of communication from Singapore onwards to China, must be obvious to all concerned, and thus it is to be hoped it will become the interest as well as duty of the British government to succour and promote the humane and judicious labours of Mr Brooke. Besides a profitable vein of copper ore, coals have also been discovered, which latter commodity will be of inestimable value to the furtherance of steam-navigation not only to China but to our Australian colonies. Along with the civilising effects of commerce and good government, this region offers too a most promising field for missionary enterprise. The Dyaks, forming the mass of the people, from their character as drawn by Mr Brooke, and from the depressed and subdued state in which they have hitherto been kept by the Malays, seem just the subjects adapted to receive instruction under mild and benevolent treatment. The numbers of Chinese who visit these islands also, would afford a good opportunity of introducing education and religious instruction amongst that class, and thus be a means of conveying a taste and inclination for such instruction to the mainland of that vast empire.

In this adventurous age, and with the genius for colonisation so peculiar to the British race, it would not be surprising if, in the course of the next twenty years, we find the large island of Borneo converted into a regular colony; the peaceable land Dyaks trained and educated to all the arts of civilisation and peace; and the restless and vicious activity of the roaming sea pirates turned into the noble enterprise of trade and commerce, carrying civilisation and industrious habits, as well as the comforts of life, into all the neighbouring countries and islands.

## THE SHEEP-FARMER OF CRAIGDUNE.

In the midst of an extensive tract of moor, in one of our western shires, over which the conveniences of roads and paths were few and ill-conditioned, once stood a lonely farmhouse. Craigdune farm, situated on the estate of Lord N——, was, as will be understood, entirely a pasture one. A waste of moor stretched away from before the front of the house, terminating in a distant slope of t same barren character, which rose into savage-looki brown hills, only here and there o'erfeathered with scar treelings. The range of hills was by no means regula their sweepings were fantastic, and their immense ridg jagged and rent; and here and there were huge gull and chasms, as if split by earthquakes, down which dash and foamed mountain torrents of the fiercest character.

The tenant of Craigdune was a respectable man of t name of David Parkhead, rather advanced in years, an i telligent, upright person, and extensively known and r spected. He was the descendant of a Covenanter wh had lost his life in one of the passes of Craigdune, in skirmish with a party of dragoons, and he had perha copied some of the sterner virtues of these zealous me His unswerving honesty and unflinching candour were th principal traits of his character, but his determinedly vi tuous principles and practice were softened in their rig outline by a tincturing of a more liberal and mercif spirit towards his enemies than has been generally a lowed to those stern, determined men, from one of who he boasted his descent.

At the period at which we take up our history, th goodman of Craigdune was in some perplexity and troubl Accidents had involved him in difficulties with regard t pecuniary means, and for the last few years he had foun it no easy task to maintain his position in Craigdun Disease had made inroads among his flocks, storms ha swept off numbers, and for several years the demand fo wool, although fluctuating, had been generally low. Los seemed to crowd on loss, and, maugre the iron patience o David, one or two furrows had streaked his massive brow

The two preceding years had beheld him in consider able arrears to his landlord, and according to custom h had now nothing to look for but ejection from his farm It had been with much difficulty that he had at all ob tained a respite at the hands of Mr A——, Lord N—— agent; and chiefly he had gained it through the interes of gentlemen well acquainted with his character and the origin of his difficulties. He was now convinced of the fruitlessness of attempting to maintain his position much longer amid such a complication of difficulties, and he had accordingly, at last term for payment of rent, hinted as much to Mr A——, asking, though with reluctance, some compensation for his losses in the shape of a reduction of rent. Compensation was what Mr A—— was not at all inclined to grant, and he surlily refused it. David, therefore, resolved to meet his difficulties alone and sternly, and though aware that the conflict would ultimately and speedily be decided against him, he was not the less determined to fight it out.

Let us now say a few words about Lord N——'s agent. His power, limited by legal boundaries, and by previous arrangement with Lord N——, was in its own proper province entirely absolute; and he was a man who liked to strain hard on the utmost stretch of his power, and, as some thought, at times a little beyond it. He was a petty tyrant under the mask of a faithful servant. His employer's 'interests' were the unvarying plea for all manner of oppression and harshness. His temper was bold and passionate, his eye quick and piercing to discern a fair mark for the exercise of his power; and towards the real suffering he often inflicted on his lordship's tenants, his feelings were callous and even gratified. Perhaps Mr A——'s native instincts were those of generosity and humanity, but the possession of power, which, as we have said, though limited was yet absolute, had produced on him effects it has caused on more noble natures.

The season was winter, and a most inclement and unfavourable one it was. The snow seemed to sleep eternally on the mountain heights around Craigdune as well as in the lonely valley; now the watery misty heavens renewed the universal sheet, and now the hard blue sky pinched the ground and encrusted its snowy covering. The mountain-torrents, now half choked with ice and snow, roared and foamed from their highland sources, and some, turned thus aside from their usual channels, formed magnificent cas-

cades, half of whose silver columns were already congealed into solid ice. The poor sheep, exposed to the fearful blasts, sought shelter wherever it could be found. Some descended to the valley, and others crouched beneath the rocks which walled the mountain-gorges. Pasture there was little or none, and a great number of the miserable animals perished from hunger, while others were smothered in the deep *drifts* of snow. David Parkhead perceived that he was a ruined man. With the assistance of his son David, a full-grown stout lad, and his faithful old servant, Hab Hogherd, he went daily to the hills, and amid the most benumbing cold collected and numbered his sheep that were alive, drove them to the most sheltered spots, and returned with the stray carcasses they might have chanced on in their rounds. David in his irretrievable difficulties would have experienced cordial sympathy and most probably assistance at the hands of his neighbours, had they not been sufficiently engrossed with the care of their own flocks, which were as badly situated as those of Craigdune. As it was, a youth of the name of Hubert Scott, son of a neighbouring farmer, often found his way amid the fiercest storm to Craigdune, and was frequently a most efficient assistant. Some said that he was principally induced to buffet the storm by the black eyes and sweet smiles of David Parkhead's pretty daughter Marion; and very likely that was the case. But whatever the inducement, he was often a useful and always a willing assistant to David.

One night, during such weather as we have described, the wind moaned complainingly through the mountain-gorges, the snow was whirled and drifted by the howling blast, now being driven fiercely in one direction, now all of a sudden upheaved towards its native clouds, and then swept violently to the earth. The blast blew more loudly and fiercely, the snow fell more thickly, and before morning threatened to enwrap the earth in a deep white shroud. On such a night the family of David Parkhead were assembled beside the blazing ingle in Craigdune kitchen. In the nook sat David himself, and beside him his dame; opposite them stood or sat young David, his sister Marion, and Hubert Scott. The group was completed by the addition of Old Hab and the female domestic Mysie. Silence reigned in the circle, and strong anxiety was depicted on the faces of all. The wind shook the casement, drove the smoke in fitful puffs down the chimney into the room, and howled loud and long around the exterior of the house. David, after a considerable period of silence, slightly shook his head, rose from his seat, and took up his plaid. 'This 'll never do, Hab,' he said to the old shepherd: 'the storm's getting worse instead o' better. I thought it would have changed to rain in the fore part o' the night, but it's useless waiting longer now. We must out to the hill, an' see to the pickle sheep remaining to us.' He wrapped his plaid around his shoulders.

'Surely, David, ye dinna intend to gang to the hill in such a fearful night as this?' said his wife, rising and staying his hand. 'Ye'll meet certain death amang the snaw. It's a temptin' o' Providence.'

'It's no such thing, my friend,' replied David, with a little severity. 'We wad deserve every kind of misfortune did we no look to the safety o' what Providence in his goodness has left us. What we have are His gifts, and we wad but evilly prize them if we coost them like feathers to every blast that whistled ower our heads. We do not tempt Providence, Marion, but we perform a duty.' Then, turning to his son, he said—'David, ye'll cross the moor to Dunecleuch, and gather the wedders we put aboon the pass yesterday. Take tent o' your steps, mind, and drive them to the side o' the hill where they'll have the blast strongest but less o' a drift. They'll wait there quietly enough, I dare say, till morning. Hubert Scott, my lad, ye wad be better behint yer father's hallan this night than helpin' David Parkhead; but as ye will have it so, gang ye alang wi' David till ye come to the pass's mouth, when ye can get half-way up the pass, and drive to the sheltered side o' the rocks what sheep ye can gather o' them that wandered up since yesterday morning. Maybe ye may join David at the foot o' the hill again. Hab and mysel' will take our course across the hill at the back o' the house, and making a half circle round by the Dragoon's Cairn, Lag's Scaur, and Cambus-un-aig Bog, as we're the best acquainted wi' the dangerous steps of the moor, bring what beasts we can collect to this side of Braidfell. Marion, keep yer mither company till our return; and mind ye hae a strong, steady light burnin' i' the window.'

As the four fearless men folded their plaids about them, and roused their dogs from their drowsy positions on the hearth, David's wife, with a choked voice, muttered 'God protect you all from danger!' David himself responded with a fervent salute, in which he was imitated by his son; and, with Mrs Parkhead's yearning eyes fixed upon them, they opened the door, which was shaken on its hinges by the fierce blast, and plunged amid the wrathful storm without. Hubert Scott pressed Marion's hand and followed them. Hab with sturdy step brought up the rear.

We would follow the party through the storm, but as our so doing is not necessary to the development of our tale, and would only impede our progress by length of detail, we shall leave them in the mean time. During their absence the anxiety of a wife and a mother burned in the bosom of Mrs Parkhead; the fears of a daughter, a sister, and it may be, as strong as either, the fears of a lover, agitated the breast of Marion. While her mother read silently from the pages of the Bible, and inwardly prayed to the God of the storm, Marion kept trimming the lamp which was placed in the window, and renewing fuel on the fire which blazed in the chimney. Two hours of deep suspense passed, and the force of the blast had not a whit abated. The wind whistled, the snow flew and deepened fast upon the ground. No one of the party had yet returned. The lonely inmates of Craigdune were beginning to get restless and uneasy. Another hour passed. Every sound different from the moaning of the blast was now attracting their attention. Suddenly a trampling of feet was distinctly heard, the door flew back on its hinges, and David Parkhead and Hab, like two moving masses of snow, entered the apartment. They had accomplished the purpose with which they had set out, though at extreme risk. Their first inquiries related to young David and Hubert Scott, and their countenances grew troubled when they were informed of their not having returned.

'God is abroad in his mightiness this night,' said David, uncoiling his plaid. 'One would think the heavens and the earth were mingled together in a dreadful battle.'

'I hope the lads may keep their feet surely,' said Hab, who still retained his snow-clad garments. 'I'm no disposed to rest me, master, till I'm assured o' their safety. Hist! there's a sound. That's no them; I ken by Hector's looks. Down, Hector, an' be quiet!' he added to one of the shivering dogs which had suddenly bristled up and was uttering low growls with its nose towards the door. At that moment some one applied a stout stick or other weapon with several smart raps to the door in question.

Mr A——, the obnoxious factor we have spoken of above, was he who stood at the door of the honest man he was hampering and crushing. During the day he had ridden alone to some distance on particular business, and on his return early in the evening he had been suddenly overtaken by the storm. For some time he rode obstinately in the very teeth of the blast, but, presuming on his knowledge of a short way home across the hills, he had left the public road. For a long time, during which he rode on at random, he was unsuccessful in his search: but he was now in Craigdune valley, and the light from David Parkhead's window glanced gratefully in his eyes. He spurred his horse with fresh vigour, and though the animal frequently stumbled over the inequalities of the ground, in less than an hour it stood before David Parkhead's abode, and the factor tapped, as we have mentioned, at the door.

Having administered a caution to his dog, Hab opened the door and peered into the stormy darkness without. He caught a glimpse of the snow-covered agent and his horse. The former he recognised with the utmost surprise.

'Is there any good Christian here who will assist me off my horse?' asked Mr A——, in a loud tone.

'I dinna ken, sir,' replied Hab, coolly; 'but there are twa or three Parkheads, an' I'm a Hogherd myself, at your service.'

'Ah, indeed!' muttered the agent, on hearing to whose hospitality he was likely to owe his safety.

'Ye'll be Mr A——, nae doot, Lord N——'s agent?' continued Hab, in a loud voice, intended for the hearing of his master in the interior.

The factor muttered a curse on his impudence, and gave him no reply.

'Very pleasant exercise, ridin' in a nicht like this, na,' said the incorrigible Hab, 'an' mair especially on the excellent roads we have hereaboots?'

'Very pleasant,' replied the factor.

'An' I'm sure to ane o' your close *business* habits, Mr A——, exercise sae pleasant maun be a very agreeable change?'

'Very agreeable.'

'Particularly whan ye can boast o' a clear upricht conscience.'

'Help the gentleman down, Hab,' said David Parkhead, who now appeared, in a clear commanding tone.

'Ay, ay, master,' returned Hab, assisting the factor to dismount, and afterwards leading off his horse to the stable.

With reluctant step Mr A—— then moved into the clean and cheerful kitchen. All stood under the influence of various degrees of embarrassment, with the exception of David Parkhead, who, in all the consciousness of integrity and uprightness, stood with an erect and composed demeanour. The factor uncovered his head and wiped the snow from his hat; his dark wrinkled face was very pale. 'Circumstances oblige me to solicit shelter under your roof for this night,' said the agent. 'You will be handsomely rewarded for your trouble.'

'My humanity was not bought, sir,' replied David, drawing himself proudly up; 'and I can afford to give it without payment. One should never be paid for doing his duty; and as *you* are in distress it's my duty at present to help you. You may rest yourself there,' he continued, pointing to the ingle-nook, 'and,' motioning to his wife, 'you will have immediate refreshment, such as we can give. Our home and our fare are coarse, but they are given heartily, and so take your use of them.' When he had ceased speaking he walked to the window, and busied himself with trimming the lamp. The factor, for the first time perhaps in his life, overawed, divested himself of his upper garments, and sat down in silence by the fire. He poured out a glass of spirits, and drank it off. Just then a hand was placed on the door-latch, the door opened, and Hubert Scott, loaded with snow, stood in the middle of the apartment. Hab Hogherd entered behind him. All crowded around Hubert with anxious inquiries relative to David. The factor looked up with a keen eye, being ignorant of the cause of general excitement. Hubert then briefly mentioned that since parting with David at the foot of the hill he had not seen him; that he had remained for some minutes at the place where they had proposed to meet, but the cold being so benumbing and the blast so fierce, he had hurried homewards in the hope that David might have arrived before him. Absorbing anxiety was now marked on the faces of all, and the factor remained in the nook quite unnoticed. From the hurried conversation that was passing, however, he had not failed to gather the cause of the visible sensation in every one. As it interested him but slightly he turned his thoughts to other subjects, and was speedily absorbed in deep meditation. Suddenly a mingled bark and howl was heard from without, and then a fierce scraping at the door became audible.

'David's dog Thistle,' cried Marion, with joyfulness.

The door was opened hastily, and in rushed Thistle whining and leaping, and with almost a look of intelligence on its face. His master did not follow him, as from the motions of the animal, which caught at the dresses of each of the party, and then plunged howling into the horrid darkness without, returning almost instantly to repeat the same action, it was evident there was something wrong. Hab snatched up a small bell with a cord attached to it, and bound it round Thistle's neck, then exclaiming, 'There's death or danger here,' he freed the dog, dashed after it into the storm, and was immediately followed by his master and Hubert Scott. Marion and her mother remained in a state of indescribable agony. On the dog rushed amid the still thickly-falling snow, and, guided by the tinkling of the bell, Hab, Hubert, and old David boldly followed. Long was the way, and many the times that each and all of the party rolled among the deeply-drifted snow. On they dashed notwithstanding, inspired, as it were, with more than mortal strength. Now they have arrived at the foot of Dunecleuch Pass, and for a moment hesitate whether to mount the hill or not. The tinkling of the bell sounds up the glen, and with desperate step they clamber up the rocky mouth of the gorge. Presently a waterfall drenches them and makes them stagger; then they sink in a deep heaving bog; now they flounder in a snow-drift; and again they stumble and fall headlong over some huge fragment of rock. But still they hold on their course. Now they have reached the middle of the gorge, and the deafening roar of the torrent, which leaps from the mountain-wall, combined with their fearful position and the driving storm, almost stupifies them; but a dreadful uncertainty as to the end of all their struggling again rouses their sensibility, and their hearts pant with apprehension. All at once the sound of the bell becomes silent, and a prolonged unearthly yell rises above the roar of the cataract and the moaning blast. Now the dog's pursuers stand still; Hab with difficulty ignites some tinder and lights a pocket-lantern. He turned the light forward: it was waved searchingly for a minute around, when suddenly it glared on a horrid object, beside which the sagacious Thistle was standing howling in agony. Slightly sprinkled with snow, there lay at the bottom of a perpendicular rock the mangled and bleeding remains of young David Parkhead. His fate was at once evident. He had fallen from the precipice above and been killed on the spot. A cry of horror burst simultaneously from the lips of the father, the faithful servant, and the true friend; then old David, throwing himself on his knees, cried—'This is the very spot where Hugo Parkhead was shot by the dragoons, and here, too, was he buried. Let us pray to God.'

The other two knelt among the snow, and the bereaved man, in a calm steady voice, which was heard above the blast around, raised a solemn cry to Heaven; and then, strengthened by this exercise, he arose, and taking off his plaid spread it on the snow. He then, with the assistance of Hubert Scott, wrapped in its folds the mutilated body of his son; and with Thistle howling in the rear, the whole party journeyed with their mournful load slowly down the pass.

The deep-rooted tenderness of a mother for her offspring has been often the subject of remark. When a father's affection is half fretted away, then does the mother come forth with her exhaustless resources, soothing and comforting. Again when accident overtakes her child—when ruin and death fall upon him, from the lowest depths of her tender heart does grief well up in a full unquenchable stream. Her love for her child is seen in her anxious care for his welfare—is displayed in the patient endurance of his caprices and ill-humour, and in her silent endeavours after his comfort; but it is fully exhibited only in that heavy grief with which she looks upon his misery or sees him in death. Even so it was with the mother of young David Parkhead. When the mangled corpse was borne into the house, she first stared vacantly at her husband, when the dreadful intelligence was com-

municated to her, as if she did not comprehend it, and then fell down in a swoon. Marion, heart-stricken and unable to shed a tear, with the assistance of Mysie, conveyed her mother to a separate apartment, where she remained till morning in a delirious state.

When the body of his son had been placed by Hab and Hubert in an adjoining room, David Parkhead gave way to a passionate outburst of grief. Without regarding the presence of the factor, who had not been an indifferent spectator of the foregoing part of the scene, he threw himself on a bench, folded his arms upon the table, and leaning forward his head gave vent to deep-drawn sobs. His large frame heaved and shook, his sobs came convulsively, occasional groans intermitting, and it seemed as if his misfortunes, hard as they had been, were now consummated by this hardest blow of all. The iron of adversity had entered deep into his soul. But David had strong and stern resources within himself: he received the blow, and though grievously wounded, and unable for a minute to restrain natural feeling, the struggle came to an end, and he found courage silently to acknowledge the hand that dealt it. He raised his head: his face was fearfully pale, but his eyes were a calm and subdued expression, and his manner was completely staid and composed. Hubert Scott was in the room, and so was Hab, both indulging in silent grief, and deeply sympathising with the sorrow of David. The factor was awkwardly placed, and it would have been impossible to say what were his feelings at that moment. They were not, we fancy, of a particularly commiserating character; probably the wish to be twenty miles distant from Craigdune at that minute was the uppermost in his mind.

'You will excuse me, Mr A——,' said David, when he had risen, with a voice intended to be very steady, 'but ye'll be aware now that your quarters for this nicht must be less comfortable than they might have been, and less solitary, too; for I fear me you must be content with the chair ye're in for yer bed, an' these two generous persons (pointing to Hubert Scott and Hab) and mysel' for your companions.' The agent nodded in acquiescence, and in a few minutes composed himself, or pretended to do so, to rest. David retired to his wife's apartment, and Hubert and Hab leaned against the wall and covered their faces.

Next morning the storm had abated its fierceness. The wind had fallen, the snow had ceased to descend, and the clouds had receded from the earth; but the effects of the storm were not so transient. Deep snow lay along the valley and in the hollows of the hills, and here and there immense piles and drifts of the white covering served to level the broken ground with that more elevated. The poor sheep cowered along the sides of the hills where the snow had lain least, and piteous bleating echoed among the rocks. On that morning Mr A—— prepared to set forth from Craigdune, under the guidance of Hab, who was to accompany him a part of his way. He was passing over the threshold of the house, when suddenly a door opened before him, and a terrible figure advanced and took a tenacious grasp of his arm. It was the bereaved mother, whose brain had been affected by the fearful accident of the preceding night. Her countenance, with the exception of a fiery tinge on her cheek, wore an unearthly paleness. She was dressed in a long white night-gown, and her grey hair fell over her shoulders in dishevelled masses. The factor started back with something like fear, for her cold, freezing, yet piercing eye, seemed to penetrate him like a dagger.

'You fear me, do you, man of wickedness?' she exclaimed, in a loud tone. 'And well you may! You have crushed an honest man's heart; you have brought misery and distress into a once happy family; you have brought poverty where want was never felt; and at last you have killed my child—my child—my child! Yes, it was you who did it—who first caused ruin, and out of that death. Viper and fiend! like Satan against Job, you have asked of the Lord to crush and oppress us!'

'Marion, be silent,' said her husband, sternly, and attempting to lead his poor wife away.

'I will not be silent,' she added, with sparkling eyes, 'till I have told this man his fate. The cause of the oppressed will not for ever be forgotten; no, the sword will be whetted—and—and,—oh, hear thou the curse of a mother bereaved of her only son! hear it man! May peace for ever——' She stopped and gazed around her vacantly for a minute, then, while her eyes softened into tears, she cried, with a revulsion of feeling—'O, David, David! I kenna how to curse. When I would curse my tongue pronounces a blessing. Oh, my husband! who would have fancied that *we* should e'er have seen this day?' And she fell into her husband's arms and sobbed upon his bosom. He bore her gently to her own apartment, while his strong features worked convulsively with internal anguish.

Hab sallied forth amongst the snow, and was instantly followed by the factor, half bewildered yet ashamed and angry. They were attended by Thistle, which had watched all night in the room where its former master lay in death. It now followed the agent closely and suspiciously, as if aware of the presence of the greatest enemy of the family. Mr A—— having mounted, they set out across the hills to the right, Hab, who was acquainted with every step, walking before and simply pointing out safe footing for the horse. At length they had accomplished the dangerous part of the road, and Mr A—— was now perfectly safe under his own guidance. Hab stopped and gave him this piece of information; they stood at the moment on the top of a hill, and a wide-extended snow-clad vale lay at their feet. The factor offered to reward his guide. The latter was leaning on his crooked staff and looking at the factor.

'Na, na, sir, I'll hae nane o' yer siller,' he said, shaking his head. 'I can do a gude action an' ne'er seek for reward. There lies your hame, Mr A——, doon in the valley, and a bonny as weel's a thriving hame it's like it is, but look ye whether ye hae that within yersel' without which the bonniest and brawest hame on earth will yield ane nae pleasure. Hae ye a gude conscience an' peace o' mind? Ye'll rest nane the better, I'm thinkin', for having accomplished the ruin of the honest family at Craigdune. God forgie ye! but it's in yer power to help them yet. Think hard on what you saw last night—on the dead son who was the pride o' his parents' hearts, on the maniac mither, the broken-hearted daughter, and the heart-stricken hard-striving father. And think, too, on how you were repaid gude for ill. Think on that; the thocht may do you and ithers some gude. And now Hab Hogherd, an auld grieved man, bids ye fareweel, wi' his honest wishes for yer weal, only be it deserved.' So saying he turned on his heel, and with steady strides disappeared behind the mountain's ridge. The dog Thistle lingered on the hill's brow until the factor had ridden far down into the valley, and then with a satisfied growl turned itself about and held onwards with steady pace to Craigdune.

The news of the melancholy event at Craigdune quickly spread through the country, and numerous were the kindly offers of sympathy tendered to the afflicted family. Many neighbouring gentlemen, besides, interested themselves to procure for David Parkhead a reduction of rent; but Mr A——, who recollected some passages of his night's residence at Craigdune with no very amiable feelings, turned a deaf ear to every request in behalf of old David. Compassion he had none; and if any impression had been made on his cold heart by what he had himself witnessed at Craigdune, it had been slight and transient. The business of his office, and the importance of its authority, had now engrossed his attention, and what made so light an impression at the time was not calculated now to raise any latent humanity within his bosom. One morning, shortly after the funeral of his son, David Parkhead received a note from the factor, informing him that no reduction would be made in his rent, nor any compensation allowed for his losses.

At the time that David received this intimation his wife was lying on a bed of sickness. The sickness of death

he knew it was, and his mind was casting about how to support itself under the severe trial he knew was coming on him. Trials had crowded fast on him, but he had hitherto sustained himself with exemplary fortitude; now he laid himself down, worn out and desperate. In a few days afterwards his wife died and was buried; David seemed as if now insensible to feeling—fate had done its worst. Yet another trial he endured; his effects were poinded in order to have his arrears of rent defrayed, and he was served with an order of ejection from Craigdune. All was now accomplished, and he prepared in his old age to live what remained of his life in a foreign land.

Adversity, though generally reckoned an evil, is yet an instrument in the hands of Providence for percolating from the soul of humanity native infirmities and weaknesses. It marks out the strong from the weak; the former are tried and become steadfast; the latter, perhaps accustomed to the enervating influence of prosperity, grow weak and faint. Prosperity gives an occasion for the display of temperance, but adversity affords room for an exhibition of fortitude, which is 'the more heroical virtue.' The former discovers vicious weakness, the latter unfolds virtuous heroism. Prosperity causes arrogance and self-sufficiency; adversity teaches to be humble and contrite. The one obscures the religious vision; the other shows God and man truly. Thus it was with David Parkhead. When he bade adieu to his native spot, never to revisit it again as he thought, his soul had recovered its healthy and vigorous tone; he could calmly say—'I am in the hands of my God, let him do unto me as seemeth unto him best.'

In a few years subsequent to the events we have cursorily described above, the death of Lord N—— took place. His successor reformed in many points the method of governing his estate, and among other changes he removed Mr A—— from the agency. The latter had managed during the course of a number of years to accumulate a good amount of property, and accordingly his retirement from business was an easy one. He did not remove far from the scene of his former oppressions, but settled in a handsome country mansion, where, like a ferocious animal, he remained in solitude, hated and shunned. One day he took a fancy to visit Craigdune farm in order to see how it looked in the hands of the new tenant. He rode to the top of the hill behind the house; it was in the middle of summer, and the brown valley received a flood of light from the resplendent luminary of day. He was surprised to see two old men sitting on a rock at a little distance, one of whom was apparently blind. He rode up and eyed them attentively and with surprise. In the blind man he recognised David Parkhead, and in the other, who appeared to be his assistant, he knew Hab Hogherd. The latter was aware of who Mr A—— was, but manifested no surprise. He merely turned with mildness towards David, and, in reply to his questioning, informed him of the presence of the former factor.

'May God forgive him, and make him as happy as I a poor old blind creature am!' said David, fervently.

'Are you happy, old man?' asked Mr A——, wonderingly, for David and his companion seemed more objects of pity than subjects for happiness.

'Happy!' echoed the old man, while a smile of ineffable expression beamed on his withered shrunken features. 'Yes, happy, happy am I. There are those who praise wealth, others who laud health, and some who go in chase of fame; but the blind old man, a beggar on the hill-top, is happier than all, for he trusts in God and has learned to submit to his will.'

Mr A—— was interested he knew not how. He asked a number of questions at Hab relative to their fortunes since their departure from Craigdune, and gathered from his replies the following meagre account. David, his daughter, Hubert Scott, and Hab had all gone to America, where Marion and Hubert were knit together in marriage. They were happy, though poor, for a time, and were just beginning to get more thriving when disease cut down the young wife and husband one after another. David, whom afflictions had made blind, turned his sightless orbs again towards his native land, and was attended by the faithful Hab. Both wanted to lay their bones near Craigdune, and they had wended their solitary way to that place in order to have their desire gratified.

And it was gratified. Some time afterwards two simple slabs reared their lowly heads in the solitude and wildness of Dunecleuch pass, near the spot where young David Parkhead had been killed, and close by the grave of Hugo the Covenanter. On one of these stones was the simple name 'David Parkhead.' He needed no encomium; he had lived a blessed example of extraordinary Christian fortitude, and he had died the death of the righteous, trusting *not* in himself. On the other stone, which stood beside the one we have noticed, were inscribed the words, 'Halbert Hogherd, his attached servant and friend in evil days.'

## DRUMCLOG.*

Drumclog lies in the middle ward of Lanarkshire, on the confines of the county of Ayr, about six miles from the ancient town of Strathaven, and two from the famous hill of Loudon. The battle which renders the locality so interesting, and which makes it the object of so much attraction in the west of Scotland, took place on the 1st June, 1679. For some time prior to the engagement, the Covenanters had met for worship on the moors and mosses of Avondale, Lesmahago, Muirkirk, Douglas, Galston, and Loudon, and had repeated encounters with the military who were stationed throughout the country to put down their conventicles. But though they were enduring great hardships, and exposing themselves to much peril, such was their zeal in the cause which they had espoused, that they continued to meet regularly and frequently for religious exercises. Their preacher for several Sabbaths previously was Mr Thomas Douglas, and their leader or commander was Mr Robert Hamilton, second son of Sir William Hamilton of Preston. The battle took place on a Sabbath. The Covenanters had met in the morning for worship at Glasterlaw, in the parish of Loudon, a short distance from the scene of combat. Scarcely had the services commenced than they learned from their friends who were keeping watch on a neighbouring height, that Captain Graham of Claverhouse was at hand with his dragoons, that he had seized several of their followers, and was driving them before him bound in pairs. Exasperated at the proceedings of the past, and desirous to rescue their friends, they resolved that they would not retreat, but that they would give them battle whatever might be the issue. Their entire force consisted of about two hundred, fifty of whom were on horseback, and their arms were a few old guns, halberts, pitchforks, and swords. But though untrained for battle, and ill provided with arms and ammunition, they marched boldly forward to meet Claverhouse and his party, which happened near where now stands the farm-house called *Stabbieside*. The ground was marshy; the dragoons fired, then charged upon them, but they had not advanced far till their horses sunk in the moss or swamp. The Covenanters returned the fire from the opposite bank; the ranks of the soldiers were broken and thrown into disorder, and seeing their extremity, one of them, John Nisbet of Hardhill, cried—'Out o'er the bog, and to them, lads.' The order was obeyed, about forty of the dragoons were instantly killed,

* We purpose, in this and a few succeeding papers, to give a short account of the localities in the western districts of Scotland, famed as the scenes of those feuds which characterised what is known in this country by the name of the Wars of the Covenant, and of which happily we now know nothing except the history. Of course, it is not our intention to express any opinion in reference to the merits of the quarrel, but simply to give a statement of the facts, and to notice some of the relics connected with these events, which we are the better enabled to do, as besides having visited the various places we mean to describe, and examined the relics, we have kindly had put into our possession several documents relating to these times, of which neither the historian nor the topographer has hitherto availed himself, and which, we believe, will now be read with equal interest by men of all parties.

several were wounded and taken prisoners, and the remainder fled with all speed from the field. After pursuing them for several miles they returned to the farmyard of High Drumclog, where Claverhouse had bound his prisoners previous to the engagement, cut the ropes with which they were secured, and set them at liberty.

Such is a brief statement of facts connected with this memorable contest. Nearly two centuries have since passed away, but it is not yet forgotten by the admirers of the Covenanters, nor by the inhabitants of that district of country. A sermon is preached annually on the 'battlefield' by one of the neighbouring clergymen, when young men and maidens, children, and hoary-headed swains, amounting to many hundreds, meet to hear the doings of their ancestors, and to worship the God of their fathers. The place where the dragoons were buried is still pointed out, as also the spot where Finlay of Lesmahago, armed with a pitchfork, came up to Claverhouse in order to assault him, and where the mare on which he rode was stabbed to death, whilst he made a narrow escape by springing upon the charger of one of the officers who had perished at the moss. Further on is the 'trumpeter's' well, where the poor trumpeter was slain, and also several of the soldiers as they fled in the direction of Strathaven. There you are shown the street or close through which the dragoons passed on their way to Glasgow, followed by the inhabitants, and where a man was killed by the firing of a soldier. You are also shown the part of the town where the principal inn then stood, and where Captain Graham and his officers breakfasted on the morning of the battle. Throughout the district various relics connected with the event are carefully preserved. Till recently, the knife which cut the cords that bound the prisoners whom Claverhouse brought along with him, was in the possession of one of the lineal descendants of the Covenanters. A drum, a little black bottle, a pitchfork, guns, and a great number of swords, are to be seen in several of the houses of the district; as also three of the flags or banners which were unfurled on the occasion, a short account of which may not be uninteresting to our readers.

One of these belonged to the parish of Galston, and was carried by Captain Browning of Bankhouse. The fabric is lint. In the centre there is the drawing of an opened Bible, on which are the Latin words, 'Deus est semper idem,' and around it is the motto—'For God and state, kirk and covenant, and the work of reformation.'

Another, which belonged to the parish of London, and which was borne by George Woodburn of Mains, who is said to have been the first to step into the bog to attack the dragoons, is of a similar fabric, and is in excellent condition. On it there is a representation of the Scotch thistle, with the words, 'For reformation of religion in church and state, according to the word of God and our sworn covenants.' Both of these flags lie at the village of Darvel, in the parish of Loudon, in the possession of descendants of the men who carried them on the morning of the engagement.

The third belonged to the parish of Avondale. It is about two yards square, of French white silk. At the top are those words, which seem of recent addition—'At Drumclog, Avondale, 1st June, 1679. In the cause of civil and religious liberty.' On the right is a portion of the Bible—a quotation from the thirty-third chapter of Ezekiel, but which cannot now be well deciphered. At the bottom is a sketch of the Scotch thistle, and in the centre are the words, 'For religion, covenant, king, and country.' It has been long, and still is, in the possession of the 'Strathaven Weavers' Friendly Society,' is much valued by them as an interesting relic of the olden time, and is generally displayed on public occasions.

But perhaps the most interesting relic connected with Drumclog that has been preserved in the district, is a psalm-book, which was the property of one of the Covenanters. It is in the possession of the Misses Currie, Tryne-law, Strathaven. The title-page is as follows—'The Psalms of David in Meeter, with the prose; whereunto is added Prayers commonly used in the Kirk and private houses, with a perpetual calender, and all the changes of the Moone that shall happen for the space of XIX yeares to come. Duelie calculated to the meridian of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart, 1611. Cum Priviligio Regiae Magistratis. It contains a table of the moveable feasts for XXI yeeres to come, the names of the Faires of Scotland, the confession of Faith used in the English Congregation at Geneua, received and approved by the Church of Scotland, &c. &c.' We give the twenty-third psalm as a specimen of the metre.

The Lord is only my support,
And he that doeth me feed;
How can I then lacke anything
Whereof I stand in neede.

He doeth me fold in coates most safe,
The tender grasse fast by,
And after driuves me to the streames
Which runne most pleasantly.

And when I feele myselfe neere lost
Then doeth he me home take,
Conducting me in his right pathes,
Euen for his oune name's sake.

And though I were euen at deathes doore,
Yet would I feare none ill,
For with thy rod and shepheard's crooke
I am comforted still.

Thou hast my table richlie deckt,
In despite of my foe;
Thou hast my head with baulme refresht,
My cup doeth ouerflow.

And finallie while breath doeth last,
Thy grace shall me defend,
And in the house of God will I
My life for ever end.

The number of Covenanters who perished on the field or died soon after in consequence of their wounds, was five, or at most six. We have obtained the names of five of them, the places where they were buried, and the inscriptions on their tombstones. Two of them belonged to the parish of Loudon, John Morton, Broomhill, and John Gebbie, Fioch, and their bodies lie in the churchyard of Newmilns. The epitaphs on their graves are the same. We give one of them—'Here lies John Morton in Broomhill, who for his appearing in arms in his own defence, and in defence of the Gospel according to the obligation of our national Covenant, and agreeable to the Word of God, was shot in a rencounter at Drumclog, June 1st, 1679, by bloody Graham of Claverhouse.'

A third was William Dingwell, a native of Fife; he was buried in Strathaven, where a small headstone marks the place where he was laid, and on which is the following inscription—'Here lys the corps of William Dingwell, who was shot in a rencounter at Drumclog, June 1st, 1679, by bloody Graham of Claverhouse, for adhering to the Word of God and Scotland's covenanted work of reformation.

This hero brave who here doth ly,
Was persecute by tyrannie,
Yet to the truth he firmly stood,
'Gainst foes resisting to the blood.
Himself and Gospel did defend,
Till for Christ's cause his life did end.'

A fourth was Thomas Weir, a native of Lesmahago. He lived at Waterside, on Logan Water. When Claverhouse and his men fled from the field, the reins of his bridle broke; the horse overtook them, and rushed into the midst of them, on which one of the dragoons fired his musket, and instantly Weir fell. His body was carried home by his friends and interred in the churchyard of Lesmahago, where there is a stone with the following words—'Here lies Thomas Weir, who was shot in a rencounter at Drumclog, June 1st, 1679, by bloody Graham of Claverhouse, for his adherence to the Word of God, and Scotland's covenanted work of reformation. Rev. xii. 11.'

The fifth was James Thomson, Tanhill, Lesmahago. He was buried in the churchyard of Stonehouse, and on his tomb is the following inscription—'Vive memor lethi, fugit horæ. Here lies James Thomson, who was shot in a rencounter at Drumclog, June 1st, 1679, by bloody

Graham of Claverhouse, for his adherence to the Word of God, and Scotland's covenanted work of reformation. Rev. xii. 11.

*Memento mori.*

This hero brave, who doth lie here,
In truth's defence he did appear,
And to Christ's cause he firmly stood
Until he sealed it with his blood.
With sword in hand, upon the field
He lost his life, yet did not yield.
His days did end in great renown,
And he obtained the martyr's crown.

Till the year 1839 no stone or memorial of any description was erected on the spot where this triumph was gained by the Covenanters. Indeed, with the exception of a few hedges, the land a little better cultivated, and a farm-steading or two in the immediate neighbourhood, the place seems to have been little altered in appearance from what it was at the time of the engagement. In that year, however, two structures were raised in commemoration of the event, in consequence of the parties not being agreed as to the description of building to be erected. A party wished the edifice to be useful as well as ornamental, and pled for a school-house; another wished a monument only. In the end both were erected. The monument is about twenty feet high, and has the following inscription—'Erected in commemoration of the glorious triumph gained by a party of Scottish Covenanters over the ferocious Graham of Claverhouse and his bloody dragoons on the 1st June, 1679. The grand results, civil and ecclesiastic, of the reformation, attained to between 1637 and 1649, were highly valued by the heroes of the covenant. Rather than be involved in the apostacy of the perjured Charles and his prelatic counsellors, they endured his persecuting rage; they resisted unto blood, striving against sin; they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for his sake, who is King of kings and Lord of lords. Attacked by the royal mercenaries on the holy Sabbath, although neither trained to war nor well supplied with arms, they trusted in Jacob's God, in whose name they had displayed their banners. Animated by the divine spirit, and by feelings of the purest patriotism for the glory of God, 'they waxed valiant in fight,' and routed their vaunting assailants, the enemies of God and their country. Stern, inflexible men! They imprinted the image of their character on the destinies of the nation; they bore the burden and heat of the day. We have entered into their labours. The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is his name. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.' Exodus xv. 3, 6.

The school-house, which stands a few yards distant from the monument, is a plain substantial building with a stone slab over the entrance, on which are inscribed the words—'On the battlefield of Drumclog this seminary of education was erected in memory of those Christian heroes, who, on Sabbath the 1st of June, 1679, nobly fought in defence of civil and religious liberty. Dieu et mon droit.'

## WORTH OF MONEY.

BY W. COX.

'Alas, what a thing is poverty
Among the fallen on evil days:
'Tis crime, and fear, and infamy,
And houseless want; in frozen ways
Wandering ungarmented; and pain,
And, worse than all, that inward stain,
Foul self-contempt, which drowns in sneers
Youth's starlight smile, and makes its tears
First like hot gall, then dry for ever!'

'Riches are not happiness,' say many old prosers, generally 'well-to-do' in the world—granted; neither is poverty directly and absolutely misery; but if she be not, she is near akin—she is the 'mother of miseries,' and has, in truth, as swarming and ill-favoured a progeny, of all shapes and sizes, as can well be conceived, from full-grown evils down to small petty annoyances. As it often happens, the junior portion of her offspring are the worst to be endured; they have not the deadly stings and matured malignancy of the elder evils, but are more fretful, teazing, irritating, and annoying; and are that set of imps that are perpetually pestering men in middling circumstances, or rather, on the borders or confines thereof, but whom an increasing deficiency of, and an increasing necessity for, the circulating medium, is gradually dragging down to that class of 'despisable vagabonds,' as Cooper's housekeeper calls them—the poor. Be not afraid, ye men of millions, I am not about to make any draughts upon your sympathy; I am not about to attempt to draw, *à-la-Banim*, any fearful, loathsome, haggard picture of poverty and its effects. Such pictures do little good, and much harm—they have the tendency to sear and render callous the feelings, rather than excite pity, or open the well-springs of divine charity. Besides, the superlative is not my line; the positive or comparative is quite high or low enough for one who neither deals in celestial bliss nor ineffable wo, but is content to paddle in the small ware of mere troubles and inconveniences.

To want money is to want 'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;' it is to want respect and sympathy, and the ordinary courtesies of society; besides, occasionally, victuals. The possession or non-possession of it makes the difference whether life has to be an enjoyment or a task; whether it has to be a walk over a smooth verdant lawn, amid fragrant flowers and aromatic shrubs, and all things that minister pleasure to the senses; or a wearisome up-hill journey, through thorns and briars, and other ungracious impediments. It makes the difference whether you have to go bounding exultingly along like the free, full-blooded courser, or wend your way wearily and slowly like the laden and despised pack-horse.

To want money, in a high state of civilisation, is to be a kind of slave; it is, at least, to be dependent on the whims and caprices of others, instead of indulging in all the pleasant eccentricities or originalities to which your temperament may prompt you; it is to have to rise soon when you wish to lie late, and to go to bed early in order to be enabled so to do; it is to have to live in unwholesome and anti-respectable neighbourhoods, and mix in daily communion with people whose ways are not your ways; it is to be a drudge, a hack, a machine, worked for the profit and advantage of others until the springs are broken; it is to be omitted in family celebrations, and roam about invitationless at Christmas; it is to have to put up with equivocal nods and recognitions in the streets—to have your friends look into print-shop windows as you approach, and suddenly bring their admiration of the engraver's skill to a period as soon as you have passed by; it is to feel all delicate sensibilities, all free generous feelings, all aspiring thoughts, checked and crushed within you by a petty but overbearing necessity; it is to have to suffer the greatest misfortunes and the most contemptible vexations; to have family affections and social friendships uprooted and destroyed, and to be obliged to be uncomfortably careful of coats, hats, and other habiliments. It is to live 'a man forbid;' or it is to become an exile from your native land—a wanderer in foreign and unhealthy climes, hunting for the yellow indispensable, until you are of the colour of the metal you are in quest of; until the temper becomes soured, the feelings deadened, the heart indurated, and the liver in an improper state. How beautifully has Leyden portrayed his own fate and feelings, and those of thousands of others, in that pure gem of poetry, the 'Address to an Indian Gold Coin:'—

'For thee—for thee, vile yellow slave!
I left a heart that loved me true:
I crossed the tedious ocean wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new;
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart—the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view,
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!'

To lack money, is to lack a passport or admission-ticket into the pleasant places of God's earth—to much that is glorious and wonderful in nature, and nearly all that is

rare, and curious, and enchanting, in art; or if you do travel about in a small way, it is to have that most miserable, rascally, intrusive, and disagreeable of all companions, economy, yoked to you; to be under a continual restraint from his presence; to feel unable to give your mind cheerfully and freely up to the scene before you; and, in the contemplation of a magnificent view, or a piece of hoar antiquity, to have the wretch whisper in your ear the probable cost of your pleasurable sensations; it is to have a continual contest carried on in your sensorium between pleasure and prudence; it is to submit to small inconveniences and petty insults at inns for the accommodation of travellers, where, above all places on earth, the men of money shine out with the most resplendent glory, and the unmonied become the most truly insignificant; it is, in fact, to have all your enjoyments diminished and annoyances aggravated; to have pleasure almost transmuted into pain, or, at least, to have 'such shadow of vexation' thrown over it as materially to change its complexion; and when all is over—journey done and expenses paid—it is to feel a sort of mean remorse as you reckon up your past expenditure, and ponder over the most probable remedial ways and means for the future.

The two things most difficult of discovery, next to the passage round the North Pole, are talent in a poor man, and dulness in a rich one; therefore, to want money is to want wit, humour, eloquence—in fact, capacity of every kind; or, at the best, if they be not altogether denied, to have such a duty levied upon them—such an oppressive drawback—that the rich man with inferior wares, is able to beat the poor one whenever they come into competition. For instance, the most casual observer of men and manners must have noticed that in company a joke from a man of £5000 per annum elicits more admiration, and produces infinitely more hilarity and good-humour, than ten equally as good from a man worth £500. Oh! it is perfectly wonderful, the raciness and point that an abundance of temporalities impart to a rather dull saying. Besides, a jest from a man in the receipt of a contemptible income, by some strange fatality changes its nature, and becomes little better than sheer impertinence. It is that sort of thing which grave gentlemen and prudent matrons designate by the word 'unbecoming.' Now, all this, though visible to the meanest capacity, might puzzle a philosopher. He would be as unable to comprehend it as he would the curious sympathy which exists between sterling wit and superfine cloth, that mutually assist and set off each other. Many a quaint conceit and rare piece of pleasantry has altogether lost its effect and fallen pointless in consequence of the speaker's garments not being of that texture, or possessed of that freshness which is altogether desirable. The moral, good reader, to be deduced from all this is, that you be not petulant and acrimonious because these things are so, but that, if endowed with a 'money-making disposition,' you assiduously cultivate it, and then you will not need care whether these things are so or not.

The want of money, too, I am inclined to think, produces physical changes which have not as yet been sufficiently noticed by the faculty. It causes a gradual and considerable accumulation of bile, which lies lurking in the system, until the incivilities of friends, or the importunities of creditors, cause it to become completely vitiated or inspissated; after which a man, especially one predisposed to melancholy and contemplation, looks at every thing on earth through a pair of yellow spectacles. The unhappy patient becomes saturated, body and mind, with jaundice; he shuns the society of his fellowmen, buttons his coat up to his chin, pulls his hat over his eyes, deposits his hands in the pockets of his small-clothes, and takes extraordinary long walks into the country. But even the fair face of nature becomes changed; the barrenness of his pockets throws a sterility over the landscape, deducting 'the glory from the grass, and splendour from the flower.' The blossoming of the earth is no longer pleasant to his sight, or the music of the merry warblers of the woods delightful to his ear. His 'heart is out of joint,' and all nature seems to be filled with unpleasing comparisons between his own state and hers. He stalks about with lowering brow and upturned lip, an unpleasant discord amid the universal harmony and fitness of things. At this juncture, let intelligence arrive of a heavy legacy left him by some appropriately defunct distant relative—and lo, the change! It is as a dark cloud passing from the sun. Monsieur Il Penseroso becomes L'Allegro in a twinkling. He draws his hands from the extensive vacuum in which they have been dangling, takes the yellow spectacles from his eyes, raises the hat from his brow, unbuttons his coat, and turns with a feeling of leisurely enjoyment to welcome the fresh spring breeze. The song of birds and the odour of flowers are again grateful to his senses. The rivulet ripples once more pleasantly to his ear, and the cheerful song of the lark finds a corresponding echo in his own bosom. He indulges no longer in speculations on the vanity and insufficiency of things, but hies homeward cheerful, free, enfranchised, independent. He orders an approved cookery-book, lies a-bed and studies it, and marvels, in a short time, how melancholy ever gained a footing in this mighty pleasant world. Oh, money, money! marvellous indeed are the changes thou canst produce! Would that I were a bank-director!

## THE ANTIQUITY OF TREES.

The longevity of trees is a subject of interest, to the knowledge of which a value must be justly attached, when it is known that some trees were cotemporary with the oldest generations of mankind. They have in certain cases thrown light on the history of monuments; as the monuments in return have reflected the same light of knowledge on those ancient trees that grew near them. The specimens of these patriarchs of the vegetable world are numerous, and if their immense age be only ascertained with precision, there will even be found in these facts some means of fixing an approximative date to the last revolutions of the globe:—

Those of the Cedars of Lebanon, measured in 1660 by Maundrel and Pocock, were supposed to be then about 600 years old, and about 800 years old in 1787, when again seen by M. Labellordière.

The Lime is a European tree, which, in a given time, appears able to acquire the largest diameter. That of the Chateau of Chailles, near Melles, in the department of the Deux-Sevres, was in 1804 about 538 years old; that of Trons, in the Grisons, in 1798 must have been about 583 years old; that of Depeham, near Norwich, and of Henstadt in Wurtemburg, were also very aged—the last needing props. The large and small leaved limes must be distinguished between, as the former grow faster than the latter.

The Cypresses, among the trees in the South of Europe, live to the most advanced age. Hunter says that, in 1776, there existed in the garden of the Palace of Grenada, cypresses that were celebrated even in the times of the Moorish kings. The largest now known is near the Lago Maggiore. The immense cypress of Chapultepec, which, it is said, has attained 117 feet 10 inches round, is probably the most ancient vegetable production of the globe.

The Sweet Chestnuts appear to grow to a great age. Pæderte says he saw one in the county of Gloucester which was supposed to be near 900 years old. (This is the Totworth Chestnut at Lord Ducie's.) Boce mentions one near Lancerre thirty feet round, and which has for 600 years borne the title of the 'great chestnut.'

The Orange and Lemon are among the European trees of the lowest growth and the greatest age. It is stated that the orange tree in the convent of Santa Sabina at Rome was planted by St Dominica in 1200, and that of Fondi, by St Thomas Aquinus, in 1278.

The Olive is a tree that can live to an astonishing age in any country where it is not liable to be pruned. M. de Chateaubriand says in his 'Itinerary,' that the eight olive trees in the garden of that name in Jerusalem, only pay

each a medin to the grand seignor, which proves that they existed at the period of the invasion of the Turks, for those planted since that time pay a tax of half their produce. The largest olive tree mentioned in Italy by Recconi is at Pescio; this tree, according to Moschettini, must be 700 years old.

The Yew appears, of all European trees, to attain the greatest age. Of these venerable trees there are several in England, whose ages have been ascertained:—Those of the ancient Abbey of Fountains, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, were, in 1750, more than twelve centuries old. Those of the Churchyard of Crowhurst, in Surrey, if they still exist, must be fourteen centuries and a half old. Those of Fotheringay must be reckoned at from twenty-five to twenty-six centuries. It is possible that these are the oldest specimens of European vegetation. Century after century they have continued to draw up from the earth their mighty nourishment. On their green umbrageous heads the rains and dews of a thousand years have fallen; and they now stand, at the present day, as monuments of wonder to the generations of men.

### SPARROWS.

Of all the feathered denizens of our gardens and homesteads, none is so persecuted, none so frequently falls a victim to the gardener's hatred, as the common sparrow (Fringilla domestica); but if he were to divest himself of his deep-rooted prejudice against it, he would find upon investigation that it was his friend rather than his foe. It cannot be denied that at times this bird commits great devastation among the seed-beds, &c., but, nevertheless, if its merits were fairly estimated, and if the benefits which it confers upon the gardener were duly considered, it would be found that its bad qualities are quite cast into the shade when compared with the good services it renders him. During several months of the year its food principally consists of caterpillars and other destructive insects; its young, indeed, subsist almost entirely upon them. Few seem to be aware of the active part the sparrow takes in the destruction of these pests of the gardener; if we reckon that a single bird consumes upwards of 200 per diem (and this is a very small average, considering that the caterpillars are chiefly destroyed when very small), a family of sparrows, two old ones with five young, would thus destroy about 1500 a-day, or between 11,000 and 12,000 a-week—a great destruction! Every sparrow's nest, therefore, in the vicinity of a garden, should be looked upon as a tacit evidence of this exterminating warfare, which is thus silently and constantly being carried on by these birds against the noxious larvæ, &c. which infest our fruit-trees and crops.—*Boughton Kingdon.*

### A BALL-ROOM.

What a scene of commonplace! how hackneyed in novels; how trite in ordinary life! and yet ball-rooms have a character and a sentiment of their own, for all tempers and all ages. Something in the lights, the crowd, the music, conduces to stir up many of the thoughts that belong to fancy and romance. It is a melancholy scene to men after a certain age: it revives many of those lighter and more graceful images connected with the wandering desire of youth—shadows that crossed us, and seemed love, but were not—having much of the grace and charm, but none of the passion or the tragedy of love. So many of our earliest and gentlest recollections are connected with those chalked floors, and that music painfully gay, and those quiet nooks and corners where the talk that hovers about the heart and does not touch it has been held. Apart and unsympathising is that austerer wisdom which comes to us after deep passions have been excited: we see form after form chasing the butterflies, that dazzle us no longer among the flowers that have evermore lost their fragrance. Somehow or other it is one of the scenes that remind us most forcibly of the loss of youth—we are brought so closely in contact with the young and with the short-lived pleasures that once pleased us, and have forfeited all bloom. Happy the man who turns from the 'tinkling cymbal' and the 'gallery of pictures,' and can think of some watchful eye and some kind heart at home! But those who have no home—and they are a numerous tribe—never feel lonelier hermits or sadder moralists than in such a crowd.—*Bulwer.*

### YESTERDAY

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

To-day about us is the air
Of something great, of something fair:
The ling'ring glory in decay
Of flattering, fleeting yesterday.

This step that is depress'd and slow,
These hopes of life now faint and low,
This hair fast changing into gray—
How otherwise but yesterday!

Gone is the vigour, dead the fire,
Where youth and nature cried, 'Aspire!'
Oh, what a world of good had sway
In energetic yesterday!

To-day the scent is faint and poor
Of roses withering round the door,
And blank, and cold, in disarray
The festal hall of yesterday.

Bright garlands wither on the brow;
Blithe dance, glad song are over now;
And still thou dost the heart waylay,
Sad-memory-making yesterday.

The child—a blessed child no more;
The bride—who can her bloom restore?
The wife—why waned she thus away?
Who can restore us yesterday?

To-day has met a thief, be sure,
So hollow, wretched, spent, and poor;
And none could do the deed, but gay,
Forestalling, rampant yesterday.

To-morrow, shall we gladness see!
Oh, hope it not—it may not be!
Turn to the past, 'tis with the clay
Of blest and buried yesterday.

### ODE TO MUSIC.

BY JOHN ANDERSON.

Music! all mankind adore thee,
Sage and savage, bound and free;
Saint and sinner bow before thee;
All—all homage pay to thee.

Music! boundless as creation
Is thy empire's lawful sway;
Every pulse of earth and ocean,
Hymn thy presence night and day.

Music! boon of bounteous nature,
Spirit of ethereal line,
Smiling nymph of sunny feature,
Shine, refulgent goddess, shine!

Music! nurse of high emotion,
Hidden fount of purest bliss,
Making ecstacy devotion,
In a world to follow this:

Music! sweet'ner of existence,
Magnet sprite of angel power,
Vocal pilgrim from a distance,
Blossom of a heavenly flower.

Music! oh, thy voice entrances,
Pleases, captivates, and thrills,
Every art of life enhances.
All our angry passions stills.

Music! emigrant from glory,
Delegation from the sky,
Tell thy tale, thy hopeful story,
How thy anthems ring on high.

Music! breath of love's own essence,
Unseen, spiritualising flame,
Human tongue has no expression
Strong enough thy joys to name.

Music! citizen of heaven,
Spirit of the conquering wand!
Thirsting for thy liquid leaven,
See dark earth on tiptoe stand.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### DR HEUGH.

DR HEUGH was truly 'one of the sons of the prophets;' his father, his grandfather, and great-grandfather were ministers, all of them distinguished for sound judgment and ardent piety. His father especially—the Rev. John Heugh, minister of the General Associate congregation of Stirling—has left behind, in the neighbourhood in which he lived and in the denomination to which he belonged, a high reputation for eminent scholarship, urbanity of manners, great natural sagacity, and a catholicity of spirit far beyond his age. He was just such a man as might have been supposed to have formed the character of Dr Heugh, under the silent but mighty influence of parental example, intercourse, and instruction. The mantle of Elijah fell upon Elisha, with a double measure of his spirit.

Dr Heugh, who was the youngest save one of ten children, was born at Stirling, August 12, 1782. He seems to have been, both by his own deliberate choice and the strong desire of his parents, early dedicated to the work of the ministry. His whole course of preparatory training for the sacred office was prosecuted under peculiar advantages. Dr David Doig of Stirling, his classical tutor, was one of the ablest scholars and most successful teachers of his times; he studied logic under Dr Finlayson, and moral philosophy under Dugald Stewart; his theological studies were conducted at Whitburn, under the superintendence of the Rev. Professor Bruce—a man of very extensive erudition, great simplicity of character, and public spirit. Of all his teachers he spoke frequently in terms of the highest respect, but he cherished with peculiar interest the memories of Dugald Stewart and Professor Bruce. Besides the advantages of such eminent masters, he was peculiarly favoured in having all his studies superintended by his father, who, from his own superior attainments and great experience, was able to afford him valuable assistance throughout his entire course—an advantage, the worth of which can hardly be over-estimated: and he was not backward in improving it. He was naturally of a lively, active disposition, ardent temperament, and quick apprehension, and, as might have been expected, his profiting above many soon became apparent to all. At the grammar-school of Stirling he had the reputation of being a first-rate scholar, and was a great favourite with his teacher; at the university and the hall he maintained the character of a diligent and accomplished student, and was greatly esteemed and respected by all his compeers.

His early religious experience was not characterised by any striking peculiarity. That he was brought under the saving power of divine truth at an early age, all the information extant respecting him goes to show. Like Timothy, he 'knew the Scriptures from a child.' The unfeigned faith which was in his father and grandfather was early implanted in him also. Before he entered college (which was at the age of fifteen), he, along with a number of pious youths belonging to different religious denominations, formed a society for social prayer and mutual improvement. Speaking of the *character* of his early religious experience, but without specifying any date, he said on his deathbed, 'Early in the course of my religious profession, I was convinced that I must implicitly trust Christ, and when I had wicked doubts and misgivings, I went constantly to himself, and 'Lord, help my unbelief—Lord, increase my faith,' was my prayer. I prayed always to him to help mine unbelief till he helped it away, so that I might get entire trust; and I got it, and I have it *now*.' He was a stranger to those protracted and awful struggles with the invisible powers of evil, through which such men as Luther, and Bunyan, and Fuller, fought their way to the knowledge and comfort of the truth. The God of mercy came to him at once in the still, small voice, without subjecting him to the fearful preparatory ordeal of the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire. 'In his case, as in many others, the seed of the word, sown by the hand of wise, affectionate, parental instruction, and watered by the genial dews of divine influence, sprung and grew up, man knows not how.'

Having completed his curriculum, he was licensed to preach the gospel by the General Associate Presbytery of Stirling, in the year 1804, at the early age of twenty-two. His first appearances in the pulpit were characterised by considerable hesitancy and embarrassment, and gave little indication of that perfect self-possession and fluency of which he became so distinguished a model. His case may be adduced as a striking encouragement to the young preacher who may be despairing of ever being able to attain confidence and ease in his pulpit ministrations. But this hesitancy was gradually overcome; his manner became animated, graceful, and dignified; and, as his discourses were decidedly superior in thought, arrangement, and composition, he soon became one of the most effective and acceptable preachers in the denomination to which he belonged. He received three calls—one to Greenloaning, a second to Hawick, and the third to Stirling, to be colleague to his aged father. Without consulting Mr Heugh's wishes on the matter, but in perfect accordance with them, the ecclesiastical court, which then decided on the comparative merits of competing calls, gave the preference to Stirling; and he was ordained accordingly on the 14th August, 1806.

The position of the young minister was not without its difficulties, which it required considerable talent and tact to surmount. He was inexperienced; his appearance was very youthful, almost boyish; he was a prophet in his own country and among his own people; many of those to whom he ministered were such as had need not 'of milk but of strong meat,' and some of the most influential among them had been unfavourable to his settlement. Though not insensible to these difficulties, he was not disheartened but rather stimulated by them. They supplied additional motives to circumspection and diligence, as the sure and only means of overcoming them. 'With more than the ordinary vivacity of youth he had much of the sagacity of age, and so conducted himself, both in public and private life, that no man could despise his youth. He was a diligent student, and a faithful laborious minister. The congregation, in every sense of the word, flourished under him; and his ministry was fruitful as well as acceptable.'*

* Dr Brown's Funeral Sermon.

From the very beginning he was, to use a colloquial expression, a working as well as a preaching minister—a rare combination—and possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of winning and retaining the affections of those among whom he laboured. We have frequently met with members of his congregation in Stirling, persons of superior intelligence and piety, who travelled a distance of ten miles regularly to enjoy his ministry, and we remember well with what affection and respect they spoke of him long after his removal to Glasgow, and how readily they recalled many of the sermons they had heard him preach. Of the success of his labours, and of the just appreciation of these labours by his people, we have most satisfactory evidence in the fact, alike honourable to him and them, that while they did not exceed 320 members, and at a time when the standard of liberality was very low, they raised his stipend successively from £80 to £100, £150, £200, and £280.

His personal improvement in the various departments of ministerial excellence, during the fifteen years of his pastorate in Stirling, was apparent to all. So far from feeling less interest in his work, and being at less pains to do it well, as the charm of novelty and the fear of failure began to subside, his interest and diligence increased. He 'gave attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine,' and 'neglected not the gift that was in him.' His people never had cause to remember with regret the eloquence, and fervour, and zeal of the first years of his ministry among them, as compared with the carelessness and lifeless monotony of those of a later period. He went on steadily improving, gradually displaying, as his comparatively limited sphere furnished occasion, that peculiar combination of talents which rendered him afterwards so conspicuous as a Christian minister and philanthropist. Long before the close of his ministry in Stirling, he had established for himself a high standing in the denomination to which he belonged, and had taken a prominent place in religious society generally, as an active supporter of the Bible and missionary cause. But his position in Stirling did not afford scope for the full development of his powers, and had he remained in it, while he would have proved an able minister and a useful member of society, we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that he would not have attained anything like the honourable eminence which he reached. Men's minds are like flowers—some unfold their beauties in the shade, others when freely exposed to all the elements. Dr Heugh's mind was of the latter order. Restless, ardent, prompt, energetic, thoroughly practical, he was not fitted for a life of studious contemplative retirement; his appropriate sphere was the busy field of action, and Providence in due time 'opened unto him a great door and effectual' for the full exercise of his varied talents and attainments.

The General Associate congregation of Regent Place, Glasgow, which was formed in April, 1819, had their attention early directed to him, as one peculiarly qualified for a scene of such arduous labour and extensive usefulness, and in January, 1820, they gave him a unanimous call to be their pastor, but without success. In July of the same year they gave him a second call, and were a second time disappointed. Discouraged by two unsuccessful attempts, they turned their attention to others, and heard various ministers and preachers without coming to a unanimous choice. Meanwhile, the union of the two sections of the Secession Church having taken place, the Regent Place congregation made a third attempt to obtain him as their pastor, and gave him a call in July, 1821. Another call was presented to him at the same time from the congregation of Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, to be colleague to their venerable minister, the Rev. John Jamieson, D.D. When the matter came before the United Associate Synod for judgment, the decision was given in favour of Glasgow, and his induction to his new charge took place on the 9th of October, 1821.

It was not without much grief and pain that he took leave of his flock in Stirling. He felt, as was most natural, that the congregation to which his father had ministered for fifty-six years; to which he had himself ministered for fifteen years with manifest proofs of the divine approbation and blessing; from which he had uniformly received the most marked kindness and respect, and many of whose members had been his most intimate companions and friends from childhood, had strong claims to his services, as they had a powerful hold upon his affections. In his farewell sermon to them he says—'And now, my beloved brethren, I have reached that solemn moment in which I am called upon finally to terminate my ministry among you. To me it is a crisis the nature of which I know not how to express more exactly than by comparing it with that one which shall terminate all my labours on earth, and carry me into the presence of my Lord and Judge.' Nor was this strong language the result merely of the deep and painful excitement of the moment. When he alluded to this separation long afterwards, he employed language not less emphatic to describe the pang it occasioned. In a letter written a few months before his death, he refers in striking terms to the many ties which bound him to Stirling, and the pang which his removal occasioned; but his ecclesiastical superiors having decided that he should remove, he bowed to their decision as indicating to him the will of his Divine Master.

His new sphere of labour was a very arduous and responsible one. The congregation was not strong in numbers or in wealth, while their pecuniary liabilities were very heavy.* In entering upon its duties it was natural that he should feel considerable solicitude, while not without reason to anticipate success. The most sanguine anticipations were realised and exceeded. He took a high standing as a preacher in Glasgow from the very first. People crowded from all parts of the city to hear him, and his large church was regularly filled to overflowing with a most respectable, steady, and attentive audience. On the first occasion of his dispensing the Lord's Supper in Glasgow, upwards of 800 persons applied to him for admission to the fellowship of the church, of whom, after careful examination and inquiry, only 80 were at that time admitted—a remarkable proof at once of his popularity and faithfulness. And this was no ephemeral popularity, based upon something showy and *outré*, but upon solid, sterling worth, and continued to the very last. In Glasgow, as in Stirling, he gave himself wholly to his work. He was not easily satisfied as to the amount or the execution, and spared neither labour nor pains to do much and to do it well. He was systematically and conscientiously diligent and painstaking in his theological and general reading, in his preparations for the pulpit, in his visitation from house to house, in instructing the young, and in organising and superintending numerous schemes of Christian effort in the congregation. He felt great interest in the Secession students attending his ministry, and formed them into a class, which met on the morning of every alternate Saturday, for the reading of short lectures and essays on the epistles to Timothy and Titus, which he prescribed and criticised. Many who had the happiness of attending that class retain a lively and grateful recollection of his valuable instructions and fatherly kindness. The happy fruits of his labours were soon apparent in his own growing respectability and usefulness, and in one of the most numerous, intelligent, pious, and liberal congregations in Glasgow, we might say in Scotland. In 1831, the college of Jefferson, Pennsylvania, conferred upon him the degree of D.D., an act by which they did as much honour to themselves as to him.

In the great cause of Christian missions he took an enthusiastic interest, and gradually infused his own spirit into the people of his charge. They soon became honourably distinguished among the churches for their liberal contributions and active exertions to promote the cause of God in the world. The motto on which he acted, and which he frequently recommended to them, was 'Do good

* His call was signed by 260 members and 203 adherents, and these included the entire congregation, while there was a debt upon the property of £4800, with an annual feu-rent of £72.

and you will get good.' He was himself a pattern of that liberality which he so warmly inculcated; it was his custom to devote one-fifth part of his entire income annually to missionary and benevolent purposes. As in his own congregation, so in the presbytery and synod, he exerted his influence with great success to elevate the standard of Christian effort and liberality. It has been justly said of him by Dr Brown, that 'some of the most important improvements among us originated in his suggestions, and were carried into effect through his exertions; and of every one of them he was the wise, zealous, and laborious promoter. I bear a testimony, to which I believe my brethren will readily respond, that to no one individual have we been more indebted, under God, than to him, for the success which has attended our home and foreign missions, and other benevolent schemes for sustaining weak congregations and adding to the income of inadequately supported ministers.' He took a prominent part in the management of all matters connected with the Secession Church, and particularly in the management of the painful controversy on the atonement which recently agitated that body. His speech in the case of the Rev. James Morrison of Kilmarnock, in 1841, when the matter came first before the synod, showed his full knowledge of the subject in all its bearings, and indicated clearly the course to be pursued. From many minds that speech lifted a heavy burden of anxiety and fear; and throughout the discussion of the question, in the great variety of forms in which it came subsequently before the court, he contributed greatly to bring about that satisfactory settlement in which it has issued. His Irenicum, published in 1845, which is little more than an enlargement of his first speech in the Glasgow synod, set the question in a great measure to rest. An eminent minister in the same denomination says, in a letter now before us, 'I can never forget the relief which it (the speech referred to) gave me. It removed a load from my mind, which I have never felt since, notwithstanding the threatening appearance which the atonement controversy sometimes assumed. I had no fears for our church after that speech. He clearly understood the doctrinal views of the church, as embodied in the subordinate standards, and on that occasion exhibited these with such perspicuity that the synod, during all the subsequent controversy, had no difficulty in steering clear of what Usher calls 'the two extremities of opinion held on this matter.' In that speech he marked out the course which the church ought to pursue; along that course he skilfully and safely conducted her, and at length brought her, by the publication of his Irenicum, into the haven of rest. I believe that, under God, he was more than any other man the means of saving our church from a disruption.'

But while he was warmly attached to the Secession Church, and took a deep interest in its prosperity, his Christian sympathies and labours were by no means confined to it. His was, in an eminent degree, a Catholic spirit. He rejoiced to co-operate with the members of the various evangelical denominations in promoting the cause of their common Master. The cause of missions generally, at home and abroad, of Bible circulation, of tract-distribution, of Sabbath schools, and of liberal unsectarian education, found in him a warm friend and zealous supporter. Apart from the strong sense of duty and desire to do good, which led him to take an active part in promoting these objects, he felt peculiar pleasure in the opportunities thereby afforded of meeting with persons of talent and worth, belonging to other sections of the church, and reciprocating with them, as Christian brethren, expressions of mutual respect and esteem. He took part also in the discussion of the various public questions of the age. The Apocrypha controversy, the Voluntary controversy, the question of the abolition of slavery, of the restrictions on trade and commerce, received his attention, time, and labour. On all these subjects he held very decided opinions, and though far from embroiling himself in mere political discussion, yet on proper occasions he did not hesitate to avow and advocate them. His services, as a man of great personal worth and influence, and a powerful speaker, were eagerly sought by the friends of these movements, and cheerfully rendered by him to an extent almost incredible. His labours in connexion with some of these questions for a series of years, were of themselves sufficient work for any man, and yet all the while he abridged nothing of his ordinary ministerial work. It is painful to reflect how much his valuable life may have been shortened by such overexertion. At length his health began to fail, and relaxation from labour became absolutely necessary. By medical advice he spent the greater part of the summer of 1848 in Geneva, from which he returned greatly reinvigorated. But he resumed nearly all his wonted labours, and the necessity for relaxation soon returned more urgently than before, while the amount of benefit derived from it was greatly diminished. He was very sensible of the change himself; and felt that the undivided labours of the pastorate were too onerous for him. At his own earnest solicitation, the congregation proceeded to make choice of one to be associated with him in the ministry. The Rev. Dr James Taylor of St Andrews was the object of their choice—a choice in which Dr Heugh very heartily concurred. He received and treated Dr Taylor with all the affection and cordiality of a father to a son. He delivered the addresses to minister and people on the day of induction, presided at the congregational soiree in the evening, and introduced his young colleague to his flock on the following Sabbath. These interesting and exciting services greatly exhausted him, and he appeared only once afterwards in his pulpit. It was on the sacramental Sabbath in April last. He was able to be present only in the afternoon during the communion, but felt so well that he took the service usually called 'the directions.' Those who saw him and heard him then, for the last time, deliver the message of God from that pulpit, will not soon forget his venerable appearance, solemn manner, and impressive words. The topics on which he spoke were 'faith, prayer, and practice.' It is not a little remarkable that, just before his removal from the scene of his labours on earth to his rest and reward in heaven, he should have seen one so well qualified to be his successor, fully and comfortably entered upon the work—a matter on which he had greatly set his heart. He preached once after Dr Taylor's induction and introduced him to the congregation; he went with him once to the prayer-meeting, once to the meeting of session, once to the meeting of presbytery, once to a diet of general visitation, once to the visitation of the sick, and took part with him once in the dispensation of the Lord's Supper; and having, as it were, introduced him into the various departments of his work, and committed it into his hands, he ceased from his own labours, and entered into the joy of his Lord.

During his last illness, an attempt was made by a young brother in the ministry to bring into suspicion Dr Heugh's reputation as a man of high Christian principle and untainted honour. All the facts of this painful business have already been for some time before the public, and we deem it unnecessary, therefore, to recount them in detail here. Suffice it merely to state, that when Dr Heugh had failed to obtain satisfaction for the offence committed, by the more private means which the law of Christ prescribes, and the matter came before the synod for judicial investigation, they unanimously found that he had been most unjustly and maliciously assailed, reprobated in strong and indignant terms the spirit and conduct of his accuser, and in the official communication intimating this decision, they expressed their tender sympathy with him in his affliction. With this testimony of the confidence and sympathy of his brethren, and with others of a similar nature, which he received from various parties, he was deeply affected, and on a near relative asking him if he should, in reply, say he was gratified by them, he replied, with emotion, 'Gratified by them! Oh, no!—say I am grateful for them.' Though this matter must at first have affected him painfully, Dr Heugh, notwithstanding the feeble state of his health, soon rose above it; and, so far as it was a subject of painful reflection, it seemed to be entirely banished from his thoughts, for he ceased to make the slightest allusion

to it. It is interesting to notice, in proof of this, and as indicating the tranquil, elevated, spiritual frame of his mind at the very period when this matter was under investigation, the following entry in his diary—'May 9. Long blank, owing to long illness. Much to notice of the Lord's goodness, but cannot now. Hope the Lord has been with me; has cordially reconciled me to his modes of dealing with me, and has often blessed me with peace in believing—in believing in his own Son as my Saviour, 'made unto me wisdom,' &c.—in believing the marvellous love of God in Christ—in believing that God will fulfil, for Christ's sake, the promises of his covenant. Psalm xxiii. Enough!' He sunk rapidly; but his faith was strong, and his hope unclouded. May 18, we find the following entry in his diary—'My powers of body fail daily, but I have good hope through grace;' and the last work of his pen was to note a list of passages of Scripture, that they might be read to him when he wished to recal them, but might be unable to remember them. His latter end was peace. Were we to compress the whole interesting record of his deathbed experience, as regarded his own state and prospects, into one short sentence, it would be in the words of Paul, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep what I have committed to him till that day.' On one occasion he said, 'I know my recovery is not beyond the Divine power, but I think it is beyond the Divine practice; and I am quite ready to depart and be with Jesus, which is far better.' On another occasion he said, 'I cannot say I have any disquietude, far less fear, at the near approach of death, for I believe He has undertaken the work and will accomplish it.' The oldest member of his session, who visited him at his request, shortly before his death, has favoured us with the following interesting account of the interview:—'After stating some other things, he said—'I wished to see you, I would have wished to see more, I would wish to have seen them all (the members of session), but I cannot see them now. I have much to say, but cannot say it now; for what of Divine kindness, and what of human kindness, I cannot speak,' and his lips quivered, and his heart seemed full; 'but I have perfect peace—perhaps I should not say perfect—but I have peace in the Lord Jesus Christ—in the covenant well ordered and secure; and though I had a thousand souls in place of one, they would all be in perfect safety in His keeping, and'—lifting up both his hands, he continued—'Oh, what a provision for the Divine glory!' These were his last words to me, and it occurred to me at the moment, that the prayer of Moses had been answered in his experience—'I beseech thee, shew me thy glory.'' 'The last words he uttered,' says his son, who attended him on his deathbed, 'were in reply to a question I put, whether he had any message for our absent sister; he said, 'No message; I will see her again.'' He fell into a quiet slumber, from which, in this world, he never awoke, and at two o'clock in the morning of Wednesday the 10th June, he literally fell asleep in Jesus, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and fortieth year of his ministry. His wife, the daughter of the late Rev. John Clarkson of Ayr, and all their children, two sons and five daughters, survive him; the happy family circle having remained unbroken for the uncommon period of thirty-seven years.

The deep and painful sense of bereavement occasioned by his death, throughout the Secession Church and the religious public at large, showed how extensively he was known, and how highly he was esteemed. At his funeral, some of the merchants of Glasgow, unconnected with the denomination to which he belonged, commenced a subscription, which has since been completed, to raise a suitable monument over his grave, from respect to his memory as a talented and zealous promoter of the social, civil, and spiritual welfare of his fellow-men. His congregation have shown how highly they appreciated his ministry, by making, in the most handsome manner, a liberal provision for the support of his widow—conduct the more honourable on their part, that it is unfortunately so rare. We cannot close this hurried sketch of the life of Dr Heugh, without subjoining a few general observations on his character and talents, which could not be conveniently introduced in the course of the narrative.

1. We notice the predominance in him of the religious or moral element. He was a man of God; and every one who came into contact with him soon felt this. There was nothing studied, or 'put-on,' or obtrusive about his piety; it was natural and simple, but deep, enlightened, earnest; it was wrought into the very texture of his soul, and pervaded his whole deportment. Few men were more cheerful, or felt more pleasure in seeing and making others cheerful; he was fond of wit and repartee, and excelled in both; but in the gayest company, and in the liveliest mood, one was ever and anon reminded that 'he feared the Lord greatly.' In the family circle, and in more mixed company, he readily embraced any opportune occasion to give the conversation a religious turn; and he did it so easily, one had no painful sense of effort or incongruity, but was almost unwittingly led into the new train of serious thought and reflection. Or, sometimes, he would merely drop an expression or throw out a remark, which, though not designed to change the topic of conversation, would bring strikingly into view some of its more sacred relations and bearings, and thus make the conversation in effect a religious one, though the topic was not strictly religious. And when it was strictly religious, he entered into it with his whole soul—it was evident that he spoke out of the fulness of his heart. One who knew him long and intimately says—'In speaking of deathbed scenes, both of young and old, where evidence was given of a good hope through grace, I have known him shed tears of joy; and good done in any case was always to him a source of unfeigned satisfaction. It was a privilege which I always prized to be allowed to accompany him in his visits to the sick and dying; his words on such occasions were peculiarly refreshing.' He mentions another trait in his character, which shows how fully and habitually the spirit of the Divine Master was cherished by the servant:—'If any one happened to injure him in any way, if he had access to the individual, he did not fail to deal faithfully with him; but I have never known him in any case reflect upon a detractor in his absence. If he could not speak good of a person, he made it a rule to say nothing of him at all. His converse with his household and among his brethren; his devotional exercises, so embued with an evangelical spirit; his promptitude in devising, and liberality in supporting measures for the promotion of vital godliness; his patience in trouble; his spirit of forgiveness; his peace in death, bore witness how the doctrines of grace had taken hold of his heart, and sanctified the entireness of his character. Who that knew him but saw that, in the practical piety which he inculcated, he was enjoining a life of obedience on others, of which he was studious to afford the example!'*

2. He contrived to do an incredible amount of work, and in no perfunctory manner. 'He was eminently a *useful* man,' says one of his brethren; 'perhaps he did more work, and more good, during his ministry than any other man in our body.' His sermons, which were carefully written and committed to memory, were the result of much previous reading and study. He visited his congregation regularly, sometimes making the entire circuit of it in the course of a year, notwithstanding the great number of families belonging to it, and the great distances at which many of them resided. 'It struck me,' says one of the elders, who was in the habit of accompanying him in visiting, 'that on these occasions his addresses were peculiarly appropriate; they seemed as if, in fact, they had been specially prepared to meet the circumstances of the families in which they were delivered.' To the visitation of the sick and afflicted he was likewise very attentive. He was, besides, the originator and mainspring of the various religious institutions connected with the congregation; was scarcely ever absent from any of the meetings of any of the societies or committees; took an active part not merely in devising, but in superintending the working out of plans for the promotion of their respective objects; and, in the

* Dr Harper's Funeral Address, page 13.

prospect of attending these meetings, was in the habit of carefully premeditating, frequently writing the address he meant to deliver. We have no hesitation in saying that on no congregation in Glasgow was there a larger amount of pastoral labour bestowed than on his. His vineyard was well kept. Those who knew him only or chiefly from his public services, could have no conception of his anxiety and unwearied exertions to build up that people in Christian knowledge, faith, and usefulness. It is fully known only to his God. In addition to these incessant and onerous pastoral labours, there came upon him in a peculiar manner 'the care of all the churches.' He was much engaged about public matters. He did much for the Secession Church in its courts and committees, from the pulpit and the press. He did much, also, for the community at large, in promoting great measures of moral and social improvement.

It is not difficult to explain how he was enabled to accomplish so much work with so much seeming ease to himself. His constitution, both of body and mind, disposed and fitted him for great activity. His physical frame was light, but singularly muscular and firmly knit, and he enjoyed uniform and robust health. He had a great flow of spirits—a buoyancy and elasticity of mind which nothing could crush. We have seen him return from labours which would have laid most men prostrate, lively and vigorous, as if he were an entire stranger to exhaustion. Nature had rendered him capable of enduring great fatigue, and he cheerfully put forth his strength. He was thoroughly systematic in his work; all his plans and appointments were wisely and definitely arranged, and he was most punctual and steady in adhering to them, so that there was no time or labour lost. He found relaxation rather in change of employment than in cessation from work. In addition to all this, he possessed, in a degree never surpassed, the faculty of concentrating all his powers and resources at once upon the business in hand. He had no difficulty in passing from one object of eager pursuit to another totally different. He would retire to his study from the midst of the most interesting company, or from a public meeting of the most exciting character, and, with undivided attention and undiminished interest, enter upon his preparations for the pulpit. If any sudden emergency occurred, he rose to it at once as if he had been long anticipating and preparing for it. In such cases he seemed to act rather from a kind of intuition than from deep reflection. His mind was made up and his course taken in the time that other men took to express their surprise and recover from it.

3. It only remains that we make an observation or two on his character as a public speaker. We have always been struck by two features or rather effects of Dr Heugh's pulpit and platform speaking, which show its high excellence. 1st, It was admired by all classes of hearers. Other speakers have their peculiar excellencies, which render them great favourites with particular classes, but it was impossible to say what class listened to Dr Heugh with deepest interest and admiration. He was a universal favourite as a public speaker. We have seen a meeting composed of all classes become quiet, attentive, enthusiastic, as he proceeded with his address, which had been before impatient and unmanageable; we have never seen an audience become listless and restive under him. It mattered not what the subject was, or what the character of the audience, he was sure to arrest their attention and win their applause. Even when the topic was most trite and trivial, the manner in which he handled it, and the way in which he expressed himself, gave it a peculiar freshness and interest. It might be said of him as was said of Hall, 'he treated common topics without the insipidity of commonplace diction.' 2d, There was nothing about his speaking to divert attention from the subject and fix it upon himself. One never thought of the speaker at all in hearing him; everything was so perfectly natural, simple, and easy. There was nothing to be borne with, or overlooked, or even, in one sense, admired *in him*, and the undivided interest of the hearer was given to *the subject* under consideration; and that which previously seemed intricate and perplexing, became in his hands so plain and obvious, that the hearer wondered how he had not seen it in the same light before.

The matter of his sermons and speeches was always carefully thought, logically arranged, and clearly, often elegantly, expressed. He seized the leading points of any topic with a sort of instinctive ease, and set them prominently before the mind of the hearer in their mutual relations and bearings. He never bewildered or amused himself and his hearers by excursions into the dim and shadowy regions of conjecture and abstraction. His course lay always through a *terra cognita*, and led directly to some important practical result which he was desirous to reach; he had neither time nor taste for such excursions. Like the merchant who has business of urgent necessity to transact in some distant part of the country, requiring his personal presence, he takes the most direct and speedy route thither consistent with safety, and does not every now and then turn aside to ramble through shady groves, romantic glens, and haunted ruins. All Dr Heugh's thoughts and speculations were singularly definite and pointed; he had an extraordinary power of giving palpable shape and living energy to ideas which were floating, vague and unsubstantial, through other minds. He was distinguished for great accuracy and precision rather than for great originality and depth of thought.

His elocution was perfectly adapted to the style of thought. It was simple, easy, earnest, dignified. His countenance was open and expressive; his voice, though not deep or of great compass, was clear, musical, and thoroughly under command. It was in the varying expression of the countenance, and modulations of the voice, that the charm of his delivery consisted; his attitudes and gesticulations were graceful, and did not mar, neither did they much enhance the general effect. His manner was well sustained from beginning to end. He never seemed to reserve himself and gather up all his energy for particular passages of thrilling eloquence and power. Many such passages occurred, and his whole manner of delivery rose to them, but it was without any effort, seemingly without any thought on his part. He was an impressive not an impassioned speaker.

## SKETCHES BY 'THE OLD BACHELOR.'

An interesting little volume of rural sketches and musings, by Mr Aird of Dumfries, has recently issued from the provincial press, under the quaint but attractive title of 'The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village.'* The work contains neither preface nor introduction; but we glean incidentally from the sketches themselves that the 'Old Bachelor,' after a manhood passed in the busy world, has returned to enjoy the sunset of life amid those rural scenes which were hallowed by the bright recollections of childhood and youth. With a buoyant spirit, and heart redolent of human sympathies, the 'Old Bachelor' rebuilds the old family house in the 'Old Village,' instals a maiden sister in the management of his domestic concerns, and surrounded by his books and other appliances of comfort, tranquilly sits down to enjoy himself. The musings and sketches of the worthy old gentleman are in admirable keeping with his character. He is a keen but kindly observer of nature and of men, and mingles the grave and gay, the pathetic and ludicrous, with a tact and truthfulness that are quite delightful. That our readers may be induced to contract a more intimate acquaintance with the 'Old Bachelor,' we propose to extract entire two of his shorter sketches, premising at the same time, that the work abounds with scenes and stories equalling and even surpassing in excellence those we are about to quote. Our first selection, a masterpiece in its way, is entitled

### 'THE FAIRY CHANGELING.

'In a rude retired house, more out of our Village than in it, wonned a shy peculiar man—the victim of superstri-

* Edinburgh: Myles Macphail.

tion. The 'silent people' are now wavering away over the dim edge of belief, but thirty or forty years ago there was scarcely an old wife in our Village who had not seen the fairies by moonlight on the green ferny braes. Sandy Brunton, the thin hero of my present notice, was a Fairy Changeling. His mother was one day shearing in the harvest-field. She had left her plump, rosy-cheeked infant lying asleep in her shawl at one of the stooks on the head-rig. When she went to give him suck she found him gone, and a pale, pining, fleshless thing put in his place. Never again did she see her own little Sandy; and so she was fain to suckle the substituted Sandy, though she and all her neighbours looked upon him as a fairy. The boy grew up, the only child of his now widowed mother; and whether it was that the mysterious awe with which he was generally regarded repressed the genial confidence of social nature within him, or whether it was his peculiar temperament, he was shy and taciturn, and never played with other boys. When he reached man's estate, his dispositions seemed in no wise altered. But though silent and strange, he was quite harmless, living quietly with his mother, whom he supported by his steady labour in a whinstone quarry about a couple of miles from the Village. There he worked all alone, furnishing metal for the roads of the district. He was away by the earliest dawn, and did not return till the twilight. It was remarked that he was almost never seen in daylight, as he never went to kirk or market, or any place of public amusement. Only in the grey of the morning or the evening was the tall thin man, with his long elf-locks and rapid strides, going to his daily work, or returning from it, espied even by his fellow-villagers. Sandy had been kind to an orphan cousin, the only relative he had on earth besides his mother. This cousin went to America and prospered. He was grateful; and having it in his power to offer a piece of land to Sandy, he pressed him with urgent kindness to emigrate. This was a thing altogether to our forlorn hero's mind; but his mother was now so frail that he could not attempt transplanting her, and so he resisted the offer. He made it a point of duty to keep the matter hid from the old woman; but she learned it from having accidentally got hold of the letters that passed to and from her son on the subject, and thus came farther to know that it was Sandy's determination to make for that better situation in America so soon as she was dead. Naturally querulous, the poor old body was instantly seized with a new complaint of age. She saw that her son's filial piety would not allow him to root her up from her native hearth at her time of life, but that he would wait till she was gathered to her fathers before he himself went abroad. All this she saw, and was unhappy. The more her son gave her proofs of his love, the more did she give vent to her regret at being an obstacle in the way of his better fortune. She was loath to die and leave him yet (for she had long ago ceased to think of him as a changeling); and yet she wished to be away, lest he should grow weary of her. The more he walked softly and spoke gently, the more did she peevishly think he was doing so, not from the heart, but from a decent sense of outward duty. Not joint-racking rheumatism, nor white-blooded dropsy, nor bloody issue, nor torpid palsy, halving the body between life and death, could have been a malady like this malady of the heart to that poor old mother. One night her moaning querulousness on the subject rose to an unusual pitch. 'I will end the matter, then,' said her son, and starting up he took down from its place the big ha'-bible of his fathers. He opened it at the giving of the law from Mount Sinai, and laying his hand on the fifth commandment, swore by Almighty God, that neither while his mother lived, nor after her death, would he ever go to America. 'Now, let us have peace on that subject,' he added. The poor old creature was overawed by this solemnity of self-denial. She never again alluded to the subject, but she groaned inwardly only the more deeply because she had thus tempted her son to forswear and miss a good lot after her death. These preying thoughts soon brought her to her grave. Often did the wish to be in America now cross the poor changeling's heart; but he dismissed the feeling, and only made for his quarry in the morning with more vehement strides than before. From the baulked wish of years, however, and the now utter desolation of his life, his heart and health sunk, and he was laid upon his deathbed. As I had been a physician in the course of my life, and had sometimes to see my fellow-villagers in their extremities of distress, when there was no other medical man at hand, I witnessed Sandy's close. It was rather a peculiar one. The minister had said a prayer over the dying man. He looked us, one after the other, steadfastly in the face till a tear expressive of his gratitude gathered in his eye. 'I was going to say that the world had not used me very kindly; but, my good friends, you half make me think I must be wrong,' said the poor fellow with touching pathos, and turned his face to the wall, as if to die. At this moment, a sweet voice behind me asked how he was. Not having heard the entrance of any one, I was startled, and on looking round there was a beautiful young lady with us. The cause of her visit, I learned afterwards, was this:—She was the only child of Sir Thomas Ruthven, one of our county gentlemen, who lived about two miles from our Village. When a girl, she was crossing a river in a boat, near her father's house. It was considerably swollen, and the frail old ferryman had warned her against the attempt. She was a high-mettled lass, however, and insisted on being taken across. The strength of the current was too much for the feeble rower, and swept the party down, till the boat was upset in the rocky gullet of a narrow stream. The boatman clung to his vessel, and being fortunately drifted into smooth shallow water, managed to get out. As for Miss Ruthven, she was whirled down the rapids into a deep pool, where she would inevitably have perished, had not Sandy Brunton seen her from his quarry on the bank of the river. Swift of foot as a red-deer, he sprang with terrific leaps to the rescue, and being a swimmer lean and strong, he was in the very heart of the raging river in a few minutes, and succeeded in saving Miss Ruthven. Boundless was the gratitude of her family; but Sandy would accept of no guerdon, and kept quite shy and aloof from their attempts to do him good. Only he was communicative and pleased when the grateful young lady herself called to see his mother and him, which she often did; and he was always observed to take a sly peep at her from his quarry when she passed that way. His heart yearned after the beautiful child he had saved. This was now the day of his death. To-morrow Miss Ruthven was to be married to a young knight of the district; but hearing of Sandy's extreme illness, she came to see her deliverer for the last time. She was now at his bedside. At the sound of her sweet voice, he sat up in his bed. 'Let me kiss your hand!' he said. Her hand was given him, and he kissed it with the profoundest emotion. 'My child! my good child! may the blessing of the Heaven of heavens be on your beautiful head!' he exclaimed; and resigning Miss Ruthven's hand, he laid himself gently back upon the pillow, and breathed his last. The virgin closed his eyes.'

Our readers will admit, we think, that the character and even person of the interesting hero in the above little tale is conceived with wonderful felicity, and made to stand out with clearness and definition.

The following extract is somewhat different in character, but equally calculated to give a high idea of the descriptive powers of Mr Aird:

'OUR VILLAGE 'INNOCENTS.'

'Idiots have often oddities of faculty and accomplishment beyond the reach of the sane. One twirls a barn-door key on his thumb, with a sow-hoof hung to it by a leathern string; and twirling it so—and only while he twirls it—he can tell you how many verses there are in every chapter of the Bible. A second can crow as 'twere any cock, so clear and true, he fetches challenge and defiance from every farmyard within ear-shot round. A

third can blow any given time on a cow-horn, and never seem to draw breath. A fourth has a sprig of rue here, and mint there, laid in at every penitential psalm sung at every execution in seven shires round, for the last forty years. And so on.

Every village has its contingent of crazy people. Among the various 'poor innocents' of ours, one deserves notice for a singular specialty of accomplishment, such as I have been speaking of. I mean daft Jock Gray. Well known was Jock throughout the Border counties of Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles, for his 'wood-notes wild' as a singer; but chiefly for his uncommon powers of mimicking the pulpit elocution of our various clergy. A more peculiar couple than he and old Johnie his father never crossed the Yarrow or the Tweed, or peeled a braxy bone at Williamslee. The father was one of the very smallest of men, but one of the truest bluest of covenanting Scotland's 'True Blue;' and being thus, almost of course, an Old Light Anti-burgher, he was compelled to toddle to the sacraments of this denomination many a weary mile, their congregations being very thin-sown throughout the south of Scotland. As he made it a point of conscience not to miss one of these solemn occasions in the three counties already referred to, he was seen far and wide on his periodical tramps along the Scottish border; while, moreover, twice a-year, he ascended to the metropolis to sit down under Paxton or M'Crie, with feelings akin to those of the old Hebrew who went yearly up to the Passover at Jerusalem. In all such pious pilgrimages his son Jock was his constant attendant, or rather follower. Here marched the old little Presbyterian in front, often with the Bible in his hand; never failing in his track, but always fifty yards or so behind, daft Jock, bare-headed, brought up the rear. Wherever old Johnie was seen, daft Jock was not far behind; wherever daft Jock was seen, old Johnie was not far before. If any passing stranger bestowed a penny on the poor idiot, he immediately trotted up to his sire with his unvarying—'Father, there's a penny,' and having deposited it with the old man, who never begged himself, but yet never declined any offerings thus vouchsafed to Jock, he immediately fell back again to his proper place in the rear with the utmost deference. At night, on their way, they drew to stated places of sojourn, where some shepherd Gaius of the hills, or village elder, or most commonly some pious sympathetic matron 'had them' (as John Bunyan phrases it) to a decent bed in the 'bauks' after supper, but never before the ordinance of family worship was observed, at which little Johnie never failed to act as priest, his spiritual gifts being great, and his desire to exercise them not small. Many a knotty argument in the Bostonian divinity, and many a fierce pressing of the Covenant on the lukewarm disciples of these degenerate times, varied throughout the evening the tongue-doughty championship of the tough old Seceder. So moving was the unction of his discourse, in the way of enforcing duty on the careless, that on one occasion a cripple of an old woman, who had listened to his Saturday evening denunciations, broke out against herself with such harrowing outcries of remorse, for having too readily found in her lameness an excuse for not attending the meeting-house, that the old man was obliged to 'change his hand,' and give her some comfort. Nothing, however, would satisfy her but to be at public worship next day; and old Johnie, for lack of better vehicle, had to wheel her in a wheelbarrow to the neighbouring sanctuary. The two as they went thus, with bareheaded Jock not behind as usual, but pulling away in front by a rope attached to the barrow, would make a very curious picture. The 'natural' hauling away with many superfluous demonstrations of pith, his wild unsteady eye not untouched with a wicked twinkle of waggery, as if he had a great mind to upset the old wife, contrasted with the forced and pinched gravity of his other features, straightened by the consciousness of his austere father's near presence on the Sabbath-day; the earnest thankful face of the conveyed cripple; and the serious look of uncommon duty in the old mannie staggering along between the trams of the barrow, formed altogether a singular composition of the ludicrous, the solemn, and the pathetic. Though Jock assisted on this occasion in going to public worship, and was certainly kept by his father pretty regular in his attendance, he liked much better to wander about the villages and farmhouses than be confined in the meeting-house. He generally made his escape, I am grieved to admit, while his father was debating theology with his nightly entertainers, and was commonly to be found about the nearest smithy, mimicking the ministers of the neighbourhood to a host of rustic admirers. He was always sure, however, to be back for his share of supper, and to turn into bed with his father. Sometimes in their wanderings they did not fare so well, being belated in the fells, where, having lost their way, they were obliged to lie all night among the heather. On one occasion, having promised to return for the night to a farmhouse on the Leithen, from Peebles, whither they had gone to hear a sermon, a heavy mist came on in the evening, and as they did not make their appearance long after the proper time, the worthy farmer of the place thought it his duty to look for them with lanterns along the moorland path. By dint of hollaing among the hills, Jock and his father were at last found lying lovingly in each other's arms, like the Babes in the Wood, behind a juniper bush: such affection had the two for each other. Old Johnie died first; and the poor 'innocent,' heart-stricken from that hour, went maundering about his father's grave, and pined away, and very soon followed his parent to the dust.

I must notice another of our 'innocents;' she being a maniac, however, and not an idiot. Poor Menie Bell! A beautiful girl was Menie! Going into our churchyard one day late in the gloaming, I heard the low, sweet, melancholy warbling of some bird, as I thought, in one of the dim shaded corners of the burying-ground. I was rather surprised, as it was past the hour for the music of our birds. On approaching to look at the grave of a peculiar acquaintance of my own, who was buried there, I beheld a female figure kneeling beside it, and evidently in the act of planting flowers upon it. She it was, too, who was singing like a bird. Up she started, as I advanced, and glided away with a shy wild look. It was Menie Bell—poor Menie! But let me tell you how she lost her wits:—Her mother, a widow of our Village, was milking her cow one evening in the dusk, when Menie, her only child, a lass of about sixteen, who had been at service, came hastily in, fell on her neck, and exclaiming 'Mother! mother!' fainted away. The cause of it was this:—One or two articles had disappeared in her master's house, under somewhat suspicious circumstances; the poor lassie was blamed for it, and was turned off. Thus broken of heart, she came to her mother. Scarcely was she away from her service, when the missing things were found, and her innocence clearly discovered. Every apology and expression of regret were offered to her by her late employers, and eager was their desire to have her back again. But it was too late. The poor thing's mind was affected by the affront, and she became a moping lunatic. As she gradually grew a little more settled and composed, she was employed to tend the village cows, which were pastured for the summer in one general body on a coarse wide common which extended away up to a set of woody hills. In this lonely service, Menie learned to imitate the singing of all the birds she heard in the moorlands, and among the woods that skirted the mountains. The little blackcap, certainly one of the very sweetest of these choristers, was her especial favourite; and it was after the manner of the blackcap she was singing when I went into the churchyard on the evening referred to.—A bull grazed among the village cows. One afternoon he suddenly attacked poor Menie, and had her down among his feet, when a young gentleman, who lived in a solitary manner in a retired cottage among the hills, saw it as he was crossing the common, and hastened to rescue the girl. He assailed the bull at once in the most fearless manner

with a simple stick which he happened to be carrying, and drew the ferocious brute away from Menie, and full upon himself. The result of this encounter was fatal to the gallant young man. He was dreadfully gored and trampled; and before some labourers, who were working in a distant field, could hear Menie's cries for help—for she had not been much hurt, and was now running towards them shrieking piteously—and could get to the spot and drive off the bull, her deliverer's own life was almost gone. By his faint directions, the labourers bore him to his cottage. A medical man was then sought for; and as there was no other about our village at the time, I was hurried away to see him. He would let me do nothing for him, however, till I had destroyed all his papers. He then gave me instructions to have him buried in the most sequestered corner of our churchyard. No attempt was to be made to find out his relatives: he wished to pass from earth without leaving one trace of him behind. As he had taken his cottage furnished, he had no property in the shape of furniture to dispose of. His only goods were his clothes and his money, and a mourning ring which he wore. After defraying the expenses of his funeral, and paying his servant's wages, and his house rent, I was to give the rest of his money, and all his clothes, one-half to the poor girl whose life he had saved, and the other half to the paupers of our Village. He made me, as his executor in these matters, accept his mourning ring. Scarcely had he signified his wish on these points, when he died. In all respects I fulfilled his last injunctions; and he was buried in a shaded corner of our churchyard accordingly, where lie the bones of such unknown wayfaring strangers as have died suddenly in our parish. I may mention here that I afterwards found out who the unfortunate young man was. He had been an officer in the army. He had often shown himself to be thoroughly brave. But in one of those sudden unaccountable moods which come over the stoutest hearts, he had flinched from his post in an important crisis of battle. He could not stand the result, and fled from the service. His hiding-place was in our quiet hills. Poor fellow! what heavy years he must have had of it! But the manner of his death proved he was no coward. I may add that he was an Englishman, and a remarkably fine-looking young man. And now for Menie!—Those who know the strange caprices of insanity will not be surprised to learn that the hurt which she got on the melancholy occasion referred to, and the excitement which it gave to her nervous system, had a salutary effect upon her mind, and almost restored her for a time to perfect reason. She still continued, however, shy and reserved. Gradually again her faculties became clouded. In reason, however, and in mental alienation, never did the sense of gratitude to her young deliverer leave the poor girl's heart. Constantly was she hovering about his grave, when she thought none saw her. Nettle, nor hemlock, nor any other unsightly weed had leave to grow there. Nor slug, nor snail, nor foul slimy worm was permitted to crawl there. In spring she planted snow-drops, primroses, daisies, and violets all about his place of rest; and she watered them every evening in the dry summer months. Ay, and at the shyest hours of midnight were the low plaintive warblings of the poor 'natural,' 'innocent' Bird of Gratitude heard over the young Englishman's grave, in that meek lonely nook of our churchyard.

'Daft Davie' must be chronicled also. His *penchant*, and his 'small peculiar' of accomplishment, were likewise of a kirkyard kind. Whenever there was a grave to be dug, Davie was the asthmatic old sexton's right-hand man. We know from 'Hamlet,' 'The Grave,' 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' &c., that the classic character of the sexton is a hard-grained one. This character is true to nature. But I would add to it, that your village gravedigger has all the oddities of idleness and dissipation in his neighbourhood for 'helps' on burial occasions. 'Daft Davie' was the one great indispensable of this class in our churchyard. In his train there was always a squad of boys. Besides the mere ploy, if the corpse was to come from a distance, they had the additional prospect of horses to hold, with the pleasures of a ride and remunerative halfpence. And there around the grave, ay, as the fat friable earth was thrown out by the groaning old sexton, down bent the truant urchins, taking up handfuls of it, to see if the particles crumbled, disparted, and stirred with something almost like a creeping motion in the hand: if they did so, then it was the dust of the wicked, which, according to their popular belief, could never lie still for a moment. Meanwhile, 'Daft Davie,' by an inalienable monopoly of prerogative, was taking charge of the bones. All that were thrown out were carefully cleaned by him, and laid scrupulously together: First the yellow shanks, crossing each other; and over them the surmounting skull, which the creature not only cleaned, but even did his best to polish, that on the burial day it might be 'decent-like'—so he phrased it. Inside the skull he put all the small splinters. The other bones were arranged by the sides of the central heap. And thus they were found on the funeral day, to the satisfaction of the relatives, lying, in the graphic language of the Psalmist, like 'cleft wood' at the grave's mouth. To ring the minute peals of the kirk-bell, as the bier approached, was Davie's crowning triumph; and, as he had learned to do the thing skilfully, he was always indulged with the bell-rope. This indulgence proved fatal to himself at last, bringing him to a very characteristic end. The burial was that of a rich old gentleman of the parish, who had made rather a figure in the world. There was no thought that Davie could go wrong in the matter, and so the bell was intrusted to him as usual. The notion, however, seems somehow to have got into his weak brain, that there was a great man to be rung for, and that he must ring with a difference. He did not comprehend, at the same time, that greater pomp and solemnity must lie in greater slowness, but took the contrary idea; and so, when the intimation that the funeral was coming in sight was given him, he began to pull with might and main, tolling furiously. People were coming running to stop him, when the iron tongue of the bell, which had been known to be loose for some time, fell, half-a-stone in weight, on the poor old idiot's bald bare head, and killed him on the spot. 'Strange!' said an inveterate punster of the presbytery, at their next meeting, 'that a man should be killed by a mere *lapsus linguæ!*'

## FUNCTION OF DIGESTION.

It is an essential condition of living structures that they are subject to a constant change and renewal of the materials of which they are composed. Each minute portion of our bodies is continually undergoing a gradual process of development followed by decay; so that, unless means were provided to supply this waste, the whole must soon be deprived of its vitality. Accordingly, we find an apparatus, most beautifully adapted to serve this purpose, in the system of vessels conveying a fluid in a high state of organisation—*the blood*, which, being brought into contact with every portion of our structures, gives up to each one whatever substances are required for its renovation.

But the blood, thus deprived of portions of its most nutritive ingredients, would soon lose the power of discharging its important functions, were it not likewise constantly renewed by the addition of new materials from another source. This demand is supplied by the *chyle*, a fluid which is the ultimate product of digestion, and which is absorbed from the walls of the intestines by means of very minute vessels, which, after uniting into a common trunk, pour their contents into the general circulation. It is of the production of this fluid, and of the organs subservient to its formation, that we have to treat in this paper; and although the subject is by far too extensive to be fully dis-

cussed within the limits assigned to us, we trust that, by a judicious selection and condensation of the matter, we may be able to render it sufficiently interesting to non-scientific readers.

The first step towards the application of the food to the wants of the system is *mastication*, a process which has evidently in view to render solid substances more liable to be acted upon during their subsequent sojourn in the stomach. This division of the particles of food is by no means unimportant; since, if imperfectly effected, either through haste in swallowing or the want of teeth, it becomes a source of difficult digestion, originating as many cases of dyspepsy as any other cause with which we are acquainted. The reduction of the food in the mouth is materially assisted by its admixture with the saliva—a fluid which may also have some chemical effect upon it, but with the action of which we are not as yet sufficiently acquainted.

When the food has been properly reduced, it is conveyed to the stomach by the combined and successive action of several muscles admirably adapted to perform this office. The conditions of the organ, both during its distended state, and the intervals of fasting, have been ascertained by ocular inspection in a recent case of a young man whose stomach had been laid open by a wound, leaving an aperture communicating externally, and which continued after the general health had been recovered. According to observations made upon this singular case, it has been ascertained that the gastric juice, the principal agent in the solution of food, does not accumulate in the cavity of the stomach during the intervals of fasting; nor is it given out from the walls of the organ, until alimentary substances or any other matters provoke its discharge by the irritation they produce.

The quantity of gastric juice given out each time that food is introduced into the stomach bears an exact proportion to the quantity of aliment received. But if the amount of the latter be greater than is required to supply the wants of the system, a definite quantity of juice is alone provided; so that portions of undigested food must remain in the stomach, or pass into the bowels in such a crude state as to become the source of nervous irritation, and the sure foundation of future disease. This fact should be borne in mind by those persons who, because they do not experience any immediate inconvenience, think that they can with impunity overload their stomachs with great quantities of food. They should remember that not only is the excess totally unprofitable, it being neither digested nor assimilated; but that, by interfering with the healthy action of the stomach and intestines, too much food prevents the assimilation of even the appropriate quantity.

As the food enters the stomach, it is immediately subjected to a peculiar vermicular motion, having for its object the complete intermixture of the gastric juice with the alimentary substances. These movements, which are performed in every direction by the shortening of the bands of muscular fibres which enter into the composition of the stomach, answer also the purpose of trituration, bringing the particles of food into constant contact with each other, and also with the walls of the organ itself. In this manner a sort of churning of the contents is kept up, until the whole has gradually been changed into a homogeneous pap—*the chyme*, which as gradually escapes from the stomach into the upper part of the intestines, to be there mixed with the pancreatic juice and bile, which are given out from their respective reservoirs.

To account for the causes of the reduction of the food in the stomach, various suppositions have been at different times advanced by physiologists. By some the stomach of man has been compared to the gizzard of a fowl, and the trituration of the aliment between its walls has been asserted to be the essential element of digestion. In order to test the truth of this hypothesis, a number of perforated metallic balls, filled with digestible substances, have been introduced into the stomach, when it was found that, although the sides of the organ were thus prevented from coming into contact with the alimentary matter, it was nevertheless dissolved by the power of the gastric juice, which had found its way through the perforations in the balls. The above doctrine being entirely disproved, it was next imagined that the process of digestion was somewhat analogous to that of putrefaction; but a due consideration of the gastric juice, which possesses decided antiseptic qualities, soon led to the abandonment of this idea. At last, in despair of obtaining any other solution, physiologists have imagined that the conversion of the food into chyme was due to the agency of a *vital principle*, the nature of which, however, they could not comprehend. This supposition gained strength from the fact that in spite of the great variety of substances used as food, the nature of the product of digestion suffered little or no variation; and it was not conceived that the gastric juice could, by itself, effect such a complete transformation. But this support to the doctrine of a vital principle has, during the last few years, lost much of its importance through the labours of chemists, who have satisfactorily proved that the different vegetable and animal substances used as food are so closely allied in their composition, that their transformation in the stomach must be of a far more simple character than was formerly supposed. Physiologists have also laboured very effectively in determining how far any vital principle is concerned in the process in question. They have obtained the gastric juice from the stomach, and ascertained that it can digest food in a vial nearly as well as in the stomach itself, provided the temperature be kept up to 100 degrees, which is about that of the stomach in its normal state. The gastric juice has also been analysed, and a peculiar principle discovered, a very small quantity of which, in combination with certain acids, which are also to be found in the original compound, is sufficient to exert a considerable solvent power upon all the usual alimentary matters.

From all that is now known of the nature of the digestive process, it is generally believed that, although the gastric juice is certainly a product of vitality, since it can only be elaborated by a living membrane, yet, when once it is formed, its action upon the food is entirely conformable to the ordinary laws of chemistry, and perfectly independent from the vitality of the organ within which the solution takes place.

The pulpy substance to which the food is reduced varies somewhat in its consistency according to the kind of aliment as well as the fluids taken, but the latter are to a great extent absorbed by the veins of the stomach, as they would otherwise interfere with the process.

It may not prove uninteresting to mention here some of the results of recent experiments to ascertain what kinds of food are more easy or more difficult of digestion. These observations were made by Dr Beaumont upon the individual previously mentioned, whose wound afforded the singular opportunity of watching what was passing within the cavity of the stomach. In this manner it was found that stewed tripe and boiled potatoes were the most digestible kinds of food tried: both of them disappearing from the stomach in about an hour. Roast venison was digested in an hour and a half; bread with cold milk in two hours; boiled stockfish in two hours; hashed meat in two hours and a half. Similar experiments were extended over many other kinds of food, although much labour is still wanting to render them complete. The most important inferences that can as yet be drawn are the following:—1st, That, as a general rule, the flesh of wild animals is much more easy of digestion than that of the domesticated races which approach them. This may be owing to the quantity of fat which is usually present in the latter, but almost entirely absent in the former. 2d, That beef is more speedily digested than mutton, and mutton sooner

than either veal or pork. 3d, That fowls are by no means so digestible as is usually supposed; but turkey is after venison the most easily reduced kind of flesh. It was also ascertained by the same observer that, when in moderation, exercise tends to facilitate digestion; but that, if severe and fatiguing, it produces an opposite effect. But even moderate exercise, if taken immediately after a full meal, is rather injurious than otherwise: an hour should be permitted to elapse, and then it is decidedly beneficial.

It would appear also from direct experiment that a certain *bulk* is as necessary for healthy digestion as the presence of the nutrient principle itself; and the fact has been long known to uncivilised nations. It is on this account that the natives of Kamschatka usually mix a quantity of earth or sawdust with the train-oil on which they are often reduced to live. The veddahs, or wild hunters of Ceylon, are also known to mingle the pounded fibres of wood with the honey on which they live, when no other food is to be had; and one of them being asked why he did so, his reply was—'I cannot tell you, but I know that the belly must be filled.' In such cases the earth and woody fibre evidently serve the purpose of exciting the stomach to secrete its proper juice, and to retain the really nutritious matters for a sufficient length of time to allow of their being changed and absorbed into the system.

When the food has been duly elaborated in the stomach, it passes into the upper part of the intestines, to be there mixed with the pancreatic fluid and the bile, which produce upon it a very considerable change.

Much has been done to ascertain the nature of this transformation, but although the fluids have been repeatedly analysed, and their action upon the product of digestion watched out of the body, nothing is as yet known with certainty of the actual purpose they serve in the economy. That the transformation effected is important there can be no doubt, seeing that the absorption of the *chyle*, or nutritive fluid, which is afterwards added to the blood, does not take place until the contents of the stomach have descended into this portion of the intestines. It is then that a set of minute vessels is known to penetrate the coats of the intestinal canal, and to serve the purpose of selecting and taking up from its contents whatever substances are most adapted for the nourishment of the body. These vessels, which are very numerous, have received the name of *lacteals*, from their milk-white appearance when distended with fluid. In their course from the intestines they enter into the composition of certain glands, where a further elaboration of their contents takes places, and on leaving these, they unite with one another, forming vessels of a larger size, until at last the whole join to form a common trunk, which conveys the fluid into the circulation, to be there converted into blood.

Nor is this the only source from which the blood receives materials for its renovation. Besides the system of vessels we have just mentioned, there is another which, being distributed all over the body, is destined to appropriate and convey into the general circulation such substances derived from the disintegration of the tissues as are still capable of nourishing the body. These substances are the product of the decomposition of the living cells which enter into the formation of our structures, and which are continually being replaced by others of a more recent formation. In this manner, to use Dr Prout's expression, 'a sort of digestion is carried on in all parts of the body;' and we can understand how animals feed upon their own structures when occasionally deprived of food from any other source.

As connected with the subject of digestion, we shall now offer a few observations in reference to the quantity of food required by the human body under different circumstances. That no standard can possibly be fixed which should apply to every particular case, will at once be perceived when we consider that the circumstances of age, constitution, climate, and many others, are all concerned in producing variations which affect individuals in different ways. It may well be said that the appetite is the only sure guide for the supply of the wants of the system; but its indications are so often abused, that this simple precept may not always prove sufficient. The feeling of hunger depends less upon the emptiness of the stomach than upon the condition of the general system; and as the latter requires some time before it becomes as it were acquainted with the fact that the supply of its wants is in progress, if we eat with great rapidity, we may continue to swallow food long after we have taken as much as is required. The process, therefore, of thorough mastication is not only essential in assisting the reduction of the food, but by prolonging the meal, it gives us time to receive that warning which says *enough*, before we have overloaded our stomach with more food than it can digest at a time.

Although we cannot calculate with any degree of certainty the quantity of food required by individuals, we can with tolerable precision form an average estimate of what may be consumed by large bodies of men. The diet-scale of the British navy is one of the best calculated to afford a specimen of what is required for men in regular active exercise. It consists of from 31 to 35½ ounces of dry nutritious matter daily, of which 26 ounces are vegetable and the rest animal. A considerable variety is produced by exchanging various parts of the diet for other articles; and the allowance is found to be quite sufficient to support the strength and preserve the health of the men, in so far as diet is concerned in the latter.

In cases where little bodily exertion is required, and there is less exposure to low temperatures, the diet admits of considerable diminution, consistently with health. Prisoners, therefore, should get a smaller allowance than men engaged in active service and exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. But care should be taken that the reduction should not be carried to any undue limit, since in cases where this has been done, the health has been much impaired. This was the case in the Millbank Penitentiary in the year 1823, when, upon reducing the diet of the prisoners from 31 ounces of food daily to 21 ounces only, the scurvy broke out to an alarming extent after the experiment had been continued for six months. During the subsequent treatment of the patients it was also found that an addition of a few ounces of food daily greatly facilitated the operation of the remedies, thus proving the scantiness of the previous allowance to have been the true cause of the increase of disease.

Although what has been stated may be said to hold good with the majority of mankind, there are a few detached cases of individuals who have been able to support life with vigour for a considerable length of time upon a much smaller allowance of food. A remarkable instance of unusual powers of abstinence is the case of Cornaro, who was able to subsist for the long period of fifty-eight years upon twelve ounces of food daily, chiefly vegetable.

Under total abstinence life cannot be supported by individuals of our species for more than eight or ten days; but if water be occasionally used, or if the person be placed under circumstances favourable to the absorption of moisture through the skin, this period may be much prolonged. Thus it is that persons confined in damp caverns, where they could inhale and absorb through their skins the surrounding moisture, and shipwrecked sailors who experienced relief in the use of wet clothes, have been found alive after the lapse of 14 days or even more. When in addition to water a very small quantity of food is used, life can be prolonged for a considerable length of time; and although the powers of the system may be much impaired, health may still be recovered under proper management. But let us warn our readers against any undue and unnecessary indulgence in fasting; for if there is danger in overloading the stomach with too much nourishment, the practice of habitual abstinence is equally injurious. It is well known that persons who have been for some time reduced to a scanty and precarious diet, are rendered totally incapable of partaking of even a moderate allowance when it is presented to them, and even when forced into the stomach, it is not digested, but remains in a crude state. In such cases the powers of the system have been so much impaired that the stomach is no longer capable of elaborating

the necessary ingredients of digestion. Hence the loathing of food which is occasionally manifested by inmates of prisons and workhouses who have been for some time subjected to the influence of an insufficient diet-scale, and which is usually attributed to obstinacy, instead of being referred to its true cause, and treated accordingly.

## THE ENGLISH DELINEATED BY A FRENCHMAN.

We translate from the German Penny Magazine the following spirited and humorous, although in some respects exaggerated, delineation of England and the English. The author, in his *admiration* of our horses with their huge bodies and unwieldy legs, seems to have forgotten that the locomotive facilities of Englishmen are now of such an extensive nature as to enable honest John Bull, should his ire be once fairly kindled, to pay him a visit some morning, and satisfy him that his motions have not become quite so crab-like as he supposes them to be, but that he still retains in all its perfection the power of pressing directly onwards. Our readers, however, will at once perceive that there is no use for getting serious on the subject, as in the worthy author's delineations there is obviously more of waggery than of wickedness. In short, we give it as one of the best *jeu-de-esprits* we have for some time stumbled on:

'An Englishman will not know, in a short time, how to occupy his life. As things are now, his active and moral being is entirely annihilated by his own inventions—his new mode of self-destruction. His whole intellectual man is being replaced by machinery. Englishmen have said to copper, to iron, to steel, to sticks, and to steam, exist instead of us; free us from the necessity of thought and action! For so it is, that in England the entire activity of man is surrendered to sieves, cylinders, mechanical substitutes, and all manner of machines. Englishmen are so infected with the mania of fabrication, that so soon as they find themselves unable to supply their hungry and devouring machines with cotton, hemp, silk, lead, and timber, they commence to fabricate horses, oxen, sheep, cocks, and even themselves. Great unwieldy animals, called horses (a sort of elephant with stuffed legs), are seen dragging huge vehicles along the streets of London: these are fabricated horses, prepared by a peculiarly industrious process for this sort of drudgery. They also fabricate another sort of horse the very reverse of these, which they use for running races—tall lean brutes with long thin bones. In like manner the English have succeeded in fabricating oxen which have neither horns, bones, nor joints; they are great thick lumps of flesh—staggering masses of beef ready for the spit. We see likewise in a remarkable manner the effects of chemical experiments in their jockeys: they are as small as children and as hard as pin-wire—lean, light, and very much akin to apes in appearance. They are so prepared in order that they may press as lightly as possible on the backs of the race-horses. This end is accomplished by means of a peculiar diet, sweating, and rubbing. The boxers, on the other hand, are so strengthened and hardened by the process of fabrication used in their case, that a blow on the face of twenty horse power will scarcely peel the cuticle, much less disturb their perpendicular. The runners again are a people whose surplus weight has been chemically removed, and the internal mechanism of their joints reconstructed in such a manner that they can run like crab-fish, forwards or backwards at pleasure. The divers are human machines, for whose lungs a pneumatic contrivance is employed, which enables them to live, and breathe, and work below water like so many fishes. Cocks are indebted to man for many acts of injustice: the English bring them up only for fighting; they are taught to believe themselves invulnerable, and fight for life and death. We cannot calculate all the victories the English have gained over us, but we know the reason why they gained them. We were acting against machines fabricated to press forward; there were none of their crab-fish-like runners among them that knew how to go backwards. They had not the sense of retreating; they were fabricated without it, and could not be taught it: even victory amongst them is an object of fabrication. We admire their children: they are pretty living dolls, enamelled, or polished as we do copper. One can see in Kensington Gardens many duchesses and bankers' wives, with waists like drum-majors, strutting up and down with their great squab feet, in the height of vanity and self-complacency. These lofty dames are likewise fabricated; the *materiel* being great pieces of roast beef with cayenne pepper and double X, or brown stout porter. It is worthy of notice that all the English have long teeth: whether or not this is an accommodation furnished by nature, or an effect of their carnivorous habits, is worth inquiry. Tobacco and brandy are excellent means to keep the body on the stretch; the English know this well; the working classes amongst them know how to quiet their children by stupefying them. Mothers often return from their day's work at night and find their children asleep as when they left them in the morning, if perchance they are not dead, which is no unusual occurrence, the quieting potion being opium. The English have to thank their institutions for being so handsome. The maidens among them are wedded without dowry, and therefore it is that the fairest only get married; and, to express their gratitude, each married woman presents her fatherland with some 15 or 20 children, who all inherit somewhat of their mother's beauty. The dowry system is a bad system, and is rejected by the English accordingly. It destroys races, and is opposed to the dictates of nature. It condemns the maiden who has only beauty and spirit for her dowry to be ever pursued and ever again deserted. In England a young maiden who has received an ordinary education can aspire to every situation in life. She may become a duchess, countess, or marchioness. Although the English are in general beautiful, they want grace; nor have they any sense of harmony, colours, or outlines. Albion is dark from the crown of the head down to the sole of the foot. Black clothes have been introduced into the Continent from England. Their houses, built of bricks and dirty stones, look as if they were bedaubed with ink. With respect to outline, the only line known to the English is the perpendicular line. Their houses consist of great high walls without projections, having several quadrangular holes which represent windows. The English are the inventors of those cylindrical hats which are so uncomfortable and so abominable looking. The ladies clothe themselves in such a manner as to prevent as much as possible all communication between their extreme ends. This fabrication is effected by means of stays and ligatures. The addition of an air or wire-gauze cushion is considered a fundamental improvement upon the natural shape, and is much cultivated. In the instances referred to, and in all other matters, machines and fabrication take precedence of everything, and govern everything, in England. These constitute the government, the aristocracy, the people: and never had Rome, Venice, or Carthage, a more despotic or hateful aristocracy than the fabricated machine aristocracy which presently lords it over the English.'

## LITERATURE AND SUPERSTITIONS OF ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

The series of admirable essays we are now about to notice relate, it may be as well to inform the reader, almost exclusively to the literature and history of England during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—the very period when, on the continent of Europe, the dawn that ushered in the Reformation began faintly to exhibit itself—a few streaks of intellectual light already gilding the long dark-

* By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Literature, &c. London: J. R. Smith. 2 vols. 1846.

ened literary horizon, and foretelling the approach of day. While, however, the literature of Italy, during the period referred to, is in some respects familiar to all, comparative obscurity has hitherto shrouded from our view the state of learning and of science in our own country. These volumes, therefore, apart from their merits as literary productions, are exceedingly valuable from the mere novelty of their contents, and the information, equally original and curious, which they supply. That the reader may, however, be able to conceive more definitely what the information referred to actually is, we give an account of it in the author's words:—

'Those essays which form the larger portion of the first volume are intended to give to general readers a popular view of the character of the literature of our island during the period alluded to, and I earnestly hope that they may encourage them to pursue further a study which I have ever found instructive as well as pleasing. This appeared also the proper place for a historical essay on the proverbs which occur so frequently in our early popular literature. The second division consists of essays on popular mythology and superstitions—a field of research no less generally interesting than the former, and in which little has really been done in England. An essay on modern Greek superstitions has been introduced to afford the means of comparing the vulgar creed of the West with that of a country with which the Western Christians had much intercourse during the middle ages. The history of romance and of the transmission of popular stories follows naturally after that of mythology, for both are equally connected with the literature of the age. The influence of these poetical creations on medieval history is also a subject of some importance; and the deeds of Hereward, and Eustace, and Fulke Fitz Warine, lead us naturally to the adventures of a less real personage, but who, perhaps for that reason, has obtained a wider and more lasting renown—the popular hero Robin Hood. The remaining essays are devoted to a sketch of the history of the conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans, founded in part on documents which had not previously been used; and to that class of popular effusions which exhibit the political passions by which the history of former days has been often as much distorted as by actual fable.'

The Anglo-Saxon writings are many of them intensely interesting to the religious public from the nature of their contents. The old Saxon theologians, instead of falling into what has been called the universal heresy of the time, fearlessly denounced a great many of the doctrines subsequently promulgated by the Church of Rome. This, at the time of the Reformation, brought the writings and literature of the Saxons into the most prominent notice. The Romish appeal to antiquity for proving true all that Church advanced as her spiritual creed, was thought to be assailed by a formidable weapon when it could be proved that a whole nation of Christian believers, up to the thirteenth century, held doctrines completely at variance with those afterwards almost universally received by the Catholic body at large. The writings of Alfric, especially his Saxon sermons and his homily against transubstantiation, were translated and published by John Foxe in 1571. A treatise of the same individual concerning the Old and New Testaments, and a sermon on the paschal lamb, were printed in 1623 by William L'Isle; and so important was it deemed that the genuineness of the latter should be above suspicion, that an attestation to this effect was appended to the work, signed by no fewer than fifteen archbishops and bishops of the English church. The publication of these and similar writings induced at the time a great many eminent men to bestow attention upon the study of Anglo-Saxon. A number of causes, however, which it is needless to specify, brought the language into neglect during the whole of the last and the early part of the present century. At last, in 1831, the 'Remains of Anglo-Saxon and Early English Literature existing in Manuscript,' published by the Society of Antiquarians, excited a good degree of attention; and as the subsequent publication of Mr Vernon's manual and the celebrated dictionary of Dr Bosworth has rendered the study of Anglo-Saxon an easy task, it is not perhaps wonderful that the acquisition of the ancient tongue has again come comparatively into vogue.

The prose writings of the Anglo-Saxons are said to be numerous—the most valuable of which, we may remark by the way, are about to be given to the world by the Alfric Society. They are, for the most part, distinguished by elegance and purity of language, and not unfrequently by sublime and noble thought. The pleasure, however, consequent on a perusal of the works of the old Saxon bards is the lure held out by our author to entice the youth of Britain to take up the Saxon vocabulary and grammar. A poem entitled the 'Adventures of Beowulf the Geat,' is particularly specified by Mr Wright, as containing a magnificent and accurate picture of life in the heroic ages. This opinion he proceeds to justify by numerous specimens from the pages of the book itself. Every man, of course, to his taste: yet, had our advice been requested, we would have possibly recommended, in preference to the wild battles, the swimming matches, and fire-drake encounters of the barbaric hero of the tale which he so much admires, the insertion of a few specimens from the religious poetry of the ancient race; for we are told that, as Christianity established itself in the hearts and minds of our Saxon forefathers, the poets of the day 'took up Christian subjects, and clothed them in all the metaphor and all the loftiness and grandeur of the national verse. Thus we have poems on scriptural subjects, such as Judith, printed in the *Analecta*—a fragment, but one of the best specimens of Anglo-Saxon verse that we possess, and the Maccabees, as yet unpublished; and Lives of the Saints, such as the fine poem on the life of St Andrew in the Vercelli MS., the life of St Juliana in the Exeter MS., and several others of less poetical value. The Old Testament was fertile in subjects which were agreeable to the feelings of Saxons—wars and heroic deeds; and some poet, stringing together a few of the better poems on Scripture subjects by very unequal verses of his own, has formed a kind of poetical version of the earlier parts of the Bible, which is preserved in a very mutilated state in a manuscript at Oxford, and which has been twice printed under the name of Cædmon.' Above all, should we have been pleased had Mr Wright adhibited a few quotations from a poem entitled the 'Creation'—a piece of writing which deserves attention for its own great beauty, and is still more interesting from its singular correspondence, even in expression, with the 'Paradise Lost' of Milton. 'The Lucifer of Cædmon is, at first, one of the most beautiful and most favoured angels of heaven: he enjoys there the highest rank under God himself, but his pride leads him to become envious of his superior, against whom he presumptuously makes war, is driven from heaven, and confined in hell—a place which God had made for him and for his accomplices. He is introduced there lamenting his fallen condition, and mortified by the thought that God had created a new world, in which he had placed Adam, to enjoy that happiness which he had himself lost. He demands the counsels of his companions, that they might contrive some plan by which to alleviate their own pains, by drawing Adam and his descendants into the same misfortunes; and as Lucifer himself is firmly fettered down, one of his attendants offers to undertake the task of seduction, and departs to explore the newly-made earth. He there represents himself to Adam and his consort as a messenger from God, bringing them God's orders to eat of the forbidden fruit. Adam distrusts the word of the tempter, but Eve, weaker than her husband, and fearing God's displeasure for his refusal, eats, and persuades Adam at last to do the same; and the fiend returns exulting to his master,' A few quotations from a production such as this, would, we are certain, have proved to the majority

of readers more gratifying than the following account of a swimming match from Beowulf:—

Beowulf spoke,
the son of Ecgtheow:
'Lo! thou for a long time,
my friend Hunferth,
drunken with beer,
hast discoursed concerning Breca,
has spoken respecting his journey;
I tell thee the truth,
that I possess
more of strength on the sea,
of laboriousness on the waters,
than any other man.
We two had said that,
when we were boys,
and had promised
(we were still both
in the prime of youth)
that we out on the ocean
would venture our lives,
and that we accomplished thus.
We had our naked swords
had in our hands
when we rowed upon the deep,
we thought to defend ourselves
against the walruses.
He could not, in any degree,
more swift on the deep,
swim far from me,
over the waves of the sea:
I would not from him.
There we two together
were on the sea
the space of five nights,
until the flood drove us asunder;
the boiling fords,
the coldest of storms,
the darkening night,
and a wind from the north,
fiercely turned us away;
rough were the waves.
The courage of the sea-fishes
was excited:
there my body garment,
hard-locked by the hand
gave me aid
against foes;
my twisted war-dress
lay upon my breast,
furnished with gold.
The variegated enemy
dragged me to the bottom;
he had me fast
grim in his gripe:
nevertheless it was granted me,
that I the villain
reached with my weapon,
with my war-bill;
the mighty sea-beast
received the war-rush
through my hand.
Thus me frequently
my hateful foes
threatened vehemently;
I served them out
with my dear sword,
as it was right I should.
By no means they of the slaughter
had any joy—
the wicked villains,
that they meddled with me,
that they set upon me all at once,
near the bottom of the sea.
But on the morning,
wounded with swords
they lay aloft
on the beach,
put to sleep by the sword,
that they have never since
hindered from their way
the sea-sailors
about the bubbling fords."

Our author's second essay has almost exclusive reference to the poetry of the Anglo-Normans. From the time of the conquest of England by the illustrious William, the Saxon language was, our readers are aware, gradually broken up, and the Norman tongue, until the end of the thirteenth century, was almost universally spoken. During the time it had this ascendancy, a great variety of poems were produced by authors of distinguished merit. The romances of Charlemagne and Arthur appeared. Poets were commissioned and appointed by kings and nobles to write metrical chronicles of past events connected with the country in which they held sway.

But the Norman poetry which will best repay perusal, is what has been termed the fabliaux of the ancient bards. These are, for the most part, short metrical tales originally composed and sung by wandering minstrels. Their aim is nothing higher than the raising of a laugh. 'As poetry,' says Mr Wright, 'of their peculiar class, the fabliaux of the thirteenth century are by no means to be despised. The stories are always well told; they are full of wit, and frequently rival the happiest effusions of La Fontaine or Prior. Indeed, the originals of many of La Fontaine's tales are to be found amongst them. The works of the Norman bards are not deficient in passages which breathe the true spirit of poetry: the fault of the romances—and this is a fault under which the fabliaux never labour—is, that they are too diffuse; that the aim of the writer seems often to have been the making of his poem as lengthy as possible; and consequently, that that which would otherwise be perfect is spoiled by being dwelt on too long, or is rendered tedious by being repeated too often. In this point, the character of Norman poetry differs widely from that of the Anglo-Saxons; which is, perhaps, as faulty in the multitude of images which are crowded together in close succession on the mind

Of all the poets of the age to which we refer, Rutebeuf occupies the proudest pre-eminence. His works, which have recently been collected into two octavo volumes, throw great light on the literary history of the thirteenth century. Some of his poems, like those of Rosseau, Petrarch, or Byron, are purely personal indeed, being descriptive simply of his own peculiar woes; but others are fiercely satirical, lashing without mercy the religious orders that sprung up in those times with a rapidity altogether astounding. It is not certain when this famous minstrel died, though the probability is that it was some time about 1286. He informs us, says Mr Wright, that, in his capacity of minstrel, 'he was in the habit of attending marriages and tournaments, and, no doubt, other festivals; and that he was given to dice—to which, in some measure at least, he owed the poverty and misery of which he complains.' In one of the poems of this singular person, we find him almost cursing his marriage-day, which took place in the year 1260. It had reduced him to abject poverty:—

'I have not a shirt to my back;
I fear neither acquaintance nor stranger
Stealing anything from me:
I have not two logs of oak together:
And am thus mad and trembling (*with cold and hunger.*)

Is not this enough?
My pot is broken and smashed,
And all my good days are passed.
What should I say of it?
Not even the destruction of Troy
Was so great as is mine.'

'Besides,' proceeds our author, 'occasional allusions in various parts of his works, Rutebeuf has left us five poems on the subject of the crusades; urging warmly the policy of undertaking and entering into these wars, and supporting his remonstrances by reasons that seemed, we have no doubt, very conclusive at that time. One of these poems introduces two knights—a Crusader and one who had declined taking the cross—arguing the subject; and, although the poet gives the palm to the former, the arguments of the other, put in his mouth by one who was prejudiced on the contrary side, are in our opinion by much the most forcible. In other pieces Rutebeuf breaks out into exclamations of the deepest indignation against those who prefer their pleasures and comforts at home, to buying Paradise by risking their lives in war against the Infidels; and his anger is particularly excited by the corruptions and vices of the clergy, which he represents as a great hinderance to the success of the Crusader.'

Anglo-Norman, like Anglo-Saxon literature has, during the last twenty years, risen into notice; and especially in France great efforts have been used to facilitate and encourage its successful study. Among the numerous distinguished labourers in this field at the present day, it is enough to mention the names of Pauline Paris, Jubinal, and Michel and Le Roux De Lenny.

The third essay, which, by a variety of specimens, attempts to communicate something like an idea of what the historical romances of the period actually were, does not, we think, justify us in detaining the reader, from anything peculiarly interesting in the nature of its contents.

The fourth essay, on the proverbs and popular sayings of the middle ages, may be interesting enough, but we have been so frequently, of late years, treated to schoolboy rhymes and nursery-ballad literature, that 'Jack and Gill' are no longer 'go,' and even 'Goosey, goosey gander' has lost its charm. A great deal depends, indeed, upon the way in which a proverb is quoted; and we have always wondered how Don Quixote got into such towering passions at his faithful squire for interlarding his eloquent speeches with too many of them. Sancho is, in our estimation, the very prince of proverb-quoters; at least he is the only one *we* could ever tolerate in that learned capacity; and not even the ostensibly instructive purpose for which it is adduced, not all the something else than learning brought forward to prove that the lines were a mere coinage of the monks and friars of the time, can reconcile us to the insertion in a work of such high intellectual merit as Mr Wright's unquestionably is, of the following doggrel:

'Jack Sprat
Had a cat
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear.'

With a great many quotations from rhymes of the nursery, equally felicitous, Mr Wright has thought proper to bespangle his pages for no other reason that can be

given, except the extraordinary one of putting to silence a Mr John Bellenden Ker, who, in order to settle what has been termed 'the puzzle of the origin of proverbs,' has invented a theory, which, if not altogether an insane one, is, however, allowed to be scarce worthy of refutation. If our readers are desirous to know more about these matters, we must refer them to the work itself, and now proceed to the fifth essay, which refers to the Anglo-Latin poets of the twelfth century. Literature and science, as our readers are aware, had, under the warlike policy of a long succession of Roman emperors, been nearly extinguished in Europe, when the Christian clergy, by the patronage and conversion of Constantine, came into repute. Christianity has been falsely charged with the crime of putting down learning and science, because, for a number of centuries, the secular policy of the popes was unfavourable to their revival. Yet, in what have been termed the dark ages, literature and science were cultivated even in our own country to an extent scarce to be credited by those who have bestowed upon the subject a merely superficial notice. The following observations, therefore, will instruct many of our readers, and gratify all of them:—

'In fixing a period for the general revival of learning, we are apt to forget or neglect what preceded it. Many talk, and not a few write, of dark ages—of ages which, as they think, produced nothing worth calling a literature, while, when we examine their productions, in as yet their only repository—the cotemporary manuscripts that are preserved in our public, and in some of our private, libraries—we discover that those very ages were brilliant eras in the history of science and letters. Few who read in our own native history the troublous reigns of the twelfth century, are aware that in England it was an age of literature—that it produced innumerable works on theology and on science, history, and poetry, and romance; and many a reader of modern Latin verse will be startled when we tell him that it produced Englishmen who, in writing that language, approached in some degree the purer models of the classic age.'

So far were the clergy of the early centuries from positively prohibiting the study of the classics or the cultivators of science, that, says Mr Wright, 'it is a curious circumstance, that, on every side, as the northern and Teutonic colonies obtained firm and quiet settlement, a high taste for civilisation and literature immediately developed itself amongst them. The extensive cultivation of literature among the Anglo-Saxons, is proved by the numerous remains in the vernacular tongue, which, after the shocks of so many centuries, are still preserved.'

'Abelard and the scholastic philosophy,' is the title which Mr Wright has appended to his sixth essay, which we regard, however, as about the least interesting of the series. It is, moreover, the shortest. The same observations do not apply to the next, which has for its title, 'Dr Grimm's German mythology,' which contains abundance of instructive, edifying, and, at the same time, amusing material. To the admirable observations with which the essay opens, we especially solicit the reader's attention:

'Christianity was first introduced among the Teutonic tribes about the beginning of the fourth century, when a few missionaries carried it to the banks of the Rhine, and to the Alamanns and Goths. Among the latter people it obtained a permanent establishment during that century, being first adopted by the West-Goths, and afterwards by the East-Goths. The Vandals and the Gepidæ followed soon after in their footsteps. The Burgundians, in Gaul, became Christians at the beginning of the fifth century, and the Suevi, in Spain, about fifty years later. At the conclusion of this century and the beginning of the next, the Franks were converted, and they were followed by the Alamanns and the Langobards. In the seventh and eighth centuries followed the conversion of the Bavarians; in the eighth, that of the Frieslanders, the Hessians, and the Thuringians; and towards the ninth, that of the Saxons. In Britain, the Anglo-Saxons had received the Gospel about the conclusion of the sixth and the beginning of the seventh century. In the tenth century the Danes became Christians; at the beginning of the eleventh, the Norwegians; in the second half of the eleventh, the Swedes and the Icelanders. The period of the establishment of Christianity among the Slavic and Hungarian tribes varied from the eighth to the eleventh century. The Lithuanians were not converted till the beginning of the fifteenth; and the Laplanders are scarcely more than half Christians at the present day. Just as in our island we have districts where the people are much more ignorant than in others, and where the popular superstitions still retain their hold on the peasantry, so was it with the Teutonic tribes in the earlier ages of their Christianity. In the midst of the Christian peoples, there were still districts where the light of the Gospel had not penetrated. Thus, in Neustria, the banks of the Loire and the Seine—in Burgundia, the Vosges—in Austrasia, the Ardennes, were inhabited in the sixth and seventh centuries by people who were mere pagans. Similarly there dwelt pagan tribes towards Friesland and in Flanders, long after the surrounding tribes had been converted. From this circumstance it arises, that among some of the earlier monkish writers we have notices of heathen customs which they had had an opportunity of witnessing, and allusions to articles of the older creed which still in their time survived partially, and which now throw great light on the history of *Teutonic Mythology*. Moreover, when Christianity was fully established, in their conversion the old pagans had received a new belief, without quitting altogether their old one. There were certain beings of the ancient creed who were worshipped as gods, and with whom the people were only acquainted through their priests; and with these Christianity of course clashed at its first introduction. But there was a much larger class of beings of the popular belief, with whom the people supposed they had a nearer connexion, and whose influences, good or evil, they believed themselves to be daily experiencing; these were, like themselves, works of the Creator, with passions, too, like themselves, and in whose invisible society they were themselves frequently living. They were substantial beings also, but of a far more refined nature, and infinitely more powerful. They wielded the elements, caused most of the visible convulsions of nature, as well as many of the accidents with which humanity was visited. While Christianity destroyed everywhere the worship of Woden, the belief in the airy spirits of the popular creed was unimpaired; for, whatever different opinion the monks might entertain of their nature and calling, they found nothing in their own faith which directly proscribed them. In fact, the popular belief in these things and their effects was so intimately interwoven in the national character, that they held by it like the language, with which also, they had a strong tie in the multitude of words and names for things and circumstances which called them perpetually to men's minds. The common ceremonies of life at every minute bore allusions to them; things so difficult to eradicate, that now, after so many centuries of successive improvement and refinement, in our salutations, in our eating and drinking, even in our children's games, we are perpetually, though unwittingly, doing the same things which our forefathers did in honour or in fear of the elves and nymphs of the heathen creed.'

While these causes contributed their share, however, to render compatible with the profession and practice of Christianity, the belief and practice of many of the ancient pagan superstitions of the east and north of Europe, other agencies equally subservient to their perpetuation were at the same time at work. For, 'not only were the popular superstitions of our pagan forefathers preserved in their full force, after the introduction of Christianity, from the circumstance of their having considerable influence over the minds of the monks themselves; but the first missionaries, by adopting many of the objects and places of former worship, in the hope of turning more readily the piety of their converts along with them into another direction, and sometimes in the pride of showing how the new religion had seated itself in the very strongholds of idolatry, were the cause of preserving, in the traditions of the people, many legends and articles of former belief, which otherwise would have perish-

ed with the objects to which they had been linked. Our extracts have afforded us several proofs how general was the worship of trees; they were looked upon originally as the temple of the object, and not as the object of worship. Every body who pays any attention to the subject, knows how commonly, even at the present time, legends and popular traditions of the most grotesque descriptions are connected with trees that are venerable for their age and magnitude. Numerous notices in early writers, the greater part of which will be found collected in Grimm's *Mythologie*, show us, that in the earlier ages of western paganism such trees were universally the objects of superstitious reverence. When St Boniface, some time between the years 725 and 731, and during the reign of Charles Martel, visited the Hessians, he found that, though the greater number of them had embraced the Christian faith, there were still many who followed their old idolatry. Boniface was determined to do all he could to root out heathendom, and, by the advice of the converted Hessians, he resolved on cutting down 'an oak of wonderful magnitude,' which stood in a place called Gaesmere (Geismar), and to which their pagan forefathers had given, in their language, a name which signified the *oak of Jupiter* (Thor's Oak?). The work of felling this vast tree was commenced in presence of an immense crowd of spectators, many of them pagans, who believed that their oak would be proof against the power of the axe, and who seemed to regard this trial as a test of the superiority of the one religion over the other. But the oak of Jupiter bowed and fell with a terrible crash, and hundreds of its worshippers became Christians on the spot. Thereupon Boniface, by the advice of his companions, cut up the sacred tree, and with the timber built an oratory on the spot, which he dedicated to St Peter. The life of St Amandus, A. D. 674, speaks of trees dedicated to demons (*arbores quæ erant dæmonibus dedicatæ*). In like manner, it was a very common thing to place a Christian church on the same spot where had stood a temple dedicated to some one of the German divinities. Besides these causes of the preservation of traces of the earlier Teutonic mythology, the language itself, in all its dialects and varieties, at every step bears marks of the original creed of the people who spoke it, not only in the names of the different mythic beings and of their habitation and worship, but in multitudes of expressions and terms applied at a later period to other objects and actions, which by their formation show how, at an early period, those objects and actions were connected with the popular culture. These are found more particularly in the names of plants and diseases, and of some animals, and in the apparently unmeaning formulæ which, at a much later period, ignorant people used as magical charms. Grimm has given several popular rhymes in vogue among the peasantry of different parts of Germany, in which are found the names of Woden and Irmen. The names of the Teutonic gods are still preserved in those of the days of the week.

At the same time, as the monks exerted an influence over the superstitions of the people, in modifying them into apparent accordance with Christianity, these superstitions were also influencing the latter, and without doubt gave rise to that multiplicity and multiformity of demoniacal agency which pervades the monkish legends. In their system the whole world was believed to be peopled with innumerable hordes of devils, who possessed only a certain degree of power, which they used in tormenting, seducing, and misleading mankind. Diseases were often the effect of their malignity, and conflagrations and numerous fatal accidents were commonly supposed to be brought about by their agency. They also exerted an influence over the elements, and caused storms, floods, and even greater convulsions of nature. The monks sometimes invented strange stories to account for the influence which the devils thus exerted, because they were not aware of the real source from which they had been adopted. An inedited English poet of the thirteenth century, after explaining in a popular manner the nature of thunder and lightning, proceeds to show how it happens to cause so much mischief. 'When Christ suffered death,' says he, 'he bound the devil, and broke down hell-gates in order to let out those who suffered there. His visit was attended with such terrible thunder, that the devils have been afraid of thunder ever since; and if any of them happen to be caught in a storm, they fly, as quick as wind, and kill men and destroy trees, &c., which they meet in their way. This is the reason that people are killed in a storm.'

The fairy mythology of England, and the popular superstitions of modern Greece, both of them excellent, complete the series of essays to be found in Mr Wright's first volume: a notice of his second may be expected in our next.

## THE ROTHSCHILDS.

The Rothschilds are the greatest operators in foreign bills, their connexions on the Continent absorbing, we should say, by far the largest amount of the paper so offered. It has been stated that their dealings in the foreign exchanges exceed an amount of £100,000 per week. Since the death of the father, the sons have carried on the business with great success. They are three in number, and usually attend 'Change together: always two of them, if not three, are at their accustomed place. The Baron Rothschild, the eldest, appears to be nearly forty years of age; the other brothers seem between thirty and thirty-eight. Once having seen the father, there is no mistaking the sons; the same peculiarity of Hebrew visage and heaviness of physiognomy; the same rotundity of person; the same apparent aptitude for business, mark the family, their race, and dealing. The wealth of the house is very great. It would, indeed, be indiscreet to venture an estimate. The loans that the partners are concerned in, the dividends they pay as contractors for many of these, and the extent of interest they have in almost every money operation on foot on the Continent, are a few of the items illustrative of their immense resources. Their father made a considerable portion of his wealth by his speculations in the public securities; but his sons, it is said, do not transact a tithe of the same description of business. They almost wholly confine themselves to the more legitimate operations of foreign bankers, and, perhaps, are the safer in the long run for it. Mr Rothschild himself, notwithstanding the extreme success of his dealings in this respect, was once or twice within an ace of seeing his fortune shattered by them. However bad appearances might occasionally be, and however much he feared the result of adventures in consequence, a change in circumstances always luckily rescued him at the moment when there seemed to be no other than the dismal prospect of a heavy loss before his eyes. His sons appear less inclined to follow his example; and though they are now turning their attention to foreign railway shares, it is more, we should think, from the attraction of their position, as bankers, than a desire on their part to join in the present speculation. The business of the Rothschild Brothers is carried on in palatial counting-houses, in St Swithen's Lane, King William Street, and the establishment consists of between thirty and forty clerks. On entering the place, you at once perceive the activity of the several departments, and are impressed with the notion, that, after all, the amount of wealth concentrated in the firm is turned over with extreme facility, considering the perfect freedom with which the dependants of these great capitalists go about their duties. But the difference is this: we are not in the *sanctum sanctorum*, where calculations are made, where the brain is at work, devising schemes for the future increase of wealth, and where instructions are given for perfecting those weighty operations for which the house is so famous; or else we might be able to describe a little of the labour and a little of the energy required in giving the first impulse for working out these transactions. Sealed doors are here, and prying curiosity dare not look in. The Rothschilds are decidedly the greatest people on 'Change. In business they are attentive, and, securing the best aid of the friends and advisers of their father, go on in a smooth and prosperous course. Out of business,

they are men of pleasure, indulging in the luxuries of life and countenancing the sports of the field.—*The City, or Physiology of London Business.*

### RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The main-stay of religious education is to be found in our Sunday-schools. The most earnest, the most devoted, the most pious of our several congregations are accustomed, with meritorious zeal, to dedicate themselves to this great work. All classes are blended together; rich and poor, one with another, rejoice to undertake the office of Sunday-school teachers. Many young men and young women, who have no other day in the week for recreation and leisure, with a zeal and charity (for which may God Almighty bless them!) consecrate their little leisure on the Lord's day to the training of little children in the way they ought to go. Each has a separate class, and becomes personally acquainted with the character of each member of the class. He visits his children at their homes, walks with them, converses with them, and, being a person of spiritual experience, is able to give that advice which a soul aspiring after heavenly things so greatly needs, and which none but those who know what spiritual difficulties and spiritual comforts are, can impart; while in all peculiar cases he has his pastor to whom he can refer his young charge, or from whom he can himself receive directions how to proceed. It is here that we are to look for the real religious education of our people, and to the perfecting of this system religious persons must bend their minds. No government system of education can interfere with this; but, on the contrary, if the day-schools turn out well-disciplined children, thoroughly grounded in all that they profess to know, the duties of the Sunday-school teacher will be lighter—the children will come to the Sunday-school, and to be catechised at church, with that advantage which is now only possessed by those who live in the vicinity of a good national school; a circumstance which must always be doubtful, while the majority of the masters remain untrained.—*Dr Hook's Letter to the Bishop of St David's.*

### MEANING IN TRIFLES.

Dull must be the sight which fails to perceive great events and great actions; but it requires sagacity to detect the indications afforded by the bubbles of the day. A great mind is equal to comprehension of the trifling as well as the important, as the trunk of an elephant can pick up a pin or uproot a tree.—*British and Foreign Quarterly Review.*

### SIZE AND AGE OF TREES.

The traveller Adamson discovered in India a baobab-tree to which the largest oaks would be mere saplings, and the stem of which measured from 80 to 120 or 130 feet in girth. As they could not cut a tree down every time they wished to ascertain its age, they measured it, and thus came to the conclusion that baobabs existed for five thousand years. The celebrated cypress of Mexico was at least as old, if not older still than these. It must be remarked that the deluge did not destroy the trees, since the dove brought to Noah a branch of a living olive-tree. Records still exist in the library at Milan, by which it was ascertained that a cypress which grows in that city was in existence in the time of Julius Cæsar. Now that tree was only 26 feet in circumference, while the Mexican cypress was 120 feet. There was nothing in the constitution of trees at present existing to prevent their living on to the end of time, whether measured by hundreds or thousands of years. In a section of the largest branch of a yew-tree which grew at Farthampton, Gloucestershire, which was nine inches in diameter, 227 perfect and distinct rings could be counted. Decandolle, from an examination of a number of yew-trees, ascertained that the average amount of its growth laterally was three-twelfths of an inch in the year. The circumference of the whole tree was 37 feet; and hence its age would be 1860 years. We have no doubt there are yews still in existence which began to grow long before the Romans marched across our island. At Fortingall, a village among the Grampians in Scotland, there was a yew-tree the age of which would be more than 2500 years. It was evident that, as the vitality exists in the *liber*, the tree could go on constantly pushing forth its fresh rings of wood, when the centre was dead; the vital principle was still working, and it seemed as if it could go on for ever.—*Lees.*

### TIME.

BY M. C. COOKE.

The old ivy shrieks as it clings to the wall,
And the flowerets cry
As they sicken and die,
Time!
Time!!
So thou vanquishest all.

The noble old oak and the elm, as they fall
'Neath the forester's blow,
Cry aloud—Even so,
Time!
Time!!
Thou art prostrating all.

The crazy old world, as it hears the loud call,
And its habitant, man,
Shout as loud as they can,
Time!
Time!!
So thou strikest down all.

The spring's fading flowers, and the winter's white pall,
The summer's scorch'd grass
Shout with autumn—Alas!
Time!
Time!!
So thou witherest all.

The king in the palace, the peer in the hall,
Slave, friend, or foe,
All sing as they go—
Time!
Time!!
Thou art conquering all.

### THE SPIRIT.

BY T. H. CORNISH.

The evening star
Now gleams afar,
Gemming the dark blue sphere;
The fires of day
Have died away;
Yet I am a wanderer here!

Night hurries on
To her lofty throne,
The mantled heavens are clear;
Awful and deep
Is our earth's dull sleep;
Yet I am a wanderer here!

My beloved one,
The tender tone
Of thy voice falls on my ear;
Methinks I trace
Thy peerless face
Watching thy wanderer here!

Thou hast come to me
Unstain'd and free
To banish each scalding tear;
Thou hast left, sweet love,
Thy throne above,
To 'comfort' thy wanderer—*here!*

Let me clasp thee now
In my heart's fond glow.
Dear love—nearer—still more near—
Ha!—gone!—me save!
Thou'rt in thy grave—
And I am a wanderer here!

### LAZINESS AND INDUSTRY PROGRESSIVE.

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economise his time.

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## UNIVERSALITY OF ELECTRICITY.

The formation of societies for scientific and learned purposes, which originated in Italy in the fifteenth century, has gone on down to our own times. We have societies for almost every social, political, or religious object; some proposing 'to enlighten the understanding by the discovery of unknown phenomena, and to exercise the reasoning powers by opening new fields for speculation; others more particularly intended for the encouragement of the arts, of manufactures, and of commerce.' The gatherings or *reunions* of these societies do not, however, possess the same degree of utility as in former days; the facility of communication in modern times, and the rapidity with which discoveries are propagated, permit men of science to live among the labours of others while remaining isolated themselves. Still these meetings do good; they are an homage paid to science; and much consists in an exchange of oral communications, in the more animated discussions resulting from the collision of opposite opinions, and in personal acquaintance with the men with whom we are constantly called upon to interchange ideas. Perhaps in this lies the greatest advantage; bringing into contact those who occupy themselves with different branches of science. In proportion as the field of inquiry widens, does each individual labouring therein tend more and more to seclude himself in the particular enclosure to whose cultivation he is devoted. Formerly there were zoologists, now we have physiologists, entomologists, paleontologists; the natural philosophers of earlier days are now found in professors of optics, electricians, and meteorologists.

But, if scrupulous research and investigation in each particular department be essential to success, not less so is a knowledge of the application and relation of these branches to each other. We learn best to pursue our own route by knowing that followed by others. The division of labour in mechanical arts, necessary for their perfection, injures, it is said with reason, the intelligence, and, consequently, is contrary to the end of humanity; for man is, above all, an intelligent being. In like manner the speciality in scientific pursuits, necessary for the progress of knowledge, has an injurious effect upon the philosophic mind, and is consequently fatal to the aim of science; for the *savant* is, above all, a philosopher. In the one, as in the other case, a preservative is required; the development of popular instruction is the remedy for the former, the acquisition of general knowledge the antidote to the latter. This is the aim of societies. Who has not felt an embarrassment of idea and conception when talking over and discussing some scientific point? It is then that the general utility becomes evident. Nature is one. The numerous elements of which it is composed are intimately connected; and when in studying we class them under different heads, we obey a necessity of our feeble intelligence, not a real natural law.

Leaving generalities aside, electricity offers itself as an illustration of the ideas here laid down, being at the present time one of the portions of science most generally observed, from the number and importance of the applications of which it is susceptible. It was for a long time regarded as a purely scientific curiosity. A century ago, in 1745, it formed but a very modest chapter in treatises on natural philosophy. It was then known that certain substances were capable, by friction, of attracting small light bodies and of giving birth to sparks—that there are in electricity different principles; such were the limits of philosophical knowledge on this subject before the discovery of the Leyden jar. Who would then have thought that meteorology would discover in electricity the cause of atmospheric phenomena; that heat would borrow from it the most perfect instruments, and the means of putting in evidence the most important laws; that molecular philosophy would make use of it to penetrate into the intimate constitution of bodies; that chemistry would demand from it the most satisfactory theories, and the most powerful processes of analysis; that mineralogy and geology would find in it, in great part, the origin of the formation of their crystals and strata; that physiology would draw from it a more intimate knowledge of the forces which govern organic matter, and the secret of acting upon this matter almost as upon life; that medicine would derive from it resources against diseases previously held to be incurable; and that the metallurgic arts would owe to it numerous processes for extracting, preparing, and applying metals; that, in short, it would furnish to mechanics a force which, rapid as thought, independent of time as of space, seems to lend to intelligence the power of going beyond its circumscribed limits, to dart at its own will into the most remote regions?

Such, in a few words, are the results that science has obtained from electricity in less than a century. Who can foresee what the future may hold in reserve? It was not, however, from pure electricians that the greatest discoveries proceeded; the mention of the names of Franklin, Volta, Davy, Ampère, will show that its most brilliant conquests are due to men who, at once profound thinkers and skilful observers, had not applied their powerful minds exclusively to the service of this single science.

A clearer idea of the services rendered by electricity to the other branches of physical science would perhaps be gained by filling up the outline above traced. The dis-

covery of the Leyden jar demonstrating the power of the electric shock, led Franklin to suspect a similar cause in the phenomena of lightning and thunder. The existence of electricity in the atmosphere once well established, its admission became necessary in the appreciation and explanation of meteorological phenomena. From this came the researches upon the origin, distribution, and effects of this electricity; more correct, though yet incomplete, ideas on the formation of hail, clouds, and fogs; and the necessity of a regular series of observations on the electric states of the atmosphere at different places and in all seasons. The results hitherto obtained are not wholly satisfactory; we discern rather than see clearly the important part played by electricity in all the phenomena, the investigation of which still occupies the attention of many philosophers both at home and abroad. On the Continent, M. Lecoq ascended by means of a balloon into clouds of hail, with a view to discover the secret of their formation; others have climbed the loftiest summits to study the atmosphere beyond the nearer influences of the soil; while Peltier has exposed the error of supposing the conducting power of clouds to reside only in their surfaces, and has proved that it is possessed by each individual particle.

In 1820, the brilliant and unexpected discovery by Oersted of Copenhagen, brought a new branch of physics into the domain of electricity, under the name of magnetisation, and gave rise to the further investigations of Arago, Ampère, and Faraday, demonstrating the identity between classes of phenomena apparently distinct. Magnetisation produced by electric currents, and the influence of all bodies on needles; the various attraction and repulsion produced by the action of these currents upon each other; the new and unforeseen forms under which the mutual action of currents and magnets is manifested, are among the more striking features brought out at this period. An instance of perspicuity of genius and mental generalisation is recorded of Ampère: A friend calling on him saw, in a room through which he passed, an apparatus whose description and effects had been published by the inventor, of whom he asked permission to see it in action. 'The more willingly,' was the reply, 'as I have not yet seen it in operation myself; the workman has just brought it home; and I shall be pleased to test its action with you.' 'What!' said the visiter, 'you have not yet tried the apparatus you have so well described, which has served you to establish one of the most beautiful laws of electro-dynamics?'—'No,' answered Ampère, 'but the result which it ought to give is not doubtful.' The action was as anticipated, and affords an extraordinary instance of an intelligence that required facts simply as a translation of the laws it had discovered, not as a confirmation of them. The appropriation, so to speak, of magnetism by electricity, changed the whole theory of the latter, imprinting on it a completely different physiognomy. It was next discovered that light and heat also present intimate points of contact with electricity. Davy showed the light and heat developed by the electric current; and, in 1823, Seebeck announced that heat applied to certain portions of the metallic circuit develops in it an electric current; this was further pursued by Becquerel, exemplifying the great things that may take their birth in experimental science. He proved that heat is always accompanied by a development of electricity, and extended it to the doctrine of rays; phosphorescence was shown to belong to electric light; and when the daguerreotype drew the attention of philosophers to the chemical effects of light, it was electricity that furnished the galvanometer for the detection of the faintest traces of these effects.

In chemistry, there is scarcely a single phenomenon in which electricity does not appear as cause or effect. The chemist is indebted to electricity for many simple bodies before unknown, and for a great number of products never before obtained. Aided by the pile, Davy discovered potassium and sodium; Berzelius, the ammoniacal amalgam; Schoenbein, the new and singular substance denominated *ozone*. Chemistry owes also to electricity a more profound acquaintance with the forces that govern the phenomena of which it embraces the study. These are researches on affinities, and upon the laws which these forces obey, out of which have grown the daily extending doctrine and hypotheses of electro-chemistry.

Those who saw in the discoveries of Volta and Davy nothing but the purest and most theoretical science, asked, To what good? But a few years have, however, elapsed since the time in which they demonstrated the various forms of the magnetic power of the pile, to the day when this instrument has passed from the laboratory of the philosopher and become common in the workshop of the artisan. Voltaic electricity has also been proposed for the purposes of illumination, by means of the light made to escape from the two poles of a battery. For ordinary uses this would be more expensive than the prevalent method, but for mines it is especially applicable, and there is little doubt but that it will eventually be substituted for Davy's safety lamp, which in some cases has been found ineffective for the prevention of danger. Already has this electricity been carried to the bottom of the ocean, where, in the ignition of gunpowder, it has rendered important services; it has been successfully used for the removal of rocks, cliffs, and large masses of earth by blasting. Attempts have been made to employ it mechanically as a continuous moving power, but although the action of soft iron magnetised on iron not magnetised is enormous, it undergoes a great and rapid decrease when applied to a continued movement. The great cost also at which, in the present imperfect state of our knowledge, such an instrument must be produced, will for a long time check its supersedence of steam.

One of the most brilliant applications of voltaic electricity has been to that of telegraphic communication. In 1747, it was proved by experiments in London that the electric shock traversed instantaneously two miles of distance; and since that period it has been considered applicable to signals; but the methods proposed involved the use of as many conductors as signs to be transmitted. Now, however, Mr Wheatstone's discovery has demonstrated that *two* conductors suffice for the delivery of any communication: one of these being a wire stretched at some distance above the surface of the soil; the other the earth itself. In Russia, M. Jacobi has adopted the method of burying the wire below the surface. If the gummy covering intended to isolate the wire can be preserved from rupture or decay, there is little doubt but that this method offers advantages over that of the suspended wires, as they may be carried in any direction independent of lines of road, which it has been considered necessary to follow with the latter.

There is no limit to the distance to which the operation of this mode of communication may not be carried, but that arising from the resistance of the conducting wire, which it has been found may be diminished indefinitely by increasing its diameter. It has even been proposed to leap over the immense distance separating America from Europe, by placing in the sea a large rod of copper well covered with pitch, which shall reach from one continent to the other, the ocean itself serving as second conductor to complete the circuit. This may appear to be the dream of a poet, or the wild scheme of a projector; but such has been the wonderful progress of science, that an idea is not to be rejected off-hand, although it may seem extravagant. The word of science now is, if it be possible, it is done; if it be impossible, it will be done.

It will be readily comprehended that the same principle which moves the needles of the magnetic telegraph, could also move the hands of a clock—all that is necessary being that the pendulum, or other moving power which beats the seconds, should with every beat establish and interrupt the circuit. A system of wheels communicates to another, which gives minutes, and that in turn to the hours. In this way, one central clock might be made to communicate with and direct the movements of the clocks of a whole city, and thus maintain exact time.

The extraction of metals by electricity has been already alluded to. In the hands of Becquerel, the prolonged ac-

tion of slight electric forces has given birth to crystals, which before had alone been produced by nature. Among the substances operated on, coal has resisted all attempts at crystallisation. It has been further concluded from the experiments, that diamonds can only be produced under conditions of temperature and pressure, necessary to change the face of worlds. In St Petersburg, Jacobi has gone beyond Becquerel in the application of this power, and has surpassed by its means the solvent action of fire, in casting, or rather *moulding* copper to any form. In a large establishment in that city, statues thirty feet high have been produced, greatly superior to those cast in the ordinary manner, both in beauty of form and in economy of material. To electricity we are also indebted for improved methods of gilding, silvering, and plating, and for the galvanoplastic art which reproduces engravings, and the images of the daguerreotype.

Geology is not without its claims on electricity. After he had succeeded in decomposing earths and alkalis, Davy foresaw an explanation of the formation of the strata of the globe, and of the phenomena passing on its surface, in the action of air and water upon metallic bases, which had been revealed to him by electricity. The accidental contraction of the limbs of a frog observed by Galvani, gave rise to the discovery of electro-physiology, which has since been greatly advanced by the researches of Signor Matteucci. It is recorded of Napoleon, that, in the enthusiasm caused by the sight of a voltaic pile, he said to his physician Corvisart, whose investigations he had encouraged, 'Doctor, this is the image of life: the vertebral column is the pile; the liver the negative pole; the bladder the positive pole.' It is scarcely necessary to remark that the words are more striking than true. Life may, by its indirect action, develop electricity; but it is not more electricity in itself than man is a machine.

Vegetable physiology, although less studied than the other branches of science enumerated, presents certain relations with electricity. The production of electricity in the act of vegetation is a well-established fact, and it has been supposed that in this consists the source of atmospheric electricity, a point which may probably be verified by the result of the great experiments now carried on in various quarters for the fertilisation of lands by electric currents. The conquests of electricity within a century, in the circle of physical sciences, may now be understood. Not one, as it appears, has escaped its invasive influence: wherever there is movement, or manifestation of life, or phenomena, we find electricity either as cause or effect.

The history of the sciences shows us that, in physical as well as in moral law, each epoch is characterised by one dominant idea; and that this idea, emanating from a man of genius, and investigated by his successors, reigns for a long period exclusively. Thus all the natural philosophy of the eighteenth century, and of the commencement of the present, rests upon the notion established at first by Newton, that there exist distinct imponderable fluids constituting light, heat, electricity, magnetism; that these fluids obey, in their relations among themselves, and with the ponderable matter from which they differ, only because they are without appreciable weight, all the laws of attraction and repulsion to which ponderable bodies are submitted. This idea, seductive by its clearness, and by the facility with which it lends itself to calculation, had given to science a regular physiognomy, and a certain appearance of fixity, while it had also contributed to enrich important results. Thus all the progress of optics during the last century, the great discoveries of radiant heat, the labours of Coulomb and Poisson in electricity and magnetism, had, for point of departure, and were based upon, the theory here explained: it has thus sufficed for the course of science during a hundred years, and finished its career only when it had nothing more to furnish. But as science does not always bend itself to the direction that we wish to prescribe to it—as its tendency is to escape from the narrow limits within which the mind of man is constantly disposed to restrict it—it has not been able to bear indefinitely the yoke of the Newtonian theories of emission: another idea has become necessary to it; and this has been found in the undulatory theory.

This theory, dimly seen and vaguely indicated by Descartes, further defined by Huygens, treated with respect, even when not admitted, by Newton, and supported by Euler, is destined to become to the nineteenth century, the dominant idea in physics, as that of emission was in the eighteenth. It is based upon the notion of the existence in the whole universe of an ethereal matter, excessively subtile, of perfect elasticity, in which float in suspension, so to speak, the atoms of ponderable matter. These atoms, grouping themselves in the various forms of solids, liquids, and gases, are said to determine, in the ethereal substance by which they are surrounded, undulations more or less intense, and to constitute bodies. All the phenomena of rays, light, radiant heat, and chemical radiations, are consequently but the effect of these undulations propagating themselves in the ether. All the phenomena of dilatation, conductibility, of latent and specific heat, all those that attach themselves to electricity, magnetism, chemical or molecular attraction, are the result of the action, mutual and combined, of the attraction of the ponderable particles, and of the undulatory movements of the ether. This idea, of which the conception is less easy than the other, and which admits with less facility of calculation, has, nevertheless, an incontestible superiority over the preceding, by its real simplicity and greater degree of generality. A single fluid diffused everywhere, and movements produced in this fluid by ponderable bodies, in place of material particles of several different species, offer themselves as more satisfactory to the mind, because they are more in relation with those which furnish sensations; they agree also better with observed facts, and converge more to that unity which we like to find in physical law. A ponderable atom—an ethereal fluid filling the universe—a movement in this fluid produced by the atom; the idea is as simple as it is grand—possibly true.

Here, as everywhere, there is a limit which science can never surmount. All that the combination of forces which govern matter can produce, either great or marvellous, science has found, and will again find machines capable of reproducing; but that which requires the assistance of the mind, the direct co-operation of the spirit, man alone can do, and ought to do without intermediate aid.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D.

This eminent individual was descended on the maternal side from an old and opulent family in the north of England. Such of our readers as have made themselves familiar with the life and adventures of Daniel De Foe, author of Robinson Crusoe, must remember that, on a certain occasion, when pursued by the persecuting agency of persons in power, he found shelter in the house of a bluff English yeoman whose name was Geoffery Kinderlee. He was the great-great-grandfather of Sir James; a man of excellent reputation, though somewhat eccentrical in his habits, who drove four horses in his coach, and was no fewer than six times married. Five of his wives are said to have owed their death to the unfortunate climate into which he introduced them, for his estate was situated in the very centre of the Lincolnshire Fens. The sixth, who survived the old gentleman, is said to have carried her care to an extent which injured the health if it did not shorten the existence of her husband, making, among other acts of kindness, a flannel cap to his gold-headed cane, lest his health might be affected by the coldness of the metal. 'These,' says Lady Smith, 'have the air rather of jocular tales than of serious accusations, and we may believe that he was a very charitable and excellent man.' John Kinderlee, the great-grandfather of Sir James, was a highly active and very useful public character; he endowed a school at Dundee, and did much to civilise the inhabitants of the northern parts of England near which he resided. His grandfather, again, was a clergyman of

considerable repute in the Church of England, the perpetual curate of St Helen's in Norwich, and domestic chaplain to the Countess of Leicester. Frances Smith, the mother of Sir James, was the eldest daughter of this clergyman, and was united by marriage to his excellent father, a wealthy Norwich merchant, somewhere about the end of 1758. Of these parents James was the eldest, and for five years the only child; he was born at Norwich the 2d of December, 1759. His constitution being naturally delicate, and an extreme mental susceptibility evincing itself at a very early age, his prudent and affectionate mother displayed great wisdom and tenderness in her mode of managing the interesting child. Passionately fond of flowers herself, she took a pleasure in infusing into the breast of her infant son tastes similar to her own; nor was she unsuccessful. Smith's love for flowers and shrubs had so early an origin, that he used to tell in after years how that, admiring above all others the rich blossoms of the wild succory, he however wanted the amount of strength requisite for plucking them off the stalk.

In perusing the account given of Mr Smith's boyhood, we are forcibly reminded of Cowper. We are informed that when a child, so acute were his moral sensibilities, that for a word or a thought he feared might be wrong, he experienced all the pangs of a broken and contrite spirit. To give us some conception of the intensity of mental agony which the poor boy must have endured on such occasions, we are told that when in future life he recalled to memory these early sufferings, he felt as much pity for himself as he could have done had the individual who endured them been some other person. A sensibility so intense and acute must have contributed, as in the case of Cowper, to make the boyhood of Smith a scene of suffering and sorrow, had not the maternal eye been constantly watchful of his childish movements. This was awanting in the case of the poet of Olney, who lost his mother when only a year or two old. It was a public school, and the brutal usage he there met with, that injured Cowper; the education which Smith received, however, was entirely domestic, he never was at a boarding-school even, and, as if he knew his infirmity, had a great horror of being sent to one. 'The best masters, however, which the city of Norwich afforded attended him at home, and he acquired the knowledge of grammar only through the Latin tongue. An English grammar, he has frequently observed, he never had, nor did his proficiency in Latin extend beyond the rudiments of the language till he had passed the usual period of a schoolboy's age.' If Smith was fortunate in possessing a mother whose time during his infancy was almost exclusively devoted to his physical and moral superintendence, still more considerable were the advantages he derived from the counsels and example of an excellent father, after he had attained an age somewhat more advanced. Mr Smith, the elder, was, we are informed, a man who to great strength and solidity of judgment united a cultivated mind and polished tastes. Being sent when a boy to Clifton hot wells for the recovery of his health, a lady who took an interest in him, from the conception she had formed of his cleverness and talent, got him persuaded to apply his leisure hours to the acquisition of the French language. The consequence was that, catching at the hint, he soon by assiduous application became an admirable French scholar, and gained a familiarity, after no long period of time, with many of the best writers of the country where that language is spoken. He likewise, in a similar way, gained a knowledge of the Italian, and thus acquired a habit of thinking for himself, which greatly contributed to enlarge and strengthen his understanding. 'And his son,' says Sir James's widow, 'has often expressed himself deeply indebted to his father's, and it ought to be added to his mother's, encouragement not to follow any received opinion blindly and implicitly, but dare to think for himself, and stand alone. For the free action this gave his mind, he to the last year of his existence expressed his obligation to both parents.' Possessed of all these advantages, it is not perhaps greatly to be wondered at if young Smith made from a very early period of his life great proficiency in elegant scholarship. The childish timidity which, had he been sent to a public school, might have proved fatal to him, began gradually to diminish under the kind and generous treatment he uniformly experienced; and so far was he from exhibiting in after life anything like the nervous shyness which marked the appearance of the amiable Cowper, that the most prominent feature of his character was very probably physical and mental courage; and it has been said of him, that 'Fearing God he knew no other fear.' History had in the early part of his life, more than any other kind of reading, engaged his attention. At the age of eleven years he composed an imaginary history of Scotland, 'which,' says his widow, 'if invention be the proof of genius, must be accorded to him even in this youthful effort; for nothing is borrowed; not only is it very fairly and correctly expressed, but the dresses, language, and furniture of his minute population show very uncommon originality of design.' If Smith, when a boy, bore a resemblance to Cowper in moral sensitiveness, he no less was his counterpart in a quick perception of the ridiculous, a love of drollery and harmless fun forming obviously an original part of his disposition, united, however, to so much sweetness of temper and refined amiability, that it never in a single instance was known to give offence.

Though the education, under his father's roof, which young Smith received was highly liberal, it was far from originally entering the thoughts of that parent to devote his son to any of the learned professions; on the contrary, had parental wishes been gratified, the future president of the Linnæan Society would for life have been chained to the desk of a city merchant. With the thoughts of trade, however, the young philosopher was never satisfied, and some years were passed in doubts and wishes that kept him very uneasy. All this while he was an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature. For shrubs, plants, and even the most common wildflowers, he had a passion equally refined and intense. What first brought him acquainted with his future wife was a conversation into which he was led with her mother, when, sent on a message by his father, he was shown into an apartment decorated by her hand with wreaths of the Calluna and Erica Tetralix. 'The appearance of these beautiful flowers,' says Lady Smith, with inimitable delicacy, 'led to harmony of ideas on other subjects, and proved the beginning of a friendship which was never impaired by time or a nearer affinity.' It was not till the age of eighteen, however, that Mr Smith began to study botany in earnest. A coincidence, which in the astrologic age would have excited superstitious awe, is recorded by him as having distinguished the commencement of studies, the successful prosecution of which ultimately raised him to an eminence scarcely inferior to that occupied by the great Swedish naturalist himself. 'I became,' he says, 'at the age of eighteen, desirous to study botany as a science.' The only book I could then procure was Berkenhout, Hudson's Flora having become extremely scarce. I received Berkenhout on the 9th of January, 1778, and on the 11th began, with infinite delight, to examine the Ulex Europæus (common furze), the only plant then in flower. I then first comprehended the nature of systematic arrangement, and the Linnæan principles, little aware that, at that instant, the world was losing the great genius who was to be my future guide; for Linnæus died on the night of January the 11th, 1778.' The progress he made in this delightful and instructive science seems to have been altogether unprecedented. Nor, if the friendship of some of the most distinguished naturalists of which Norwich and its vicinity could boast, may be regarded as an acquisition, did his diligence and assiduity in the voluntary prosecution of his studies lack its reward. Mr Hugh Rose, John Pitchford, and Henry Bryant, names of considerable consequence in the botanical department of science, became his associates, advisers, and friends. Crowe of Lakenham, especially, took an intense interest in the early fortunes of the young botanist.

His father, without having recourse to positive compulsion, appears long to have urged the mercantile profession

and the one best calculated to advance the interest and respectability of his son. As a merchant, he had attained to considerable eminence himself, and he was loath that the influence in his favour he had so easily the power of commanding were he to engage in active business, should be lost to his favourite son. Young Smith, though the most amiable and affectionate of sons, was not to be won over by the paternal eloquence, which placed before him the almost certain beneficial results which were to be consequent on his engaging in the importation of raw silk. Bent on prosecuting the study of medicine, the young botanist gave to all the old man's advances a mild but firm negative, and, aided at last by the entreaties of the scientific friends whose names we have already specified, he compelled the scruples and prejudices of his excellent parent to yield to the force of rational appeal, and it was ultimately agreed that he should be sent to Edinburgh to begin the prosecution of studies necessary to qualify him for the duties and activities of a medical life.

On the 14th of October, 1781, therefore, he began his journey to Edinburgh. His father and brother accompanied him part of the way, and so tender and refined were the filial sensibilities of this eminent man, that, though in his twentieth year, he represents his emotions as quite overpowering, when his beloved relations bidding him adieu he was left to prosecute the journey alone. His father's first letter, transmitted to Edinburgh, is possessed of much interest, as evincing how possible it is to preserve fresh and entire the finest parental feelings, even after long years have been spent in pursuits which are generally understood to exert a searing if not hardening influence on the heart of man.

James had with him when he came to Edinburgh a letter of introduction to Dr Hope, professor of botany, and on the 2d of November, 1781, when writing for the second time to his excellent father, he thus eulogises that eminent man: 'He has the highest character for abilities and real goodness of heart, and is a man of the first consequence in this place: his behaviour was at first (as it generally is) a little reserved; but botanical subjects opening the way, he became perfectly affable, and treats me with almost paternal tenderness. Having found that I was quite a novice in the study of medicine, he talked the whole over with me, and recommends me, above all things, first to make myself master of Latin, for which purpose he has recommended me a master, who taught all his children, who is to come for an hour every day: the usual terms are a guinea a-month, but I am to give after the rate of eight guineas a-year, and expect six or eight months will do. I hope you will not disapprove of this expense, as it is quite necessary, and you may depend on my frugality in every case where I can save money without missing anything of real importance. Dr Hope thinks that, with the utmost economy, I cannot spend less than £120 a-year; but I don't see how it can amount to near that.' The other portions of the letter throw beautiful light on the amiable dispositions and correct and steady habits of the young philosopher.

Mr Smith was exceedingly fortunate while at college in his acquisition of acquaintances. He had for a fellow-lodger a young gentleman from Sweden, whose father was physician to the king of that country. This was no other than the celebrated Engelhart, who afterwards, as we shall see, was the main instrument, by introducing him to De Acrel, of putting our botanist in possession of the library and collection of Linnæus. At Dr Hope's, young Smith had the pleasure of frequently meeting the redoubted author of the 'Science of Universals,' we mean the amiable Lord Monboddo, the most Quixotic metaphysician that ever sallied out in search of adventures into the regions of the impalpable and obscure. With Sir William Forbes, Dr Walker, and, above all, the distinguished Hutton, to whom he was introduced not long after his arrival, Mr Smith became an especial favourite; of the latter individual he speaks in these terms:—'It is accidental my not having mentioned Dr Hutton; he is one of my best and most agreeable acquaintances, a man of the most astonishing penetration and unparalleled clearness of intellects with the greatest good humour and frankness; in short, I cannot discover in what his oddity (of which I heard so much) consists. He is a bachelor, and lives with three maiden sisters; so you may be sure the house and every thing about it is in the nicest order. I step in when I like, and drink tea with them; and the doctor and I sometimes walk together. He is an excellent mineralogist, and is very communicative, very clear, and of a candid though quick temper; in short, I am quite charmed with him. He has a noble collection of fossils, which he likes to show.' He also, in a letter to his father, bearing date the 31st December, represents himself as very happy in the society of the Misses Riddell, and especially in that of their brother Sir James. He indeed fully verified the predictions of his father, who, in the second letter forwarded to Edinburgh, thus expresses himself:—'It cannot be doubted but you will recommend yourself wherever you are by those amiable qualities that gained and fixed you so many friends in your native place; and I trust to your discretion and knowledge of the world to distinguish and choose among those that present themselves to your acquaintance, that you will be able to reap most advantage from in point of knowledge, true politeness, and sincere friendship. As for morals, you are too well grounded in virtue and sound unaffected piety to make it at all necessary for me to mention them, as I am sure you will shun the immoral and profane both from taste and principle.' Our young student had spoken in an early letter to his father of requiring, in the prosecution of the study of Latin and Greek, the aid of a private tutor, lamenting, however, the necessity under which this laid him of taxing the old gentleman's purse still more severely than before. 'My dear son,' replies the delighted father, whose rigid economical habits had in no respect chilled his parental affection; 'my dear son, I cannot disapprove of any expense that is useful to your pursuit, therefore have no objection to a Latin master. Latin and Greek are necessary to your profession. You say I may depend upon your frugality in every case. I know I may, my dear; but I would not have you cramp yourself, nor deny yourself either any advantage or enjoyment upon that account. I am perfectly easy; satisfied that you would not wish for what I ought to refuse.' The son, in an admirable letter, replied, that his father's kind indulgence would have a most powerful influence in making him as economical as real prudence would allow of—that he was making rapid progress in his studies—and that he had spoken twice at the Medical Society: intelligence which so delighted his parents that it overflows in every line of the letter addressed to him by the old gentleman in reply. 'When a man,' says he, 'really takes delight in his business, be it what it may, it is hardly ever seen that he is unsuccessful. You have now broke the ice, and have good ground to expect you will be distinguished from the common herd. I would have you proceed with firmness and due confidence; one of the most certain prognostics of victory in every conflict is a dependence upon one's self.' The letters, in short, which, during the period of his residence in Edinburgh, passed between Mr Smith and his father, and which are to be found in his memoirs and correspondence published after his decease by his amiable lady, will amply reward an attentive perusal. The humility, amiability, and, at the same time, manly sense which distinguish all those productions of the son—the dignity, kindness, love, and satisfaction which mark those of the father—render the whole correspondence a source at once of refined gratification and of instructive teaching to every mind possessed of a taste for what is elegant, and a love for the beautiful and virtuous. Nor was it with his parents alone that he corresponded during his stay at Edinburgh; his old acquaintances were not forgotten, and it fills us with wonder how so much elegant letter-writing and so much refined colloquial enjoyment could be compatible with the untiring assiduity which we know he displayed in the prosecution of his favourite study.

About the end of his first session at Edinburgh, young Smith, along with Engelhart and a few more scientific

friends, had the honour of founding the celebrated society for the prosecution of the study of natural history. The amiable Dr Walker no sooner heard of what they had done, than, entering into it with his accustomed enthusiasm and kindness, he granted them his museum to meet in, and favoured them besides with the use of his books and specimens. Nor was this all; that eminent professor begged to be admitted an ordinary member—a request which, we need not say, was most cordially complied with. Numbers of the most intelligent and distinguished youth of Edinburgh made the same petition, among whom was the late Earl of Glasgow, the Earl of Ancrum, and the famous Lord Deore. As a proof of the esteem in which the young Norwich botanist was already held, he was the individual invited by acclamation to take the chair on the second meeting of the society, common courtesy having rendered it of course necessary that Dr Walker should preside at the first. Dr Walker, about this time too, declared, before a public meeting, his decided conviction that Mr Smith knew already more of natural history than anybody he had ever before met in Scotland. Writing to his mother on the 16th of May, he tells her of a plan suggested by Dr Hope for a tour to the Highlands on foot, to be undertaken during the summer. He describes himself as feeling quite melancholy at the conclusion of the college classes, so many students going away, and all the places which used to be so cheerful and busy quite vacant and gloomy. About this time Dr Hope announced his intention of giving a medal for the best collection of the native plants of Scotland and those of the materia medica, extending the benefit of it not only to his own pupils but to the members of the Society of Natural History. 'It will be worth trying for,' says Smith to his mother, 'and I have little doubt of getting it if I try; such an honour is worth the taking pains for.' In the beginning of June the student made an excursion to Kirby Lonsdale, in Westmoreland, to visit his friend Mr Batty, extending it to Yorkshire, where, by appointment, his father met him. Broussonet, the celebrated French naturalist and intimate friend of Sir Joseph Banks, accompanied him on the expedition. On his return to Edinburgh, Smith was received by his numerous friends with greater cordiality than ever, Dr Hope declaring that he had greatly missed him, and needed him at hand to keep him from scientific mistakes. About the beginning of August, Mr Smith, in company with the son of Dr Hope, made his promised excursion into the Highlands. Bad weather prevented him from receiving from it the amount of enjoyment to which he looked forward. They got no farther than Ben Lomond, to whose summit, however, they ascended, and though cloudy weather hid from them the almost inconceivably magnificent prospect they would otherwise have witnessed, Mr Smith had great reason to be satisfied with his botanical success. On the 31st December of the same year he gave in a paper to the Natural History Society on the phenomena of vegetable odours, which gained him extraordinary applause. He also gave in his collection of the native plants of Scotland, for which, as he himself anticipated, the gold medal promised by Dr Hope was unanimously awarded. He was about the same time chosen first president of the society, in such a distinguished manner as furnished undoubted testimony that he was regarded as its chief supporter. He formed an intimacy this winter with the amiable son of Dr Reid of Glasgow, the author of the celebrated work on the human mind, who had come to Edinburgh to commence the study of medicine. This interesting youth died in about a month after his arrival. 'He was the last,' says his friend, 'of a numerous family, who have all died about the same age, just entering upon life. His father bears it like a philosopher. I cannot help comparing him to a venerable oak that has been bowed before many a blast, and stripped by degrees of its leafy honours, but that has now nothing to lose, and braves the fury of the storm inflexible. The mother is not so tranquil. They are both in Edinburgh.' Nor was it only as a botanist that Smith this winter took the highest possible position amongst his fellow-students. He spoke often in the Medical Society, and was uniformly listened to with deference and marked admiration. His excellent father was quite overjoyed by hearing of the laurels which he almost weekly won. 'These distinctions,' says Mr Smith the elder, 'are, I flatter myself, prognostics of the eminent rank you will by and by stand in, and the use you will be of to yourself, your friends, and the world; pleasing reflections indeed to parents who have your interest so much at heart.'

Loaded with honours, and bearing away with him the best wishes of its most distinguished inhabitants, our hero left Edinburgh about the middle of June, 1783, and after visiting his parents at Norwich, proceeded finally to London, for the purpose of still farther prosecuting his medical career. On the 25th September, he accordingly took lodgings, with his fellow-student Mr Batty, in Great Windmill Street, at the top of the Haymarket. He here attended the medical school of the illustrious Dr Pitcairn, and also the great school of anatomy of which Dr John Hunter was at that time the head.

His success in London, as a student of medicine, was if possible still more decided than it had been in Edinburgh. Dr Pitcairn spoke every where of him in terms of the highest admiration, and the practice of physic would assuredly have become the pursuit of his after life, had not the splendid collection of Linnæus come into his possession by a strange concurrence of the most unexpected events.

A short while after his arrival in London, young Smith had the happiness of being introduced to Sir Joseph Banks. One morning, in the course of conversation, he was informed by the distinguished baronet that the museum and library of the celebrated Swede were upon sale. He learned, too, that the sum demanded for the whole collection of books, manuscripts, and natural history, amounted only to one thousand guineas. Sir Joseph strongly advised the young botanist to attempt the purchase. Singularly enough, the person intrusted to make the sale was no other than his old friend and fellow-lodger Engelhart, who had been written to for this purpose by Dr Acrel, professor of medicine at Upsal. Dr Engelhart wrote immediately to the professor recommending his friend, and Mr Smith at the same time forwarded another letter to the same person requesting a catalogue of the whole collection, and informing him that if it answered his expectation he would be the purchaser at the price fixed. Still the main difficulty remained to be overcome. Mr Smith, the father, though far from parsimonious in his habits, was however highly economical. He had acquired by his own industry and perseverance a considerable fortune, and was by no means ignorant of the value of money. When his son, therefore, wrote to him stating his wishes in reference to the museum of Linnæus, the old man was staggered, and something like a mild but firm refusal seems to be couched under the guarded phraseology of his first letter. A second letter, reiterating the persuasions in the first, had but little more effect. Repeated efforts, however, produced some change of opinion, and at last all reluctant scruples surrendered before the power of parental love. The son had his father's cordial permission to make the desired purchase. This, however, was not accomplished with ease; a great many eminent naturalists in the different nations of Europe became candidates for the invaluable repository of the celebrated Swedish sage. One thousand guineas was the price fixed, and no more was to be taken; but out of so many that offered themselves as purchasers it became difficult to select. The influence of the elder Engelhart at head-quarters was however great, and young Smith, after a considerable alternation of hopes and fears, became the fortunate candidate. We need not say that, from the moment he became possessed of what he had so ardently longed for, our philosopher took rank among the most eminent naturalists of the age; congratulations from the most illustrious scientific characters both in Britain and on the Continent, were daily received. In a letter from the late distinguished Bishop of Carlisle we find the following passage:—'Your noble purchase of the Linnæan cabinet most decidedly sets Britain above all

other nations in the botanical empire; and it were much to be wished that the studies of individuals with respect to the science at large would become so animated and so successful that she might be induced to fix her seat amongst us.'

Though Smith had not as yet entirely relinquished the design of practising as a physician, he, however, from this hour he became possessed of the cabinet of Linnæus, appears to have devoted his time and all the powers of his mind to the delightful science in which he became so eminent. On the 28th of May, 1785, he acquaints his father that 'he was admitted a fellow of the Royal Society on Thursday, without a single black ball;' and adds, 'my success was indeed very flattering, and I believe gave my good friend the president (Sir J. Banks) great pleasure.' About this time he brought himself still more under the notice of the public by his delightful work entitled Reflections on the Study of Nature, and that exceedingly ingenious treatise which he dedicated to Dr Hope, a Dissertation on the Sexes of Plants. On the 16th of June, 1786, for the purpose of obtaining at Leyden a medical degree, he began a tour through Holland, France, Italy, and Switzerland. His reputation as a botanist had already spread over Europe, and the name of Linnæus, he tells us, opened to him the door and cabinet of every scientific name of the towns through which he passed. Nothing we ever remember to have read appears to us finer than the letters transmitted to his mother, father, and scientific friends in England by the accomplished traveller, descriptive of the objects and pleasures of this delightful tour. The only thing for which any of them can be blamed is the height to which they represent his admiration of Rousseau as having carried itself. The sound religious principles and high moral worth of the English philosopher, render indeed exceedingly surprising the exclusiveness of his eulogy when describing the character of that singular man.

In November, 1787, Dr Smith returned to his native country, and, shortly after, he had the honour of organising and founding that magnificent institution known since over all Europe by the name of the Linnæan Society. He had now abandoned the promises held forth by a lucrative professional life, to become the leader of a band of naturalists who should follow in the steps of the immortal Swede. 'In looking round,' says Lady Smith, 'upon the literary institutions and learned academies of Europe, it will be seen that they have generally owed their origin and success either to large endowments, to royal favour, or to the commanding influence of persons already known by their scientific attainments or their station. This society is almost a solitary example of an institution deriving its origin from an individual young and unknown to fame, without rank, without wealth, without support, whose ardour for the pursuit of science led him to risk the expectation of a moderate independence, by bringing into his native country, at the expense of his patrimony, those rich materials for which princes had contended, and upon which he was to establish a new society, and give to it its name, its character, and direction.' The persons who chiefly lent him their aid in the accomplishment of this lofty design were Sir Joseph Banks and the Bishop of Carlisle. On the 8th April, 1788, at his own house in Great Marlborough Street, the first meeting of that celebrated institution was held. A discourse on the rise and progress of natural history, delivered by Dr Smith himself, excited great admiration, and he was that evening unanimously chosen to preside over the society he had founded—a situation which he held for the subsequent thirty years. He now began to acquire greater celebrity than ever from the numerous scientific works which every month issued from his pen. In 1790, however, his English Botany, a kind of Flora of his native land, procured for him an amount of admiration scarcely conferred during his life upon Linnæus himself. The plates in this wonderful book, executed by the pencil of the lamented Sowerby, amount to nearly 3000. 'Hudson, Lightfoot, and Withering,' says Rennie, 'wrote Floras on the system of Linnæus, but the Flora Britannica of Sir James Smith is perhaps the most perfect specimen existing.

In the year 1791, Dr Smith had the pleasure of being introduced to Charlotte, Queen of George III.; what led to it was the following circumstance. Dr Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, whilst preparing a botanical work, had occasion to consult the herbarium of Lightfoot. That eminent man being recently dead, his botanical collection had been exposed for sale, and George III. took occasion to purchase it in order that he might make a present of it to his spouse. The Bishop of Carlisle had, however, her Majesty's permission to pay Frogmore a visit and examine it at his leisure. He found the collection very much damaged, and perceiving that unless methods of precaution were used it would soon be utterly useless, he advised her Majesty to have it looked over by Dr Smith. 'The name,' says Lady Smith, 'was not unknown to the Queen; he had some time before presented her, through the kindness of the Hon. Mrs Barrington, with a copy of his Coloured Figures of Rare Plants, which both their Majesties were pleased enough with to desire to become purchasers of three copies besides; and in one of her Majesty's familiar visits to the late Viscountess Cremorne, the Queen carried her a copy as a present.' Queen Charlotte immediately therefore selected our botanist, not merely to arrange the herbarium, but to converse with herself and the princesses about plants, shrubs, and flowers. These were delightful visits, but they were not destined to be of long continuance. In 1792 he published his Tour on the Continent, and a few passages, in which the French Queen is too much blamed and Rousseau too much praised, gave such offence to royalty that the doctor was dismissed with something like a polite reprimand. 'There can be no doubt,' says his biographer, 'that her Majesty's mind was prejudiced against him by one who had been a mutual friend, but whose personal contests with Rousseau had warped his judgment. That Smith regretted this alienation cannot be matter of surprise to those who have felt what it is to be misunderstood, and who recollect that his sentiments of regard for those who had shown him kindness were no less warm than sincere. He had no other reason to regret the circumstance, for it was a disinterested connexion entirely.'

Ever, too, since his return from the Continent, Dr Smith had been giving lectures on botany and zoology at his house in Great Marlborough Street. His audience was of the most select and brilliant order, including, besides the most illustrious professional men of their day, names not less renowned in the circles of rank and fashion. The flow of letters which at the same time poured in upon him from foreign correspondents, and which only ceased with his death, appears to have been enormous. His correspondence at home was likewise of the most extensive description, including, among other distinguished names, those of Roscoe and Dr Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle. We know of few letters in the English tongue better worthy of a perusal than those which, during an unbroken friendship of forty years, passed between Smith and the last mentioned individual. With Davall, in Switzerland, too, an enthusiastic botanist, he carried on a correspondence which places the character of both in the most amiable and interesting conceivable light. But nothing of his published correspondence better rewards perusal than the letters which passed between father and son until the death of the former, which occurred about the end of the century. From first to last, we feel that one reason why we so much rejoice at the success which crowned almost every effort put forth by the philosopher to reach celebrity and renown, is the pleasure which we know his old father is sure to experience so soon as in the most modest possible strain the accomplished son dispatched an account of it to Norwich.

Dr Smith having in 1796 married a lady residing in his native town, and being now in circumstances of comparative affluence, he removed from London and took up his residence in Norwich. His time was now solely devoted to the composition and publication of botanical works. The eminent and amiable Dr Sibthorp, son of the professor of botany at Oxford, died at Bath on the

6th February, 1796, from the effects of a cold caught in his voyage from Zante to Otranto, a youthful martyr to the science of botany, and an irreparable loss to the university which he adorned. He had commenced a stupendous work, a few years before his death, entitled Flora Græca. It was to be published in ten folio volumes, each containing 100 coloured plates. To defray the expense of this he bequeathed a freehold estate in Oxfordshire to the University, and Smith was selected by the executors of the lamented traveller to edit the work. Dr Smith lived only to complete six and a half of these splendid volumes, the first appearing in 1806 and the sixth in 1813. Though he was all this while residing in Norwich, yet, in order to keep up his connexion with the Linnæan Society and his botanical friends in the metropolis, he spent about two months every spring in London.

We cannot afford space to mention a tithe of the scientific productions which, during the twenty years he resided in his native town, issued from his pen. Suffice it to say, that amongst a numerous array of other botanical works, he was the author, in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, of the splendid review of the modern state of botany; and that, besides fifty-seven lives of botanists, the articles which he contributed to the Cyclopædia of Rees amount in number to 3348. He also contributed no fewer than fifty-four articles to the thirteen volumes of the Linnæan Transactions. In 1802 the Linnæan Society, which had been hitherto only a private association, was incorporated by royal charter; and in 1811 the Prince Regent became its declared patron, conferring, at the same time, upon the distinguished subject of this sketch the honour of knighthood. Sir James was now placed in the most enviable position that could be occupied by a man of letters; nor, except that in 1818 he was thwarted in his pretension to the botanical chair at Cambridge from the circumstance of his being a Protestant dissenter, and that a mere accident in 1820 deprived Edinburgh of the lustre of a name which would have long continued to adorn its classic halls, did any incident in the life of this illustrious man, sufficiently important to justify our longer detention of the reader, occur. On the 17th of March, 1828, he died at Norwich, after a single day's illness, in the 69th year of his age. When the melancholy tidings reached London, the sitting of the Linnæan Society was immediately adjourned, and a splendid eulogy, when it again met on the 1st of April, was pronounced upon Sir James by Lord Stanley.

'In summing up the scientific character of Sir James Edward Smith,' says a writer in the Philosophical Magazine, 'it may be comprised in a few words. As a naturalist he contributed greatly to the advancement of the science, and stood pre-eminent for judgment, accuracy, candour, and industry. He was disposed to pay due respect to the great authorities that had preceded him, but without suffering his deference for them to impede the exercise of his own judgment. He was equally open to real improvement, and opposed to the affectation of needless innovation. He found the science of botany, when he approached it, locked up in a dead language; he set it free by transfusing into it his own. He found it a severe study, fitted only for the recluse; he left it of easy acquisition to all. In the hands of his predecessors, with the exception of his immortal master, it was dry, technical, and scholastic; in his, it was adorned with grace and elegance, and might attract the poet as well as the philosopher.'

## SPEAK GENTLY.

[A few months ago we inserted, as our readers will remember, a domestic sketch entitled 'Flyntey Harte, or the Hardening Process,' illustrative of the prejudicial influences inflicted on society by the mistaken zeal evinced by many parents in the correction of the real or supposed faults of their children. Convinced of the prevalence of the practice, and the serious and frequently ruinous consequences of such treatment in after life to those who have been its victims, as well as the baneful effects which such outbursts of passion on the part of parents inevitably produce in the domestic circle where they are exhibited, we gladly give place in our pages to the subjoined sketch, from the pen of Mr T. S. Arthur, an American author of considerable celebrity. The 'Hardening Process' exhibited the hero as driven by a continuance of harsh treatment into habits irretrievably vicious; the following will illustrate the positively beneficial tendency of an opposite mode of treatment, where, after a continuance of unsuccessful efforts to produce obedience by parental tyranny, gentleness and love were found to be all-powerful.]

'I am entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy,' said Mrs Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face and in an anxious tone of voice. 'I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him all the time, but see no good results.'

While Mrs Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window sills and making a deafening noise.

'Incorrigible boy!' exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him and jerking the sticks out of his hand. 'Can't I learn you neither manners nor decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Go up stairs this moment, and don't let me see your face for an hour.'

The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, pouting sadly.

'Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment.'

Mrs Burton spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy towards the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of the mother; she sprang towards him, and seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

'I declare, I am out of all heart!' she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. 'It is line upon line, and precept upon precept, but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet!'

Mr Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of coming out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

'Go back, sir!' she said, sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall; 'and see if you can't walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse.'

Master Harry withdrew, pouting on his rosy lips to the distance of full an inch. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

'Go up to the third storey where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper.'

'I don't want to——' whined the boy.

'Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without anything to eat.'

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The

and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly but silently.

'There—there, not too fast; you've got plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in.'

Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and *tried* to wait until he was helped, but spite of his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread-basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had lifted—it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped, his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

'Put down your hands!' harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

'Keep your feet still!' caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea, he poured the entire contents into his saucer, and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the tablecloth.

A box on the ear and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat.

'Haven't I told you over and over again, you incorrigible bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a 'mess' you have made with that clean tablecloth. I declare I am out of all manner of patience with you! Go away from the table this instant!'

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make, that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all of his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and over again dozens of times. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the table, his eyes upon his mother's face. Mrs Burton was sorry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, but said, as he took his seat, 'Next time, see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea over upon the tablecloth.' This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal, but instead of improving in his behaviour, the boy grew more and more heedless. Mr Burton rarely said anything to Harry about his unruly manner, but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy or difficult to manage—at least he had never found him so.

'I wish I knew what to do with that child,' said Mrs Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; 'he makes me feel unhappy all the while. I dislike to be scolding him for ever, but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a world of trouble.'

Mr Burton was silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

'I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr Burton,' his wife said, a little petulantly. 'You sit and don't say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss.'

'There is a way which, if you would adopt, I think might do a great deal of good.' Mr Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. 'If you would *speak gently* to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do.'

Mrs Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

'Speak gently, indeed!' she replied. 'I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard, now, at the top of my voice.'

Mr Burton never contended with his wife. She would have felt better sometimes if he had done so, for then she could have excused herself a little. His words were few, mildly spoken, and always remembered. He had expected some such effect from his suggestion of a remedy in the case of Harry, and was not, therefore, at all surprised at the ebullition it produced. On its subsidence he believed her mind would be more transparent than before, and so it was.

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was labouring, her feelings in a little while quieted down and her thoughts became active. The words 'speak gently' were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them. On going to bed that night she could not get sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct towards her child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was too often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

'I am afraid I have been unjust to my child,' she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

At length she fell asleep and dreamed about Harry. She saw him lying on his bed, sick and apparently near to death; his pure, round cheeks, where health had strewed her glowing blossoms, were pale and sunken; his eyes hollow—the weary lids were closed over them—he lay in a deep sleep. Mournfully she stood by his side and looked upon him in bitterness of spirit. Sadly she remembered the days past in which she had spoken in harsh and angry tones to her boy, when kinder words would have been far better. In the anguish of her soul, bowed down by sorrow and a reproving conscience, she wept.

When she again looked up she saw that a change had come over the beloved sleeper; the glow of health was upon his cheek, and every vein seemed bounding with life and health, but he slumbered still. She was about arousing him, when a hand was laid upon hers; she turned—a mild face, full of goodness as the face of an angel, looked into her own. She knew the face and the form, but could not call the stranger by name. With a finger upon her lip, and her eyes cast first upon the sleeping boy and then upon the mother, the visiter said, in a low, earnest, but sweet voice, 'Speak gently.'

The words sent a thrill through the heart of Mrs Burton, and she awoke. Many earnest thoughts and self-reproaches kept her awake for a long time; but she slept again, and more quietly, until morning.

The impression made by her husband's reproof, her own sober reflections, and the dream, was deep. Earnest were the resolutions she made to deal more gently with her wayward boy—to make love rule instead of anger. The evils against which she had been contending so powerfully for years she saw to be in herself, while she had been fighting them as if in her generous-minded but badly-governed child.

'I will try to do better,' she said to herself, as she arose, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to leave her room, she heard Harry's voice calling her from the next chamber, where he slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him angrily to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words 'speak gently' seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical—the mother's spirit was subdued.

'I *will* speak gently,' she murmured, and went in to Harry, who was still crying out fretfully.

'What do you want, my son?' she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened

and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

'I can't find my stockings, mamma,' he said.

'There they are, under the bureau,' returned Mrs Burton, as gently as she had first spoken.

'Oh, yes, so they are,' cheerfully replied Harry; 'I couldn't see them nowhere.'

'Did you think crying would bring them?'

This was said with a smile and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

'Do you want anything else?' she asked.

'No, mamma,' he replied, cheerfully; 'I can dress myself now.'

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own and the heart of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruits, and the gathering even of so small a harvest was sweet to her spirit.

At the breakfast table the usual scene was about being enacted, when 'speak gently' coming into her mind prevented its occurrence. It seemed almost a mystery to her—the effect of words gently spoken on one who had scarcely heeded her most positive and angrily uttered reproofs and injunctions.

Although Harry was not as orderly in his behaviour at the table as the mother could have wished, yet he did much better than usual, and seemed really to desire to do what was right. For nearly the whole of that day Mrs Burton was able to control herself and speak gently to her boy, but towards evening she became fretful again from some cause or other. From the instant this change made itself apparent, she lost the sweet influence she had been able to exercise over the mind of her child. He no longer heeded her words, and she could no longer feel calm in spirit when he showed perverse and evil tempers. When night closed in, the aspect of affairs was but little different from that of any preceding day.

Heavy was the heart of Mrs Burton when she sought her pillow, and the incidents and feelings of the day came up in review before her mind. In the morning her heart was calm and her perceptions clear; she saw her duty plainly, and felt willing to walk in its pleasant paths. In treading these she had experienced an internal delight unknown before; but ere the day had passed, old habits, strong from frequent indulgence, returned, and former effects followed as a natural consequence.

As she lay for more than an hour resolving and re-resolving to do better, the face of Harry often came up before her. Particularly did she remember its peculiar expression when she spoke kindly, instead of harshly reproving him for acts of rudeness or disobedience. At these times she was conscious of possessing a real power over him; this she never felt in any of her angry efforts to subdue his stubborn will.

On awakening in the morning her mind was renewed; all passion had sunk into quiescence; she could see her duty and feel willing to perform it. Harry, too, awoke as usual, and that was in a fretful, captious mood; but this rippling of the surface of his feelings all subsided when the voice of his mother in words gently spoken fell soothingly upon his ear. He even went so far as to put his arms around her neck and kiss her, saying, as he did so—'Indeed, mamma, I will be a good boy.'

For the first time in many months the breakfast hour was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault of manner, but the way in which she did it, not in the least disturbed her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded

'There is a wonderful power in gentle words,' remarked Mr Burton to his wife, after Harry had left the table.

'Yes, wonderful indeed; their effect surpasses me.'

'Love is strong.'

'So it seems—stronger than any other influence that we can bring to bear upon a human being.'

'Whether that being be a child or a full-grown man.'

'True, without doubt; but how hard a thing is it for us so to control ourselves that the sphere of all our actions shall be full of love. Ah, me! the love-theory is a beautiful one, but who of us can always practise it? For me, I confess that I cannot.'

'Not for the sake of your children?'

'For their sakes I would make almost any sacrifice, would deny myself every comfort—I would devote my life to their good; and yet the perfect control of my natural temper, even with all the inducements my love for them brings, seems impossible.'

'I think you have done wonders already,' Mr Burton replied. 'If the first effort is so successful, I am sure you need not despair of making the perfect conquest you desire.'

'I am glad you are sanguine; I only wish I were equally so.'

'It might not be as well if you were. It is almost always the case that we are most in danger of falling when we think ourselves secure. In conscious weakness there is often real power.'

'If *that* consciousness gives power, then am I strong enough,' replied Mrs Burton.

And she was stronger than she supposed, and strong because she felt herself weak. Had she been confident of strength she would not have been watchful over herself, but fearing every moment lest she should betray her natural irascibility and fretfulness of temper, she was all the time upon her guard. To her own astonishment and that of her husband, she was able to maintain the power she had gained over Harry, and to be calm even when he was disturbed.

But in all our states of moral advancement there are days and nights as in our natural life. There are times when all the downward tendencies of our nature are active and appear to govern us entirely; when our sun has gone down and all within us is dark. At such times we are tempted to believe that it has become dark for ever, that the sun will no more appear in our horizon. This is only the night before the morning, which will certainly break and seem brighter and full of strength to the anxious spirit.

Such changes Mrs Burton experienced, and they were the unerring signs of her progress. Sometimes for days together she would not be able to control herself; against all the perverse tempers of her child her feelings would react unduly. But these seasons were of shorter and shorter duration on every recurrence of them, and the reason was, she strove most earnestly for the sake of that child to reduce her whole mind into a state of order.

It must not be supposed that Mrs Burton always found the will of her boy ready to yield itself up even to the control of gentleness and love. With him, too, was there a night and a morning—a season when all the perverse affections of his mind came forth into disorderly manifestations, refusing to hearken even to the gentle words of his mother, and a season when these were all quiescent and truly human, because good affections governed in their stead. These changes were soon marked by the mother, and their meaning fully comprehended. At first they were causes of discouragement, but soon were felt to be really encouraging, for they indicated advancement. Faithfully and earnestly, day by day, did Mrs Burton strive with herself and her boy. The hardest struggle was with herself; usually, when she had gained the victory over herself, she had nothing more to do, for her child opposed no longer.

Days, weeks, months, and years went by. During all this time the mother continued to strive earnestly with

the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy, became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word gently spoken was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform the fair face of his young spirit.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has but one piece of advice to give, and that is to 'SPEAK GENTLE.'

## LOCHGOIN.

We lately visited the farmhouse of Lochgoin, the birthplace of John Howie, the original compiler of the 'Scots Worthies,' and the frequent retreat of the Covenanters. It is situated in the upper part of the barony of Rowallan, in the parish of Fenwick, about two miles from Kingswell (which, till the days of railways, was a principal stage on the road between Glasgow and Ayr), and about five miles from the neat, cleanly village of Eaglesham. At whatsoever point you leave the public road, you have about two miles of a moor or rather moss to travel, and although it was the 17th of August we paid our visit, it was utterly impossible to take any conveyance within a mile and a half of the place where the house stands. Indeed, the ground is so marshy that we could not venture on horseback; to reach it on foot is no easy task, at all events to strangers, and during winter it must be almost inaccessible, even to those who are best acquainted with the locality. In this respect, the situation was well chosen by the Covenanters as a hiding-place.

The barony on which the house stands belongs to the Earl of Loudon, and has been tenanted by the 'Howies' for seven or eight centuries. It is a frail-looking thatched building, with a few trees beside it, an earthen fence around the garden, and other remnants of its being a place of considerable antiquity. It stands on a rising ground, and a few yards off is an old turf watch-tower, which we should think is little changed in appearance to what it was when sentinels were stationed on it to give warning of the approach of the enemy. The view from this is as wild and uninteresting as can well be conceived. With the exception of a patch of arable land adjoining the house, and a loch a few hundred yards distant, you see for miles in every direction nothing but heath and moss. The present tenant is Thomas Howie, son of the compiler of the 'Worthies,' a plain, unassuming man, a warm admirer of his ancestors, and a staunch adherent to the principles for which they contended. He has the best private collection of relics belonging to the Covenanters to be seen in the west of Scotland, and hence his house is much visited by strangers. As the most of these either belonged to, or are connected with Captain John Paton, who suffered at Edinburgh, a brief notice of him may not be out of place here.

John Paton was born at Meadowhead, in the parish of Fenwick, and was a farmer till about his twentieth year, when he enlisted as a volunteer, and went abroad to the wars in Germany. After some time he returned home, joined the Covenanters, and distinguished himself greatly for his prudence and bravery. About the year 1652, he retired from the army, leased the farm of Meadowhead, and became an elder of the session of Fenwick, then under the pastoral care of the famous William Guthrie. When the Pentland engagement took place, he commanded a party belonging to his neighbourhood, and displayed that military skill and valour for which he had been previously celebrated. He was present at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, after which he was declared a rebel, and a large sum offered for his apprehension. His general lurking-place was Lochgoin, where he was often searched for, and where he made several marvellous escapes. In the end, he was seized in the house of Robert Howie, Flock, parish of Mearns, and carried to Edinburgh, where he was executed on the 9th May, 1684. His friends shortly after placed a stone slab in the churchyard of Fenwick, at the family burying-place; and about thirty years ago a neat plain monument was erected to his memory. We give the inscriptions. On the slab are the words, 'The mortal remains of Captain Paton sleep amid the dust of kindred martyrs in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh. Near this is the burial-place of his family and descendants.' On the monument are figures of a drum, flag, swords, &c., with the words, 'Sacred to the memory of Captain John Paton, late in Meadowhead of this parish, who suffered martyrdom at the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, May 9th, 1684. He was an honour to his country. On the Continent, at Pentland, and Bothwell, his heroic conduct evinced the gallant officer, brave soldier, and true patriot. In social and domestic life he was an ornament. A pious Christian, and faithful witness in opposition to the encroachments of tyrannical and despotic power in church and state.'

When we entered the homely kitchen of Lochgoin, we found an interesting young lady, a lineal descendant of this distinguished man, who had come from a distant part of the country to see the memorials of her ancestor. She had trudged over the almost impassable bogs at a point a little farther west from the road we entered, had reached the house with others a short time before us, and had commenced to examine the relics of her honoured sire. She handed us the captain's Bible, and the sword which he used at Pentland, and with which he is said single-handed to have killed eighteen of the enemy. She had a deep veneration for her martyred relative, listened with breathless attention to Mr Howie as he narrated his brave doings and hairbreadth escapes, and evidently felt proud in being able to claim kindred with one who had shown such ardour and made such sacrifices to promote what he regarded as a righteous cause. During the conversation we examined the Bible, and copied into our note-book the following memoranda. Inside the boards are printed on leather the words, 'Captain John Paton's Bible, which he gave to his wife from off the scaffold, when he was executed for the cause of Jesus Christ, at Edinburgh, on the 9th May, 1684. James Howie received it from the captain's own daughter's husband, and gave it to John Howie his nephew.' The title-page is as follows:—'Verbum Dei. The Holy Bible, containing the Old Testament and the New, now translated out of the Original Languages, and with the former, &c., diligently compared and revised. London, printed by the Companie of Stationers, 1653.' We likewise saw the drum and drumsticks that belonged to the party he generally headed, and the flag that was borne by the 'Fenwick men' at Bothwell. The flag is flint, very similar to those unfurled at Drumclog, and which we lately described. On it are the representations of a crown, thistle, an opened Bible, and the motto, 'Phenick for God, Country, and Covenanted Work of Reformation.'

After examining these, we retired into the room, where we were shown a numerous collection of old books, and some of the manuscripts of the compiler of the 'Worthies.' The books, though frail, are curious. Several of them are valuable, inasmuch as they embrace some of the best works of former times; and when we remember the difficulty which existed in procuring books at that period, it must be admitted that in point of intelligence and acquaintance with books, the 'Howies' were considerably in advance of their time. Indeed, John Howie, who is called by the late Mr M'Gavin, in a preface to an edition of the 'Scots Worthies,' a 'plain, unlettered peasant,' must, judging from his 'compilation,' as also from his manuscripts, which are neatly written, have been a person of some education. It was during his life that the library received the greatest additions, although there are volumes long antecedent to his day. The oldest of the collection is a copy of the Scriptures (1590), of which the following is the title-page:—'The Bible; that is, the Holy Scriptures conteined in the Olde and Newe Testament, translated according to the Ebrew and Greeke, and conferred with the best translations in diuers languages, with most profitable annotations upon all the hard places and other things of great importance. Feare ye not, stand still, and beholde the salvation of the Lorde, which

he will show you this day. Exod. 14, 13.' Then follows the representation of a battle, around which are these portions of Scripture—'Great are the troubles of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. Psalm 34, 19. The Lord shall fight for you, therefore hold your peace. Exod. 14, 14.' This ancient version contains a sketch of the garden of Eden, the ark of Noah, the drowning of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, the tabernacle, the furniture of the temple, the garments of the high priest, the temple and throne of Solomon, the vision of Ezekiel, and many other things connected with the former economy. In the Old Testament there are a few brief notes on the margin; and in the New, which, according to the title-page, was 'Englished by L. Tomson,' there are numerous explanations, and in some cases long dissertations. We quote a few verses from the 39th psalm, as a specimen of the translation and orthography —'I thought I will take heede to my wayes, that I sinne not with my tongue; I will keepe my mouth brideled, while the wicked is in my sight. I was dumme and spake nothing. I kept silēce *euen* from good, and my sorrow was more stirred. Mine heart was hote within me, *and* while I was musing, the fire kindled, and I spake with my tongue, *saying*, Lord, let me know mine ende, and the measure of my days what it is: let mee knowe howe long I have to live,' &c.

Appended to this edition of the Bible are the Psalms in metre. The title-page is very significant; it is as follows: 'The whole booke of Psalmes collected into English meetre by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others, conferred with the Hebrew, with apt notes to sing them withall. Set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all the people together, before and after morning and evening prayer; as also before and after sermons, and moreover in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all ungodly songs and ballades, which tend onley to the nourishing of vice and corrupting of youth. James v. If any be afflicted, let him pray; if any be merie, let him sing psalmes. Colossians iii. Let the word of God dwell plenteously in you, in all wisdom, teaching and exhorting one another, in psalmes, hymnes, and spiritual songes, and sing unto the Lord in your harts. London, Printed by John Wolfe for the Assignees of Richard Day, 1591.' At the beginning of every psalm there are a few Latin words, with directions as to the tune which ought to be sung. The 24th is headed, 'Domini est terra. Sing thys as the 21st Psalm,' referring to the music there given. We quote a few verses as a specimen of the metre—

'The earth is al the Lord's, with all
Her store and furniture:
Yea, his is all the world, and all
That therein doe endure.

For he hath fastly founded it
Above the sea to stand,
And layd alow the liquid flouds
To flow beneath the land.

For who is he (O Lord) that shal
Ascend into thy hill,
Or passe into thy holy place,
There to continue still?

Whose hands are harmeless, and whose hart
No spot there doth defile;
His soule not set on vanity,
Who hath not sworne to guile.

Him that is such a one, the Lord
Shal place in blisful plight,
And God, his God and Saviour,
Shal yeeld to him his right.

This is the broode of travellers,
In seeking of his grace,
As Jacob did, the Israelite,
In that time of his race.'

Not the least curious of the relics that are shown to the strangers who visit Lochgoin, are certain silver coins about the size of our crowns, and bearing considerable resemblance to Spanish or American dollars. These belonged to the ancestor of Mr Howie, who was tenant of the land at the time of the persecution. His house was frequently plundered at that period, and himself compelled to flee to some of his hiding-places in the adjoining moor. On one occasion the dragoons were seen approaching, w he took his purse in which these coins were, cast it him near the house, and escaped. On his return searched at the spot where he supposed he had throw but neither purse nor money could be found. He lo for his treasure frequently and carefully afterwards, in vain. At length he concluded that his man-serv who was of the name of Cunninghame, had either ap priated it to himself, or that the dragoons had been formed by him respecting it, and had carried it off. this belief the old man died. But Cunninghame was i cent, though proof was not had in his day to free hi the charge. In the year 1813, about 133 years af wards, they were discovered by the present tenant his brother, a few yards from the door, where doubt they had lain for that long period of time. About 6 were found, and upwards of twenty are still preser The coin of the oldest date is 1655.

After seeing all the antiquities we strolled round little garden, viewed the turf watch-tower, and then leave of Thomas Howie, by whom we had been kindly received. We left the place with feelings of sadness and thankfulness. We grieved to think there ever should have been a time in our land when drum summoned professing Christians to arms, when banner was unfurled, and the sword was unsheathed the name of Him who came to promote 'peace on ea and good-will amongst men.' We felt sad as we thou on the Bible which the martyr presented on the scaf to his widowed spouse, and as we stood by the watch-to where the Covenanters looked for the soldiers then soo ing the country in order to disperse their meetings, bring them to punishment. We contrasted these tim with the present, and we felt grateful, yea, glad. rejoiced that these days were gone—that a Covenante cave was a thing now unknown save in the page of h tory—that no one was now compelled to retreat to sav wilds and sequestered glens for religious worship—t the heath-clad hills of Caledonia are no ' ...er redden with the blood of her pious sons, but that a more pea ful day has dawned.

## LITERATURE AND SUPERSTITIONS OF ENGLA IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THERE is a singular contrast betwixt the acute philosop cal disquisition, the learned argumentation, the high t of moral and religious feeling, which these essays occasio ally exhibit, and the light and airy subjects, of which, fr the title affixed to the majority, we would expect them most uniformly to treat. No doubt the illustrative portio of the essays are sufficiently lengthy to gratify the most i dolent and superficial reader who ever took up a volu for the mere purpose of being amused; and in our form notice, we even went the length of hinting that Mr Wright general desire to make a readable book, had, on one occ sion, carried him in this respect too far; but while all th is true, who, we ask, would expect that an essay, entitle 'Friar Rush and the Frolicsome Elves,' would open with th following equally serious, eloquent, and instructive par graphs:—

'The character and form of the unpremeditated creation of man's imagination depend as much upon external cir cumstances, and upon impressions from without, as upo the variation of character in man himself. The ferocity o Scandinavian or Gothic heroes could admit into their mystic creed no beings but those which inspired awe and terror, because it was unaccustomed to the quiet enjoy ments of peace, to pleasant meadows or laughing glens; it contemplated only steel, and wounds, and blood. The wild hunter, who tracked his prey over the barren mountains which were as much his home as that of the beasts he pur sued, to whom nature presented herself in her most gigan tic and awful forms, himself acquainted only with danger, must have a creed which partook of the character of every thing around him—the supernatural world was to him peopled with fierce and malignant demons. Just so the

litary hermit, who, in the earlier ages of western Christianity, fixed his abode in the deserts and the fens, rude and inhospitable tracts, could conceive them to be peopled by nothing but devils. But to the peaceful peasant, on whom nature ever smiled in her most joyous mood, she is peopled by gay and harmless spirits, who like himself loved to play and laugh—the beings *he* feared were restricted to the mountains whose heads rose in the dim distance, or their visits were confined within the darkness of night.

'Thus, the only beings with whom a Beowulf would claim acquaintance were those against whom he might signalise his valour; the nickers who set upon him in the sea amidst the fury of the tempest, the grendel, the nightly devourer of royal thanes, and the fire-drake whose vengeance carried destruction amongst his subjects. The literature which the remote ages have left us is not of that kind which could indicate to us the lighter superstitions of our forefathers. The impressions of fear are deeper and more permanent than those of mirth, and are more speedily communicated. The monks, whose greatest error was not that of scepticism, partook in all the superstitions of the vulgar—they disbelieved none of the fables of paganism, but they looked upon them in a new light. To them all spirits were either angels or devils; and as their canons assured them that the beings of the vulgar creed, which were in fact the remains of paganism, were not to be admitted into the former class, they threw them indiscriminately into the latter. The creed of the monks could naturally admit of no harmless devils, of none who played for the sake of play alone, and the pranks and gambols and mischievous tricks of a puck or a hobgoblin were only so many modes by which the evil one sought to allure the simple countryman into his power, or lead him to temptation and sin. But the playful freaks of Satan were not so often performed before the monks themselves, and therefore seldom found a place in their legends. The fears of the peasantry, on the other hand, were soon imparted to their spiritual teachers, and the latter were, or believed themselves to be, constantly persecuted by the malignity of the demons. It is our impression, indeed, that the monkish superstitions were entirely founded upon the older popular superstitions: instead of fighting against the errors of paganism, they soon fell themselves into that of supposing that they were engaged in a more substantial war against the spirits who belonged to the older creed, and whose interest it would be to support it. Thus, in their eagerness for the battle, they created their opponents. As the monks were generally successful in these encounters, they became bolder, and resolved to attack the enemy in his stronghold, seeking solitary residences among the fens and wilds. Hence, perhaps, arose in some degree the passion for becoming hermits. From all these circumstances it arises that, in the legends of the monks, although it is the creed of the peasantry which is presented to us, yet that creed is there so distorted and so partially represented as to be with difficulty recognised.

'We have thus but little knowledge of the mirthful beings, the Pucks and Robin Goodfellows, of the peasantry, during the earlier ages of our history. That the popular mythology included such beings we have abundant proofs in the numerous allusions to them at a somewhat later period, namely, the twelfth century, after which the traces of them again nearly disappear, until the period when the invention of printing, and the consequent facility of making books, created a literature for the vulgar, and when the stories of their popular belief, which had hitherto been preserved orally, were collected for their diversion. Then we find that, as in earlier ages separate ballads had been woven together into epic cycles, so these popular stories were strung together, and a certain character of reality given to them in the person of a single hero, a Robin Goodfellow, a Hudekin, or, as in the curious tract of which we are going to speak, a Friar Rush.'

Not to keep the reader for one instant in suspense as to who the important personage thus eloquently introduced upon the stage for observation and scrutiny actually is, we must proceed to say at once, that the friar is a great deal worse by all accounts than he is even called, and that is not saying little, when we find that he is neither more nor less than 'a bona fide devil,' the hero of a German romance. Walking about and abroad like a raging lion bent on prey, this infernal emissary espied a goodly abbey somewhere in Germany or Denmark, and, in the garb of a youth who sought employment, knocked at its huge postern-gate and gained admission. 'He was well received, and appointed to serve in the kitchen. Time passed on, and Rush made continual advances in favour, when a sudden quarrel arose between him and the 'master cook,' who seconded his orders by rude strokes of a staff which lay ready at hand. Rush was enraged, seized the cook, and threw him into a pot which was boiling on the fire, where he was scalded to death. The abbot and friars, hearing that an accident had happened to their cook, unanimously chose Rush into his place, who in his new office gained daily an increase of their good graces by the excellent dishes which he prepared for them, particularly on fast-days. For seven years did Rush serve in the abbey kitchen, and in the eighth, he was called before the abbot, and was made a friar in reward for his services.

'One day the friars found Brother Rush sitting in the gateway cutting wooden staves, and they asked him what he was doing, and he told them that he was making them weapons, with which, in case of danger, they might defend their abbey. And about the same time there arose great dissension between the abbot and the prior, and between the monks, and all for the sake of a woman; and each party went secretly to Friar Rush and provided themselves with stout staves. The same night at matins, there was a great fray; the abbot struck the prior, and the prior struck the abbot again, and every monk drew forth his staff, and there were given plenty of hard blows. Rush, to increase the confusion, blew out the lights, so that none knew his friend from his foe; and then, seizing the great bench, he threw it amidst the combatants, whereby not a few had broken bones, so that they all lay together in the chapel in a most dismal state. When the fray was ended, Rush came with a light, pretended to feel great concern for what had happened, aided them to rise, and counselled them to seek repose in their beds.

'The devils of the legends, like the elves whose place they had usurped, were very simple, and were often cheated or disconcerted by a trifle. So it happened in the end with Friar Rush. One day, when he was returning late to his cloister, reflecting that there was nothing in the kitchen for dinner, he tore in two pieces a cow which was grazing in the fields where he passed, and carried the one half home with him to the abbey. Next day the owner was dismayed at finding but the half of his cow. As night drew on suddenly while he was still in the fields, he took shelter in a hollow tree. Now it so happened that this identical night had been appointed by Lucifer, the prince of the devils, to meet his emissaries on [illegible]th, and to hear from them an account of their proceedings: and they came flocking like so many birds to the very tree in which the countryman had concealed himself. Without perceiving that they were overlooked and overheard, they began each to give an account of himself, until it came at last to the turn of Rush, who told how he had been admitted as cook in the abbey, how he had set the monks by the ears, and had given them staves wherewith to break each other's heads—all of which they had done to his entire satisfaction—and how he hoped in the end to make them kill one another, and so bring them all to hell. Next morning the countryman left his hiding-place, repaired straight to the abbot, and gave him a faithful account of all that he had seen and heard. The abbot called Rush before him, conjured him into the form of a horse, drove him from the place, and forbade him ever to return thither.

'Rush, driven away in spite of himself by the ban of the abbot, hied over the sea to England, where he entered the body of the king's daughter, and caused her many a day of torment. The king, her father, sent to Paris for the most skilful 'masters,' who at last forced Rush to tell his

name, and to confess that none had power to dispossess him except the abbot of 'Kloster Esron,' for such was the name of the abbey where he had dwelt. The abbot came, called Rush out of the maiden, forced him into his former shape of a horse, which he condemned him henceforth to retain, and made him carry over the sea to Denmark himself and the reward which the King of England had given him.'

Our space is too limited to allow us to follow the author through the number of ingenious pages in which he successfully identifies the Friar Rush of German romance with a personage both in Denmark and England, who rejoiced, if not in the same name, at least in the same character. Laying aside, however, says he, the question of locality—that is, whether the abbey referred to existed in Denmark or Germany—there arises another of much greater importance to the history of the legend—did the character of Friar Rush exist among the people independently of the legend which is now inseparable from his name? Or, in other words, was Friar Rush a general or a particular name in the popular mythology? The author then alludes to a tale, which, with little variation, occurs constantly in it, and which, he says, sets at rest all doubt on the question. It is entitled 'the Mira Historia, which Pontoppidan relates on the faith of Resenius—how a nobleman in Denmark one day threatened jokingly his children that Friar Rush should come and take them, and how the friar was instantly present, and by force invisible held the nobleman's carriage fast to the spot. We are inclined to think that at an early period there came into the popular mythology of our western lands a personage in the character of a monk or friar. In Germany the monk was sometimes Rübezahl, and the story which we quote for our authority affords us another instance how the writers on witchcraft and spirits in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, like the monks who preceded them, confounded elves with devils, which naturally arose from their belief in the existence of the former, and their own peculiar sentiments with regard to the latter. In the popular superstitions of England there certainly existed such a friar, who was not less mischievous than Brother Rush. Everybody knows the '*friar's* lantern' in Milton, which led people astray from their path. Harsnet alludes to the practice of laying a bowl of cream to propitiate 'Robin Goodfellow, the Friar, and Sisse (i. e. Cicely), the dairy-maid,' in which three personage we suspect that we see three others, the *Robin* Hood, *Friar* Tuck, and *Maid* Marian of the old popular morries-dance. Denmark, therefore, and Germany also, may have had their Friar Rush; and we suspect that such a personage under the same name was well known to our English peasantry, for, the first time we meet with him in England, which is early in the latter half of the sixteenth century, he is by no means introduced as a foreigner. We are inclined, therefore, to think that the sojourn of Rush in the abbey was originally a legend of Friar Rush, and not *the* legend of Friar Rush, but that this particular legend became so popular that it either absorbed or eclipsed all the others, so as by degrees to leave its hero identified only with itself. The groundwork was a simple story of the visit of the mischievous elf to a monastery, a legend common enough if we may judge by the German stories in Wieruś.

'A legend, like a ball of snow, is enlarged by rolling, and so soon as Friar Rush became the acknowledged hero of a history, that history increased rapidly in its passage from one hand to another. In the old version, which was published in England, we have many circumstances that are not found in the German, and these additions show us very distinctly in what light those from whom they came must have looked upon the personage of the friar. The English story of Friar Rush is in prose. During his stay in the abbey, after the battle of the staves, Rush continues here his tricks upon the abbot and monks, at one time covering the abbot's waggon with tar when he was told to grease it, at another drinking wine at the abbot's expense, and saying that he had given it to the horses, and lastly breaking down the stairs of the dormitory, so that when the monks at night would descend to their matins, they all fall down and break their bones. Such stories also have been told of Robin Goodfellow. After having been driven from the monastery, Friar Rush enters into service, and becomes on the whole a very honest and harmless fellow, still retaining one characteristic of the old industrious elf, that of doing much work in a short space of time. He hires himself to a countryman, whose wife is a terrible scold, and will not permit her husband to keep a servant,' to aid him in his daily toils, in order that he may be obliged to keep out in the open fields as often as possible.

'After leaving this farmer, Rush went into the service of a gentleman whose daughter was possessed, and persuaded him to send for the abbot of the monastery where he had resided, who cured the maiden, conjured Rush into his own likeness of a horse, made him carry him home as well as a quantity of lead which the gentleman had given him, and then confined him to 'an olde castle that stood farre within the forrest,' and the story ends with the pious exclamation, 'From which devill and all other devills defend us, good Lord! Amen.''

A much more pleasing character is that of Robin Goodfellow, whose 'mad pranks and merry jests' form the subject of an unique prose tract in black letter, bearing the date of 1628, and in the possession at present of Lord Francis Egerton. 'Robin,' says Mr Wright, 'like the familiar elves of the twelfth century, is represented as the offspring of an incubus. Whilst he was yet a child his tricks were the plague of the neighbours, whose complaints so grieved his mother, that at last he ran away to escape punishment, and after wandering some time hired himself to a tailor, in whose service he played a joke, not unlike that of Rush on the abbot's waggon.' A lady, who was about to be married, employed the tailor to fashion and prepare a gown for her. The order came suddenly, and performance must be prompt, for she would require it the following morning. To work the master and pretended servant instantly go; the gown was finished, and while in the morning it was called for by we suppose the lady herself, the master ordered Robin to ascend to a room above stairs, and bring down the remnants of a former meal to assist the breakfast of to-day.

'Then Robin hies him up the staires
And brings the remnants downe,
Which he did know his master saved
Out of the woman's gowne.

The taylor he was vext at this,
He meant remnants of meat,
That this good woman, ere she went
Might there her breakfaste eate.'

'Robin afterwards runs away, and falling asleep in a forest, is there visited by his father, who, according to the fashion of the time, is called Oberon, and who makes known to him his origin, and his power of transforming himself to what shape he will, a power which he delays not to put in practice, and

'Turnes himselfe into what shape
He thinks upon, or will;
Sometimes a neighing horse will he
Sometimes a gruntling hog,
Sometimes a bird, sometimes a crow,
Sometimes a snarling dog.'

'Straight he hies to a wedding, in the shape of a fiddler, and there he puts out the candles, frightens the guests, drinks the posset, and runs away 'laughing hoe! hoe! hoe!' But the last story of our tract is the most curious with regard to the history of our legends. An old usurer seeks to hinder his niece, who, it seems, was his ward, from marrying a young man whom she loves. In the midst of her distress, Robin makes his appearance.

He sends them to be married straight,
And he in her disguise,
Hies home with all the speed he may
To blind her unkle's eyes.

And there he plyes his works amaine,
Doing *more in one houre*,
Such was his skill and workmanship,
*Than she can doe in foure*.

The old man wonder'd for to see
The worke goe on so fast,

And therewithall more worke doth he
Unto good Robin cast.

Then Robin said to his old man,
Good unkle, if you please
To grant to me but one ten pound,
I'll yield your love-suit ease.

Ten pounds, quoth he, I will give thee,
Sweet niece, with all my heart,
So thou wilt grant to me thy love,
To ease my troubled heart.

Then let me a writing have, quoth he,
From your owne hand with speed,
That I may marry my sweetheart
When I have done this deed.'

'Robin obtains the money and the writing, and immediately seizes the old man, carries him to the chamber where are the niece and her husband, and himself quickly eludes the old fellow's vengeance, and goes to play his pranks elsewhere.

'Thus Robin lived a merry life
As any could enjoy,
'Mong country farms he did resort,
And oft would folks annoy;

But if the maids doe call to him
He still away will goe
In knavish sort, and to himselfe
He'd laugh out hoe! hoe! hoe!

He oft would beg and grave an almes
But take nought that they'd give;
In several shapes he'd gull the world,
Thus madly did he live.

Sometimes a cripple he would seeme,
Sometimes a souldier brave:
Sometimes a fox, sometimes a hare;
Brave pastimes would he have.

Sometimes an owle he'd seem to be,
Sometimes a skipping frog:
Sometimes a kirne, in Irish shape,
To leape ore mire or bog.

Sometimes he'd counterfeit a voyce,
And travellers call astray;
Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
And lead them from their way.

Some call him Robin Goodfellow,
Hob-goblin, or Mad Crisp;
And some againe doe tearme him oft
By name of Will-the-Wispe.

But call him by what name you list,
I have studied on my pillow,
I think the best name he deserves
Is Robin the Good Fellow.'

'It would be easy,' continues Mr Wright, 'for us to trace the familiar and mischievous elf in England, in a hundred different shapes, up to the present day. But we have done enough for our purpose—we have shown the existence of this personage of the popular mythology from an extremely early period up to the time of the formation of the adventures of Friar Rush and Robin Goodfellow; we have also, we think, adduced sufficient reasons for supposing that the one, as well as the other, was a general and not a particular name; or, to use again a distinction which we have already employed, that the foundations of these tale-books were legends, but not *the* legends of the personages whose names they bear. There is no stronger distinguishing characteristic of the different families of people than that afforded by their popular superstitions, and, were it but on this account, they are well worthy of our attention. Our language, our manners, our institutions, our political position, through ten centuries, have been undergoing a continual and important change; yet during this long period our popular mythology, deeply imprinted in the minds of the peasantry, has remained the same, and, where it has not been driven away by schoolmasters and steam-engines, it still exists unaltered. It has not only existed during this period, but it has from time to time stepped forth from its obscurity, and exerted a powerful influence on the world around. First, it was received or retained unwittingly by the Christian missionaries and converts, and created in their hands a race of beings, designated by the name of demons, which never existed in the pure Christian creed. Afterwards its influence was felt by philosophy, and it had no little share in the strange vagaries of alchymy and magic. Next, it appeared in a more terrible form than all. Singularly enough, as our forefathers became more enlightened, the popular superstitions seized more forcibly than ever upon their minds; and the destruction of many thousands of persons in the space of a few years for the imaginary crime of witchcraft will bear a permanent and substantial testimony to what superstition can do. The Puritans, who succeeded the Papists, were by no means less superstitious than their predecessors—their devils were but a repetition of those of the monks of earlier times. The popular notion of devils and their works, as it now exists, decidedly owes its origin to the old mixture of popular mythology with Christianity—to it we must attribute the ludicrous character which has so often in popular stories been given to the demons, their stupidity, and their simplicity. To such devils as these do we owe devil's bridges, and devil's arrows, and devil's holes, and devil's dykes, and the like, which are continually met with in the wilder and more mountainous parts of our island. To those devils, too, we owe haunted houses and haunted castles—they delight in throwing about the chairs and the crockery-ware. Such, also, are the devils who still sometimes make their appearance among the Welsh peasantry, and of whom they tell a multiplicity of tales.'

In the next essay, entitled 'Dunlop's history of fiction,' we have for the most part a repetition only of statements and particulars already recorded in the one, which at the opening of the first volume treats of Anglo-Norman poetry.

We regret that our space will not permit us to give an extract or two from a very interesting portion of the work entitled the 'Popular Cycle of the Robin Hood Ballads.' The author proceeds to show that the character and popular history of Robin Hood was founded upon the ballads, and not the ballads upon the person; but for this, and a solution of the important question who was the person who bears the title of Robin Hood, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

## THE LATEST FROM KENTUCKY.

[From the New York Herald.]

I HAVE a good joke to tell you about a Kentuckian and his dog. The other day two young wags, who were sitting under the porch of a hotel, amused themselves making facetious remarks on the bypassers. Presently there came along a tall rawboned Kentuckian, with a large rough dog at his heels, blind of one eye and without the first symptom of a tail. The wags were in ecstacies. Here were two legitimate subjects for fun. The tailless dog was irresistible.

'Neighbour,' said one of the facetious gentlemen, 'what sort of an animal d'ye call that? He seems to have come from a country where tails were scarce.'

'Hush!' whispered the other, with an air of mystery, 'don't you know that that's a disguised volunteer from the army of occupation, de*tailed* on special duty.'

'Gentlemen,' said the tall Kentuckian, hauling up, and leisurely taking his seat in a vacant chair, '*don't* make fun of that thar dog, if you please,' and with a face of profound melancholy and touching pathos he added, 'unless you want to hurt his feelings.'

'Oh, of course not, sir, if you dislike it. But, pray, how did he come to be curtailed of his fair proportions?'

'Well, gentlemen, I'll tell you,' said the Kentuckian, replenishing the capacious hollow of his cheek with a quid of tobacco. 'That thar dog was the greatest bar-hunter in Kaintuck a few years ago. I used to take my rifle and old Riptearer, of an afternoon, and think nothing o' killing ten bars. One cold day in the middle o' winter, being troubled a good deal with an old he-bar that used to carry off our pigs by the dozen, I started out with Riptearer, determined to kill the old rascal or die in the attempt. Well, arter we'd gone about two miles through the woods, we all of a sudding come right smack on the old bar, with his wife and three cubs. I know'd I couldn't shoot 'em all at once, and I know'd if I killed either of the old uns, tother would make at me, for I could see they

war mortal hungry. So, sez I, 'Rip, what'll we do?' Rip know'd what I was sayin, and without waitin to hold any confab about it, he guv a growl and pitched right in among 'em. With that, I let fly at the she-bar, cos I know'd she was the wust when the cubs was about. Over she rolled as dead as a mackerel. Rip he hitched on to the he-bar, and they had a most mighty tussel for about five minutes, when the bar begun to roar enough like blue murder. I run up then, and knocked his brains out with the but-eend of my rifle. The cubs was so skeered and cold that I killed 'em all in two minutes with my knife. But Rip took on terrible about my knockin' off the old bar on the head. At fust I thought he was goin' to tackle on to me, and says I—'Rip, that's downright ungrateful.' With that he sneaked off in a huff, but I could easily see he was terrible mad yet. Well, I left the bars all on the ground, concluding to call back with the neighbours for 'em as soon as I could let 'em know. On the way home, Rip kep ahead of me. Every time he thought about how I killed the old bar his tail would stand right up on eend, he was so powerful mad. It was gettin' on to night, and began to grow freezin cold. About half a mile from the house, Rip he come to a hault, thinkin' he'd have another look back in the direction of the bars. The scent of 'em raised his dander wuss than ever. His tail stood right squar up, as stiff as a hoe-handle. Just then it come on colder than ever, and poor Rip's tail friz exactly as it stood. I was in a bad fix. I had no fire to thaw it. While I was thinkin' what I'd do to get it down again, a big buck-deer sprung up, and darted right over a fence about fifty yards ahead. Rip didn't wait to be told whar to go, but pitched right arter the deer. I cracked away with my rifle, and just raised the fuzz between his horns. As soon as Rip got to the fence he thought he'd make a short cut, so he dashed right through, but *his tail was so brittle it broke off between the rails!* Poor old Rip was done for good. He never had a tail to show after that; it broke his spirit as well as his tail; that's how he come to lose it. And now, gentlemen, I am getting a little dry, and if you have no objection we'll take a horn.'

### THE PERSPIRATORY TUBES OF THE SKIN.

Taken separately, the little perspiratory tube, with its appended gland, is calculated to awaken in the mind very little idea of the importance of the system to which it belongs; but when the vast number of similar organs composing this system is considered, we are led to form some notion, however imperfect, of their probable influence on the health and comfort of the individual. I use the words 'imperfect notion' advisedly, for the reality surpasses imagination and almost belief. To arrive at something like an estimate of the value of the perspiratory system in relation to the rest of the organism, I counted the perspiratory pores on the palm of the hand, and found 3528 in a square inch. Now, each of these pores being the aperture of a little tube of about a quarter of an inch long, it follows that in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand there exists a length of tube equal to 882 inches, or 73½ feet. Surely such an amount of drainage as seventy-three feet in every square inch of skin, assuming this to be the average for the whole body, is something wonderful; and the thought naturally intrudes itself—what if this drainage were obstructed? Could we need a stronger argument for enforcing the necessity of attention to the skin? On the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch a little exceeded that of the palm; and on the heel, where the ridges are coarser, the number of pores on the square inch was 2268, and the length of the tube 567 inches, or 47 feet. To obtain an estimate of the length of tube of the perspiratory system of the whole surface of the body, I think that 2800 might be taken as a fair average of the number of pores in the square inch, and 700, consequently, of the number of inches in length. Now, the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height and bulk is 2500; the number of pores, therefore, 7,000,000, and the number of inches of perspiratory tube, 1,750,000; that is, 145,833 feet, or 48,600 yards, or nearly 28 miles. —*Erasmus Wilson.*

### THE OLD WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Fareweel, oh, fareweel!
My heart it is sair.
Fareweel, oh, fareweel!
I'll see him nae mair.

Lang, lang was he mine—
Lang, lang—but nae mair.
I mauna repine;
But my heart it is sair.

His staff 's at the wa',
Toom, toom is his chair.
The bannet an' a':
And I maun be here.

But, oh, he's at rest!
Why sud I complain?
Gin my saul be blest
I'll meet him again.

Oh, to meet him again
Whar hearts ne'er were sair!
Oh, to meet him again,
To part never mair!

### WE ARE HASTENING ON.

Away, away, through the wild'ring maze
Of life we are hast'ning on;
Like th' meteors that brighten the sky with their blaze—
Just seen, then for evermore gone.

Like the stately ships that dance o'er the wave,
Wafted on to a distant clime,
We onwards speed from the womb to the grave,
Through the billowy flood of time.

The beauty of youth is bright on our cheek
And the warm blood bounds high in our veins,
And we utter the language that young lips speak,
In free and affectionate strains.

We joy in our love with the hearts that rejoice,
And share in the mourner's dole;
For the cold chills of selfishness stay not our voice,
Nor freeze up the fonts of our soul.

We are hast'ning on, and our youthful bloom
Gives place to a sickly pale;
Remorseless decay goeth on to consume,
And strength is beginning to fail.

The garlands of glory, the laurels of war,
Have faded for ever away;
The glittering tiara that shone from afar,
Has vanish'd for ever and aye.

The trials and toils which fill up life's page,
Are carved upon our brow,
And the hoary hairs of feeble age
Are sprinkled o'er us now.

D. F.

### RECREATIONS.

Let your recreations be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful; the use of recreation is to strengthen you for labour and to sweeten your rest. But there are some so rigid or so timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not indulge in lawful delights for fear of offending. These are hard tutors, if not tyrants, to themselves; whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, they are injurious to their own liberty, and the liberality of their Maker.—*Steele.*

### GENEROSITY AND INGRATITUDE.

The deeds of a wise and generous man are like the clouds of heaven, which prop upon the earth fruit, flowers, and herbage: the heart of an ungrateful man is like a sandy desert, which swalloweth with greediness the showers that fall, but burieth them in his bosom, and produceth nothing.

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## EXERTION AND SUCCESS.

'Oh, how I wish I could strike out some bright new idea by which I could make money!' cried Marianne Napier one night, as she and her sisters drew their chairs closer round the fire, to enjoy by themselves a pleasant half-hour after the rest of the family had retired. 'Oh, what I would do if I had money, or what would I not do! In the first place, I would pay all my father's debts, then I would seek out families struggling with poverty and an overplus of girls, and drop them a ten-pound-note now and then. I wonder rich people never think of doing things of that kind; I would not wait to be solicited. Then we could have a nice house and a delightful library, and we would often travel about *en famille*, and see places and scenes famed for beauty or associations with history and the illustrious dead; oh, how I should like to travel!' and Marianne stopped for want of breath.

'A very pretty castle you have built, indeed,' said Violet; 'and with nearly as good a foundation for it as Alnaschar had for his; but seriously, as I suppose none of us will ever hit on the new method of making money you wish to find out, we must think of taking some beaten path to the same end.'

'I have often thought of it,' replied Sarah, 'and feel very anxious to do something at least to support myself. Teaching is said to be the last refuge of the unfortunate, and were I to attempt it, I think the remark would have some degree of justice, as nothing short of necessity would compel me to undertake an employment which I have difficulty in persuading myself that I am capable of.'

'Now, don't speak any more nonsense, Sarah,' said Marianne; 'I will give you a list of your accomplishments. To begin—you have a well-grounded English education, are acquainted with the French and Italian languages, and although not a brilliant player, you know enough of music to teach it. I may add, you know all the other branches of female education;' and finally, you have perfect liberty to use my name as a reference.'

'I think with Marianne at present,' said Violet. 'It is quite natural for you both to be partial, but even supposing I had the list of qualifications mentioned, showy accomplishments are such a *sine qua non* in a governess, that I would probably have great difficulty in getting a situation, especially a first one.'

'Perhaps you might,' returned Marianne; 'but, for my part, I would rather be ——.' She stopped.

'What?' said Violet.

'A lady's maid,' resumed Marianne; 'one advantage would be, one would have a chance of travelling.'

'On the rumble with my lord's man,' said Violet, quickly; 'who (to use your own style of description for a minute), protected by a coat with fifty capes, would support an umbrella like a balloon over your head, and inquire through the drizzling rain 'if you felt comfortable.' Then, when a liveried servant has passed us on the street, I have heard you exclaim against what right any man has to make a fellow-man wear the badge of servitude; how would you like the half of your fellow-servants to be bedizened with such badges?'

'Well, if they like to degrade themselves, I can't help it,' returned Marianne; 'but if I were them, I would rather plough the fields; I have always thought there is a degree of dignity about a ploughman, but as for ——'

'Meantime,' interrupted Sarah, 'as it is nearly one o'clock, I propose that we adjourn immediately, but open the door softly, in case we disturb our father or mother.'

No doubt there are two sides of the picture in every situation, and Marianne will learn to think between extremes as she grows older. Mr Napier had been unfortunate; that is to say, he had done a great many things which, if they had been successful, would have gained for him the name of being a very lucky man—one who saw as far before him as most people, but, as his speculations invariably failed, he was said to have been foolish and imprudent. Yet Mr Napier, although he had been misled by the designing, who took advantage of his facile disposition, acted in an honourable manner, and gave up all to his creditors, who accepted the composition offered to them, and a settlement was obtained. After the dreaded crisis was fairly past, he felt an ease of mind to which he had long been a stranger, although left with absolutely nothing. He considered himself fortunate in obtaining a situation in a mercantile house, at a salary which at least placed him above want, although it was so small as to render it necessary that his daughters should adopt some plan for increasing their resources. These were the circumstances of the family at the time when the conversation we set out with took place.

The sisters were perfectly new to all the arts of money-making, and they often talked over the different plans that suggested themselves. Teaching was the most obvious; and, as Sarah remarked, the grand refuge of the unfortunate, especially of the female sex. They had read in tales of heroines suddenly reduced, supporting themselves by the sale of fancy articles, the manufacture of which had formerly been their amusement. There was nothing like a trial, so they began and knitted some beautiful shawls and capes, which were made in elegant patterns of the finest materials, and when finished, might have vied with the work of the spider: they were a kind of novelty, and Marianne was sure they would take. As the best plan for disposing of them, Mrs Napier suggested that they should take them to a shop, and request the proprietor to put them in his windows and take the trouble of selling them. 'You are engaged to go to Miss Morrison's to-night,' said he, 'and you can take them into some place as you go along.'

The girls did so; but when they came to the shop they had fixed on, courage failed them: they walked past it, then back, then passed again. 'This is very foolish,' said Sarah, 'and yet I cannot help it; the people can know nothing about us, and if they did, we are not doing anything we need be ashamed of; the sooner we lay aside all remnants of pride the better.' They walked up to the window; a row of shopmen stood behind each of the counters; it was not the fashionable hour, and few purchasers were in. 'Wait here, and I will go in myself,' said Marianne. She entered and explained her object to the nearest shopman, who was very obliging, admired her work, and fixed a higher price on it than she expected, while his manner was as respectful as if she were going to purchase half the goods in the shop. She came out quite pleased.

'It is delightful,' said she, 'to meet with kind, civil people; I believe there are a great many such in the world.'

'The world is really obliged to you,' replied Sarah, smiling; 'but if you had chanced to meet with an opposite reception, you would have come out in a fit of misanthropy, disgusted with all things mundane, for you seldom hit a medium in anything.'

They quickened their steps, and soon arrived at the house inhabited by Mr George Morrison, W.S., according to the door-plate.

'There is that little provoking animal barking already,' said Marianne, as she rang the bell; 'I should not be sorry if some accident were to befall it, although its mistress is more to be blamed than it. One need not attempt to say a word, when it wishes to excite attention.'

'That,' replied Violet, 'is very trying for people who like to hear their own voices.'

'Don't get personal, Violet, if you please.'

'Cora, Cora,' cried a shrill voice—'Cora, come here. Ah, young ladies, how do you do? I am glad to see you; come up stairs and lay aside your bonnets; what a delightful day we have had for the season! Cora and I had a long walk in the forenoon.'

Mr and Miss Morrison were brother and sister, and had long been intimately acquainted with the Napiers. Mr Morrison had been left in possession of some £600 or £700 a-year, independent of his profession (the toils and profits of which, however, were not oppressive), while with an injustice which, in the parents of a family, is almost incredible though very general, £90 had been considered an ample provision for his sister. They had been educated separately from infancy, and indeed knew little of each other until within a few years, when Mr Morrison took it into his head to begin housekeeping, and invited his sister to reside with him. Miss Morrison was a very sincere and upright character, but, at the same time, she had, as some one has said, a soul that would go into a nutshell and creep out at a maggot's hole. Mr Morrison was in many respects a man of ability; this he was well aware of and he could be very pleasant and agreeable when he liked to put himself to the trouble; but this was what he never did on his sister's account; indeed he entertained no small contempt for her in particular, and through her for women in general. He was continually provoked and annoyed by her many littlenesses, and she had her feelings often wounded by cutting speeches, so that they contrived to live as uncomfortably as with so many outward advantages they could do.

'I expected,' said Miss Morrison to the girls, 'that my brother would have been from home to-night, when we would have had a nice little chat by ourselves, but I find he has changed his mind.'

On entering the drawing-room, Mr Morrison rose from a sofa, on which he had been indulging in a siesta after dinner, and condescended to do the amiable. Miss Morrison looked in amazement as she heard Marianne rattle on with her brother, at one time agreeing with, and at another disputing his opinions with the greatest indifference; she would as soon have thought of trying to subvert a Russian ukase as of expressing another opinion than what George held.

Tea came in, on which Cora woke up, and jumped from the corner of a seat on which she had been asleep. 'Isn't she looking very well?' said Miss Morrison.

'She is rather fat, I think,' replied Violet.

'Do you think so? I don't like to hear that. You must not get too fat, Cora,' said Miss Morrison, alternately addressing Violet and the dog. 'I make a point of taking a long walk every day on her account, for I really never feel easy when she is out with any one but myself.'

'She is wanting something,' said Mr Morrison, who shared his sister's weakness in this single instance; 'give her a biscuit.'

Miss Morrison crumbled one into a saucer, and having mixed it with cream, set it on the floor, and watched with much interest the process of lapping. 'Dear little Cora, how well she likes it,' said she.

'It is very astonishing,' remarked Marianne.

'There is a packet, ma'am,' said a servant to Miss Morrison, 'which a person at the door desired me to give you; she waits till you look at it.'

'I dare say you need not have brought it up,' said Miss Morrison; 'it will likely be some begging letter.'

She opened it, and there dropped on the table a number of cards of various sizes, with groups of birds and flowers and other designs painted on them, they were intended for making up into handscreens, baskets, needlebooks, &c.

'How pretty and ingenious!' cried the girls; 'here is a note too, and Sarah read as follows: 'Madam, we are in misfortune; perhaps you will be good enough to purchase some of these trifles I have made, in the hope that they will procure us a little assistance.'

'A parcel of trumpery,' began Mr Morrison; 'ten to one, a perfect imposition. What time of night is this to go about begging?'

'Very true,' agreed Miss Morrison, 'and there are so many unfortunate people, one can't assist them all. I really can't afford to buy things I have no use for; take them back and say I do not require any.'

'Require, indeed,' thought Marianne; and the analogy between the case and her own struck her.

'Allow me to return the things, if you please, Miss Morrison,' said she, and she was out of the room and down the stairs in an instant. Now, Marianne had in her pocket a shilling, and but one. To many, a shilling may seem a most insignificant sum: not so to Marianne, however; it was her all, and she had learned the value of money in a most effectual school. To give away this shilling, thought she, would at present be a decided luxury, but in our circumstances, I know we have no right to indulge in luxuries. When, however, she saw a delicate-looking girl, seemingly about her own age, standing at the half-open door, drawing her scanty dress closer, the better to shelter her, for it was a clear, cold night, had she even possessed the guinea of the Misses Primrose, it would have gone at once, and she said, 'I have taken the two smallest, there is the money for them.'

'Oh, thank you most sincerely,' said the girl; 'they are the first I have sold, and if you had not taken any, I thought I would give up the attempt in despair.'

How glad Marianne was. 'Is it not rather a late hour to go about with them?' said she.

'I can't get out except when my father, who has been long in bad health, is asleep, which he seldom is during the day, and indeed, not being accustomed'—she hesitated—'that is, I never ——'

'I understand,' said Marianne, 'you prefer coming out at night; perhaps you would give me your name and address and I would call on you.' The girl's face flushed instantaneously. 'It is from no motive of curiosity,' continued Marianne; 'I feel deeply for you, and would gladly aid you if I could.'

'Oh,' said she, bursting into tears, 'these are the first words of kindness I have heard for months, and I shall never forget them. My name is Jane M'Donald, our home is a poor one, but your visits will be most welcome;' and telling Marianne the street and number, she hurried away, explaining that she was afraid her father would awake in her absence and miss her.

When Marianne ascended the stairs, she found that the conversation had returned to Cora and her merits, and she felt quite indignant at seeing such care and attention lavished on a dog, while a fellow-creature was sent from the door, crushed in spirit, without a word of inquiry or comfort.

After leaving the Morrisons, Sarah, Violet, and Marianne began to talk of the occurrences of the day. Marianne repeated her conversation with Jane M'Donald, and in concluding it, she said, 'There are many miseries attendant on poverty, but that happiness does not always attend on riches is evident; and I would rather be poor and have a heart capable of feeling for fellow-creatures in affliction than rich, and wrapt in criminal apathy and selfishness.'

'But you must remember,' said Sarah, 'that acute feel-

ings and poverty do not go always hand in hand, any more than are riches or selfishness always combined; for oppressive poverty suffocates the better parts of our nature, as well as oppressive riches; 'give me neither poverty nor riches' is a wise wish, and is the portion of by far the largest part of the community—the middle classes—an arrangement made on the wise and utilitarian principle of securing the greatest amount of happiness for the greatest number of human beings.'

Violet and Marianne went next day to visit Jane M'Donald. They found her in close attendance on her aged and dispirited father. She gave them her history in few words. A train of calamitous events had reduced them to their present circumstances; her mother had died, and at her father's wish they had come hither to bury themselves and their sorrows in obscurity; their resources were fast failing them; however, she had written, without her father's knowledge, for he was too proud to solicit assistance, to some relations of her late mother's, from whom she had reason to expect a favourable answer. 'Meantime,' said she, 'I had not a friend, not even an acquaintance, in this city, and my father's mind, as well as his body, is gradually decaying. How often have I felt that I would have given anything for the sympathy of one human being!'

Sympathy the Napiers had been always ready to bestow, and now they had little else to give, and Jane M'Donald was cheered and encouraged by their many acts of kindness, which were warmly felt by her grateful heart. A generous reply from her relatives to the request she had made, put her beyond actual want, and on the death of her father, some months afterwards, she went to live with them, when her great regret in leaving the place was, that she also left the friends to whom she had been so much indebted.

By this time Sarah Napier would have taken almost any situation that offered, as it was clearly impossible that they could all live at home on their very narrow income with any degree of comfort; therefore, after a considerable number of notes had passed between herself and a lady, who wished a governess for as many of seven children—the eldest nine years old—as were capable of being instructed, Sarah engaged herself as their teacher at a salary of £16 per annum.

It was a bleak cold morning early in March, on which she set out for her distant destination. Never had every person and even thing she knew appeared in such an endeared light as now, and once or twice her feelings had nearly overcome her; but she struggled in the bustle of departure to forget that it was so, and it was not till she was on board the vessel that was to bear her from home, that she allowed herself to weep without control. It was when leaving the vessel in which he had placed Sarah, that Mr Napier felt his recent loss of fortune in all its acuteness. To see his daughter set out alone on a long journey to seek a home among strangers, uncertain what reception she might encounter in a world, of which, from his own painful experience, he was far from judging too favourably, was bitterness indeed.

On arriving at the last stage of her journey, Sarah found Mr and Mrs Cox waiting to receive her—a mark of attention from which she augured favourably. Both Mr and Mrs Cox were frank and communicative, and as the first evening passed, Sarah's spirits rose under the genial influence of their kindness. She was introduced to the children, seven healthy-looking little creatures, who seemed intent on having a complete view of the governess they had heard so much about; and as Sarah gazed on the blooming countenances around her, she hoped she would soon find new objects to fill the blank made in her affections by her recent separation from her own relations.

The business of the schoolroom began next morning, and Sarah found she was to have four pupils. The two eldest were quiet little girls; the two youngest, boys, and as restless, republican spirits as ever any one tried to govern; and she found all her powers of endurance and ingenuity taxed to the utmost to keep so many little things in employment and good humour. The greatest pleasure of her life, was the receipt of letters from home, and her next greatest, sending letters back in return. She kept the last letter she received in her pocket, and read and re-read it till another came to take its place; and her evening hours flew rapidly past when writing to the beloved family circle she had left.

After Sarah's departure, Violet and Marianne found time to inquire about their shawls and capes. They were gratified to learn that they had sold well; one lady had admired them so much that she had left her card, and a message with the shopman, to inquire if they could conveniently teach her how to knit them.

'It will be a new branch of industry,' said Marianne, as they left the shop, 'giving private lessons in knitting.'

'Quite,' answered Violet. 'Do you know, there is Mr Hunter coming along the street?'

'Where?' said Marianne, 'I do not see him.'

'Neither do I,' said Violet, 'I only see his hat.'

'His hat! it may be anybody's hat.'

'No; it is his. I know its motion among the people at a distance.'

'You must have observed it well, Violet; it may be his, I cannot say, as I have not studied the science of hatology.'

The point was settled by the owner coming up shortly, and accompanying the girls home, where he remained throughout the evening.

The Napiers had long known Mr Hunter slightly; but at the time when their summer friends were gradually making their visits less frequent he was making his more so, and now they were on intimate terms with him. Mr Hunter was reckoned eccentric; he was thought rich, and people wondered what he did or intended to do with his money, for he had no relations dependent on him, and little visible expenditure. In reality, he was not very wealthy, and was not likely ever to be so. His nature was too benevolent to allow him to hoard money; he could not see misery on every side of him and withhold that which would relieve it. His name, it is true, did not figure largely in the public lists of charity, but his heart and his purse were alike open to the destitute, and many were the objects of his kindness who never knew from what quarter assistance came. The misfortunes of the Napiers at first constituted their attraction to him, and in every delicate way he had contrived to aid them; but now his visits were as much for his own gratification as theirs.

'Miss Napier, I don't interrupt you, I hope,' said Susan Cox, gently opening the door of Sarah's room; 'I have a letter for you; I always like to bring them, for you look so pleased.'

Sarah kissed her pupil, and sat down to enjoy the letter. 'From Marianne,' said she, as she glanced at the back of it. On opening the envelope two letters dropped out. 'One from Violet, too—that is delightful; I shall begin with Marianne's.'—'My very dear sister Sarah, this joint-stock packet (everything is joint-stock now, you know) is intended to give you a complete synopsis of all that has occurred and is occurring here that will interest you. I will tell you what I know you will like to hear first: our father and mother are very well; my father more cheerful than he has been for some time. You are aware I have long been intending to do something, which, if possible, should be off the beaten path, for I do hate sameness; well, what do you suppose I am doing at present? You give it up then; I am acting as a lawyer's clerk! But to explain: I went along one day to call on Miss Morrison, and was sitting hearing a long history about how Mr Morrison had lost Cora, how when he came in he had sent his sister and the servants all over the town to seek her, and after a long and fruitless search they came back in the deepest anxiety and found Cora, with more sense than any of them, quietly seated on the steps, waiting till the door should open. This most exciting narrative, and a full, true, and particular account of a Brussels lace scarf, which was supposed to have been lost or stolen by a servant Miss Morrison had recommended, I was getting, with a description of her feelings on both occasions (she had not slept for some nights) when Mr Morrison came in, rather crusty, as is not unusual with him. However, he told us that he

had been much annoyed by the misconduct of a clerk, which had compelled him to give him his dismissal, and he was a good deal put about, not having got another. Between jest and earnest, I asked if I could be of any service to him. He said, if I liked, I might come and try; so I followed him into the office, where I stayed a long time copying papers—an occupation he allowed I was capable of; and since that time I have been his sole clerk. I am sure there are very many women qualified for employments of this and a kindred nature (certainly I do not mean to say they should turn lawyers)—employments which they might undertake without the risk of being marked as unfeminine, or as going beyond their province. And what shuts them out from such? Custom, I suppose. But should not a bad custom be abolished, and thereby more spheres of exertion being opened, the overstocked ranks of governesses and dressmakers would be thinned, and labour meet with a fair reward. To change the subject, I have been teaching the art of knitting lately to an old lady who fancied our shawls and capes. It was no easy business, I assure you; she was very deaf, and had never tried to knit before. You would have been amused if you had heard us. I would say, in a loud, clear, and distinct voice, which might have served a magistrate reading the riot act, 'Work one stitch plain, next two pearled, now one open.' 'What has happened?' she inquired. Then I would scream louder, 'I said work one stitch open,' &c. I finally succeeded in my endeavours, and was reasonably paid for my trouble. Violet's letter will tell you all her own affairs; I daresay you will be surprised at its contents, but I have suspected the state of matters ever since she betrayed a particular acquaintance with the gentleman's hat on the street one day. The idea is delightful of having a brother, and one who is so unexceptionable. We will miss Violet sadly, with all her quiet domestic virtues, attending to everybody's comfort, and making things all go smoothly, acting like oil on the household machinery.' 'What in all the world is Marianne writing about?' exclaimed Sarah, as she threw the one letter down and snatched up the other, to seek a solution of the mystery. 'Dear, dear Sarah,' Violet began, 'I am going to say a great deal about myself, which I would not do were I not sure that what I am going to write will be read by you with pleasure. I am so happy, Sarah; almost too happy; I am afraid I shall grow selfish. Without affectation, I will tell you the reason at once, and it is this—I am engaged to marry Adam Hunter. On Tuesday, every one being out somewhere, I had the house to myself, and was going to be very busy with that (as you know) very necessary operation, ironing. I had got everything in train to begin, when the door-bell rang; I was a little teased at being interrupted, but it being early in the day, I concluded it would be nobody but an old clothesman, and went prepared with a civil answer; for having a fellow-feeling with people who in any way try to earn a livelihood, I think that the disappointment is enough without a rough reply and having the door rudely shut in their face. On opening the door, I said, 'Really I am sorry I have got nothing for you today.'—'I am very sorry too, Miss Napier, for I came for the purpose of asking something,' was the answer. 'Mr Hunter! I was not looking, and had no idea it was you.' 'Then you will retract your sentence?'—'I must be told what it is you want before I can say whether I have it to give or not.'—'Have it to give,' he repeated, and walked to the window, where he began to pull the leaves from our flowers. 'I hope, Miss Napier, that you still have it to give,' said he, recrossing the room and looking very earnestly at me. I began to feel embarrassed, and I continued rapidly, 'Perhaps you want one of our flowers, or is it a new purse, or you wish me to work you a watch-chain?' 'You have guessed, Violet, exactly; I want them all; I want a flower, a very sweet one, called heart's-ease; and I want a purse into which to put my best treasure; and I want a chain, a chain that will last through life. Violet, I want to know if you will marry me?' I was stunned with the abruptness of the question, yet no words ever conveyed to me such blissful feelings; I tried to speak but I could not. He went on: 'You have known me long, but you do not know my history; it is right you should, for, Violet, I do not offer you a first love; I cannot. I will tell you: I was left an orphan with no one to care for me; by the time I was nineteen years of age, I had worked my way to a respectable though humble situation, where I might have remained, but that then I met Josephine Glover. I loved and was beloved; my ambition was fired; we solemnly engaged ourselves, and I left the town in which she lived to begin a new line of action, which would place me in a position to claim the fulfilment of her promise. She informed her parents of the step she had taken; they were completely indignant at what they termed her folly and my presumption, and I was forbidden again to enter the house. I was at a distance, and we saw each other seldom and then only in public, but she was faithful. Perhaps she was wrong, for I had neither influence nor wealth, and they were rich and proud, yet I prized her love all the more from its generosity. I had not seen her for some weeks; there was to be a concert, and we both agreed to be there; I looked forward to meeting her with delight. I went; I kept my eyes fixed upon the door; party after party entered, still not the one I sought for. The music commenced, Josephine came not; it concluded. In coming out I met an acquaintance, and after speaking a few minutes I said in a careless tone, 'I think I did not see the Glovers here to-night?'—'Of course not,' replied he, 'Miss Glover's death is so recent.' Violet, I was calm, I even asked the particulars of her death in a commonplace voice. She had died suddenly, after two days' illness, and had been a fortnight in the grave! Twelve years have since elapsed, but what I then felt recurs with the vividness of a thing of yesterday. Her family had formerly treated me with contempt; surely the event might have softened their asperity, and I might have learned it in some less aggravated form than as a common piece of news, but so it was. Of all that could take place to separate us, death alone had never occurred to my thoughts in connexion with her: I seemed almost to feel the pressure of her warm hand when we last parted; and now where was she? Violet, will you blame me for cherishing her memory? I believe I thought her beautiful, but she could not have been that, for she was remarkably like you, and that resemblance first drew me towards you; but now I love you most entirely for yourself: Say, Violet, may I hope?' I do not know what my answer was, except that it was in the affirmative. When he left, I found that his visit had extended to three whole hours. It would have been very pleasant to have thrown myself on a sofa and indulged in delightful reverie for the rest of the day, but you know I never could enjoy pleasure at the expense of duty; so instead of thus acting the heroine, I resumed the homely though useful employment which his arrival had interrupted, and as I was not making tea, in place of pouring the cream into the sugar basin or putting the sugar into the teapot, I burned some of the things, which did equally well as a manifestation of excited feeling. Don't you think that the confirmed love of the man, secondary as it is, is a far richer gift than the first passionate attachment of the boy, although it now appears hallowed by the lapse of time and its unfortunate issue? Be that as it may, it will be my study to make him as happy as Josephine herself could have done had she lived to be blessed in his love. It was a novel method of wooing to tell me I was not good-looking; it would have taken Marianne's fancy, as she likes something original, and I felt it as a real compliment to my understanding. There is nothing so provoking as to hear people saying that no woman can bear to be called plain, and appear to think that one is silly enough to be pleased by a little flattery of one's personal appearance. I have only to add, that of course I will expect you home to act as bride's-maid. What a happy meeting we shall have! Your own Violet.'—Sarah laid down the letter and burst into tears. 'Oh, I am glad, Violet, you are so happy!' she exclaimed, not remembering that Susan Cox was still in the room, who came and put her arms softly round her neck and said—

'Why then do you seem so sorry?'

'Would you not feel sorry, Susan, if you were far away from papa and mamma and your brothers and sisters?'

'But you should bring yours all here, Miss Napier. I am sure I love you dearly, and I would love them too.'

To Sarah, who had always been beside sisters who could share every thought, the simple affectionate expressions of the child were very soothing in her present loneliness, and they were the more cheering as Susan was the one who was always so slow in understanding her lessons, and she now thought that the sweetness of her disposition nearly compensated for her want of mental energy. It cost Sarah a severe struggle before she could make up her mind not to be present at Violet's marriage, which she did on the grounds that, as they were situated, it would not be right to spend so much money on her own pleasure merely. 'Don't think, Violet,' she wrote, 'that it is because I love you less; I never was more intensely interested in you and all at home than I am at this moment; you do not know how distance and separation increase these feelings; and I would have liked—it would have been—but I cannot trust myself to think on a visit home, for I would immediately waver in my resolution, which I know is the proper one; but my heart will be with you, and when we do meet our meeting will be all the happier from our long absence from each other.'

Our story must now take a leap of a few years, and joining Sarah once more in her solitary chamber, take the liberty of glancing over her shoulder while she is reading the last letter she has received from Marianne.

'Dear Sarah, it is so strange to think that it is nearly four years since we have seen you—you who were never longer absent from home than six weeks; and it is also two years since Violet was married; how quickly time passes! Now don't suppose that I am going to moralise upon the rapid flight of time; a subject which would be trite, were it not that its solemnity and importance prevent it ever becoming so; but you can do that for yourself much better than I can do it for you, so I forbear.' After describing an excursion along with Mr Hunter into the country, where she accidentally met the identical Jane M'Donald whom she formerly relieved, now the wife of a thriving merchant, the fair writer proceeds as follows:—'In the vicinity of one of the prettiest little towns in the three Lothians, the town of L——, have lived for a number of years two ladies who have kept a boarding-school, which they are giving up; I have been considering the matter a good deal of late, and have come to the conclusion that it would be a good opening for us to begin as their successors. I have consulted my father and mother on the subject, and they approve of it; and I have talked it over with Violet and Adam, and he has offered to give us as much of the medium of communication between civilised nations as we will require, which offer I have accepted, and am sanguine enough to expect that we will be able ere long to repay him, for I tell him I have no idea of taking money from the founder of a family. Our plan is this: Isabella stays at home to keep mamma company, while you, Helen, and I assume the rod of office. The school has hitherto been well attended, and I think from the adaptation of the house, the pleasant situation, &c., combined with care and assiduity on our parts, we may be able to keep up the number. A school has long been our scheme for attaining independence, and this opening appears to promise so well that I think you will hardly find any objections.'

Sarah pondered all the difficulties of the undertaking, and finally resolved on the adoption of the plan.

Three months after this the Napiers were all seated round the tea-table; Mr and Mrs Hunter were there too, and little Josephine their daughter. 'To-morrow is the day Sarah comes home,' said Helen; 'I wonder if she will just be like what she was when she went away; I wish it was to-morrow, I am so anxious to see her.' At that moment there was a slight rustling in the passage, the handle of the door was turned, and, lo! in walked Sarah, as like herself as Helen could have wished. There were exclamations and smiles and a few tears, and one took Sarah's bonnet and another her cloak. What a happy reunion it was! The table was again surrounded and the tea poured out.

'But why, Sarah,' asked Helen, 'did you say you would not arrive till to-morrow? We were going to have met you; and then to slip in this way yourself.'

'Oh!' replied Sarah, 'I inadvertently made a mistake, and said the vessel would be a day later of sailing than it was, so I thought I would surprise you, and you see I have not forgotten the road home yet.'

Many were the questions to be asked and answered, and the morning dawned and the sisters were still encircling the fire, as was their custom of old, but the circle was a little changed; Violet was not there, she was now the centre of a circle of her own; but there were Helen and Isabella, no longer the children that Sarah had left them, but tall womanly girls.

'I do believe,' said Isabella, 'we would have been 'the children' to this day if Violet and you had been still at home; there is no getting one's self acknowledged as a woman when one has so many elder sisters.'

Then there were all Sarah's things to unpack, and Marianne and she were kneeling on the floor of their room turning out the contents of her trunk, when Marianne exclaimed, 'What a large collection of letters you have, Sarah; do you keep all you get?'

'Not them all,' replied Sarah.

'Astonishing!' cried Marianne, holding up a letter; 'I know this writing well; what can Mr Morrison have been writing to you about?'

'I thought I had destroyed all his letters,' returned Sarah, 'but that one seems to have escaped.'

'I am very curious,' continued Marianne; 'may I read? No secrets between sisters you know.'

'Well, if you are so anxious you may peruse it.'

Marianne quickly availed herself of the permission, and looked up in surprise as she went on and found that Sarah had been offered a permanent situation as Mr Morrison's wife. 'You must have been very well satisfied with £16 per annum that you rejected £600,' cried Marianne.

'Oh!' said Sarah, 'it was not the £600 I rejected, but the owner of them. If I had married Mr Morrison, I doubt it would not have been for love but money, and I hope I shall never be reduced so far as to be tempted to take such a step, under the influence of a motive so unworthy.'

'Over head and ears among letters,' exclaimed Isabella, coming into the room; 'here is another one to increase your store, Marianne; it is from Glasgow, I guess, by the postmark; but as you seem busy,' she archly continued, 'I will read it aloud to you if quite agreeable.'

'No such thing,' cried Marianne, starting up; 'I read everything addressed to myself, if it should be only a shop-bill.'

'Oh, a shop-bill! I daresay it is one, it looks as if it were printed,' said Isabella, holding it up most provokingly to the light; while Marianne, blushing at her first earnestness, endeavoured to look completely indifferent. Isabella went to the window, and turning her back to them began to repeat a list of 'most unprecedented sacrifices.' 'A thousand pieces of rich silk, very slightly damaged, all 1s. 4½d. per yard; an immense lot of cachmeres, splendid patterns, reduced 20 per cent.; an unrivalled choice of elegant babies' robes; also, C. & C. beg to call the attention of the ladies.' 'There,' giving it to Marianne, 'you can finish the rest yourself.'

'But, Marianne,' said Sarah, 'I did not know of any correspondent you had in Glasgow.'

'Oh, Marianne is very cunning,' replied Isabella; 'indeed I expect she will soon grow into Mrs Cunning—Cunning—can you not dovetail a single syllable to the end of that and make it out?'

'I understand now,' said Sarah; 'come, we had better go over and see if Violet requires any of the 'elegant babies' robes,' as we may perhaps find ourselves *de trop*, while Marianne finishes the perusal of the shop-bill.'

When time passes pleasantly it passes quickly too. Six weeks fled rapidly away, and again Sarah Napier left

home, accompanied by her sisters, to put in execution the plan they had well matured. At first they met with no few discouragements, but the school continued to increase until they had as many pupils as they could receive. The next vacation found the three sisters rejoicing in the success of their enterprise, and Marianne's project of a tour through the Western Highlands was carried out with a great deal of enjoyment.

We do not know whether we are glad or sorry (the former we daresay) about the next event we have to record about Marianne; but the truth is, she was not very long in playing truant from school and settling in a sweet house on the south bank of the Clyde as the neighbour and sister-in-law of her early acquaintance Jane M'Donald, both of them now respectively Mrs John and Mrs William Cunninghame; and the next summer, her husband having to visit the continent of Europe for commercial purposes, he took his wife along with him, so that she got her passion for travelling gratified, and in a more agreeable manner than accompanying the footman on the rumble. We can give no positive description of Marianne's marriage, and, negatively, we can only say that when that event took place the bride was not attired in brown merino—a fact which greatly relieved Miss Morrison's mind.

The school still prospers in the hands of Sarah and Helen; and it was no slight gratification to the former when one day Mr and Mrs Cox arrived to put their two daughters, her first pupils, Mary and Susan, again under her care. She felt it as an acknowledgment of her former services, and she rejoiced that she would have the girls, to whom she was so much attached, beside her, and could carry on their education as she had commenced it.

Isabella remains with her father and mother, whose house is still called home by the scattered members of the family, although it is frequently deserted, as Mr and Mrs Napier visit alternately the new homes of their children, in all of which they are cordially welcomed and beloved, and a visit from grandpapa and mamma is always the signal for more than ordinary happiness.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### THEODORE DE SAUSSURE.

We seldom see the son of a man of genius, either in science or literature, arrive by his own native abilities to a high degree of celebrity. Judging, however, from appearances, it would seem natural to expect a different result. What numerous advantages, for example, surround a young man in the career of science, who from his infancy has received the instructions, encouragements, and good example of a parent whom science has rendered famous! What facilities are afforded him for study, and counsels to enable him to surmount the first difficulties! There is something, nevertheless, which is more than equivalent for all these advantages; as the poet says, 'A name too famous is a weighty charge.' The son of a celebrated man starts on his course more often crushed than supported by the name he bears; his first efforts, which would be judged with indulgence as the work of a new man, are found unworthy the brilliant renown under which they were produced. As a planet too near the sun, he cannot sufficiently separate himself from the central rays to shine by his own light; discouragements await him, and he often contents himself with the borrowed lustre.

Such, however, was not the destiny of Theodore de Saussure, the subject of the present article, who was born at Geneva, October 14, 1767; son of Horace Benedict de Saussure, founder of the science of hygrometry, and the first to raise geology from a state of vague and hazardous speculation to a science of observation; whose zeal for philosophy led him fourteen times across the Alps, where he fixed his observatory on almost inaccessible heights. Son of such a man, says Senebier, 'he became his rival after having been his disciple.'

At that time the instructions given at the college of Geneva, organised by the great reformer, who had regulated all that concerned worship or education in the republic, had undergone but little alteration. There the children of every class received an almost gratuitous education, within the reach of all; they were arranged in classes during the hours of study, but mingled together in their games, and returned every evening to the paternal roof. The course of instruction was, however, too limited to suit the views of the elder De Saussure; but very little of Latin and Greek was taught, and nothing at all of geography, history, or the living languages; and he hesitated to send his son to an institution on whose system he had twice written and suggested a plan of reform. He desired to render instruction objective as well as intuitive; that in the teaching of history, geography, antiquities, and mechanism, facts, material objects, designs, and representations should be offered to the pupils. The father, therefore, notwithstanding his numerous and important occupations, became the preceptor of his family, and, with some trifling exceptions, their whole education was due to him. A favourable opinion of the method he adopted may be formed from the scientific and literary success of his son, and his daughter Madame Necker.

It is to be regretted that we have no details respecting the manner in which young De Saussure passed the days of his early boyhood, during a great portion of which he lived in the country with a maternal grandmother who was tenderly attached to him. Finding himself afterwards, as a consequence of the system adopted for his education, constantly in the presence of an eminent man, but of severe and decided character, he acquired a habit of restraint, holding but little communication with children of his own age, and a preference for solitude and serious occupation to all besides. In this manner he prepared himself for admission into the Academy of Geneva as a regular student, where he soon rose to distinction. Prior to this he had studied natural philosophy, and history, and mineralogy with his father, and had been inspired with the taste for experimental chemistry, of which he constantly felt the necessity in the analyses of minerals. He gradually became associated with his parent's labours, who frequently made him go through, at home, a series of observations, on days and hours determined beforehand, while he himself made the same observations in the places visited in his numerous journeys.

In August, 1787, the elder De Saussure determined on attempting the ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc; an enterprise in which his son, then in his twentieth year, was eager to join. It offered, indeed, an extraordinary opportunity for a young man to make his *debut* in the cause of science, but we read in the father's own words, in his *Voyages dans les Alpes*, 'My eldest son ardently desired to accompany me; but I feared that he might not yet be sufficiently robust and exercised in this kind of labour, and required him to renounce his wishes. He remained at the Priory, where he made with much care observations corresponding to those I made at the summit.' In fact the young man remained at Chamouni, with his brother, mother, and aunts, where he established his meteorological observatory, and fixed his telescopes to follow the perilous course of the adventurous traveller. At the moment that he perceived the party had reached the summit he unfurled a flag, according to the orders left by his father, who describes the pleasure he felt at the display of this family signal, which he recognised with his telescope from the top of the mountain.

The elder De Saussure had remarked that meteorological observations, whether made by himself or others, had always taken place about the same hour—the middle of the day; a natural consequence of the ascents having generally commenced at a very early hour; and the strong desire which he felt to pursue these observations at different hours of the day and night, led him to conceive the idea of establishing himself with his instruments at an elevation of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea; and for this purpose, after due preparations, he set out with his son on the ascent of the Col du Géant in July, 1788. On this occasion, in crossing a field of snow intersected

by numerous crevices, Alexis Balmat, one of their guides, fell into a cleft 60 feet in depth, but, having clung to a projection about thirty feet from the surface, he was drawn out by his companions with ropes, when he immediately resumed his position and continued his journey without a single remark on the accident. The moment of their arrival did not appear to be propitious. The tents were pitched on a narrow rocky ledge between two glaciers, from which descended rugged precipices, presenting anything but an attractive appearance for a lengthened residence, and the instruments were fixed and arranged for the observations, when a terrible storm of snow, hail, and thunder burst over their heads, threatening to sweep away the hardy adventurers with all their apparatus. They, however, remained there during a period of seventeen days. The son rose at four in the morning, to commence the meteorological observations, which he continued until ten at night. He took two meridian observations of the height of the sun, to determine the latitude of their position, and measured a base of twelve hundred feet for trigonometrical survey. He made also observations on the density of the air by means of the vibrations of the pendulum, and discovered a method of rectifying sulphuric ether, which he had himself prepared. In his experiments on the air of that elevated region, he found it to contain a smaller proportion of oxygen than that of Chamouni or Geneva. In addition to these, he assisted his father in his barometric, magnetic, and evaporative observations, including eighty-five readings of the barometer, which, when the disadvantages of the position and the intense cold are considered, reflect great honour on their devotion to science. They saw but one plant near their station, the *Aretia Helvetica*, which, in sheltered spots, forms grassy tufts with blue or white flowers, and eight lichens; and of animals but three chamois, a black spider that lived under the stone floor of their tent, a woodpecker, Alpine sparrow, and a few jackdaws, attracted by the butterflies and gnats driven by the wind on the glacier. Their guides, however, who had no scientific pursuit to occupy their time, desired nothing so much as the signal for departure; and having witnessed the enthusiasm of the young De Saussure, caused by a magnificent sunset on the last evening of their stay, they feared his feelings would prompt him to propose a longer residence, to prevent which they ate or hid the remainder of the provisions during the night. The loss becoming known the following morning, an immediate descent was ordered, and the party arrived at Courmayeur overcome with fatigue and inanition.

From this time Theodore accompanied his father in all his expeditions. They were the first scientific individuals who visited and described the gold mines of Macugnaga, the inhabitants of which, but little better than savages, were obliged to fetch their provisions from a distance of five leagues, and lived on milk and rye-bread baked six months in advance. In this journey he verified the experiments he made on the air at the Col du Géant, by more elaborate observations, the results of which appeared as his first printed work in the Journal de Physique, in 1790. These scientific journeys, which had been perseveringly conducted through many years, were now interrupted by the storms of the French Revolution. To escape the convulsions that had reached Geneva, Theodore, in company with Marcet, distinguished for his science, visited England and Scotland, where he remained until the restoration of tranquillity left him at liberty to return to his scientific pursuits.

From this period his researches were directed towards chemical science, then cultivated with great activity on the Continent, but more particularly with regard to the chemical constitution of plants, the media in which they exist as organised bodies, and the part which chemical forces exercise in their development; and, with the exception of a small number of accessory inquiries, his whole scientific life was devoted to the fulfilment of this object, in which he did more for vegetable physiology than any

genhouz had made observations on the relation of plants with the atmosphere, and the decomposition of carbonic acid from the leaves by the influence of solar light, but without drawing any conclusions as to the mode of vegetable nutrition. Everything, therefore, remained to be done; and in this inquiry De Saussure worked in silence for seven years, abstaining from publication until the completion of his labour, the results of which he gave to the world in 1804, in a volume entitled *Recherches Chimiques sur la Végétation* (Chemical Researches in Vegetation). Henceforward his life was that of the philosopher verifying and extending his researches; occupied with analyses and comparisons, and repeating experiments again and again with the scrupulous care that characterises the real scientific genius. The details of these, however, though of high interest to the learned, possess but little attraction for the general reader.

As a consequence of the rigid education he had received, Theodore de Saussure's manner was marked by an extreme reserve, and the habit of solitary meditation which had characterised his youth. This disposition prevented him from becoming a public teacher. He was appointed professor of mineralogy and geology at the Academy of Geneva in 1802, and although he felt much interest in its success, and assisted frequently at the meetings of the members, and in the accessory labours which fall to the share of the professors, yet his repugnance to become the expositor of a public course of lectures could never be conquered.

Notwithstanding his timidity and reluctance to take an active part in discussions, such was the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens that he was elected member of the Legislative Council of the Republic of Geneva, from the time of its formation in 1814; and was afterwards chosen President of the Scientific Congress held at Lyons in 1842. This honour, accorded to a stranger naturally so little disposed to seek for notoriety, is a proof of the high consideration which his works had procured him; still further shown by his being elected fellow of most of the learned and scientific societies of Europe.

The whole career of De Saussure presents but few features in accordance with that of modern scientific men, and was rather more analogous to those of the middle ages. His was essentially a life of the laboratory and the study, from which he rarely issued except to give to the world the results he had obtained and matured in his retirement. Having retained to the last complete bodily health, and all the vigour of his faculties, he died full of days, April 18, 1845, at the age of 78, leaving behind him the reputation of having been one of the most inventive and sagacious of philosophers, laborious and skilful of experimentalists, and the most exact analyst that physical science has yet produced.

## NO QUACKERY.

Come, listen to me, my poorer neighbours, for I am neither going to rail against you for anything wrong that you have done, nor to wheedle and cajole you for my own advantage. The end I have in view is your good; listen, then, to reason. When a quack doctor sells his prescription, however much he may puff it and praise it, he may think more of getting your money than of doing you good; but how a doctor can get anything, who makes no charge for his advice, and prescribes physic that may be had for nothing, it will be no easy thing to make out.

It may be that you have good health, and have no need, according to your own opinion, of my advice; but good health is worth keeping, and the medicine I recommend is as useful in preserving as in restoring health. Try a dose or two, and if you do not find yourself the better for it, tell me that I am an ignorant impostor. Perhaps you may ask me what cures my medicine has wrought; and if you do, I have an answer ready. It has given to thousands, whose bodies were weakly, and whose faces were almost as pale as a white-washed wall—it has given them, I say, strength, a firm step, and a ruddy cheek; if this

does not satisfy you, I know not what will. If you like either to remain as you are, or unnecessarily to spend your money in being made better, the fault will be your own; you may be made better if you are ill, and kept in health if well, without the expense of a single farthing. I am not speaking to those who have broken limbs, fever, and other heavy afflictions, but to such as are capable of moving from one place to another, and to them I say, *Take fresh air.*

You may smile, if you will, at my prescription, but fresh air is one of the most precious gifts of the Almighty, the merciful giver of unnumbered blessings; it costs nothing, and it is by far the best medicine in the world.

Listen to me, neighbours, and I will tell you what will do you no harm to hear. In a little garret, in a small house, in a narrow street, worked a tailor. His shop-board and his bed almost filled the room, and yet there were four or five flower-pots close to the window, a canary in a cage hanging from the ceiling, and a rabbit in a pen against the wall. The tailor rose early, and took late rest, eating the bread of carefulness, but could hardly make both ends meet; for he was sickly, weakly, and qualmy, as well he might be, and could not get on at his work; he seemed to have no spirit. When I called upon him, I did not wonder at his being sickly, and weakly, and qualmy. I should have wondered very much had it been otherwise; for what with the room being so small, and what with the bed, the shop-board, the flower-pots, the bird-cage, the rabbit-pen, and the clothes and remnants, and shreds and patches, it seemed wonderful to me how he was able to work at all; for he seldom left his garret, rarely opened his window, and breathed the same tainted air day and night.

To make short of a long story, I undertook to cure him, or rather, I undertook to give him advice, for none but the Creator and Preserver of men can establish our health, or add to the number of our days.

Sickly, and pale, and panting for breath, as the tailor was, I made him change his lodging to an airy situation. No flower-pot, bird-cage, or rabbit-pen, did I allow in his chamber; his window was almost always kept open, and an hour every day he breathed the fresh air of heaven in walking abroad. He is now as hearty a man as ever used a needle; enjoys more health, works fewer hours, and gets more money, than ever he did before in his life; and what is better than all, finds time to read his Bible, thanking God heartily for his manifold mercies, and among them for the benefit and blessing of fresh air.

Neighbours, be advised; open your doors and your windows, get out of your houses, walk about, and take fresh air.

A hard-working cobbler, who was heard thumping away at his lapstone before his neighbours were up in the morning, and seen stitching away with his awl and waxends after they were gone to bed at night, found himself just in the same plight as the poor tailor—low and languishing, just dragging along as though he had no heart and soul in him. His room was small enough of all conscience, if he had had it all to himself; but this was not the case: for, besides the space taken up by his working bench and bed, he had with him a wife and four children, a black terrier, and a jackdaw in a wicker cage. Neighbours, I cannot tell you one half of the wretchedness of that wretched room, when I stepped into it. Scraps of leather, old rags, bones, and filth were seen in all directions; the dog barked, the jackdaw chattered, the children cried, the wife scolded, and the poor, patient, half-worn-out cobbler could hardly pull his waxend through the holes his awl had made. To finish the picture, a gin bottle stood in a corner, a dozen pawn-tickets were wrapped up in a piece of dirty flannel, in a little cupboard; the window was close shut, and the stench of the room was intolerable. Neighbours, you may think this was a hopeless case, but I thought otherwise, and went to work at once. No peace did I let the old cobbler have till I had fairly ransacked and routed every thing out of his miserable dwelling, where for many a weary day and night he had gasped for breath, parboiled and smoke-dried by turns, till his flesh looked just the colour of dirty dough. I took him to the tailor, who told him a story that made him lift up his eyes with surprise. The cobbler's bed was removed into an airy garret, his working-room thoroughly swept and whitewashed, the window set open, the black terrier and the jackdaw sent away, the children put to a day-school, the wife employed up stairs, the gin bottle used to contain vinegar, and the pawn-tickets exchanged for the articles written upon them. Nor was this all; for the cobbler was not allowed to sit down to his bench for a single morning, till he had walked to the finger-post on the common, a distance of a mile and a half across the fields.

Neighbours, the cobbler is another man: he drinks no gin, he pawns no clothes, he keeps no terrier dog nor jackdaw, but breathes freely, works blithely, while he sings a hymn or a psalm, pays his rent like a man, reads his Bible every day of his life, and looks as fresh as a daisy.

Now, what has done all this for him? Nothing in the world but fresh air. This, with God's blessing, has been the making of him; and why should it not be the making of you? Rout out your cupboards and closets, sweep out your floors, whitewash your walls, and open your windows; but, above all, get into the fields, and breathe the fresh air. Are you so fond of weakly frames and pale faces? Do you like to see pill-boxes, and phials, and gallipots? Is it pleasant to swallow salts, and rhubarb, and ipecacuanha, and to pay doctors' bills? If it is, heed not what I say; but if it is not, take my advice; take my prescription—take fresh air.

Neighbours, I am no quack, but a plain-dealing man, gratefully enjoying the blessing of health, and anxious that all of you may enjoy it too. Fresh air will not only improve the health, but the temper also; so that a man will laugh at the little troubles that before made him fume and fret like a madman. The good that is done, and the evil that is prevented by fresh air, are beyond calculation. Doctors usually recommend fresh air, even when all their skill and all their medicines have failed, and this is a proof how highly they think of it.

Let this open your eyes, neighbours; doctors know what they are about, and you ought to know what you are about too. If you prefer to call in a doctor, and to pay him for advising you to take fresh air, I can have no possible objection, neither will the doctor blame you for this course; but whether it will be wise in you to buy that which I give you for nothing, is a point worth a moment's consideration. Take my word for it, or rather do not take my word for it, but prove it—fresh air is the best medicine in the world. If I were called upon to write a prescription to cure three-fourths of this world's ails, it should be this—*Plain food, temperance in eating and drinking, exercise, fresh air, a clean skin, a contented mind, and a clear conscience.*

There, neighbours! there is advice without quackery; take it, make the best of it; and may the blessing of good health be enjoyed by you all, and the Great Author of your mercies be ever loved, and ever praised!—*Old Humphrey's Addresses.*

## THE VICTORIA COLLIERY.

Being in the vicinity lately, we availed ourselves of the kind invitation of the Messrs Coats, the owners of the Victoria Pit, in the neighbourhood of Nitshill, to descend into their mines. The Victoria Pit, the deepest shaft in Scotland, is 1038 feet, or about 173 fathoms, being fully the fifth part of a mile in depth; and the workings have for the last two months, within which the proprietors have resumed operations, been driven in a north-easterly instead of a south-westerly direction as formerly. It was towards four in the afternoon when we arrived at the pit—an occasion less favourable, we believe, for observing the movements of the miners below, than any other we could have hit upon. Two hours earlier we

should have found the day-gang of pitmen at work clearing away their winnings to make room for their successors, the night-gang. The day-gang of men commence work in the pit at four o'clock in the morning, and continue till relieved by the night-gang at four in the afternoon, who of course are at work till four in the morning. As we reached the platform, therefore, the boxes were coming up the shaft filled with successive cargoes of colliers just relieved from toil; and it was not a little animating to watch their progress upwards from as far below as the first faint glimmer of the human face—(we can hardly add 'divine')—could be discerned, till, after repeated warning shouts of 'Men on! men on!' from a dozen throats, husky with a whole day's subterranean parching and coal dust, the dusky multitude leapt forth into the light. If it looked not exactly like the earth giving up her dead, it seemed like calling spirits (of darkness) from the vasty deep, who, unlike those of Owen Glendower, *did* 'come when you did call them.'

The usual apparatus of the pit-mouth, from the old-fashioned horse-gin and the walking-beam of the water-pump, to the more formal modern engine-house and stalk with its connecting machinery, are too obvious to the general eye on the surface of the country, to require any description here. At the Victoria Pit we observe that the proprietors are in process of erecting another engine of 80 horse power to facilitate their operations—the present engine, of forty horse power, being sufficiently tasked to accomplish all the work required of it in the way of raising coal and water. The latter exudes in the present work principally—indeed, entirely—(for the galleries below are as dry as the apartments of a dwelling-house)—from the section of the strata through which the shaft or well of the pit is sunk. It accumulates for the week in the well below the working-levels, and is pumped off on Saturday nights.

Our forlorn hope appeared at the pit-mouth, arrayed in costume adapted for the descent, and for the copious libations we anticipated from mother earth in our transit. The sexagenarian of six feet, who acted as our leader, accoutred as he was in a rough blue jacket of scanty proportions, his head of venerable eld encased in a blue bonnet of the Covenanters' cut, and his throat enveloped in a large bandana silk handkerchief, recalled to our recollection the description of Rob Roryson and his bonnet—

> 'Ye've a' heard tell o' Rob Roryson's bonnet,
> Ye've a' heard tell o' Rob Roryson's bonnet—
> It wasna' the bonnet—'twas the head that was in it
> Gar'd the haill parish talk o' Rob Roryson's bonnet!

Having entered the vehicle that was to bear us a thousand feet at least into the bowels of the earth, we may as well confess that our sensations at starting, if not exactly such as we might have felt had we been ascending, instead, with Mr Green in his great Nassau balloon, into the super-ambient air, were necessarily near akin. It was certainly calculated to produce a slight heart's qualm in minds ordinarily courageous, not only to reflect but to feel that the feet were no longer sustained by honest *terra firma*, but following a yielding floor sheer down into a yawning gulf of more than a thousand feet perpendicular. The heart will sink in a sinking situation—it is a physical consequence. For a moment, and perhaps for a moment only, there was an uneasy sensation—a disposition to clutch hard by the sustaining chains. Custom, however, is a second nature: the descent turned out to be so smooth and easy, that even 'whistling'—an expedient kindly suggested to our party to 'keep their courage eerie'—was not resorted to, either in the form of 'Lord Lennox's March,' or any other of the spirit-stirring strains appropriate to the *moment de peur*. The descent and ascent are much facilitated by a kind of wooden railway with cross bars (not sleepers), not unlike a ladder, that runs down the whole of one of its sides, and is, in fact, the carriage-way. To the old mode of descent—swinging in a bucket, fending your own head with your own arm, capsizing your rickety vehicle as certainly as you suffered it to get knocked against the sides—this is a mere trifle; for there is now scarcely any possibility of a regular 'spill' *en route* to the regions below, unless, indeed, it should happen that any of the cross bars of the carriage-way should become started, and obstruct or overturn the carriage in its passage. This is somewhat different, then, from the celebrated account which Dr Edmund Clarke gives of his ladder descent into the Presburg mine, where, says he, 'in addition to the danger to be apprehended from the damaged state of the ladder, the staves were covered with ice and mud, and thus rendered so cold and slippery, that we could have no dependence upon our benumbed fingers, if our feet failed us. Then, to complete our apprehensions, as we mentioned this to the miners, they said 'Have a care—it was just so;' talking about the staves, 'that one of our women fell about four years ago, as she was descending to her work.' 'Fell,' said our Swedish interpreter, rather simply, 'and, pray, what became of her?' 'Became of her,' continued the foremost of our guides, disengaging one of his hands from the ladder, and slapping it against his thigh, as if to illustrate the manner of the catastrophe, '*she became* (pantaker) a pancake!' Our sensations, however, apart from the risk of becoming a pancake, which always presents itself more or less remotely to the mental vision as a dire probability, were simply such as we experienced for the first time in a railway carriage, or, perhaps, as an urchin in a swing or merry-go-round. No matter, the darkness got the more visible as we went down; the little light there was streaming in fine perspective through the funnel-like aperture of the shaft scarcely suffering the strata to be scrutinised; and, indeed, portions of the way were securely lined off with wood. The division in the centre of the shaft is air-tight, this being requisite for the important object of ventilation; but on the other three sides the different series of rock could not altogether escape the eye. We understand that amongst these are valuable ironstones, both in black-band and claystone; and the proprietors, we believe, are in process of effecting several contracts for the working of this ore, which is found at a considerable elevation above the coal.

But it is almost time we were getting to the pit-bottom, that occupied in the progress thither being in general about two-and-a-half minutes, the showering wet, which, however, we found but trifling on the present occasion, increasing in quantity as we get deeper. It is a very general mistake that the temperature of mines increases proportionally to the depth from the surface. It is no doubt true that such is the ratio of increase in the temperature of the earth; but the temperature of the coal-mine is kept completely under control by the mining engineer or coal viewer, whose practical skill enables him to give the atmospheric air from the aperture of the pit-mouth a free passage through every nook and cranny. The upper air was rather close and warm, though the day was somewhat overcast, and our thermometer stood two degrees at the pit-mouth above what it was found to be in the draught or current at the pit-bottom when fairly down; and not till we reached the further extremity of the workings, did it regain the height of the surface temperature. Afterwards, on examining the instrument, which, however, might have been slightly influenced by artificial heat from carrying it in the pocket, it had risen eight degrees in our progress through the return galleries, through which any impure air is driven off by the atmospheric current. But we must say that, notwithstanding this current was powerful enough to extinguish the flame of a candle held against it at the turn of the incline boards, the effect of the subterranean atmosphere was enervating and depressing; and wrapt up as we were against the wet in the shaft, the slight exertion of walking or stumbling through the galleries produced perspiration and some sensation of fatigue; so that we no longer wondered at the miners working almost *en puris naturalibus*.

So far as we could judge, the strata in descending the Victoria Pit, lay precisely as seen in the working face of the rock in Nitshill quarry, which we afterwards took the opportunity of examining. The section at the quarry, as given in the *Statistical Account*, is as follows—although

we cannot recommend the figures or descriptions to be implicitly relied on :—

| | Feet. | In. |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Coarse sandstone | 26 | 0 |
| 2. Upper stratum of coal | 1 | 0 |
| 3. Rock of thin layers, with black blaize mixed (the till) | 7 | 6 |
| 4. Second stratum of coal | 0 | 6 |
| 5. Fire-clay containing iron balls | 3 | 0 |
| 6. Third stratum of coal | 1 | 8 |
| 7. Lower seam of rock—best kind | 17 | 0 |
| 8. Schistus or blaize, like that of No. 3. | 1 | 0 |
| 9. Coal with thin irregular strata of blaize | 2 | 6 |
| | 60 | 2 |

The lower stratum is worked only by mining, but the other seams, Nos. 2, 4, and 6, are taken in the course of working the rock, for which there is a brisk demand.

As soon as our carriage reached the bottom of the pit, and had fairly disgorged its contents, a signal to that effect was communicated to the engine-house above by the pulling of a bell-wire. Immediately our empty carriage commenced to reascend; another carriage, freighted with the gentlemen who were to join us, commencing on the other hand the descent of the other division of the shaft. On looking upward from the bottom of the shaft on our side, as well as the dripping wet and rushing air would permit, the daylight was visible far up as if at the top of a chimney-stalk, affording one of the finest instances of perspective we ever met in with. An opportunity of looking up the great stalk of St Rollox would be nothing to it; 'Tennant's stalk,' of 450 feet, being not half the height, and its perspective not strictly accurate, as the building is narrowed towards the top. That which is stated by the St Rollox workmen respecting the draught up their stalk, illustrates in some degree the means of ventilating the Victoria Pit through its vast shaft. Numerous walled passages unite under ground at St Rollox into a few large ones, which in turn meet in the great chimney, so as to carry up the whole smoke and noxious vapours of the works to a great altitude in the air. If the doors are not very carefully closed when the workmen descend for repairs into any of these subterranean passages, the draught of air is so strong that it is with great difficulty they could escape being carried away with it; and a wag not long ago published in the newspapers a *jeu d'esprit*, as if from an American publication, detailing the sufferings of a mechanic who for six weeks was imprisoned in a whirlwind up the chimney!

Under the superintendence of an able 'coal viewer,' employed by Messrs Coats, the ventilation of the Victoria Pit is managed on a new system, so as to keep the present workings throughout cool and free from even the sign of impure air. Under the direction of the engineer, the manager of the workings drives his levels and other workings according as they are chalked out. The mains measure five yards, some galleries branching off from them twelve feet wide; and the former as they advance being kept divided down the centre by the air-tight incline boards, leave two passages of two-and-a-half yards each, communicating the one with the one-half or division of the shaft, the other with the other. The air current thus advances down the one half of the shaft, and on by the one half passage close up to the working, and there sweeping round the end of the incline board where the miners are engaged in their operations, carries off from thence any impurity that may escape from the coal, and indeed clears and ventilates the whole air course. The Davy lamp was during our progress applied to one part considered as the most dangerous of the present mine, but no trace of inflammable gas or fire-damp could be detected; and any one witnessing the way in which the ventilation works, must have every reason for believing the mine to be perfectly safe and free. Although the Davy lamp was employed in the instance referred to, with the view of showing the action of the fire-damp on the flame, had any been escaping, the light which it affords is so very obscure and inadequate, that the miners never work by it if they can do otherwise, and use common lamps or tapers instead. It was only recently, however, that these had superseded the use of the Davy lamp in this mine. At first, after its being re-opened about two months ago, for the first time since November, 1845, the Davy lamp was constantly used. Even in the old workings there was one place where the owners of the pit always enforced the use of the Davy, although the preference of the colliers for a more sufficient light was often such as to lead them clandestinely to brave every danger. The danger, as described to us, was frequently such, in hewing out the coal, that before the block upon which the men were at work could be altogether disengaged from the seam, the explosive force of the gas behind acted upon by the enormous superincumbent pressure, would start the block and project it several yards. Before proceeding to work the present mine, the owners, on regaining access to the pit, which had been completely laid under water, resolved to build up the old workings, extending over eight acres, so as completely to cut off the communication. This they effected by building across the entrance to them, at the pit-bottom, a wall of brick and cement four feet thick, in erecting which the workmen informed us that they had each of them been knocked down by the noxious gas as many as thirty times in a day, when their fellows just drew them forth for a few moments into the atmospheric current till they revived, and then they returned to the charge. Into these old hermetrically sealed workings, a pipe of considerable bore had just been let a day or two prior to our visit, by which the escape of the accumulating gas was permitted into the air at a slight elevation above the platform at the pit-mouth. As much gas was thus led from a gasometer of eight acres in extent as if purified would suffice to light a considerable town. The Messrs Coats being in the act of sinking a new shaft at the 'rise' of their coal-field betwixt Hurlet and Nitshill, will work from that point until they communicate with these old workings, when this barrier wall may be taken down; as the present shaft, descending into the workings from the 'dip' of the strata, will enable a column of air to pass through them and out at the new shaft, at the 'rise' of the strata, clearing off all impurities by a thorough draught.

It was fortunately the case that this closing-up of the old workings in the Victoria mine, and the prosecution of the new ones in the opposite direction, was open to the owners of the pit, on their lately resuming operations. It so happened that the north-easterly workings had, shortly after the commencement of the pit, been stopped by a 'trouble' and abandoned—the south-westerly workings having, from that time up to November, 1845, been exclusively followed out. This 'trouble' consisted in the falling down of a mass of the superincumbent limestone upon the working seam of coal, so as apparently to interrupt its progress. In proposing to carry out the works in this direction, it therefore became necessary to ascertain how the coal had been displaced by this accident in the formation. And after protracted working alongside of it for that purpose, it was determined to work what is technically termed 'an elbow' through the strata. Nor was this attempt long in bringing the miners once more upon the coal.

Having been provided each with a collier's taper stuck in an original subterranean candlestick of blue clay, and carried scientifically betwixt the second and third fingers of the right hand, we advanced from the pit-bottom in Indian file, to explore the interior of the workings, and soon reached 'the trouble.' The way was laid with a kind of rails forming a tramroad for the passage of the loads of hewn coal. Just where the 'trouble' occurred, it was necessary to stoop slightly in passing along; but even this did not seem to have afforded much interruption or to have occasioned much deviation to the 'level' along which we passed. The limestone rock where it had been blasted away seemed to abound in crystals. We now passed on to where a party of two miners, stripped to the waist, were actively at work upon a breadth of coal at

the end of the passage. The one with his pick was engaged in clearing away horizontally a block of six or seven cwt., by cutting the coal from beneath it for about a yard; the other was disengaging the end of the block. The block is afterwards entirely separated from the mass by wedges driven in at the top. Returning a short distance from this working we passed by an air-tight door into a side working, at nearly if not altogether right angles to the other, and having a very steep rise towards the further extremity, where two colliers were at work hewing as before. Proceeding out of this gallery and along another, also ascending, we suddenly came upon a characteristic scene. We ought to mention that, in addition to the admirable ventilation, the whole passages of this pit are literally as dry and comfortable as those of any dwelling-house; a natural trap-dyke passing through the country in the immediate vicinity entirely excluding from the mine all water except what literally finds its way from the surface by the orifice of the shaft. It was thus that at a sudden turn in the dark streets of this subterranean city—for the passages are laid out upon a plan that would not disparage a well designed town—we suddenly came upon a group of miners, squatted on their hams, smoking their pipes, like native denizens of the spot. It was difficult to divest ourselves of the idea that these *lazzaroni* were not a party of the aborigines of the lower world. Deeply as we had plunged amidst these midnight shades, never till now had smote us the terrible words that Dante saw written on the infernal gate: 'All hope abandon ye who enter here;' and incontinent we expected to have heard

> 'Various tongues,
> Horrible languages, outcries of wo,
> Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
> With hands together smote, that swelled the sounds—
> Make up a tumult that for ever whirls
> Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,
> Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.'

The sounds, however, that smote the ear were far different—more like 'jocund mirth and jollity,' than anything the infernals might have been expected to be found engaged in; and the solution of the mystery offered by the coal-viewer who conducted our party, showed that the scene was one highly characteristic of the miners' habits. He mentioned having once been present at a stage representation of pitman-life in Newcastle, where the colliers were grouped exactly in this manner on the stage, having their 'crack' and their 'smoke' before beginning their labour. The lofty chamber of more than six feet high, in which they sat, and equally spacious corridors leading into it, the glimmering light thrown on each dingy face and denuded body, the jocularity grinning back again from every countenance, certainly furnished an original picture to the eye, worthy of all the admiration it elicited.

Descending the incline of this working, after passing into various spacious chambers excavated in this splendid seam of coal, we finally retraced our steps through double air-tight doors (of which one is always shut ere the other is opened, for fear of disturbing the ventilation) back again to the pit-bottom. We here examined the well, which descends nine fathoms below the levels, and contains all the water that finds its way into the pit, until it is weekly pumped out. The carriage soon arrived to restore us to upper air; which we were glad to regain after an hour and a half's continuance below, and a mile or two's ramble through these bituminous groves. We were told that in getting into the ascending carriage accidents are very apt to occur through the recklessness of the men attempting to enter after the carriage is started, and thus getting jammed betwixt it and the side or edge of the orifice. This we can easily suppose. The occurrence is, indeed, analogous to what often happens from attempts to enter railway carriages in motion. We took special care, therefore, to get all in before giving the signal to start; when we merrily ascended, with a motion so exceedingly pleasant that ever since it has haunted our dreams. Our restoration to life and light was one of the most blessed consummations in our experience. It is worth while going down into a coal-pit, if it were only to taste the felicity of once more emerging to the day. The opening of the eyes once more upon the verdure of the earth's surface, so lavish in beauty and diversity; the sight of it blending on the far horizon, with the boundless cerulean of the sky; the passing breath of the balmy gale upon the sultry cheek; the sight of life; the joyous sounds of animated nature; afford something like a retrospect of the sensations which the first man may have felt in awakening to existence in Paradise.

## ADVENTURES OF LADY SALE.

An outline of one of the most striking and eventful passages of the Affghan war—that relating to the defence of the town of Jellalabad by Sir Robert Sale—was furnished in a late number (79) of the Instructor. We now propose shortly to follow the fortunes of another prominent actor in the same disastrous campaign. The heroism of the lady will be found scarcely less worthy of record than the more conspicuous but not more gallant conduct of her distinguished husband.

Sir R. Sale marched from Cabul on the 4th October, 1841, with the intention, as was formerly stated, of retiring quietly on the British provinces. But as news arrived of the unsettled state of the country, it was determined that his lady and daughter (Mrs Strut) should remain in Cabul until the departure of the envoy, Sir W. Macnaghten, and General Elphinstone, whose train might have been supposed to ensure greater safety to defenceless females. Before Sale had left Cabul, unequivocal evidences had been manifested of the hostile dispositions of the people and their impatience of British rule. These continued to multiply daily after his departure, and by the month of November skirmishing in the city and the assassination of soldiers and officers when found straying, told that, unless speedily checked, there was no security for the existence of the British army. But the parties in command, disregarding these repeated warnings, continued in the belief that there was no real danger, and that things would soon subside into their ordinarily quiet condition. The position of the army seems to have been unfortunately chosen. The town of Cabul is intersected by the river of that name, which separates the city and Bala Hissar from the extensive surrounding suburbs. This Bala Hissar is at once palace and citadel; it stands near the crest of two mountain ranges, overlooking the town, and commanding the country around. It is a place of formidable strength, with extent enough to accommodate 3000 or 4000 men, and provisions for twelve months. The British, out of a false deference to royalty, had given up this fortress to their adopted sovereign, Shah Shoojah, and taken up their own position on a plain on the other side of the Cabul river, about two miles distant from the town. The situation being on low lying ground, was in great part commanded by the adjacent hills. In the beginning of November an insurrection broke out in the town; the house of Sir A. Burnes was attacked, and himself and other officers murdered; the gates were closed by the insurgents, and all attempts to retake the town were defeated. The British army were thus cut off from the city and Bala Hissar; and to make matters worse, were assaulted in their own cantonments. After a number of engagements with the natives, which gradually thinned their force and tended in no way to the security of their position, it was determined to enter on terms with the chiefs for the evacuation of the country. At one of the conferences which followed, Sir W. Macnaghten and suite were enticed beyond the cantonments; and while engaged in friendly negotiation, were basely seized by Akhbar Khan. The purpose of this chief seems to have been simply to make prisoners of the party; but resistance being offered, Sir W. Macnaghten and Captain Trevor were murdered, Captains Laurence and Mackenzie escaping by the friendly aid of two of the native chiefs. Negotiation, however, as the only means of escape from the perilous situation in which they were placed, was still persevered in by the British authorities; and at length it

was arranged that the army should be allowed to retire unmolested to their own territories, on condition that fourteen lacs of rupees (£140,000) be guaranteed as a guard to Peshawur, that nearly all the guns and treasure be surrendered, and four officers given up as hostages.

On the 6th of January, 1842, the British army, accompanied by their wives and children, began their homeward march. It amounted to 4500 fighting men, but encumbered by the enormous number of 12,000 camp followers. The soldiers were utterly dispirited and broken down by the harassing labours and privations of the last two months. For a long period great scarcity of provisions had existed, the camp followers being often reduced to the necessity of living on such animals as had died from starvation; and firewood had become so scarce that Lady Sale cooked her last dinner and breakfast in Cabul with the wood of a mahogany dining-table. The feeling of despondency was deep in the mind of this noble lady. She looked on the whole arrangement as disgraceful to the British character, and, though a woman, would have preferred dying sword in hand to submitting to what she considered as an ignominious retreat. A little incident which occurred previous to leaving the cantonments had given a mournful turn to her thoughts. Happening to be overlooking a parcel of books, she lifted Campbell's Poems, and opening it, the first lines which met her gaze were these:

> 'Few, few shall part where many meet;
> The snow shall be their winding sheet;
> And every turf beneath their feet
> Shall mark a soldier's sepulchre.'

'These lines,' remarks Lady Sale, 'haunted me night and day.' Alas! how truly was the presentiment they foreshadowed verified—except in that relating to those last sad offices which even soldiers exposed to all the vicissitudes of mortal strife are scarcely ever denied.

The British cantonments had hardly been evacuated before they were filled by the Affghan soldiery, who, as if to mark their contempt of treaties, and to foreshow the direful fate which awaited the army, had the audacity to fire on the rearguard as it left. The very first movements of the retiring force betokened the disasters to follow. No proper order was maintained; men straggled from their places; women and children were left on the road to perish. To add to the disasters produced by disorganisation, the weather was excessively cold, snow covering the ground to the depth of a foot; and the men being almost without shelter, the first morning of the retreat discovered several soldiers frozen to death. Armed Affghans hovered around, who were continually pouring their fire amongst the disheartened mass, and carrying off some portion of the baggage, arms, and ammunition. The movements of the 8th of November are thus chronicled by Lady Sale in her journal*:—'We commenced our march at about mid-day. The troops were in the greatest state of disorganisation; the baggage was mixed in with the advanced guard; and the camp followers all pushed ahead in their precipitate flight to Hindostan. Strut [Lady Sale's son-in-law], my daughter, Mr Mein, and I, got up to the advance. We had not proceeded half a mile when we were heavily fired on. . . . After passing through some very sharp firing, we came upon Major Thain's horse, which had been shot through the loins. When we were supposed to be in comparative safety, poor Strut rode back (to see after Thain, I believe); his horse was shot under him, and before he could rise from the ground he received a severe wound in the abdomen. It was with great difficulty he was held upon a pony by two people, and brought into camp at Khoord Cabul. The pony Mrs Strut rode was wounded in the ear and neck. I had fortunately only *one* ball *in* my arm; three others passed through my *poshteen* [fur pelisse] near the shoulder without doing me any injury. The party that fired on us were not above fifty yards from us, and we owed our escape to urging our horses on as fast as they could go over a road where, at any other time, we should have walked our horses very carefully.' The end of this disastrous day's proceedings is thus described:—'Poor Strut was laid on the side of a bank, with his wife and myself beside him. It began snowing heavily: Johnson and Bygrave got some coarse blankets thrown over us. Dr Bryce came and examined Strut's wound; he dressed it, but I saw by the expression of his countenance that there was no hope. He afterwards kindly cut the ball out of my wrist, and dressed both my wounds. Half of a sipahee's [sepoy's] pall had been pitched, in which the ladies and their husbands took refuge. We had no one to scrape the snow off the ground in it. Captain Johnson and Mr Mein first assisted poor Strut over to it, and then carried Mrs Strut and myself through the deep snow. Mrs Strut's bedding, saved by the ayah [nurse] riding on it, whom we kept up close with ourselves, was now a comfort for my poor wounded son. He suffered dreadful agony all night and intolerable thirst; and most grateful did we feel to Mr Mein for going out constantly to the stream to procure water; we had only a small vessel to fetch it in, which contained but a few mouthfuls. To sleep in such anxiety of mind and intense cold was impossible. There were nearly thirty of us packed together without room to turn. The sipahees and camp-followers, half-frozen, tried to force their way, not only into the tent, but actually into our beds, if such resting-places can so be called—a pelisse of sheep-skin half spread on the snow, and the other half wrapped over one. Many poor wretches died round the tent in the night.'

The attack here alluded to took place near the entrance to the Khoord Cabul Pass. The army never recovered from the blow inflicted, about 500 of the regular troops and 2500 camp followers being slain. The regiments now fell into complete disorder, men, women, and children becoming mixed up in a confused mass. They were, besides, perishing of cold—and to such a degree was the rigour of the weather experienced, that numbers of the men, although under a fire of the enemy, found themselves unable to handle their muskets. Akhbar Khan, who appeared to figure as the director of these attacks on the British, had been previously remonstrated with on his breach of engagement. His reply was that the assaults had been made without his assent. This might possibly be true, as he could not be expected to control the proceedings of independent chieftains; but he remained true to his policy of delaying the army in the country and taking away its commanders in the form of hostages, knowing that he would thereby ensure its destruction. His object was but too fatally accomplished. The British force was clearly at his mercy, and nothing remained but to accede to whatever conditions might be imposed. All concessions, however, were of no avail. The long matchlocks of the Affghans continued as formerly to pour down their destructive fire.

On the day following (the 9th) the army continued their progress, being forced to abandon their dead and wounded. They had now entered the dreadful defile of the Khoord Cabul—a pass five miles long, overhung by high cliffs, whence they were assailed by the guns of the unrelenting Affghans. The wounded son-in-law of Lady Sale had been in the morning placed in a pannier slung on a camel, which had been kindly given up to him by one of the ladies of the party; but the necessarily rough motion increased his sufferings and speedily brought on his death. His sorrowing wife and mother-in-law sustained him in his last moments, and had the melancholy satisfaction of at least seeing his remains hurriedly interred—a consolation which awaited few of the friends of the doomed band now prosecuting its mournful march.

On the same day General Elphinstone was again induced to halt by a proposal from Akhbar Khan, that the married men and their families should desert the army and place themselves under his protection. The object of this offer, on the part of the wily chief, was probably to secure a handsome sum as ransom money from the go-

* Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan in 1841-2. By Lady Sale. London: Murray.

vernment. Be this as it may, like every other proposal from the same quarter, it was agreed to, and Lady Sale and her now widowed daughter, along with a number of other ladies (for it does not appear that the men, much to their credit, availed themselves of the offer), were forthwith transferred to the care of the Affghan chief. Lady Sale's adventures consequently form no part of the remaining story of the retreating army; the sad fate of which may, however, be briefly referred to before detailing the narrative of Lady Sale's captivity.

On the 10th, the broken and disheartened troops resumed their progress, only again to be interrupted by the murderous fire of the enemy. On entering a narrow gorge between two hills, the Affghans rushed down, sword in hand; the native troops fled, and left the few Europeans to their fate. These made the best resistance they could, and at length drove the enemy off. It was now found that of the 4500 troops who had marched from Cabul, only 270 Europeans remained, accompanied, however, by a considerable proportion of the 12,000 camp followers. It was now proposed to General Elphinstone, by Akhbar Khan, that if the Europeans would place themselves under his protection, they should be safely escorted to Jellalabad; but as Akhbar declined to offer any guarantee for the safety of the camp followers, which was equivalent to a general massacre of the whole band, the general very properly declined the offer, and pushed on. At four o'clock of the same day the army reached an encampment in the Tezeen valley, where, after a halt, it was determined to attempt a night march of 22 miles to Jugduluk, in order to clear the terrible pass of that name by daybreak of next morning. But, with fresh enemies at every turn, it was three in the afternoon before they reached their destination. Negotiation was here again resorted to. Akhbar desired that the general should come to a conference, and that two of his officers should be given up as hostages. The general accordingly went, but never returned. Akhbar, on various pretences, succeeded in detaining him in custody; and, in accordance with his policy, kept his little shattered army awaiting his promised return, all the while exposed to the attacks of the Affghans. Brigadier Antequil, who had been left in command, determined to carry forward his men through the next pass of two miles in length. They had so far succeeded when the enemy came up in great force, and committed fearful slaughter, almost wholly annihilating the army. Amongst the fallen were the brigadier and eleven other officers. The small remnant, amounting to about forty men, now split into two parties; and, to complete the dreadful story, were successively met and cut to pieces—only one man, Dr Brydon, escaping, who succeeded in reaching Jellalabad. Out of the 16,500 living beings who had left Cabul but a few days previously, it was ascertained that only about 70 were in the possession of several chiefs as captives—the remainder, excepting those native troops who had joined the enemy, had to a man miserably perished!

We now return to Lady Sale and the other captives. The party to which she belonged consisted at present, besides herself and daughter, of Mrs Trevor and seven children, Lieutenant and Mrs Waller and child, Mr Mein (who being on leave of absence, had since the death of Mr Strut voluntarily acted as protector to Lady Sale and her daughter), Mrs Smith and Mrs Burnes, two soldiers' wives, and a child named Stoker. The party, on being made over to Akhbar Khan, were carried by a circuitous route to the Khoord Cabul forts, where they arrived late on the evening of the 9th November. Weary with fatigue and anxiety, they laid themselves down to rest in the dark and dirty apartments of the fortress. Every one had either lost or been plundered of any valuables which had been carried from Cabul, Lady Sale and her daughter being dispossessed of every thing except the clothes in which they had quitted the capital. After a day's rest, the party resumed the march, when to their horror they found themselves proceeding over part of the ground where the dreadful scenes of the few previous days had been enacted. The road, says Lady Sale, was covered with awfully mangled bodies, all stripped; numbers of the camp followers were strewed about; some still alive, frost-bitten and starving; others perfectly out of their senses and idiotic. 'The sight was dreadful; the smell of the blood sickening; and the corpses lay so thick it was impossible to look from them, as it required care to guide my horse so as not to tread on the bodies.' Two days' travel, during which they were continually meeting some sad memento of the wreck of the army, brought the captives to Jugduluk. Here they were joined by General Elphinstone and the two officers whom Akhbar Khan had detained.

It being the intention of Akhbar to place his prisoners in a secure retreat till the ransoms arrived from the Indian government, they started on the 14th January for the valley of Lughman, to the north of Jellalabad. Their route (we quote from Lady Sale's Journal) 'lay over a dreadfully rough road; some of the ascents and descents were fearful to look at, and at first sight appeared to be impracticable. The whole road was a continuation of rocks and stones, over which the camels had great difficulty in making their way; and particularly in the ascent of the Adrak-Budrak pass, where I found it requisite to hold tight on by the mane, lest the saddle and I should slip off together. At the commencement of the defile, and for some considerable distance, we passed 200 or 300 of our miserable Hindostanees, who had escaped up the unfrequented road from the massacre of the 12th. They were all naked, and more or less frost-bitten, wounded, and starving; they had set fire to the bushes and grass, and huddled all together to impart warmth to each other. Subsequently, we heard that scarcely any of these poor wretches escaped from the defile; and that, driven to the extreme of hunger, they had sustained life by feeding on their dead comrades.' When arrived at their destination for the night, the occupants of the fort refused to admit the party within the walls; nothing, therefore, remained but an out-door bivouack. The wind blew bitterly cold, but 'we rolled ourselves up as warm as we could, and with our saddles for pillows, braved the elements. General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and Johnson, considered themselves happy when one of the Affghans told them to accompany him into a wretched cow shed, which was filled with dense smoke from a blazing fire in the centre of the hut.' In three days the party arrived at the fort of Buddeabad. Here Lady Sale had the satisfaction of receiving a message from her gallant husband, and enjoyed another gratification of a different kind—for the second time during a fortnight *she got her face washed*. At this fort the captives were detained until the middle of April. Being only about thirty miles from Jellalabad, letters were passed between Lady Sale and her husband, from which she learned at intervals the brilliant series of successes which followed the exertions of Sir Robert and his little band. While at Buddeabad, Lady Sale happily recovered of the wound in her arm caused by the musket bullet which passed into it on the retreat, but had nigh experienced a greater calamity. The earthquake whose operations had been so fatal to the fortifications of Jellalabad, also did great damage to the country around. Lady Sale was on the roof of the house at the fort when the building began to tremble. 'For some time (she says) I balanced myself as well as I could, till I felt the roof was giving way. I fortunately succeeded in removing from my position before the roof of our room fell in with a dreadful crash. The roof of the stairs fell in as I descended them, but did me no injury. All my anxiety was for Mrs Strut; but I could only see a heap of rubbish. I was nearly bewildered, when I heard the joyful sound, 'Lady Sale, come here—all are safe;' and I found the whole party uninjured in the courtyard.'

By the beginning of April, General Pollock was in full march to Jellalabad; and the security of the captives being consequently endangered, it was judged proper that they should be moved to a safer retreat. A movement accordingly took place on the 10th of April. Much misery

and discomfort followed this transit, the party (numbering at the time thirty-four) occasionally sleeping on the floor of a damp building with a wood-fire in the centre, and using pine-torches instead of candles. Lady Sale sickened and took fever; but no rest awaited her—the party kept incessantly moving forward. Still, great as were the sufferings of the captives, they were as nothing to the dreadful miseries endured by the poor inhabitants of the ravaged country through which they were being carried. What more fearful spectacle of the horrors occasioned by war was ever presented than this:—'We passed a cave at some small distance, in front of which were some dead bodies and many bones strewed about; and from the blood close to its entrance, there is every reason to believe that the inhabitants were supporting nature by devouring each other. I saw three poor wretches crawling on hands and knees just within the cave; but all we had to bestow on them was pity, not unmingled with horror at the evidences of cannibalism but too apparent. These miserable creatures called to us for that relief which we had it not in our power to afford; and we can only hope that their sufferings were speedily terminated by death.'

On the 23d of April, General Elphinstone, the most distinguished and important of the captives, was released by death from the hands of his captors. The general was old and infirm, but his death was no doubt hastened by chagrin at the disastrous train of events which had followed his commandership. His body was forwarded for interment to Jellalabad, but the party which conveyed it were seized on the road by the ever-watchful Affghans. The remains, however, were recovered and brought to their destination. Meanwhile, marching and countermarching, occasioned by the advance of the British, hurried the captives from place to place. Their situation, however, was gradually becoming more endurable, as supplies of money and clothes were allowed to be forwarded from their friends.

As the British army approached, reports began to be circulated that Akhbar Khan intended to send his prisoners to a distant fort in Turkestan, there to await quietly the issue of events, which, there was reason to fear, might result in the whole of them being disposed of to the highest bidder. Fortunately the person to whose care the captives were now committed (Saleh Mahommed Khan) was found, like other Affghans, to be extremely fond of money; and on being guaranteed a handsome sum in hand, along with a monthly allowance of £100 from the British government, he agreed to betray his trust, and to release the captives. The arrangement was happily completed in time; for Saleh Mahommed had express orders to set out that very night on his route to Khooloom, arrived at which, his charge would have been wholly beyond British interference. Still there was considerable danger. The protecting force was inconsiderable, and should any of the troops of Akhbar Khan be roaming in the direction, the party might have been recaptured. Saleh Mahommed had procured a small supply of muskets to distribute amongst the Europeans, who, to their shame, refused to accept them. Then the spirit of Lady Sale broke forth. On the men making no answer to the offer, the heroine said to Captain Lawrence—'You had better give *me* one, and I will head the party.' But the soldiers made amends for their cowardice by next day accepting the arms; and the party now marched back in the direction of Cabul. They continued their backward movement till the 19th of August, when they were delighted by the arrival of Sir Richmond Shakspeare with 700 Kuzzilbash horsemen, who had been sent forward by General Pollock immediately on his approach to Cabul. The conclusion of all danger was now fast approaching. General Sale himself, with a large force, had also been dispatched from Cabul; and on the 20th August, after a separation of nearly ten months, he had the inexpressible pleasure of again embracing his lost wife and child. We must give the description of the meeting in Lady Sale's own words:—'We had proceeded but a short way on our journey when a horseman arrived with a note informing us that Sale was close at hand with a brigade. I had had fever hanging about me for some days; and being scarce able to sit on my horse, had taken my place in a *rujava*; the horrid motion of which had made me feel ten times worse than before I entered it. But this news renovated my strength. I shook off fever and all ills; and anxiously awaited his arrival, of which a cloud of dust was the forerunner. He had left Siah Sung, two miles east of Cabul, and made a forced march on the 19th (his sixtieth birthday) to Urghundee; he halted there that night, and on the following morning left his camp standing and marched to meet us. At the pass near Kote Ashruffe he left his infantry to hold the position, and proceeded at the head of the 3d dragoons. A party of Sultan Jan's men were in this neighbourhood; and some Kokhes in the immediate vicinity were driven off by the Kuzzilbashes. Had we not received assistance, our recapture was certain; but as it was, they dared not attack the force they saw. It is impossible to express our feelings on Sale's approach. To my daughter and myself happiness so long delayed as to be almost unexpected, was actually painful, and accompanied by a choking sensation, which could not obtain the relief of tears. When we arrived where the infantry were posted, they cheered all the captives as they passed them, and the men of the 13th (Sale's regiment) pressed forward to welcome us individually. Most of the men had a hearty word of congratulation to offer, each in his own style, on the restoration of his colonel's wife and daughter; and then my highly wrought feelings found the desired relief, and I could scarcely speak to thank the soldiers for their sympathy; while the long withheld tears now found their course.'

At the time of this joyful release, the captives included a considerable number of persons, who had joined the main body at different intervals. The females were ladies Macnaghten and Sale, besides the wives of five officers and of three privates. There were also General Skelton, Colonel Palmer, Majors Pottinger and Griffiths, twelve captains, three surgeons, nine lieutenants, three ensigns, and twenty-eight non-commissioned officers and soldiers. The whole party arrived in camp on the evening of the 21st August, and were received with every demonstration of welcome by their friends and comrades.

In conclusion, we may add that Shah-Soojah, after the departure of his allies from Cabul, was for a time allowed to exercise supreme authority; but being betrayed into an ambush by some of the partizans of Dost Mahomed, he was set upon and treacherously shot. One of his sons, Futteh Jung, immediately assumed the sovereignty. During these transactions, Akhbar Khan had been engaged (only too successfully) in the destruction of the British army, then on its homeward march; and on the accomplishment of his object, he hastened to the capital, where he besieged and took the Bala Hissar. But not wishing at the time to undertake the responsibility of king, the wily Affghan contented himself with remaining as chief minister to Futteh Jung, whom he allowed to retain only the shadow of sovereign power. Futteh Jung, however, finding himself in the position rather of a state prisoner than king, made his escape; to be again replaced by the ruler who had sat on the throne previous to British interference, and to dispossess whom of his dominions all this vast quantity of blood and treasure had been wasted. Dost Mahomed now quietly reigns in Cabul, and his famous son, Akhbar Khan, has for some time resumed his old position as governor of Jellalabad.

## PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

### THE OCEAN.

THOUGH different parts of the large body of fluid matter on the surface of the globe are, for the sake of convenience, distinguished by different names, it is, properly speaking, a continuous mass, interrupted by continents, islands, and promontories. The ocean is computed to cover about *three-fourths* of our planet. It is chiefly remarkable, how unequally it stretches round the land which forms only *one-fourth* of the terraqueous whole. This is very observable

on rectifying a common terrestrial globe for London, which is easily done by noting the latitude of London, and raising the pole as far above the horizon as London is distant from the equator, and then bringing London to the meridian. It appears that all the land, with the exception of New Holland and a small part of South America, is above the horizon. When the globe is in this position, London is the pole, or, what may be better understood, if the northern hemisphere were projected on a map, London would be the centre, and consequently it is *the centre of almost all the land of the globe*. Every person is ready to admit that Britain's greatness is in no small degree owing to its insular situation; but does not the fact of its central position impress the mind with something like a conviction, that as it seems best adapted for being the focus of commercial enterprise, so it must be destined to become the radiant point whence is to proceed the light which will one day pierce the dread darkness of superstition and idolatry? The distribution of land and water appears to be no less unequal, if we consider the arrangement in the northern and southern hemispheres formed by the equator, as fully *three-fourths* of the land is in the north, and scarcely *one-fourth* in the south. A knowledge of this fact led many about the middle of last century to conclude, that there must be a great extent of land towards the south pole, in order to counterbalance that in the north. It has been proved by the voyages of Cook and others, that such is not the case, and that in the high southern latitudes there are only a few islands. As it is impossible to ascertain correctly the general depth of the ocean, so it is extremely difficult to find its exact depth in any particular place. In consequence of the under-currents and increasing density of the water, no lead can be made so heavy as to sound beyond a certain depth. It is believed that the bed of the ocean very much resembles the land in inequalities of surface, and that it also consists of hills and valleys. The depth of the sea along the coast, generally corresponds with the height of the shore; where the land is high and rocky the sea is found to be deep, and shallow where the other is low and level. Accordingly, from analogy, it has been supposed, that as the highest mountains extend to a height of nearly *thirty thousand feet*, the extreme depth of the sea may not be less than four or five miles. Mr Scoresby states that, in the North Sea, he sounded 7200 feet, and this is the most that has ever been done. Estimating the surface of the globe at *two hundred millions* of square miles, and that the sea covers *three-fourths* of it, or a hundred and fifty millions of miles, if we suppose the average depth *two miles*, the whole quantity of water will amount to *three hundred millions* of cubical miles. La Place observes, that if the ocean were increased by one-fourth, the world be submerged, and were it diminished in the same proportion, there would be a deficiency of moisture—the largest rivers would dwindle into brooks, vegetation would languish and decay, and the earth, instead of being a scene of fertility and beauty, would become a bare and barren wilderness. Ample as are the boundaries of the ocean, its extent seems nicely adapted to the economy of nature, and the same hand that gems the tiny flower with the sparkling pearl of the morning, wields the heaving bosom of the waters, and confines them within their capacious channel.

It is a property of every fluid body, whatever be its extent, that since its particles press equally in all directions, its surface, when not operated on by external causes, becomes a uniform level. From this it might be inferred, that the sea, exclusive of the fluctuations of the tides, would have an entirely level surface. Such, however, is not the case, owing to local peculiarities. The difference of the level is chiefly observable in gulfs and inland seas, especially in those whose openings are towards the east. In consequence of the earth's rotation, the waters have an *apparent* general motion from east to west, and being thereby forced into those inlets, their level becomes higher than that of the general body. The French engineers, when in Egypt, observed that the waters of the Red Sea, towards the east of the Isthmus of Suez, were 32½ feet higher than those of the Mediterranean on the opposite side of the isthmus. Humboldt concludes from observations made by him when on the Isthmus of Panama, that the waters of the Gulf of Mexico were from 20 to 23 feet higher than those of the Pacific on the other side. The water which rises from the Mediterranean by evaporation is said to be three times more than all that runs into it from rivers; and hence its surface is always lower than that of the Atlantic, from which a current constantly flows into it at Gibraltar. There are from three to six feet between the level of it and that of the Atlantic on the opposite sides of France. The Baltic and Black Sea, which are almost lakes, rise in spring, in consequence of the greater abundance of water brought into them at that season by the rivers. The difference between the level of the Baltic and of the North Sea, on the opposite sides of Jutland, is about a foot.

The saltness of the sea is one of its most obvious peculiarities, and has in all ages attracted considerable attention. Its water has been analysed with chemical accuracy, and is found to contain several extraneous substances, the principal of which are muriate of soda or common salt, muriate of magnesia, and sulphate of lime. It may be considered certain, from the nicety of the investigations and the closeness of the results, that the proportion of saline matter in the waters of the sea is the same in all parts, and that the slight differences which have been discovered, are attributable to local causes easily accounted for. The quantity of saline matter in the waters which have been examined, varies from *one twenty-fourth* to *one thirtieth* of their *weight*. The saltness appears to be somewhat less towards the poles than within the tropics; but this may be accounted for from the circumstance, that in the tropical regions there is a great and constant evaporation, and as the fresh waters of the rivers evaporate more readily than those of the sea, they here possess less influence in diminishing the saltness than in the high polar latitudes, where there is scarcely any evaporation. The melting of the ice in the polar regions is supposed to have some effect in producing the difference which has been observed. The coasts and inland seas are generally not so salt as the ocean, owing to the fresh water which flows into them from rivers. The Baltic is never so salt as the North Sea, and sometimes when the wind is so strong as almost to keep out the sea, the water is nearly fit for ordinary use. In the Frith of Forth, the saltness is only *one thirtieth*, but perhaps at a distance from the coast, the proportion is nowhere so small. Various theories have been formed, with the view of discovering, on scientific principles, the cause of the saltness of the sea. Since these have all proved unsatisfactory, most people are now content to believe, that, as in many of the works of nature, it is easier to perceive its advantages than to find out a satisfactory cause. The saltness seems an essential quality of the water, which it, in all probability, received at the creation, and which has continued ever since without increase or diminution. We can no more assign an adequate natural cause for it, than we can tell why grass is green, or why fire burns. As it would be of vast consequence for those on long voyages to be able to deprive sea-water of its saltness, and render it fit for ordinary use, frequent attempts have been made to discover some means for the accomplishment of this important end. No plan, however, has yet entirely succeeded; the water cannot be rendered fresh by mere filtration, as the saltness, being a chemical quality, cannot be removed by mechanical agency. The saline property may be necessary for the prevention of putrescence; certainly it is of advantage in increasing the specific gravity of the sea, and thus, as it were, imparting a greater buoyancy to those bodies which float on its surface. The specific gravity of the purest spring water is 1.001; of sea-water, 1.028; and hence a ship is said to draw less water, or to float more easily, by *one thirty-fifth* in the sea than in fresh water. In consequence of this peculiarity, sea-water does not freeze till the thermometer descends to 28 degrees Fahrenheit, while common water freezes at 32.

The temperature of the sea, like that of air, is liable to

be affected by seasons, but less so than the air, as water is a worse conductor of heat. In five observations made by different individuals on the waters of the Atlantic within the tropics, in different years, at periods varying from February to November, the temperature ranged from 80.78 to 82.40 deg. averaging 81.57 deg., while the mean temperature of the air, in the basin of the sea, was found by Cook to be 80.6 deg. From five observations made between 25 and 28 deg. N. lat., the average of the sea was 71.4 deg., of the air 69.8 deg. From these it appears that the temperature of the sea, in these regions, is a little higher than that of the superincumbent air. As the solar rays do not penetrate beyond 300 feet, water being a bad conductor of heat, and as the water on the surface, when colder than that below, descends, and the warmer ascends, the temperature decreases with the depth. In the Caribbean Sea, the temperature was found to fall 36 deg. at a great depth. In the frigid zones, however, the water has been found to be warmer below than at the surface. In the Greenland seas, Scoresby found it six or seven degrees warmer at the depth of 200 fathoms than at the surface. Within the tropics there is no difference between the temperature in the northern and southern hemispheres, there is scarcely any for 30 degrees, but beyond that it decreases more rapidly towards the south, owing to the greater extent of ice in the neighbourhood of the south pole. There is much more land towards the north than the south pole, and the ice is found to extend five or six degrees farther in the Antartic than in the Arctic regions. The temperature of the sea, in particular places, is greatly affected by currents, which mingle the waters of different regions and depths. Humboldt found the waters in the Gulf Stream 72½ deg. Fah.; when out of the current, the water did not exceed 63½ deg. On the contrary, the current on the coast of Chili is colder than the surrounding waters. Those only who have felt the enervating influence of tropical climes can properly appreciate the refreshing and bracing effect of the grateful sea-breeze.

When a small quantity of the water of the sea is examined, it possesses no colour, but the sea itself is, in general, of a bluish-green colour. The colour of bodies is found to depend on their respective capacities of absorbing or reflecting light. Those bodies are black which absorb all the light that falls upon them, and those are white which reflect it all unchanged. The intermediate hues and tints are produced by the various proportions in which the different calorific rays are absorbed or reflected. It appears that masses of transparent fluids—as the sea and the air—reflect chiefly the blue rays, and hence their colour is a deep azure. Though this is the general colour of the sea, yet in many particular places it is much altered by local causes. The extraneous matter brought down by rivers, the nature of the soil in the bed of the sea, and especially living vegetables and animals, greatly affect the colour, and produce considerable variety. The particular colour of the Yellow Sea is ascertained to arise from the immense quantity of yellow-coloured mud which is brought down and deposited in its basin by the Hoang-ho. The Red Sea and several other parts of the ocean, sometimes present the appearance of a blood-red, which is caused by the presence of marine vegetables. The sea is said to be white in the Gulf of Guinea, and black around the Maldine Islands. The phosphorescence of the sea, long a subject of inquiry and speculation, is now ascertained to be occasioned by the presence of luminous animalculæ. Voyagers describe the scene as truly magnificent. The sea appears one unbroken sheet of flame, and the ship seems to plough her course through waters sparkling with living fire.

### THE GUANO FOWL.

The following account of the guano fowl, in the island of Malagas, near South Africa, is given in the new number of the Periodical Accounts of Missions of the United (Moravian) Brethren:—'We had a visit from Mr Hertzog, a surveyor, who had been sent to Saldanha Bay by government, in order to see whether the small island of Malagas contained sufficient guano to make it worth while to despatch a ship thither. He stated to me, that the fowls called Malagas, after the name of the island, were so numerous that he had scarcely room to set his foot down, and their nests covered the island. He estimated the guano at 60,000 tons, which lay piled up to the height of twenty-two feet, resembling snuff in colour and appearance. One of the fowls he brought with him. Its plumage was of a dirty white; it was about the size of a young goose, with a long neck and pointed bill. They appear to be of exactly the same species with those on the island of Ichaboe.'

### ON A DROWNED CHILD.

As ane childe sat laffin on ane bank,
And eke ane merry childe was hee,
'Mong the daffodils and willows dank,
That growe by the river Dee,

He placed ane foot in the crystall wave,
And another on the lea;
For he long'd his snowy limbs to lave
In the waters of the Dee.

The heedless childe—his desperate skreme,
As ane in jeopardie,
Was heard arise from the gulphie streme,
By them of the pleasant Dee.

Now rolls the wave o'er his bodie pale,
As it flows on to the sea;
And brother and sister have raised their wail,
On the banks of the fearefull Dee.

Full loud the bells of St Cuthbert's rung,
As they bore him o'er the lea;
And the priests misereres duly sung,
For him 'neath the lonesome Dee.

But his sinless spirite hath joyous flowne
To the bowers of sanctitie,
To sport by luvlier waters he's gone,
Than those of the luvlie Dee.

### THE PERSECUTOR'S GRAVE.

BY DAVID VEDDER.

The dew may fall at gloaming grey,
And moonbeams light the scene,
But the turf that wraps thy mouldering clay
Shall ne'er be green.

No floweret fair shall ever mock
The grave where thy carcass lies;
But birds obscene shall nightly croak
Thine obsequies.

No merle nor mavis ere shall sing
Where thy vile relics rot;
And the lark shall cease its carolling
When near the spot.

No sportive lambs that mound shall grace,
Nor insects dance in air;
And bees shall shun th' unhallow'd place,—
There's poison there.

The hare shall still avoid that ground,
Though hunters press behind;
But there the furious rabid hound
Shall shelter find.

The reptile on this blighted knoll
Shall yearly spawn its young;
And the adder every day shall loll
It's forked tongue.

By death's unerring javelin hush'd,
Beneath this blasted sod
He sleeps, who, like a demon, crush'd
The saints of God.

### A HINT TO THE QUERULOUS.

Whenever you feel inclined to betray vexation of spirit, call to mind the Arabian apologue—'I was continually complaining of the strokes of fate and the severity of men. I was without shoes, and possessed of no money to purchase any. I one day went to the Mosque of Dances, and there I beheld a man who had lost both legs: I praised God, and I no longer complained of wanting shoes.'

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## CHRONOMETERS.

THE present paper is intended to convey a popular and familiar explanation of certain terms, with which but few of the reading portion of the community are unacquainted, and at the same time to show the advantages which accrue to mankind from the cultivation of the exact sciences. Astronomy, in the belief of many persons, is nothing more than a stupendous system of star-gazing; they have not the remotest idea that it is in any way connected with the details or conveniences of common life; that it serves any other purpose than that of exciting wonder in human arrangements. The brief sketch which these remarks are intended to introduce will, it is hoped, show the great value of abstruse science when brought to bear upon industrial and commercial economy.

Among the great and marvellous productions of mechanical science, the art of measuring time holds an eminent rank, as much by its utility, the extent and variety of the inventions adapted to it, as by the genius of its conceptions. The first epoch in the history of this art, which dates from a very early period, was the invention of toothed wheels; the inventor is unknown, and the first notice we have of them is of their use by Ctesibus, who lived 250 years before the Christian era. After this came the introduction of the balance-wheel; and, in the fifteenth century, clocks indicating seconds, which were used by Tycho Brahe in his astronomical observations. The next discovery of any importance was that of the spring as a substitute for the weight, about the middle of the sixteenth; and that of the pendulum, by Galileo, in the early part of the seventeenth century. Then successively appeared the regulating balance; new escapements; the compensating pendulum; and last, the construction of chronometers, in the middle of the eighteenth century.

To the celebrated Huygens, who died in the year 1695, is due the invention of the spiral, and the substitution of the pendulum for the balance—two objects most essential in the measurement of time; he was also the first to propose the use of marine timekeepers, of which several, made under his superintendence, and tried in 1664, were the first ever employed upon the ocean. Scientific men were generally of opinion that finding the time by chronometers was the most simple method, and within the comprehension of every mariner. But the more useful this method appeared, the more uncertain seemed the hope of constructing timekeepers with such a degree of exactitude that vessels might be, as it were, left to their guidance; the discovery was thought to be as improbable as that of the philosopher's stone, and it is only since the art of horology has reached so high a degree of perfection, extending over a period of nearly two centuries, that confidence has been established. There are now but few countries that do not boast of their makers of timekeepers.

The discovery of an efficacious means of determining the longitude at sea, has been for many centuries a distinguished object of research to mechanicians and men of science. This famous problem may be thus rendered: the hour of the ship's place being ascertained, to find what hour it is at the same instant at a place whose longitude is already known. The difference of these hours reduced to degrees will give the longitude of the ship. This is the first and most obvious use to be made of this knowledge, but another not less essential is the power of rectifying the position of the various ports, islands, rocks, or hidden dangers, from which accurate charts may be constructed for the guidance and safety of the navigator. For the exact determination of the real absolute position of any place upon the globe, and its relative position to other places, it is necessary to know the distance from the place in question to the pole or to the equator, taken directly north and south, which distance is termed the *latitude;* and the distance of the same place from any other known place on a line parallel with the equator, or in other words, the difference, east or west, between the meridian of the ship and of some known meridian, which may be chosen arbitrarily for the first or starting point, this difference, expressed in time and degrees, is known as the *longitude.* The determination of the latitude of any place is easy, because the heavens present fixed points which serve as measures of distance. It is not, however, so easy to determine the difference of the meridians, owing to the rotation of the earth upon its axis, which, being in the same direction as that in which the longitude is reckoned, prevents the possibility of making use of a fixed celestial position. On land the meridian of a place is ascertained by cotemporaneous observation of the same celestial phenomena, but the advantages offered by astronomy do not admit of application with equal facility in navigation.

Chronometrical observations, as before observed, were proved to offer greater facilities than astronomical, since every seaman is not an astronomer, and it would not be easy to find astronomers willing to go to sea on every voyage. The difficulty of this method consists simply in the construction of a timekeeper which will always maintain the same rate of going, whatever may be the agitation of the vessel, the changes of temperature, or the variation caused by friction. But with an instrument in which these impediments are overcome the longitude may always be determined. For if, in departing from a place whose meridian is known, the chronometer is set to the hour of

that place, and after two months of sailing it is desired to know the longitude of the vessel, it will be required merely to find the hour at the place of the ship, for which astronomy furnishes certain methods, principally by observations of the height of the sun, and to compare this hour with the time indicated by the chronometer, which, if it be good, will show the exact time at the place of departure; the difference of hours will give the difference of longitude. If there be one hour of difference between the two places, it will be certain that there are 15 degrees of difference between the meridian of the ship and that of the place of departure, since the circumference of the earth being divided into 360 degrees, and the earth revolving once in twenty-four hours, one hour will be equivalent to 15 degrees of longitude, and four minutes of time to one degree.

The importance of the question, as might be expected, led to a multitude of schemes and inventions for its determination. The marine chair was a contrivance for enabling an observer to sit always in an upright position, by which means it was expected he would be enabled to keep a star or any other object in the field of his telescope. The marine table was a similar contrivance, on which an astronomical clock would always stand erect, and thus show the true time; but the continual, and, at times, violent motion of the vessel, completely proved the inefficiency of these inventions. Observations of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, it was next affirmed, would afford a sure means of calculating the longitude; these, however, being dependent on the clearness of the atmosphere, were too uncertain for practical purposes; lunar observations were more generally useful, yet an error of two minutes in an observation would be equal to nearly a degree of longitude. Attempts were also made to determine the latitude by the variations of the magnetic needle, of which, in some few instances, a declination of four degrees corresponded to five degrees of longitude; but although the needle answers to this calculation in some latitudes, in others no dependence can be placed upon its indications.

It was thus reserved for mechanical skill to determine the problem of knowing at the same time the hour at the place of the vessel and that of the place of departure. The simplicity of the method of ascertaining this by the chronometer decided Newton on placing it at the head of all those which had been recommended to mariners, and in this view he laid it before the committee assembled in London in 1714, which included several of the most celebrated scientific men of the day. The limits of error were then fixed; and by the authority of Parliament a reward of £20,000 was offered for the determination of the longitude at sea within *half a degree*, with smaller prizes for an error of two-thirds or a whole degree. Other European governments also proposed rewards, which excited the most persevering efforts of those engaged in the inquiry.

In 1720, the Academy of Sciences at Paris announced a prize for the solution of the question, 'What will be the most perfect method of maintaining equal movements of the pendulum at sea, either in the construction of the machine or by suspension?' This was followed, in 1726, by the publication by Sully, a famous horologer, of the description of a newly invented clock for the accurate measure of time at sea. In 1745, the academy proposed another prize for 'the best manner of finding the hour at sea, either in the day, evening, or especially in the night, when the horizon is not visible.' The same institution published a statement in 1769, in which they express their wish 'that the watches, clocks, or instruments be not subject, if possible, to a derangement of more than two minutes in six weeks, in order that they may show the longitude to half a degree nearly within that space of time.' After this several chronometers were completed by Ferdinand Berthoud, and submitted to the academy, under whose authority two expeditions were first fitted out for the purpose of testing the qualities of the instruments at sea in the years 1768-71.

In our own country, the celebrated Harrison, after having studied the treatise of Sully, directed his attention to the subject, and his first marine timepiece was tried in a voyage to Lisbon in 1736; in 1739 he had completed a second; and a third in 1741. In 1749, his inventions were rewarded by the award of the gold medal of the Royal Society; and in 1761 his fourth timepiece, in the form of a large carriage-clock, was submitted for trial in a voyage to Jamaica, undertaken by his son William, who left Portsmouth in November of that year, and arrived at Port Royal after a voyage of sixty-two days, when he determined the difference of the meridian of the two places within a minute and a quarter of measurement, an exactitude twenty-four times greater than was required by the act of parliament, which, as before observed, had fixed it at half a degree. So many clamorous objections were raised by the enemies of the new method of determining the longitude, that Mr Harrison was compelled to submit to a second proof before the payment of the reward. This was still more successful; the chronometer was compared with the time of an observatory immediately before the commencement of the voyage, and on its return, after a trial of 156 days, the loss was but fifteen seconds. The board of longitude then decided that this chronometer had gained the prize, which, however, they delayed to adjudge until the inventor should have made public the principles of its construction. On compliance with this regulation, the half of the sum originally voted was awarded to him; the other half was withheld until a chronometer, made after his model, should have indicated the longitude within the limits first prescribed. Mr Kendall, a clock-maker of London, was appointed to make the new timekeeper, on Harrison's principle, which, when completed, was placed on board the Resolution, commanded by Captain Cook, on his second voyage round the world; and, on the return of the enterprising navigator, the complete success of Harrison's principle was satisfactorily established.

The irregular and often violent motion of a ship was not the only difficulty to be overcome in the construction of chronometers; the constant change of temperature presented serious obstacles to regularity of movement; this would necessarily vary with every change of latitude. An instrument regulated for the latitude of 66 deg. 48 min. would lose about three minutes and a half daily at the equator. The heat, by rendering the spring longer, diminishes its power to a certain extent; while cold, on the contrary, by diminishing the length, augments the power. A scarcely perceptible difference of one-twelfth of a line in length, will cause the loss of a second every hour. The same effects of contraction and expansion were found to show themselves in the diameter of the balance, causing a consequent acceleration or retardation of its vibrations. Many modes of compensation have been tried to obviate this, and produce the *isochronous* or equal time movement. It is possible to make the balance contract with the heat and expand with the cold, and to equalise the elasticity of the spring; the action of different metals, firmly united, is the basis of the compensation, a point of great importance, as it is more essential that the going of a chronometer be uniform than that it be perfectly regular or follow exactly the apparent time. It is sufficient, in the use of these instruments, to know the quantity of gain or loss for each day upon the apparent time, in order that an account of the difference may be kept; a chronometer, therefore, which varies is not to be confounded with one unregulated: these two conditions are entirely different; that which varies is defective and cannot be regulated, while the other may be suitably regulated in the ordinary manner.

The use of marine timekeepers has given rise to numerous treatises on the principles of their construction as well as on the tools used in the process, in which an equal amount of ingenuity has perhaps been exercised. It is not, however, intended to attempt any description of the complicated machinery in this place; it may suffice for the object contemplated in the present article to state briefly the points which have received most attention in the discussions of scientific men, the principal being the great power of the balance, and the most perfect diminution of the friction of its pivots, with the nature of the escape-

ment, by which the friction, reduced to the most minute quantity, may be rendered constant, independently of the use of oil. The other parts of the subject were the constant force of the moving power, and the exact and constant compensation of the effects of heat and cold upon the regulator. The improvements introduced by Harrison were a second spring, which came into action and kept the chronometer going while the first was being wound up; and the compound form of the verge, or, as he termed it, the thermometer; this was made of two thin plates of metal, brass and steel, rivetted together in different places, by which arrangement the expansion and contraction of the brass undergheat and cold being greater than that of the steel, the verge became convex on the side of the brass when exposed to heat, and convex on the side of the steel in the opposite temperature, whence it follows that one of its extremities being fixed, the other would describe a movement corresponding to the variations of heat and cold. The spiral spring of the balance-wheel was connected with the moveable end of the verge, by which it was pressed alternately in proportion to its expansion or contraction, and consequently the length of the spiral was supposed to be permanently equalised, whatever might be the temperature in which it was placed, without the necessity of regulation by hand. Notwithstanding the improvements in Harrison's timekeeper, it was far from possessing the accuracy required by modern science. Other prizes, for further improvements, have at various times been proposed; two were awarded, in the reign of George III., to Earnshaw and Arnold; since which time, and especially within the last twenty years, the use of chronometers has rapidly increased, owing in a great measure to the exact determination of the difference of longitude between the observatories of Europe and other points important to geography. The progressive perfection of the higher branches of clockwork, with the general interest felt in the exact sciences, and, above all, the increased facility of communication, have powerfully contributed to extend the field of operation. In 1821, M. Schumacher, the Danish astronomer, gave the first example of a chronometrical determination of the difference of longitude between two fixed places, Hamburg and Copenhagen, to the fraction of a second. Chronometrical longitude, to be exact, requires the employment of a great number of timekeepers in the expeditions undertaken for its determination. The first of these was organised in 1824, when thirty-five chronometers were placed under the care of M. Fiarks, the astronomer, who, in the steamer selected for the occasion, crossed the North Sea six times, touching alternately at the fixed points, Greenwich, Altona, Heligoland, and Bremen, for the purpose of determining their relative longitude. A second expedition was undertaken in 1833, by the authority of the Emperor of Russia, to fix the longitude of the places most important to the navigation of the Baltic; in this fifty-six chronometers were used. Since that time the same means have been employed for ascertaining the relative longitude of Altona and Berlin, and Paris and Brussels, respectively with Greenwich. Still more recently, the determination of the longitude of Pulkowa being of great importance to the calculations of the Russian astronomers, it was resolved to take the necessary measures in the summer of 1843. As the difference of longitude between Greenwich and Altona was already known, the latter city was chosen as the point of communication from Pulkowa, the distance being 202 miles; eighty-six chronometers, obtained from various parts of Europe, were used in this expedition, to complete which seventeen voyages were necessary between the two places; but such was the exactitude of the observers, that the equations and comparisons were ascertained to the hundredth part of a second; and on the recent visit of M. Struve to this country, the difference of longitude between Greenwich and Pulkowa was satisfactorily determined.

In connexion with this subject, we may quote an instance of the determination of longitude without the transmission of chronometers. The places in question were Dublin and Armagh, which, although but sixty-eight miles apart, are unfavourably situated for comparison by signals. It was necessary to have some object which could be seen by the observers in each place at the same moment. A mountain was fixed on, Slieve Gullion, 1893 feet in height, eighteen miles from Armagh and fifty-one from Dublin, from the top of which seventy-six 2 lb. rockets, liberally supplied from Woolwich by the Board of Ordnance, were fired; of these only forty-two were observed simultaneously —a sufficient number, however, for the complete success of the experiment. It was afterwards proposed to fire similar rockets from the top of Plinlimmon, where, if they rose to a height of 800 feet they would be visible at Dublin, possibly at Oxford, at points on the west coast of Scotland which communicate with Ben Lomond, and from thence by powder signals with Edinburgh; certain practical difficulties have, however, prevented the carrying out of this project.

These are some of the interesting features of the progress of science and its application to practical purposes; we see it ever tending to elicit and establish truth as the only basis for further investigation. With the increased nicety demanded by vigorous research, we may have yet to record many important results of improvements in timekeepers.

## NOTES OF A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.*

We opened the present volume with those hopes of discovering general excellence in point of execution, which our acquaintance with Dr Alexander's other writings had a natural tendency to produce. That amiable and gifted individual has been long known to the public as one of the most attractive and fascinating theological writers of the day. Under the magic influence of his pen, subjects which, when discussed by merely ordinary authors, wear a dry and uninviting aspect, come forth fresh, vigorous, and racy, causing those who would never have been allured by the mere intrinsic value of their contents to read his volumes, simply for the pleasure which their polished style, ingenious argumentation, and not unfrequently novel and peculiar humour, communicates to the mind. The doctor's great aim in all his public achievements is, of course, utility. He strives, as the ambassador of Christianity should, to advance, by every possible means, the spiritual and eternal interests of his fellow-men. He is no half-and-half minister of the altar, cultivating alternately the applause of two parties, that of the sincerely religious the one day, and that of the purely literary the next. Whether from the platform, the pulpit, or the press, his voice gives forth a distinct and certain sound. He is the clergyman, in short, out-and-out; yet there is no moroseness about him. On the contrary, to entice his reader to peruse what is simply edifying, he does not scruple to treat him occasionally to what is simply amusing. The volume we are now about to notice was originally prepared to give the reader instruction about the present religious state of Switzerland. The publisher, however, after that part of it which has this exclusive reference was ready for the press, hinted, that were Dr Alexander to favour the public with a narrative of his personal adventures, it would give the book additional interest. The lure was successful. Cowper, as John Newton tells us in the admirable preface to the first edition of his poems, wished Table-Talk to be stuck in first, lest the seriousness of most of the other pieces might cause irreligious readers to stumble 'in limine,' and refuse to proceed; and in the famous jingling letter which he transmitted to his friend shortly after his publication appeared, he terms this 'baiting his trap, in hopes for to snap, all that may come with a sugar plum.' Anxious, in the same way, to get people to read the more serious portions of his volume, the worthy doctor consented to publish, from notes and memoranda written whilst travelling, what he modestly styles a

* Switzerland and the Swiss Churches; being Notes of a Short Tour, and Notices of the Principal Religious Bodies in that Country. By William Lindsay Alexander, D.D., F.S.A.S. Glasgow: James Maclehose. 1846.

little gossip, and for which rather archly he craves the reader's toleration. We excuse him from the very bottom of our hearts. We took up, as we said at the outset, his book with hopes considerably raised, and we have not been disappointed; on the contrary, it fills us with surprise, how one, whose severe theological and literary studies might have been supposed likely to disqualify him for the light, jaunty, and off-hand style of writing, which modern tourists are fond of indulging, should have been fully as successful in this new field, as he has heretofore been in the higher walks of serious lore. While he has prepared a volume which, to those who are feeling a deep interest in the religious state of Switzerland, must be possessed of incalculable value, seeing the information he gives was collected on the spot, he has, at the same time, furnished forth a banquet of exquisite relish and flavour to those whose tastes and dispositions little incline them to what is serious or weighty; he has done all this, to quote again from Cowper, not for 'popularity, but as well as he could in hopes to do good; and if the reviewer should say, to be sure, the gentleman's muse wears methodist shoes; and though he assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only his plan to catch, if he can, the giddy and gay, as they come that way. His opinion of this,' Dr Alexander, equally with the bard of Olney, will go on to exclaim—'his opinion of this will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend, my principal end; and if I succeed and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid for all I have said, and all I have done.' No longer to detain the reader, however, we proceed to justify our opinion by suitable extracts.

The first chapter, entitled 'Switzerland, ho!—Strasburg—Basle,' has the following attractive commencement:

'The country which is the subject of the present volume, may be justly regarded as, on many grounds, one of the most interesting in Europe. Nowhere does nature present a more imposing and attractive aspect than in Switzerland: her huge mountain ranges—her picturesque cities and villages—her fertile and verdant plains—her beautiful lakes—and the wonderful *combination* which she everywhere presents of the most different forms of scenery, have drawn to her the enthusiastic admiration of travellers and poets in all ages, and from all countries. The character, also, which her population has maintained from the earliest dawn of her history—as, with few exceptions, simple and industrious in peace, undaunted in war, and imbued with an unquenchable love of liberty—has secured for her a place in the heart of the philanthropist and the patriot, second to that of no other nation on the European continent. The historical associations, moreover, connected with almost every part of her territory, are such as the story of no other country can surpass in interest and romantic glory. And in the bosom of the Christian, whatever be the section of the church to which he may belong, the country where Zwingle and Calvin, Farel and Viret, Œcolampadius and Erasmus, wrote and laboured, cannot fail to awaken emotions of the liveliest interest. For myself, I can hardly say that I remember a time when Switzerland was not with me an object of interest. The story of the heroic Tell took possession of my mind in early childhood, and from that time onward I have been in the habit of regaling my imagination, and storing my memory from all sorts of sources, with whatever I could find relating to Swiss scenery, the Swiss people, or the history of their land. It was, therefore, with no common sense of pleasure, that after a fatiguing and hasty journey through Belgium and up the Rhine, with the scenery of which I was already familiar, I found myself, on the evening of the 2d of August last, in the ancient city of Strasburg, and within five hours of the confines of Switzerland.'

The picture of the famous city of Strasburg is drawn, we think, with admirable felicity of execution: 'Strasburg is a place replete with interest, and should not be hastily passed through, even by the traveller whose chief interest is associated with an ulterior object. Were it for nothing else, the place where John of Gutenberg discovered and matured his grand idea, and made his first attempts to reduce it to practice, by printing from metal types, deserves from any man who owes anything to books, the homage of a respectful visit. That man also must make little pretension to taste who can content himself with a mere hurried glance at that miracle of architectural skill, the cathedral of Strasburg, with its curious and almost coquettish veil of pillars and net-work, and its tower shooting up to a height not yet reached by any other work of man, yet in its graceful proportions and gossamer tracery, looking almost fragile—a true poem, a sparkling lyric in stone (if I may be forgiven the expression). The exquisite sculpture also, on the tomb of Marshal Saxe, in the church of St Thomas, demands a deliberate visit, and will repay it; in device and in execution it is evidently a masterpiece, however one may be disposed to cavil at some of the details, and especially at some of the adjuncts—the capsized lion, and the confounded leopard, for instance. The fortifications also of Strasburg are said to be worthy of notice, as in their kind pre-eminent; but of these, as well as of the far-famed *pâtés de foies gras*, for which Strasburg is also noted, I say nothing, as belonging to a department in which I am not sufficiently skilled to be either an interested advocate or a competent judge. The statue of old Gutenberg awakened more of my enthusiasm than that of Kleber, and I found no greater treat in Strasburg than that of strolling through the narrow streets and admiring the fantastic architecture which everywhere in the olden part of the city meets the eye, and gazing at the solemn and stiff forms of the storks perched upon the summits of the high roofs, and when seen against the sky at evening, looking like unearthly sentinels placed to give tidings of coming danger to the inmates. To me these seemed objects of deeper interest than all the curiosities which the scarps and counterscarps, the revalines and fosses of Vauban could unfold.'

The day following that in which he reached Strasburg being Sunday, the doctor entered the cathedral and heard mass; from thence he hastened to the Reformed church, and there experienced an adventure which he records for the reader's amusement, though the laugh turns rather against himself:

'From the cathedral I hastened to the Reformed church, which, however, in consequence of taking a wrong road, I did not reach till service had commenced. On my arrival, I made another blunder through ignorance; I entered by the door appropriated to the ladies, and placed myself (very much, I fear, to the scandal of some of the straiter worshippers) in a pew, the door of which stood invitingly open, in the very midst of the seats occupied only by the gentler sex. I saw something was wrong, but being so little accustomed to this barbarous custom of dividing the sexes in the house of God, it did not occur to me that any thing else than my late entrance had drawn upon me the strange looks, and excited around me the suppressed smiles of which I could not but be conscious. At length I perceived how completely I was 'alone in my glory,' so far as my own sex was concerned, a few bearded members of which sat by themselves in a very comfortless part of the church; but whilst I felt that I was an intruder, I felt, also, that it was too late to alter my position without rendering myself still more ridiculous, and, consequently, I resolutely kept my place till the close of the service.'

After sermon, he pays a visit to Professor Cuvier, who receives him with great cordiality; and at the close of a day which must ever be delightful to Dr Alexander's readers, he thus expresses himself:—'I cannot say that I felt quite satisfied at the close of the day with the manner in which I had spent it. I felt it strange, that of three places of worship I had visited, the only one in which a sermon had been provided for the people was a Roman Catholic cathedral, whilst, in the Protestant places, the time should have been occupied in exercises, which, however important in themselves, were not the most adapted to the purposes for which the Lord's day is

observed in the Christian church. I believe, however, that amongst the Protestants in Strasburg there is much real piety and life; and this I rejoice to add, that I never saw the Sabbath better observed outwardly in any French town than it is at Strasburg: throughout the day, all the shops, with the exception of those of some tobacconists and confectioners, and those kept by Jews, were closed. In the evening, it is true, there was abundant promenading and gaiety in the streets, and, at a later hour, plentiful indications that the state of morals at Strasburg is not the most elevated; but, bating these, the preponderance is still in favour of the religious superiority of this place to most others in the kingdom of which it forms a part. The religious institutions, also, are numerous and well conducted, especially the Bible Society.'

From Strasburg, the doctor proceeds to Basle, where, he says, there is not much to detain the mere tourist. 'When he has surveyed its narrow and crooked streets—ascended the steep which is crowned by its heavy and ungraceful minster—admired the Rhine, rolling its bright blue waters below—visited the public library and Holbein's gallery—looked into the Rathaus, and taken a stroll round the environs, he has exhausted all of interest that Basle has to offer for him. But to those who have time and inclination to examine the literary and religious institutions of the city, it has much calculated to attract and to please. During the few days I spent there I did not find any lack of occupation, though the season being that of the recess, I missed seeing several of the men whom I was anxious to visit, as well as the opportunity of witnessing the practical working of some of the institutions. To every one who makes the slightest pretensions to scholarship, or is imbued with any love of science, the University of Basle cannot fail to be an object of interest. The place where Erasmus, Beatus Rhenanus, Grynæus, Sebastian Münster, and their associates and successors, opened the fountains of ancient learning, disseminated a taste for exact and elegant scholarship, and laid broad and deep the foundations on which the stately edifice of modern European literature chiefly rests, cannot be visited without strong emotion by every scholar, however humble his own attainments. Here too, also, in later times, the philosophic Euler and the acute Bernouillis presided in the school of science, and prosecuted those exquisite processes which have secured for them so lofty a place in the temple of fame. At present the university maintains, if not its ancient pre-eminence, at least a highly respectable place among the learned institutions of Europe. In the cloisters behind the minster most of the former notables of Basle lie interred. It is open to the public; and as during my stay in Basle the weather was very wet, I frequently betook myself thither when I wanted a quiet and meditative stroll. Excepting the inscriptions on a few of the tombs, I did not discover in it any object of peculiar interest; but the place was sheltered and solitary, and, besides, it was classic ground. Here Erasmus was wont to walk in meditative solitude, or surrounded by a chorus of congenial spirits, with whom he indulged in sportive colloquy or in earnest and high-seasoned debate. Here, too, Œcolampadius delighted to study, than whom, I know not that any of the Reformers bears a more spotless and honourable name. And here, too, have many besides, of great mind and stout heart, in the days that are gone, pondered, and conversed, and prayed. It is a place where high thoughts and firm purposes might well be born and fostered. Dimly lighted, seldom frequented, with no sound penetrating it save the monotonous rushing of the impetuous Rhine, heard from a distance, or the solemn caw of the steeple-haunting rook; and tenanted only by the remains and the monuments of the dead—it is a place from which the giddy and the profane will flee, but where those who have learned to commune with their own hearts and with God, will find it pleasant and profitable to resort.'

The description of the deathbed of the famous Œcolampadius is positively sublime:—'Against this latter wall, I judge, was placed the couch of Œcolampadius; and at these windows entered those morning rays amid which his spirit passed away. It is a brave and hallowed story that of the deathbed scene of Œcolampadius! As night gathered, and the rumour spread that the reformer would not live till the morning, the ministers of Basle, to the number of ten, hastened to his presence. Already, on a former occasion, he had given them his dying charge, beseeching them to be men of light and men of love; now he said but little, as he desired to remain calm and still. 'Do you bring any tidings?' exclaimed he to a person of rank who entered the room; the answer was in the negative. A feeling of self-reproach seemed to cross his mind for asking such a question at such a moment, and he said hastily, 'But I—I shall soon be with my Lord.' By and by, one asked him whether the light of the lamp did not annoy him; laying his hand on his heart, he exclaimed, 'Here, here is where I have enough of light.' At length the day began to dawn; in a feeble voice he chanted the 51st psalm; and then heaving a sigh he said, 'Lord Jesus, come to my help.' He spoke no more, but quietly breathed his last. The sun now poured his rays into the chamber, but they fell on that inanimate corpse, and on the pale and weeping friends who, with uplifted hands, were kneeling around his couch.'

Leaving Basle after a sojourn of three days, Dr Alexander proceeds to Neufchatel and Lausanne. The following is a specimen of his 'pencillings by the way:'—The night was clear and the moon bright. 'We could distinctly enough perceive the romantic and varying character of the scenery—at one time the rugged barrier of rock rising on each side of the road, and in many places almost overhanging it, with the brattling stream that dashed along its base on one side, and the spectre-like figures of the pines that shot up out of crevices, and caught upon their branches a silvery hue from the pale moonbeams; at another, the open meadow embosomed in hills wooded to the top, with its cottages, fields, and gardens. We saw enough, certainly, to make us ardently wish to have seen more, for doubtless much of the beauty of the scene was necessarily hid from our view.' Again—'The day was one of the finest of the season, and in going and returning I enjoyed the full view of the Alps, so far as they can be seen from the road. The 'monarch of mountains' stood completely unveiled—his snowy peak glistening in the bright sunshine, and with his attendant satellites in full divan around him. In the evening the sunshine was such as to call forth the most animated expressions of wonder and delight, even from the natives, accustomed as they are to such sights. Description is out of the question—I will not attempt it. Let me instead quote the glowing lines of Moore, inspired by the same sight from another point:—

'I stood entranced and mute, as they'
Of Israel think th' assembled world
Will stand upon that awful day,
When the ark's light, aloft unfurl'd,
Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign!

Mighty Mont Blanc! thou wert to me
That minute with thy brow in heaven
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget—
The ecstacy that thrilled me then.'

The doctor's own prose is almost as poetical, we think, as the versification itself of the Irish minstrel.

On the 12th of August, Dr Alexander left Lausanne by a steamer for Geneva, but, as the day was drizzly and wet, he had little opportunity for admiring the scenery of the lake. He arrived at the time when the Helvetic Natural Society was holding its annual session in that city. The doctor attended one of their meetings, and dined with the society at its close. This is amusing—'After dinner we had abundance of speeches, toasts, and songs. The last were generally the composition of the party by whom they were sung, or rather, I should say, chanted in a sort of recitation, for singing it could hardly be called.

I brought some of these away with me, which the authors had thought fit to print; but I shall not insert any of them here, as I cannot bring myself to believe that the perusal of them would inspire my readers with any very elevated conceptions of the festive poetry of Switzerland. The most interesting event during this part of the day's proceedings, was the drinking of the health of Agassiz, in connexion with his intended visit to America. A warm eulogium was pronounced upon him by the gentleman who proposed the toast, and which was enthusiastically responded to by the meeting. The reply of Agassiz was admirable, frank, modest, and hearty.'

Geneva is well described; but we can only afford space for the following—'Sunday, the 17th August, I spent in Geneva. To a Scotchman, such an event occurring for the first time can hardly fail to be fraught with interest, unless he be either marvellously torpid or shamefully uninformed. It vividly recalls the times of the Reformation, when the religious relations of Geneva and Scotland were so intimate and so important—when Scotchmen sought an asylum in this hospitable city from the rage of Popish persecution at home, and returned from it laden with those precious treasures of divine learning, which have, through God's blessing, so wondrously enriched and blessed their native land. Here Knox found a home and a friend; here, in conjunction with the illustrious Calvin, he matured his theological opinions, and settled in his mind the principles of his ecclesiastical polity; and here he formed the resolution and the scheme of that bold and vast reform in the religious affairs of his own country, the accomplishment of which has invested his name with undying reverence in the memory of his nation. Here, too, that never-to-be-forgotten benefactor of his country, Melville, arrived as a humble pedestrian, with his Hebrew Bible in his belt, an unbefriended scholar, yet no beggar, for he had money in his purse, and a letter for Master Beza in his pocket, in whose society, and under whose patronage, he spent nearly five years of study and of service, accumulating those stores of secular and theological learning which enabled him to render to the religious interests of his country, services second only to those of Knox; and to its literary interests, services second to those of none. What Sabbaths those must have been in Geneva, when Knox and Calvin preached; and when Beza and Melville, laying aside their literary toils, and interrupting for a season their 'pleasant dalliance with the Muses,' would meet to refresh each other's mind with high converse about the things of God and his church! Such was the thought that took possession of my mind, as the morning light, pouring into my apartment, awoke me at an early hour to the consciousness that the Sabbath had dawned, and that I had to spend it in Geneva.'.

Leaving Geneva, he next enters the domain of the King of Sardinia; he describes the scenery as pleasing, but not greatly so. Arriving at Sallenches, he ordered dinner, and, whilst it was preparing, 'went out to enjoy the view of Mont Blanc from the bridge, which is said to be the best spot for contemplating the monarch in the vicinity of his throne. We were not a minute too early. As we took our place on the bridge, clouds were beginning to gather around the summit, and, in a few seconds, it was hid from our view. I observed, that before enveloping the summit, the clouds shaped themselves round it, taking exactly the form of its outline, and hanging over it for a moment, as if hesitating ere they audaciously wrapt it in their shroud.'

After enjoying for a day or two an excursion in its neighbourhood, the doctor returns to Geneva, spends a day or two more in its vicinity, gives admirable descriptions of the Swiss glaciers, and then bidding adieu to that interesting city, sets off for Berne on the 23d, which he reaches the following day. From Berne he sets out in a steamer for Neuhaus, which he reached a little after ten next morning. Here he hired a guide and paid a visit to the Swiss Alps. We could only give the reader a faint conception of the pleasure which this portion of the volume furnishes, and therefore shall not attempt it. Shortly afterwards, the doctor returned to Basle, and then bids adieu to Switzerland.

The portion of the volume which is intended, as the doctor says, for readers of a sterner temperament, now begins. By persons of all parties who take an interest in the striking religious revolutions which are at present taking place in the country which the author visited, this portion of the volume will be read with extreme avidity, as affording a clearer and more satisfactory view of the important subject than has heretofore been given. As the discussions to which such views give rise, however, do not exactly suit our columns, we conclude with the following admirable effort at accounting for the formation of the religious character and habits of the Swiss:—

'1. In the first place, *the exceedingly diversified physical aspect* of Switzerland must be borne in mind in considering the religious character and habits of her people. To what extent the general temperament and tendencies of a people are affected by the natural peculiarities of the country they inhabit, is a problem which has not yet been determinately solved. As to the general fact, however, there can be no doubt; it is satisfactorily established by the most copious induction of particulars. In a country like Switzerland, therefore, where we pass from the severity of a Norwegian or Siberian climate, through all the successive stages, to the genial warmth of an Italian sky, and where we descend from rocky elevations, on which it is only by the most unwearied industry, and by great skill, that a scanty crop can be extorted from the penurious soil, to rich and smiling plains where labour is almost superfluous, except when required to gather in the teeming produce of the generous earth, it is natural to expect that in making such transitions we should find the people giving indications in the diversities of their character, and habits, and tendencies, of the very different circumstances amid which they have been born and bred. Nor is such an expectation disappointed by facts. Let any person compare the general character of the people of the Alpine regions of Switzerland, with that of those inhabiting its plains, and he will not fail to be struck with the contrast which in many particulars they present. In the former he will mark a primitive simplicity, a bold sincerity, an earnest tenacity of established customs and modes of thought, a susceptibility of deep impressions from what strikes the imagination, an apathy towards what is merely intellectual and rational, and, in general, a tendency to prefer the old, the venerable, the romantic, the superstitious, and the solemn, to the new, the useful, the speculative, or the gay; whilst in the latter we detect nearly the reverse of all this—a lightness and clearness of intellect, little imagination, a love of speculation and change, a facility of adaptation to new circumstances, and often a reckless disregard of consequences in the pursuit of any course on which the people may feel themselves tempted to enter. Where such differences of temperament and habit exist in a nation, it is certain that if we would estimate aright their religious character, or solve satisfactorily the problems which the state of religion in their country presents, we must not lose sight of the effect which such differences will necessarily exert in modifying their spiritual life and actions.

'2. Another circumstance not to be overlooked in studying the religious development of the Swiss, *is the diversity of race* which exists among the people passing under that common appellation. In Switzerland, there are at least *four* distinct races, or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, we should call them sub-races; for there is no reason to suppose that they have not all originally sprung from the same great radical stock. These are the Helvetic, or Swiss Proper; the Alemannic, or German; the French; and the Italian.' The first of these, which must be regarded a very mixed race, resulting from a fusion of the ancient Helvetii with the Cimbri, Rhaetii, and other northern tribes, is principally found in the four forest cantons, as they are called, Schweitz, Uri, Zug, and Unterwalden, in the immediately adjoining cantons of Zürich, Glarus, and Appenzell, and in some parts of Valais

and the Oberland of Berne. The second occupies the cantons of Schaffhausen, Bâle, Berne, Soleure, and Argovia, and is found in the district of the Haut Valais. The third has its place chiefly in Neufchatel, Geneva, Freyburg, and the Pays de Vaud. And the last abound principally in Tessino, in some parts of the Valais and of the Grisons. In the other cantons the tribes appear to be so thoroughly mixed, that it is impossible to determine which predominates; and, indeed, in none of these can it be said that the blood of the people is altogether free from foreign mixture. It will nevertheless be found, however, that, upon the whole, the arrangement of races above suggested is in accordance with facts; and this being the case, we are entitled to assume the different descent of the people as a cause which will not be without its influence upon their general character. To what extent this cause operates, my information does not enable me exactly to say; but no one can travel in Switzerland, or attentively peruse the history of its people, without discovering that certain very obvious features of difference mark the descendants of these different races. The blunt, open, sturdy integrity of the Helvetie tribes, their love of real liberty, and their indifference to all speculative and theoretical forms of freedom which do not promise immediate practical advantage, their simplicity, industry, and steadfastness, all stand forth on the surface of their manners, habits, and history. Between them and the Alemannic tribe, the difference is not very marked; it consists chiefly in the greater reflectiveness and speculativeness of the latter as compared with the former. But the moment we pass among the French Swiss we perceive that a different family engages our attention. We find ourselves amongst a sharp, quick, vivacious people, inclining to flippancy, fond of pleasure, good-natured, but, when roused to passion, fierce, impetuous, and cruel, easily tempted to change, and apt to prefer a speculative prospect to an actual result. A short transit carries us from the French to the Italian part of the population, but the difference between the two is such as at once to strike our notice. We soon find that we are now amongst a people, taciturn, cautious, somewhat suspicious, inclining to indolence and sensuality, and concealing, under an almost torpid exterior, a deep fountain of fiery passion and impetuous emotion. Such are the constitutional varieties of the different tribes by which Switzerland has been peopled. That these varieties should affect the general tone and character of their religious affairs, will be anticipated by all who have considered the important bearing of original temperament upon all the intellectual and moral developments of individuals or nations.

'3. Another class of influences affecting the religious condition of the Swiss—inferior, indeed, in importance to those first mentioned, yet not to be altogether overlooked—consists in the *different forms of government under which the people of the different cantons live.* It cannot be doubted that the religion of a people is materially affected, as to its outward manifestations at least, by the political system under which that people is placed. The religion of Great Britain and that of the United States of America, are the same as regards the substance of the truths believed and the doctrines inculcated; but in respect of outward form and the phenomena arising out of the popular development of this religion, the difference between the influence of the republican institutions of the one country, and the monarchical and aristocratic institutions of the other, is strikingly apparent. Now in Switzerland there are, or perhaps it would be more safe to say, there have been four distinct forms of government among the different cantons. These are the pure democracy of the old forest cantons, where the people are their own legislators and their own rulers; the pure aristocracy which used to prevail in Zürich, Berne, Bâle, Geneva, &c., but which, since 1830, has been everywhere more or less invaded by popular institutions, with a few exceptions, such as Lucerne, where it seems still in a great measure to prevail; the mixed constitutions which since the time mentioned, the greater part of the cantons have enjoyed; and the somewhat anomalous constitution of the canton of Neufchatel, which, though one of the Swiss federal states, acknowledges as its sovereign the king of Prussia. In a country so divided, and, I may add, so distracted by political diversities, we must take into account the probable effect of such influences upon the religious habits and tendencies of the people, if we would not err in judging of their religious condition.'

## PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### JOHN FOSTER.

It were a difficult task to write a proper epitaph for Foster's tombstone; the small tablet would be slowly covered with the selected words which strove to mark out his individual qualities; the short lines would wait for the hesitating progress of the text, and at length, probably, the whole would be obliterated to give place to a common and vague index of departed worth. How much more difficult then must it be to attempt a full mental likeness—round, minute, and breathing as life, the original coming out in every touch and standing forth from the finish—a distinct apparition! In both cases, the shrinkings of felt incompetency would become greater if the imagination were to realise a piercing glance, falling incidentally from that mighty and keen spirit, upon the delineation, and disowning and falsifying it in something of the old scathing manner. In Foster's recently published diary, he refers to the conscious safety with which he could enter a company of neighbours. He had no fabled invisible coat; he needed it not for a wrapping, and was sufficiently hidden without any hypocrisy. They could form an accurate idea of his form, face, and dress, and the ladies might criticise these with shrewdness, though almost sure to pass over the black lustrous eyes; but his *character* was beyond either the penetration of their heads or the sympathy of their hearts, and 'the MAN smiled at them from behind his mask.' Their looks might wander, like disgusting insects, over his person, but had no insight into his mental and moral structure. They sent no ray into the recesses of his nature. To them his presence was but an occupant of one of the chairs in the room. So, out of his varied writings, fancy can picture him gazing with a defiant expression upon many a reader, 'You do not know me,' and treating the opinions formed, and the sketches made of him, much in the same way as he would have done the compliments or the censures of any in the aforesaid company. Yet Foster has left a distinct and hallowed image of himself in the minds of men. He may see it now in the morning-twilight of his fame, but ages will increase its vivid splendour, and make all the features radiant and animated. Generally it is at present faint but not fading, for he is a shade to what he will become after the lapse of years. In the darkness of popular ignorance, men converse less with substantial existences than with mere ghosts, and authors who are thin and bloodless spectres are kept in view; but when men awake to the light of day, these shadows vanish, and Foster emerges from obscurity—a real living body of intellect—dense enough not to evaporate. At present, he has everywhere enthusiastic students, who have yet caught too much of his independence to call themselves his disciples. Whilst they are pervaded by his influence, and cannot exorcise or 'lay' his spirit if they would, they refuse to

assent to one statement from a paper (understood to have been written by Isaac Taylor) in 'The North British Review,' that whilst Foster's *thoughts* are most valuable, his *opinions* are worthless. This is only true partially. Foster's opinions about *institutions* were often extravagant, but about *individual men* they were not more elaborate than accurate, as his sketches of Hall, Fox, &c., attest.

With deep and tender awe do we try a description of Foster, for our admiration of his genius is blended with reverence for his piety, and our subject is one of the prime of men without vanity, and of saints without cant.

In what Foster writes, we obtain a clear perception of his moral and mental character, without any help to it by the author. The '*he*' is most vividly apprehended, but not through the gratuitous exhibition of '*I*' on Foster's part. Foster's life throbs deep down in his subject, and it never comes to the surface to get its pulse felt. The author forgets himself. He speaks like one out of all relations with his race, so that whilst his thoughts are essentially native to his mind, and therefore reveal it, that mind seeks no self-display. With his perfect individuality, traced and indented with the strongest features, it is an image escaping from within, and not a stamp designed and struck by his own hands. There is not even (save his name on the title-page) a brief translation or acknowledgment of '*sum homo*' throughout all his close handling of human nature; and were it not for his 'diary' and 'correspondence,' we might question whether this man, who searched others with an eye which never lost them in any hiding-place, *yet considered and knew himself*.

Foster's mind was not of a scientific order, or at least not of a scientific culture. He saw and analysed abstract truth, but he wanted the faculty of generalisation in finding a law, and habits of alertness and industry in pursuing relations. Capable of laying hold of any subtle idea which Coleridge reached or could reach, there, for the time, he was stationary, and could not, like Coleridge, sweep in the ecstacy of intuition or quickest invention, around all its connexions, and name the one natural chord of harmony. Respecting physical science, he was but like other unprofessional men, taking his creed, without investigation, from manuals, &c.; but it is of his deficient capacities for *moral and mental* science, that it is either interesting or necessary to speak. He was far greater than a dry metaphysician, moralist, or theologian, with their sheaves of classified facts standing up on the shorn field; but something less than a philosopher, with his seminal principles of universal growth. This Foster strongly felt, and hence his preference, beyond degrees, of Coleridge to Robert Hall, of whose critique on the 'Essays,' the introduction upon so-called philosophy must have looked artificial enough.

Taking Foster's mind out from the scientific order, what are its characteristics? An imagination of original quality, which expatiates in the region of the grand and the awful more than of the beautiful, an intellect subserving it by vigorous and shrewd faculties for surveying, collecting, discriminating, and elaborating, and the most sensitive moral and social nature. It was a perfect constitution, and might thus be figuratively expressed: genius, as a soul, had talent as a most full and active bodily organ, whilst virtue and love formed its pure and warm heart. These had a more normal exercise in his works than in his life, for in private their irregularity (though it could not be said which was the tyrant) made him the subject of a brooding and heavy though calm gloom, whilst his dull temperament acted as keeper of the dungeon. His pages are full of sombre ideas, but they were like 'the silver lining' of the cloud which hung over his soul. All his powers were fascinated by 'the evil which was in the world;' he cursed it, still it did not look blighted to his eye; and it was only the exertion requisite in writing that set him free a little, and allowed the inspiration of hope. His works open up an early autumn *day*, with its fresh and dewy though rare vegetation; its mountains, with dark base though clear top; its sky, alternately of softest tints down to the horizon, and of masses of gloom up to the zenith; its gorgeous sunset, like the condensed glory of all the light ever shed through ether;—but in its *night* he himself lived. His works introduced by himself are '*like morning led by night.*'

Foster's genius giving the ideal kingdom of that evil which his grasping and penetrating intellect had disclosed, produced visions at which his moral sensitiveness was horror-struck. He prayed not to be taken away from the evil *to come*, but from the evil which *was*. Every reader of his review of 'Chalmers's Astronomical Discourses' must remember the start—the recoil of fierce unbelief—and yet the spasm of agony which he betrays, when he stumbles upon the suggestion that sin *may* have entered with dire havoc the innumerable worlds rolling in the distance, and that they, morally, may be *wandering stars*. The doctor's very speculations about the likelihood of snow in these worlds, are repulsive to Foster, as indicating a curse, and therefore involving moral impurity. Foster's is a gloomier burden than 'of man's first disobedience,' and it was felt more by the man than was ever expressed by the author. What an intuition he had of all the recesses and states of the human heart! He placed himself within the very centre of an active depravity which never suns itself in open day, and traversed all its dark windings and ways, mourning bitterly that the most radiant, gentle, and sweet human face is to the human heart, which throbs in the same frame, what the bright and soft sky is to the confused, filthy, and wretched town over which it stretches. Mere outward virtue he beheld with the same melancholy, and would not have become *altogether* a happy man on spending a Sabbath in Edinburgh, and watching the crowds as they flocked to church; for goodness, in his view, had not such a coarse quality as that it could only be violated by a deed of vice, whilst it remained unhurt by all the riot and revelry of thought and emotion. Yet he was no misanthrope, for his heart was ever soft as a child's and yearning and forgiving as a woman's. His eye could not but see evil, and it wept to see.

Apart from this element of steady gloom in Foster's mind, its characteristics are noble. His imagination has thrown off some of the grandest natural and moral paintings—the conceptions all in perfect form and expression through the transparency of most choice words. In its excursions over a range of ideas, it wants elasticity, and is too processional; the reader has a sense of the limits of a path, rather than of the dilating circle of a wide and free course, though a frequent simile gives an instantaneous opening and escape into a glorious expanse.

His intellect is comprehensive, clear, and commanding. Never has it less than a complete mastery of his subject, with unequalled acuteness for its essential points and details. His mode of attack upon actual or supposed antagonists, must have been as unpleasant to them as it was amusing to the spectators. When Foster uses the little word '*but*,' it is the linstock to the touch-hole of the cannon. His matchless powers of sarcasm come then into full play; and they are the more effective from being wielded with the calmness of a judge. His critique upon Sydney Smith was the severest capital punishment ever inflicted. It was a fair though crushing blow at the wag's whole social and public life, from youth up to decaying manhood, in all his occupations; smiting him in the hall where he signed the thirty-nine articles, in the drawing-room where he sported his jokes, in the pulpit where he played at preaching to admiring thousands, and in the Edinburgh Review where he scoffed at evangelical truth and missions; and the blow was dealt without a flush of passion but only a gentle smile on Foster's face. With what edifying composure he extinguished Sydney's laughter—'the crackling thorns under the pot!' So, at the time when Methodism, in and out of the English Church, was assailed with ridicule, keen as well as dull, he announced a lecture on Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, with the title 'The Three *Methodists* in the

Fiery Furnace.' Who will not regret that this lecture, which must have been a most characteristic demolition of the enemies to evangelical religion, remains unpublished?

It has been objected that Foster's general style of thought is not 'burning.' We have no wish that an author's brow should be a Vesuvius and his writings *lava*. A feverish constitution is bad, either physically or mentally, and those who have it should seek *doctors* rather than *readers*. But this want of fervour in Foster is only apparent, and proceeds from his clear intellect and ethereal imagination. It is in a house that a fire *seems* to burn; let it be under the sky, and it but looks like coloured light. Moscow in flames would at a short distance have no *appearance* of combustion and heat.

De Quincey, in a notice of Mr Gilfillan's 'Portrait Gallery,' makes several severe strictures on Foster. He attributes the first success of the 'Essays' mainly to their author's sectarian position. Now, certainly at that time Foster's religious denomination did not consist of those who would be the most ready to appreciate the merits or even to acquiesce in many of the opinions of the 'Essays.' They were men, generally speaking, who would have treated all literary works from among themselves as Pharaoh did the Hebrew male-children in Egypt, and would have doomed Foster's book, though, like Moses, it was 'goodly to look upon,' and though there was very little danger of the rapid multiplication of such books. But, then, might not the Baptists encourage the sale of a work written by a brother from the water, and which might be supposed to redound to their glory? True, but Foster was then comparatively unknown, nay, as a preacher was positively unacceptable, and without ecclesiastical influence. Had Robert Hall been the author, we can see how his sectarian position would have been of important service; but the church is as cautious as the world in favouring mere aspirants. Foster's 'Life' shows what might otherwise have been conjectured from circumstances, that he had no patron save his own genius, and that his book made way for itself even in Bristol by its intrinsic worth. De Quincey also professes wonder at the very limited 'knowledge' of Foster. Now, had we not seen the vast and varied range of subjects so amply discussed by Foster in the 'Eclectic,' we might have received this criticism. Foster closely keeps to the subject in hand, and, if that be made luminous, he cares not about dictionary-references to other subjects. With all respect for De Quincey's genius, be it remarked, that his own practice is the very opposite, for he invariably, and often with small excuse, throws into a set paper the irrelevant results of multifarious learning and wide speculation. When writing about a locality in Westmoreland, he will bring in our world as a parenthesis, and the other planets as footnotes. On the contrary, Foster was ever completely absorbed in his subject. This is curiously exemplified in his first volume (the 'Essays'), which consisted of letters written to the accomplished lady who soon afterwards became his wife. Where is the author who would not in many a sentence have smiled sideways, as the lover towards his beautiful mistress, and given brief but telling hints, the direction of which the public, ignorant of the circumstances, would not have perceived? In various phrases, there would have been an esoteric meaning for *one dear reader*. But we defy the public, who are now aware of the essayist's situation, to point out a line in all the book over which the gratified lady could have said with blushes 'that was *for me*.' De Quincey's last remark is, that Foster's similitudes are mere embellishments 'chalked on.' The very opposite is universally felt to be true, for they are to the idea like colours to the essence.

We have said that Foster was not acceptable as a preacher. We can picture to ourselves an audience under him. In rural or manufacturing districts, a small congregation would number very few highly intelligent men; and in towns, though the class of hearers might require a more polished style of language and delivery than rustics valued, they would generally be as incapable of appreciating such intellectual displays as Foster would make, though his power over all consciences must often have been alarming. The people have assembled with no great expectations. A tall form enters the pulpit. A quick observer would have fixed his attention upon the person of the preacher, and mused upon the lofty brow, the black piercing eyes, the face which breathed an expression of melancholy deep as man's and tender as woman's, and which evidently proceeded more from what Foster thought and saw than from what he felt consciously. Along with that expression would have been noticed the air of yearning love whose best hopes in man had been disappointed. The slight inclination of the head to one side, as in that of Wilberforce, would convey the idea of gentleness and earnestness. A painter would have watched sensibility quivering about the lips and dilating the delicate nostrils; a true indication of genius. But the greater part of the audience would prefer to gaze on the pews, or stare at some red-faced farmer who had borrowed the expression of one of his turnips, or at some spruce draper who wore a simper which he had caught after long efforts and with much accuracy from his most genteel customer. The hymn is ended. What would Foster's public prayers be! What a blending of the seraph and the poor publican! Noble intellect would be there, but its radiant face covered by trembling conscience. From his remarks on Hall's 'Devotional Exercises,' we may gather that he himself did not indulge in profuse quotations of Scripture, and that continuity of thought was observed. The people, therefore, would soon flag in interest, when they found themselves unable to interject regularly their audible and parrot-like *amen*. Besides, he was culpable for many serious omissions! He forgot to ask a little more or a little less rain, and Betty Such-a-one's sprained foot was never mentioned. Fools! be quiet; the great and good man, John Foster, was interceding for your *souls* and not your *potatoes;* and *he* would not turn the house of prayer into an infirmary. He announces his text—probably a brief Scripture of awful import, which might arrest attention, and which he could illustrate by his sombre imagination and drive home with his own peculiar straightforward emphasis to the conscience. His thin volume of voice cannot float out his ideas, which, with all their magnificent folds, are like banners wrapped round their staff, no breeze filling and unfurling them. If he refer to Scripture narrative—what a sublime painting with few touches! If to moral evil—what a terrific disclosure of the human heart! If to future judgment—his words might stop the pulse of the whole congregation in terror if they had but ears to hear! And if he be urging the importance of religion, and rebuking the frivolous spirit in which it is commonly viewed—what a solemn revelation of the dread crisis; what a mournful though sarcastic description of the attitude of men standing within it! And yet often could he have dismissed many of his hearers, saying to them, 'Arise, take up your *bed* and walk.' Even Robert Hall confesses to have taken a nap during the progress of Foster's sermons! When he awoke, we suspect that the rosy tint of a dream on his face would, had he met the preacher's eye, have passed into the deep crimson blush of shame. Yet Foster's preaching could never be powerless on any audience. If, like the prophets, he often uttered oracles 'hard to be understood,' yet, like these prophets, when he came to tell the sins of the people, his message was most intelligible, and his words 'sharper than any two-edged sword.' Edward Irving, rolling out his fulminations against the vanities of the world, in the presence of the fashion, beauty, rank, and talent of London, was weak compared with Foster, when occasionally on the same theme. We can well believe what is stated, that each individual of the audience has been frequently thrilled and fascinated by the strange power of Foster's descriptions and appeals. Still, when they retired, they spoke of him as an ordinary preacher. How was this? The most agreeable fluency or energetic eloquence would have failed utterly to produce the impressions caused by

Foster. The truth is, an audience forgets its deepest consciousness, and sermons which, by a few passes of the irresistible hand of genius, have stirred their innermost nature, are, when the moment for criticism comes, considered as in every way inferior to sermons which have only tickled and pleased the sensations.

Foster's life had incidents which would only have been interesting had he given us his own mental associations around them. Born in 1770, in humble life (or rather, not a minister's son, for that in the view of many then and now would have made him of lineage almost aristocratic) and to manual labour, but yet at an early age revolting from the loom with abhorrence, through the dim yet cherished consciousness of endowments fitted for a different destiny, he was freed from it by the kindness of Dr Fawcett, his pastor. He went through the common course of Baptist training, which at that time was very imperfect. The humble academy at Bristol contained in Foster one who would have shed a subsequent lustre over the history of any university. He was soon sent out to preach. After years of unsuccessful labour, and after forming an ardent attachment to a lady of remarkable intellect, who incited him to literary effort by the promise of her hand, he became an author, and published his famous 'Essays,' which indicate how fully his genius had ripened in the most unfavourable circumstances. Before his marriage, he fell into morbid melancholy. But 'Maria,' like an angel, soon stirred the stagnant waters. She daily turned him out of his old solitary garret, or sat in it beside him to talk and read. Then came a 'thriving chap,' as Foster called his first-born, whom he proposed, in a mood of humour which rather frightened the mother, to call by the sweet name of 'Cain.' He wrote regularly for the 'Eclectic,' and sent letters to his 'honoured parents.' In his general correspondence, it is most delightful to see how completely he sinks the author in the modest and cordial friend. Search for the coincident dates of his most crushing reviews and of his private letters, and in the one there is no reference to the other. His onslaught of Sydney Smith is unnoticed. His correspondents never hear of '*hâc dextrâ*.' He speaks more frequently of the romping and noisy 'brats' of his nursery than of the quiet brats of his study.

After many years of mighty labour and sad bereavements, the infirmities of age, along with the workings of pulmonary consumption, pressed with a growing force upon him. He avoided conversation, an exercise into which he was wont to throw all his energies. He never thought of the grave, but always of the mysterious Hades! He never contemplated his lying side by side with his departed wife in the narrow chamber, but of their two glad spirits meeting. He was calmly standing at the door about to be opened for him in heaven. It did open, and he 'was in the spirit on the Lord's day.' On the Saturday evening he forbade his two daughters to watch beside him. Decisively against their affectionate remonstrances, he would be left alone. His last prayer—the solemn and entire breathing forth of his soul—not in faith merely but in reality, must be in solitude. It was not a family-prayer; only *he*, the dying, could utter it, and strangers must retire. He is shut within his devotional closet, undisturbed. On the morning of Sabbath, 15th October, 1843, he was found dead. It was a characteristic close. What a contrast to his own memorable description of David Hume's death-bed scene!

John Foster has now all those awful mysteries, which brooded over his mind and made his life gloomy, dispelled. He no longer sits in their shadow, for the cloud has become as the sun, and radiates from its dark bosom blessed effulgence. He is on the high mount, at the feet of the Great Teacher.

He has left here a name consecrated by genius and piety. He required to die, even to give him an earthly immortality. And that is a glorious destiny—worthy of engaging the ambition of young and old! The man lives on the earth, known and revered by all its generations until the resurrection. He has two parallel courses in the two awfully distant and different worlds, being carried along equally on Time and Eternity. 'The last of Adam's race' sees 'the orb' Milton, as he sees the sun. 'Paradise Lost' will burn in the final flames as surely as will this solid globe!

## MRS BULLFROG.

[From 'Mosses from an Old Manse.']

It makes me melancholy to see how like fools some very sensible people act in the matter of choosing wives. They perplex their judgments by a most undue attention to little niceties of personal appearance, habits, disposition, and other trifles, which concern nobody but the lady herself. An unhappy gentleman, resolving to wed nothing short of perfection, keeps his heart and hand till both get so old and withered, that no tolerable woman will accept them. Now, this is the very height of absurdity. The true rule is, to ascertain that the match is fundamentally a good one, and then to take it for granted that all minor objections, should there be such, will vanish, if you let them alone. Only put yourself beyond hazard, as to the real basis of matrimonial bliss, and it is scarcely to be imagined what miracles, in the way of reconciling smaller incongruities, connubial love will effect.

For my own part, I freely confess, that, in my bachelorship, I was precisely such an over-curious simpleton, as I now advise the reader not to be. My early habits had gifted me with a feminine sensibility, and too exquisite refinement. I was the accomplished graduate of a dry-goods store, where, by dint of ministering to the whims of fine ladies, and suiting silken hose to delicate limbs, and handling satins, ribbons, chintzes, calicoes, tapes, gauze, and cambric needles, I grew up a very lady-like sort of a gentleman. It is not assuming too much to affirm that the ladies themselves were hardly so lady-like as Thomas Bullfrog. So painfully acute was my sense of female imperfection, and such varied excellence did I require in the woman whom I could love, that there was an awful risk of my getting no wife at all, or of being driven to perpetrate matrimony with my own image in the looking-glass. Besides the fundamental principle already hinted at, I demanded the fresh bloom of youth, pearly teeth, glossy ringlets, and the whole list of lovely items, with the utmost delicacy of habits and sentiments, a silken texture of mind, and above all, a virgin heart. There was every chance of my becoming a most miserable old bachelor, when, by the best luck in the world, I made a journey into another state, and was smitten by, and smote again, and wooed, won, and married the present Mrs Bullfrog, all in the space of a fortnight. Owing to these extempore measures, I not only gave my bride credit for certain perfections, which have not as yet come to light, but also overlooked a few trifling defects, which, however, glimmered on my perception long before the close of the honeymoon. Yet, as there was no mistake about the fundamental principle aforesaid, I soon learned, as will be seen, to estimate Mrs Bullfrog's deficiencies and superfluities at exactly their proper value.

The same morning that Mrs Bullfrog and I came together as a unit, we took two seats in the stage-coach, and began our journey towards my place of business. There being no other passengers, we were as much alone, and as free to give vent to our raptures, as if I had hired a hack for the matrimonial jaunt. My bride looked charmingly, in a green silk calash and riding-habit of pelisse cloth, and whenever her red lips parted with a smile, each tooth appeared like an inestimable pearl. Such was my passionate warmth, that—we had rattled out of the village, gentle reader, and were lonely as Adam and Eve in Paradise—I plead guilty to no less freedom than a kiss! The gentle eye of Mrs Bullfrog scarcely rebuked me for the profanation. Emboldened by her indulgence, I threw back the calash from her polished brow, and suffered my fingers, white and delicate as her own, to stray among those dark and glossy curls, which realised my day-dreams of rich hair.

'My love,' said Mrs Bullfrog, tenderly, 'you will disarrange my curls.'

'Oh, no, my sweet Laura!' replied I, still playing with the glossy ringlets. 'Even your fair hand could not manage a curl more delicately than mine. I propose myself the pleasure of doing up your hair in papers every evening, at the same time with my own.'

'Mr Bullfrog,' repeated she, 'you must not disarrange my curls.'

This was spoken in a more decided tone than I had happened to hear until then from my gentlest of all gentle brides. At the same time she put up her hand and took mine prisoner, but merely drew it away from the forbidden ringlet, and then immediately released it. Now, I am a fidgetty little man, and always love to have something in my fingers; so that, being debarred from my wife's curls, I looked about me for any other plaything. On the front seat of the coach, there was one of those small baskets in which travelling ladies, who are too delicate to appear at a public table, generally carry a supply of gingerbread, biscuits and cheese, cold ham, and other light refreshments, merely to sustain nature to the journey's end. Such airy diet will sometimes keep them in pretty good flesh for a week together. Laying hold of this same little basket, I thrust my hand under the newspaper with which it was carefully covered.

'What's this, my dear?' cried I; for the black neck of a bottle had popped out of the basket.

'A bottle of kalydor, Mr Bullfrog,' said my wife, coolly taking the basket from my hands, and replacing it on the front seat.

There was no possibility of doubting my wife's word; but I never knew genuine kalydor, such as I use for my own complexion, to smell so much like cherry-brandy. I was about to express my fears that the lotion would injure her skin, when an accident occurred which threatened more than a skin-deep injury. Our Jehu had carelessly driven over a heap of gravel, and fairly capsized the coach, with the wheels in the air, and our heels where our heads should have been. What became of my wits I cannot imagine; they have always had a perverse trick of deserting me just when they were most needed; but so it chanced, that, in the confusion of our overthrow, I quite forgot that there was a Mrs Bullfrog in the world. Like many men's wives, the good lady served her husband as a stepping-stone. I had scrambled out of the coach, and was instinctively settling my cravat, when somebody brushed roughly by me, and I heard a smart thwack upon the coachman's ears.

'Take that, you villain!' cried a strange, hoarse voice. 'You have ruined me, you blackguard! I shall never be the woman I have been!'

And then came a second thwack, aimed at the driver's other ear, but which missed it, and hit him on the nose, causing a terrible effusion of blood. Now, who or what fearful apparition was inflicting this punishment on the poor fellow, remained an impenetrable mystery to me. The blows were given by a person of grisly aspect, with a head almost bald, and sunken cheeks, apparently of the feminine gender, though hardly to be classed in the gentler sex. There being no teeth to modulate the voice, it had a mumbled fierceness, not passionate, but stern, which absolutely made me quiver like calves-foot jelly. Who could the phantom be? The most awful circumstance of the affair is yet to be told; for this ogre, or whatever it was, had a riding-habit like Mrs Bullfrog's, and also a green silk calash dangling down her back by the strings. In my terror and turmoil of mind, I could imagine nothing less, than that Old Nick, at the moment of our overturn, had annihilated my wife and jumped into her petticoats. This idea seemed the more probable, since I could nowhere perceive Mrs Bullfrog alive; nor, though I looked very sharp about the coach, could I detect any traces of that beloved woman's dead body. There would have been a comfort in giving her Christian burial!

'Come, sir, bestir yourself! Help this rascal to set up the coach,' said the hobgoblin to me; then, with a terrific screech to three countrymen at a distance, 'Here, you fellows, an't you ashamed to stand off when a poor woman is in distress?'

The countrymen, instead of fleeing for their lives, came running at full speed, and laid hold of the topsy-turvy coach. I, also, though a small-sized man, went to work like a son of Anak. The coachman, too, with the blood still streaming from his nose, tugged and toiled most manfully, dreading, doubtless, that the next blow might break his head. And yet, bemauled as the poor fellow had been, he seemed to glance at me with an eye of pity, as if my case were more deplorable than his. But I cherished a hope that all would turn out a dream, and seized the opportunity, as we raised the coach, to jam two of my fingers under the wheel, trusting that the pain would awaken me.

'Why, here we are all to rights again!' exclaimed a sweet voice behind. 'Thank you for your assistance, gentlemen. My dear Mr Bullfrog, how you perspire! Do let me wipe your face. Don't take this little accident too much to heart, good driver. We ought to be thankful that none of our necks are broken!'

'We might have spared one neck out of the three,' muttered the driver, rubbing his ear and pulling his nose, to ascertain whether he had been cuffed or not. 'Why, the woman's a witch!'

I fear that the reader will not believe, yet it is positively a fact, that there stood Mrs Bullfrog, with her glossy ringlets curling on her brow, and two rows of orient pearls gleaming between her parted lips, which wore a most angelic smile. She had regained her riding-habit and calash from the grisly phantom, and was, in all respects, the lovely woman who had been sitting by my side, at the instant of our overturn. How she had happened to disappear, and who had supplied her place, and whence she did now return, were problems too knotty for me to solve. There stood my wife. That was the one thing certain among a heap of mysteries. Nothing remained but to help her into the coach and plod on, through the journey of the day and the journey of life, as comfortably as we could. As the driver closed the door upon us, I heard him whisper to the three countrymen—'How do you suppose a fellow feels shut up in the cage with a she-tiger?'

Of course, this query could have no reference to my situation. Yet, unreasonable as it may appear, I confess that my feelings were not altogether so ecstatic as when I first called Mrs Bullfrog mine. True, she was a sweet woman, and an angel of a wife; but what if a gorgon should return, amid the transports of our connubial bliss, and take the angel's place! I recollected the tale of a fairy, who half the time was a beautiful woman, and half the time a hideous monster. Had I taken that very fairy to be the wife of my bosom? While such whims and chimeras were flitting across my fancy, I began to look askance at Mrs Bullfrog, almost expecting that the transformation would be wrought before my eyes.

To divert my mind, I took up the newspaper which had covered the little basket of refreshments, and which now lay at the bottom of the coach, blushing with a deep-red stain, and emitting a potent spirituous fume from the contents of the broken bottle of kalydor. The paper was two or three years old, but contained an article of several columns, in which I soon grew wonderfully interested. It was the report of a trial for breach of promise of marriage, giving the testimony in full, with fervid extracts from both the gentleman's and lady's amatory correspondence. The deserted damsel had personally appeared in court, and had borne energetic evidence to her lover's perfidy, and the strength of her blighted affections. On the defendant's part there had been an attempt, though insufficiently sustained, to blast the plaintiff's character, and a plea, in mitigation of damages, on account of her unamiable temper. A horrible idea was suggested by the lady's name.

'Madam,' said I, holding the newspaper before Mrs Bullfrog's eyes—and, though a small, delicate, and thin-

visaged man, I feel assured that I looked very terrific—'Madam,' repeated I, through my shut teeth, 'were you the plaintiff in this cause?'

'Oh, my dear Mr Bullfrog,' replied my wife, sweetly, 'I thought all the world knew that!'

'Horror! horror!' exclaimed I, sinking back on the seat.

Covering my face with both hands, I emitted a deep and death-like groan, as if my tormented soul were rending me asunder. I, the most exquisitely fastidious of men, and whose wife was to have been the most delicate and refined of women, with all the fresh dew-drops glittering on her virgin rosebud of a heart! I thought of the glossy ringlets and pearly teeth—I thought of the kalydor—I thought of the coachman's bruised ear and bloody nose—I thought of the tender love-secrets which she had whispered to the judge and jury, and a thousand tittering auditors—and gave another groan!

'Mr Bullfrog,' said my wife.

As I made no reply, she gently took my hands within her own, removed them from my face, and fixed her eyes stedfastly on mine.

'Mr Bullfrog,' said she, not unkindly, yet with all the decision of her strong character; 'let me advise you to overcome this foolish weakness, and prove yourself, to the best of your ability, as good a husband as I will be a wife. You have discovered, perhaps, some little imperfections in your bride. Well, what did you expect? Women are not angels. If they were, they would be more difficult in their choice on earth.'

'But why conceal those imperfections?' interposed I, tremulously.

'Now, my love, are not you a most unreasonable little man?' said Mrs Bullfrog, patting me on the cheek. 'Ought a woman to disclose her frailties earlier than the wedding-day? Few husbands, I assure you, make the discovery in such good season, and still fewer complain that these trifles are concealed too long. Well, what a strange man you are! Poh! you are joking.'

'But the suit for breach of promise,' groaned I.

'Ah! and is that the rub?' exclaimed my wife. 'Is it possible that you view the affair in an objectionable light? Mr Bullfrog, I never could have dreamt it! Is it an objection, that I have triumphantly defended myself against slander, and vindicated my purity in a court of justice? Or, do you complain because your wife has shown the proper spirit of a woman, and punished the villain who trifled with her affections?'

'But,' persisted I—shrinking into a corner of the coach, however, for I did not know precisely how much contradiction the proper spirit of a woman would endure—'but, my love, would it not have been more dignified to treat the villain with the silent contempt he merited?'

'That is all very well, Mr Bullfrog,' said my wife, slily; 'but, in that case, where would have been the five thousand dollars which are to stock your dry-goods store?'

'Mrs Bullfrog, upon your honour,' demanded I, as if my life hung upon her words, 'is there no mistake about those five thousand dollars?'

'Upon my word and honour there is none,' replied she. 'The jury gave me every cent the rascal had—and I have kept it all for my dear Bullfrog!'

'Then, thou dear woman,' cried I, with an overwhelming gush of tenderness; 'let me fold thee to my heart! The basis of matrimonial bliss is secure, and all thy little defects and frailties are forgiven. Nay, since the result has been so fortunate, I rejoice at the wrongs which drove thee to this blessed lawsuit. Happy Bullfrog that I am!'

## MANUFACTURE OF POTTERY.

The following account of the various processes adopted in the manufacture of the numerous articles known by the name of pottery or earthenware, forms one of a very valuable and interesting series of papers which have been appearing for some time past in the *Newcastle Guardian*, under the general title of the 'Tyneside Manufactures.' It is often the case that comparatively little is known by the majority of the public regarding the manufacture of articles in most frequent use, which are placed within their reach at a trifling cost, many supposing that the production of these must be so extremely simple an affair as not to be worthy of inquiry. Such a series of papers as that from which we quote, while productive of benefit to the districts where such manufactories are carried on, cannot but prove interesting to the general reader. We may possibly give a few further extracts from the same quarter:—

The Low Lights is a remarkable locality for public works. It forms the eastern extremity of North Shields, and is a narrow bay, scooped out by the waters of the Tyne, by which it was formerly covered. Now it is studded with nearly a dozen public works, of no mean extent, although it consists of scarcely half so many acres. One of the most conspicuous and important of these works is the North Shields Pottery, the property of Messrs Carr and Patton, which gives employment to about 140 men, women, and boys, in a highly interesting and useful art. Staffordshire has long been famed for this branch of industry, and still is the head-quarters of 'delf,' but the trade, we are gratified to learn, is increasing in our quarter, and is now regarded as of very considerable importance to the district.

The North Shields Pottery is just a specimen of those for which Staffordshire is celebrated. The proprietors chiefly manufacture white, blue, and lustre ware, made from Devonshire clay. This clay is principally obtained from Poole; and, on being brought to the pottery, undergoes a variety of processes. It is first softened with water, in a large trough, from which it is pumped, through a sieve, into another trough, and thence into what is termed a 'slip-pan.' It is then boiled for about twenty-four hours in the said pan, and comes out a tolerably clear stiff substance, not unlike paste; but, in order to extract any hard substances that may still remain, it is subjected to a process called 'wedging,' by which it acquires smoothness and flexibility. It is then ready for the potter, who sits in front of a small revolving wheel driven by a female, and, by the aid of a model placed on the machine, shapes the previously useless clay into basins and other articles with a rapidity seemingly magical—for a workman will produce about two thousand of the earthenware basins commonly in use, in one short day. On coming from the potter, however, the ware is soft, and requires drying; and, for this purpose, it is taken to 'the drying room,' where, after being heated to a certain degree, it passes to the turner. This artisan works before a turning-lathe, driven by a boy, and makes the curves or shapes necessary for the basins, jugs, or cups, that may require his apparatus. But, even in this stage, the ware is soft; and, in order to its hardening, it is placed in a 'green-house,' where it remains for some time to dry. From the 'green-house,' it is conveyed to the 'biscuit-kiln,' so called from the ware being then in a biscuit-like state. The various articles manufactured are packed in brown vessels called 'seggars,' made of fire-clay. These 'seggars' are piled together, in the 'biscuit-ovens,' to a height of twenty-feet, after which heat is applied for about fifty hours. This is called the 'first burning.' Such of the articles (plates, for example) as require designs or patterns, are next taken to the printers. If the colour to be put on the ware is blue, the printer mixes some of that substance with linseed oil and other ingredients, and places it on the copperplate from which the impression is to be taken. Tracing-paper is laid on the plate, and the two being passed through an ordinary lithographer's press, a fine impression is obtained. The tracing-paper thus printed is immediately taken to females who affix it on the earthenware plate or other article for which it may be required, taking care to place the printed side next to the ware. The ware being in a porous state, instantly receives the impression, and the paper is afterwards washed off. On leaving the printing room, the ware, thus ornament-

ed, passes to another kiln, where it is hardened, and the oil used in printing burned off. It is next glazed with a soft mineral composition consisting chiefly of stone, flint, and lead, and subsequently hardened, for fourteen or sixteen hours, in the 'gloss-kiln.' Most of the articles are then ready for being sent to market. Others, however, that require burnishing, such as fancy jugs or teacups, are coloured with a hand-brush, and afterwards burned in a small kiln, which gives to the patterns on the ware a fine golden or lustrous appearance. North Shields is the only pottery in this quarter where this last process is conducted, and it is highly creditable to the skill and ingenuity of the proprietors, as common earthenware is thus made to rival some of the best china ware.

This pottery occupies a large space of ground, and appears to be admirably arranged and spiritedly conducted. The flint used for glazing the clay, and which is obtained from the chalk rocks, is first calcined, and then broken on the premises by 'a stamper,' and next ground in large rolling-mills driven by steam power. The proprietors have, besides, another pottery, of about the same extent, at Ouseburn, near Newcastle, in which the same processes are conducted, with the addition of brown ware. Fully 100 hands are employed at the latter place, giving 240 to both establishments.

The earthenware manufacturers have always enjoyed free-trade, which is assigned as a very substantial reason of the general prosperity of their business. The Belgian government, however, has done considerable injury by increasing the import duty on English earthenware about twenty-five per cent. in four years. Our government, the manufacturers allege, might easily obtain a modification of this duty by threatening a tax on the china clay which the Belgians import so extensively from Cornwall, and on which there is no duty.

## A CHAPTER FOR JUVENILE READERS.

Summer is gone. Now we have the long dark nights of winter, and, in their turn, we welcome them heartily. We remember an eastern tale, where it is said, that a lady, for some crime she had committed, was condemned to walk up and down a plain which was always green, and fresh, and beautiful; the sun always shone, and the clear, deep, tranquil blue of the sky never altered: everything around was in itself most lovely, but the punishment consisted in there being no change. A drop of rain, a cloud, a star, an hour of twilight, would have been hailed with rapture; but the scene never shifted. Now, we suppose were summer to be always continued, we would be apt, like the lady of the tale, to get very tired of it, and, therefore, to gratify our love of change, we have the delightful alternations of the seasons: spring, in its elegant budding beauties; summer in its richness and splendour; autumn, with its fruits, 'crowning the year;' and winter, with its sublime snows and storms.

But frost and snow are better to speak about than to feel, so we willingly close the window-shutters, and draw the curtains, and pull in our seats, to enjoy all the pleasant coziness of fireside comfort, and set ourselves to spend a cheerful winter night. Books, and globes, and dissected maps strew the table, chess and draught-boards are in requisition, the piano is opened, and netting-needles and worsted-work frames make their appearance. Such was the state of things in the parlour of the Bruces, one cold December evening, when Mr and Mrs Bruce were engaged, and the children were left to follow their own inclinations, in the way of employment and amusement. Christina, the eldest, was stooping over an elaborate piece of worsted-work, puzzling herself to match the shades of wool in the gaslight; Walter was busy among his schoolbooks; Janet was running over the scales on the piano, while Donald was beseeching her to come and have a game at chess; and little Maggy was sitting in a corner as quiet as pussy, with a slate in her hand, drawing houses without chimneys, and men and women without hands or feet, on it. Walter closed his book; 'Donald,' said he, 'never mind, if Janet does not wish to play at chess with you, I have thought of something better; come here and I'll tell you.'

A whispering conversation was carried on for some time on the other side of the room. Janet's curiosity was roused, she even allowed herself to look round, when she was met by a smile, full of importance, as much as to say, 'We have got the first of a bright idea.' They collected their writing materials, and after scribbling over several bits of paper, which they tore into small scraps, and threw into the fire, they wrote three small notes, sealed and addressed them, after which Donald went round, and gave one to Christina, one to Janet, and one to Maggy, more by way of pleasing her, however, than anything else. Christina and Janet immediately opened theirs, and while Walter and Donald watched their faces, to see what they would think, read as follows:—'It being thought that a local periodical in this community is a great desideratum, it has been projected that such a periodical be immediately started. Your presence and support are requested at a meeting to be held in this room, this evening, at eight o'clock precisely, for the purpose of arranging preliminaries, for the commencement and carrying out of such a scheme. Walter Bruce, Sec. pro. tem. December 20, 18—.'

The perusal of the notes was just finished when eight o'clock struck, so that no time was lost in holding the meeting. All entered into the idea with spirit, its merits were briskly discussed, and it was settled that the first number of 'Bruce's Family Magazine' should appear on the first day of January. At the general request, Walter took upon himself the burden of editorship. Such was the origin of the Magazine, which has progressed till it has reached the length of six volumes, which are lying before us, and of which we are tempted to give some account, that a plan, combining as it does pleasure and entertainment with advantages of a higher order, when suggested, may be followed by some of the youthful readers of the Weekly Instructor, who might not otherwise have thought of it. The first number of the Magazine produced a considerable sensation, although the circulation was rather limited, being confined to papa, and mamma, and uncle David, who sent their criticisms to the editor, by whom they were recorded at the conclusion of the succeeding number. There was no danger of tender genius being crushed in the bud by a harsh reviewer. The contents of the first number of the first volume are: Man—his General History, by Donald Bruce; Analogies suggested by the Vegetable Creation, by Christina Bruce; Life of John Adams, an old Sailor, by Walter Bruce; Enigma, by Janet Bruce. The Introduction we shall transcribe verbatim, as it will explain the object and plan of the Magazine in the projectors' own words—'This Magazine has been begun chiefly for the purpose of improving the contributors in the composition of their native language. Each contributor will be expected to write something, however little, for each number of the Magazine. They may write essays on different subjects, or lives of celebrated men or women, or tales of their own invention, but whatever is contributed must have been written expressly for the Magazine. They may also contribute puzzles or guesses, all of which must be new. The contributors of these last will not send in the answers along with them, but will leave it to any of the other contributors to find them out. He who finds it out may send it in, when it will be inserted in the next number. If two essays or other contributions be given in on the same subject, we shall insert the best of them, as far as we can judge; but if one of them be one of a series, written by the same person, it will be put in, in preference to the other, although, if the latter be much better than the former, it may perhaps be inserted likewise. When a contributor does not send in his monthly contribution, he must send in a note stating why he has not written it. This note will be inserted in the Magazine, verbatim. Besides essays, lives, enigmas, conundrums, &c., verses will be received, although they may not be very good. All the contributions or explanatory notes, must be sent in seven

days at least before the Magazine is published, that there may be time for arranging and copying them. Although each of the contributors will be expected to write something for each number of the Magazine, yet when there is not enough to fill up the number, it will be allowable to insert extracts from books.

'The Magazine will be published on the first day of each month, and will contain at least sixteen pages duodecimo. The contributors will receive back their manuscripts on the first day of each month, by applying to the editor.'

Donald, honest man, commenced his contribution, forgetting, unfortunately, to count the cost, and after continuing it through several numbers, he relinquished it, finding that his store of erudition was not quite deep enough for such an arduous undertaking. Walter's life of John Adams, being entirely an imaginary biography, was intended as a vehicle in which to take the reader through many different parts of the world, describing everything that was strange and wonderful. Christina's papers were generally of a more thoughtful character than the rest. Janet frequently tried her skill in writing verses, but being rather of a volatile disposition, the editor found that her support could not always be securely calculated upon. We have looked through the volumes for some extracts, to give a general idea of the Magazine as a whole; here is an article by Walter Bruce, entitled

'ON ADVERTISING.

'The present age is remarkable for the extent to which the system of advertising is carried on; and certainly, if we may judge from the large expenditure of money in this way, it must be a system attended with no inconsiderable benefits. Independently of the advantages which may be derived from reading the pages of an advertiser, a good deal of amusement may be obtained from the general strain of the advertisements, and the diversity of style in which they are drawn up. Some merchants, as if disdaining to enter into any details, on the assumption that everything about their establishment is too well known to require it, merely intimate, as it were, solely for the benefit of their customers, that they have lately received a certain quantity of goods. Others enter into a most minute account of their whole stock, giving a full list of prices, and, from their own account, any one would think that they were a kind of martyrs to the public benefit, or, to use their own phraseology, were making the most tremendous sacrifices, for the advantage of their customers and the public! They seem to exhaust the English language for adjectives in the superlative degree, to express the quality of their goods. It would be utterly out of the question to say that one quality is fine, another rather superior, and so on. No; the worst is superior, then you have very superior, superfine, and a profusion of the epithets, splendid, brilliant, magnificent, superb, choice, &c.; while all articles of an eatable description are delicious, nutritive, light, wholesome, and peculiarly adapted for invalids.

'In society, we hear of dull sales, and merchants complaining of stagnation of trade, but certainly they are of a very different class from those who advertise; for here we have nothing but accounts of the flourishing state of their business, and the warmest acknowledgments and thanks for the support they have received from their numerous friends.

'In these papers all friendless persons without houses may read of abundance of family circles ready to open to them, where the advantages of retirement and agreeable society are combined; or, if they prefer it, widow ladies, without children, ready to receive them, in a delightful and retired part of the country, which, nevertheless, enjoys abundant communication with the city, through the medium of numerous public conveyances, or, as the case may be, by a walk of a few minutes. Those, again, who want houses, have here the offer of a number of the most beautiful residences, which, however desirable they may be, the present possessor is anxious to dispose of on moderate terms; and while there is given, as you would suppose, a full account of all the accommodation afforded by these mansions, in the phrase 'other conveniences,' there is a deal left for the imagination to fill up.

'If you have children to educate, the advertiser pre you with numerous seminaries, or rather, to use the dignified appellation in vogue at present, institutions establishments for the rising generation, where 'ever tention is paid to their moral and physical training there are a number of private governesses, who profe give instructions in music, French, and Italian, these prominently set forward, while all the rest of the im ant parts of education are huddled up under the ph 'and the usual branches of female education.'

'There is perhaps no class of advertisements writte fewer words than where persons are required to fill s tions. There the general style of advertising is cha into a short, concise, and rather imperious mode of pression.

'However great may be the extravagance of expres which too generally pervades the pages of an advertise forms a most valuable medium of communication an those who have business to transact, and is highly us to the community at large, although it is certainly v desirable that, in advertising, more consistency with tr should be maintained.'

The next page which our eye falls on contains a poetic version of the fable of the Eagle and the Wren, by Dona Bruce, which he has styled

'PASSAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE PLUME EMPIRE.

CHOICE OF A KING.

'That birds have their meetings for matters of state,
The story will show I intend to relate.
Some short time ago, all the birds of the air
Met; each one without an exception was there.
The choice of a king—the object of meeting—
Caused many debates, and mighty disputing.
Each had his party, and much did they chatter,
Each one supporting his thought of the matter.
Ill-nature and envy were raised to a height,
And some of the rabble commencing to fight;
At length, after getting these rioters quell'd,
A sage bird, in general respect that was held,
Rose up, looking stern, ordered all to be mute,
Said, 'My friends, the best way to end this dispute,
It appears to me, and the gentlemen here
(Pointing to some hon'rable members quite near),
That the friend who flies highest king we'll ordain;
So, if you agree, we'll proceed with our plan.'
The multitude shouted, proclaiming good-will.
And each then prepared for the trial of skill;
Every party and tribe their candidates bring,
Chosen for strength and their swiftness of wing
Now eagletons, ostriches, gonderites try,
All which will exalt themselves nearest the sky.
One after another competitors stop,
And all to the earth exhausted they drop;
The eagle in pride sailed majesticly on,
Then paused, and proclaimed his right to the throne
When out starts the wren, from the plume of his wing,
And flying up higher, cried, 'Birds, see your king!'"

Christina's contributions are generally carried through several numbers of the Magazine; here is one, however, which we select on account of its brevity:—

'ON THE IMPORTANCE OF CULTIVATING HABITS OF OBSERVATION AND ATTENTION.

'Mrs Barbauld, in her 'Evenings at Home,' has a story entitled 'Eyes and No Eyes,' which very happily illustrates the difference existing among mankind in regard to the cultivation of these habits. Two boys take the same walk: the one returns having seen nothing either to interest or amuse; while the other comes back quite delighted, and gives a minute account of the many objects which the other had passed by, unnoticed or unimproved.

'In passing through life few intellectual habits are more valuable than these. True it is, that memory and judgment are very important, but then, unless these powers have been cultivated, memory has nothing to exercise itself upon, and without them judgment can form its conclusions from no other data than those furnished upon the authority of others. They are the basis upon which the reflecting power must raise the superstructure; and while we would deprecate such a disposition of mind as would lead those possessing it to give their attention to the scenes

circumstances, and objects passing around, without obtaining from them any useful or practical lesson to apply to the formation of their own habits or conduct, we would equally avoid those mental habits, in which the mind, without any regard to the external world, draws all its materials from its own meditations or the opinions of others, than which nothing can be more calculated to bring the mind into a state of dreamy enthusiasm. In the survey of a plant, what is it that constitutes the difference between a botanist and a common spectator, but that while the one has long been in the habit of using his powers of observation in the vegetable world, the other has never turned his attention to the subject; and, consequently, how many uses to which the plant may be applied, and beauties by which it is distinguished, strike the mind of the former, which totally escape the notice of the latter.

'The cultivation of these powers is, in a great measure, the foundation of excellence in every department of science. They impart to their possessor that invaluable quality familiarly denominated presence of mind. In every emergency those of an observant turn of mind are ready; they have, in all likelihood, in the course of their experience seen the same, or at all events, similar circumstances before, and are prepared promptly to take the necessary measures in the case before them.

'It follows, then, if these observations are correct, that all should endeavour to take an active interest in what is going on around them, and use those powers with which God has endowed them, in a careful observation of the operations of his hand, whether as seen in the works of creation or providence.'

We have been somewhat amused in perusing a paper written by Janet, under the title of

'DEFENCE OF OLD MAIDS.

'Some people write defences of the church, and some defences of the state, some defences of one thing and some of another, but, so far as I can recollect, nobody has ever written a defence of old maids; so that it behoves me to enter the lists as their champion. But before commencing their defence, I must give an explanation of the two monosyllables, old maid. Maid is a word used in opposition to matron, that is, an unmarried person; old maid, simply an old unmarried person, and it generally implies not only that the person is old and unmarried, but also that she has not much prospect of ever being married. Having thus explained the meaning of the term, I proceed to the justification of the parties.

'The vulgar opinion of old maids seems to be, that they never had it in their power to be otherwise than old maids, and that this of itself is a crime. Now, allowing for argument's sake that this were a crime, which, however, I am very far from supposing, according to the law of England, every man (and I suppose the privilege is extended to woman also) should be thought innocent of any crime until he is proved to be guilty; so that no old maids should be suspected of this crime until it is proved against them; and that, I think, will not often be the case, for the obvious reason that they are not very likely to tell themselves, and that no other person is likely to know. But I said that I did not think the fact of their being old maids was any crime; and indeed I think it is no proof of their being inferior to others, but rather superior, and on that account worse to please in the choice of a husband; so that old maids stand exculpated from that charge. Some, again, attempt to throw ridicule on old maids, by repeating those lines about old maids retiring to garrets, with cats and parrots. Now, to say the least, I certainly think that taking care of cats and parrots is a very innocent amusement, and if cats and parrots are in existence, they must be maintained in some way, and as well in that as any other. However, I can by no means justify the practice of some old maids, of coddling them up, expending that care and affection on them which might be so much better bestowed on their fellow-creatures. But I think, to judge by my own observation, old maids are generally much more desirous to promote the cleanliness and order of their apartments, than to make them liable to being dirtied and disarranged by pet animals. And how many old maids there are who employ their time far better than they get credit for! Their nephews and nieces generally have a large share of their attention and care, besides what they devote to the world at large. In short, do we need nobility of birth to recommend old maidenism to us? Queen Elizabeth was an old maid. Or sterling worth of character? Hannah More was an old maid. But perhaps some will say, the lamentable curiosity of old maids admits of no excuse; and I really think that it does not admit of much. However, we must recollect that when people have not many affairs of their own to attend to, they naturally get interested in those of others, even to a ridiculous extent.'

Besides being the advocate of old maids, Janet seems to have constituted herself the poetess-laureate of spring, as that season never passes without having some verses manufactured in its honour by her, with a specimen of which we shall conclude these extracts:

'SPRING.

An elfin clad in green,
Invisible, I ween,
For she's not to be seen,
Plays her pranks.

Low breathing as she goes,
While her robe lightly flows,
And her foot melts the snows,
On our banks.

An angry grey-hair'd man,
Who only seems to plan,
To starve folks if he can,
She affrights.

Whenever she appears,
He packs up all his gears,
Though not without some tears,
For his rights.

The avalanches rush,
And the ice-rivers crush
To break the silent hush,
As of dead.

And flower out-vying flower,
To show the gentler power
Exerted in that hour,
Give their meed

The cattle on the plain
Wake the echoes up again,
From mountain and from glen
With their voice.

And every living thing,
From insects on the wing
To earth's created king,
All rejoice'

Walter's editorial duties were by no means of the lightest nature; and, from the various notes to correspondents appended to several numbers, he seems to have been pretty sharp; as, for instance, in the following—'We cannot insert the 'Cup and Tray,' by ——, as we cannot make it out to be either prose or verse. Molière says, in one of his comedies, that 'what is not verse is prose, and what is not prose is verse,' therefore, the 'Cup and Tray' must be nothing. E. B. F. M.' In one note he requests contributors to send their contributions in proper time, and in another he states that manuscripts in pencil will not be received. It would appear that, besides having his strictly editorial duties to perform, he had occasionally to supply titles to articles, which the writers had carelessly sent in without any, as he threatens 'to make the author of the next paper sent in without a title, a public example.' On the whole, we think we may confidently recommend a Family Magazine, as a source of much pleasure and improvement; and when the writers shall have grown to manhood and womanhood, and the Magazine is given up for the serious business of life, which will eventually disperse them, then a peep into its pages will conjure up the circle of mirthful faces, and give a retaste of childhood's happy days, with all their light-hearted enjoyment.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

'A restlessness in men's minds,' says Sir William Temple, 'to be something they are not, and have something they have not, is the root of all immorality.' This

sentiment, if analysed, will be found strictly correct. One of the most characteristic vices of the age is the aiming and struggling after what is termed 'keeping up appearances.' Every one would *be* something that he is not, and have something that he has not; and this too often at the sacrifice of all honour, honesty, and virtue. The draper's boy would be thought a fine gentleman; the dressmaker aims at having the air and appearance of a genteel lady; and even Dolly the cook must have her silks and feathers to be 'neighbour-like.' The same spirit pervades all classes—the same low and ignorant vanity of external appearance which covers society as with a mask, concealing the odious vice and corruptness which lie within. It is not so much the mere appearance, however, as the means taken to 'keep it up,' which is the fruitful cause of immorality. It is thought a descent in the world to abridge one's self of a superfluity; and as 'the world' must, of course, like a great fool, have its bauble, honour must be sacrificed to 'respectability,' and health and peace of mind to mere show and external appearance. The great man who drives his close carriage and drinks champagne, will not tolerate a descent to a gig and plain port; while the respectable man who 'keeps his gig' would think it a degradation to have to travel afoot between his country-house and his town office. They will descend to immorality in order to keep up appearances; they will yield to dishonesty rather than yield up the mock applause and hollow respect of that fool—the world. Who cannot call to mind hundreds of men—'respectable men'—who, from one extravagance have gone to another, wantonly squandering away the wealth which belonged to others, in the aim after a worldly reputation, and of cutting a great figure before their admiring fellows—all this ending in a great sudden smash, a glorious downfall, an utter bankruptcy, to the ruin perhaps of thousands? In the midst of extravagance has not bankruptcy even now actually become fashionable? Honourable, 'respectable' men pay a dividend of five shillings in the pound, reserving the other fifteen shillings to 'keep their gig' and display their champagne. How often is suicide to be traced to the same cause? Vain men will yield up their life rather than their class 'respectability.' They will choose Tophit rather than condescend to sink a step in society. They will cut their own throats rather than their 'fashionable' acquaintances. Very few suicides are committed from real want. 'We never hear,' says Joel Barlow, 'of a man committing suicide for want of a loaf of bread, but it is often done for want of a coach.' The same false pride and love of hollow show distinguishes the humbler ranks of life, and is an equally producing cause of immorality among them, as it is among 'their betters.' The wish to appear something that they are not, is, we believe, the cause of one-half of the prostitution, of three-fourths of the swindling, and of all the roguery and cheating which deform and corrupt the mass of civilised society. —*Smiles.*

### A NEWSPAPER.

The newspaper is the chronicle of civilisation—the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come to drink. It is the newspaper that gives to liberty its practical life, its constant observation, its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper informs legislation of public opinion, and it informs the people of the acts of legislation. And this is not all. The newspaper teems with the most practical morality; in its reports of crime and punishment you find a daily warning against temptation; not a case in a police court, not a single trial of a wretched outcast, or a trembling felon, that does not preach to us the awful lesson, how imprudence leads to error, how error conducts to guilt, how guilt reaps its bitter fruit of anguish and degradation. The newspaper is the familiar bond that binds together man and man—no matter what may be the distance of climate or the difference of race. There it is that we have learned how to sympathise with the slave, how to battle for his rights, how to wrest the scourge from his taskmaster. Over land and sea the voice of outraged humanity has reached the great heart of England, and raised up a host of freemen as the liberators of the enslaved and tortured negro! The newspaper is a lawbook for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor. It may stimulate the most indifferent, it may instruct the most profound.—*Sir E. L. Bulwer.*

### SACREDNESS OF TEARS.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when the tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh, speak not harshly of the stricken one, weeping in silence! Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Despise not woman's tears—they are what made her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loath to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.—*Dr Johnson.*

### LIFE ASSURANCE.

The time was when life assurance was thought a thing of doubtful propriety. It looked like speculating upon life and death: moreover, it was considered not entirely consistent with an unreserved reliance on the providence of God. Upon reflection, however, it will be seen that there is not only no inconsistency between life assurance and the principles of enlightened religion, but that there is a beautiful harmony between the principles of Christianity and those which united them together as a society. True Christianity required its disciples to be self-denied, and life assurance taught the same lesson. True Christianity taught them to be frugal, and, by a happy necessity, life assurance taught many to be frugal too. True Christianity taught them to have a warm regard to the welfare of those who had special claims upon them—the claims of natural relationship; and life assurance also taught this duty. True Christianity required that they should not only weep with those that wept, but should rejoice with those that rejoiced; and any one who heard of the immense sums of money which had been expended upon the surviving families and relatives of those who had been assured, could not doubt that a vast amount of good must have been, under God, accomplished in this way—good, the remembrance of which might well fill them with sympathising gratitude and joy. While life assurance was in harmony with important moral and Christian virtues, it was lifted to check evils which were likely to arise even among the most conscientious in its absence. In defect of life assurance, a good man who feels himself bound and who desires to make some suitable provision for his family, has no resource but to accumulate during his lifetime. But there is no small danger of this passing into a selfish and hoarding habit, which may come to affect his general character. Hence one advantage of life assurance: it is a defence against unamiable and unchristian dispositions; nay, the source of danger is converted into a means of good.—*Rev. J. G. Lorimer.*

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## NATURE'S ANALOGIES, OR THE HARMONIC TRIAD.

NATURE'S analogies are wonderful, and the mind traces with ineffable pleasure the beautiful combinations which are to be met with in all her works. The gratification to be derived from *wit* has been traced to the delight which the mind receives from the discovery of striking and unexpected similitudes. But if we derive so much pleasure from the remarkable combinations of ideas formed by our fellow-creatures, and which are termed *wit*, much more can we rejoice in the charming analogies in the material world, bearing so visibly the impress of a higher hand, and which are termed *nature*. The theory of triads is well enough known, nor is it our object to dwell at much length upon them. We would merely bring forward a few facts in relation to their existence in nature as applicable to the two most important senses, sight and hearing, concluding with a few remarks on triads in general.

What is known specifically by the name of the harmonic triad pertains peculiarly to the science of music, or upon what that science is founded—the laws of acoustics; and before we enter into the subject of that triad, with all the exquisite gratifications which it is calculated to convey to the sense and the spirit of man, be it remembered that such delight is a pure gratuity of goodness. As far as we are able to judge, every essential purpose might have been attained without this blessing. The important ends of oral communication might have been carried out independently of the adaptation of the ear to receive exquisite gratification from the harmonious combinations of sound, but our God is not the God of the utilitarian. It is evident that he has been engaged not only in the creation and preservation of his creatures, but that he has delighted in their delights and rejoiced in their gratifications.

It is well known that music is founded upon a scale of seven successive notes, at unequal but precisely ascertained distances in point of pitch from one another. It is not quite so well known that three of these notes have an intimate, not to say inseparable, connexion among themselves—a connexion so close as to form perfect concord or agreement—so inseparable as that one cannot be heard properly without the other two. It must be remembered that this succession of seven notes is not the result of human ingenuity, but the precise appointment of nature. The musical scale is a discovery not an invention. It is bound up in the great volume of nature, whose author and maker is God. All that man can do is to study and to apply. He has discovered the fact above adverted to, that these successive notes are not at equal distances; but that two of them approximate more nearly to their preceding notes than do the other five; and upon this fact—a fact upon which much of the beauty and most of the complexity of music depend—he has founded what is technically termed *modulation*. Still, the natural progression of the seven notes remains untouched.* Man has also discovered the cause of this natural progression of sound in the strict mathematical ratio in which the pulsations of the air vibrate upon the ear. Thus, if it requires a certain number of pulsations to produce one note, it demands a certain additional number to produce the next of the scale, and if, from the insufficient tension of the vibratory substance or any other cause, that additional number be not produced, the effect upon the ear is exquisitely painful; the second note, as related to the first, being what musicians technically term 'out of tune.'

The circumstance of the ear's being so wonderfully charmed by the vibrations of the air, when the number of them is mathematically proportioned, still remains as great a mystery as ever. And this is analogous to all such things. Philosophy steps up, in such cases, from one cause to another, that is, until she finds a gap in her deductions which is resolvable alone into the will of the Supreme. She comes from second causes to the cause of all; and it is the highest philosophy, the deepest wisdom, to pause upon the brink of the abyss which must ever separate the finite from the infinite—to pause and bow—to wonder and adore. We are dealing, however, rather with *facts* than the philosophy of them: and to proceed. The musical scale consists indeed of seven notes, but three of these, we repeat, are so intimately connected with one another as to form what is called the common chord, the concord, the *harmonic triad*. Harmony indeed embraces what is understood by *discord* as well as concord, and it is not universally known that the word discord, in a *musical* sense, is not employed in a sinister signification. Some combinations called discords are exquisitely pleasing to the ear, and science has discovered precisely what these combinations are; that is, what notes of the scale may be heard together without giving pain to the sensitive organ to which they are addressed. It is remarkable that the ear seems to require a sort of education to relish discords, at least that discords are the better relished by an educated ear; and, if it be so, is not this analogous to the experience of another sense. Is it not possible that the *palate* may be taught to take pleasure in what at one time actu-

* It may be worthy of remark, that the subdivision of the notes into tones and semitones would seem to interfere with the fact that there are but seven notes in music, because by this subdivision they appear to make twelve; but every one who understands the simplest facts in the theory of music will admit that the *natural* scale: that which is natural to the ear of man, savage or civilised, consists of just seven notes.

ally gave it pain. Such flavours, too, are generally of a pungent nature, which very faithfully answers to the description of a discord. So, if the ear is to be tutored to the appreciation of discords, we can but call them 'caviare to the multitude.' However, no ear, educated or uneducated, can repose upon a discord. No ear can be satisfied with a discord unless a concord follow and relieve it. The three notes of the musical scale, that is, the first, third, and fifth of the seven, are severally called the *tonic* or key note, the *mediant* or middle note, and the *dominant*, predominating, or governing note. Now, one circumstance of these three notes, briefly referred to before, deserves particular attention, namely, that they are *inseparable*. Whenever the first is produced, the attentive ear can distinctly recognise among its vibrations the sound of the other two. The third is not so clearly perceptible as the fifth, that is, the mediant as the dominant, but both are sufficiently clear to be distinguished.

If we turn from acoustics to optics, we find a remarkable and very interesting analogy between the theory of sound and that of colour. We find that the benevolent Being who has been at so much pains (may we say) to gratify the ear, and that irrespective of the grand purposes of hearing, has taken as much care, gratuitously, to refresh, and charm, and gratify the eye. If there are three concordant notes, which so far harmonise as to produce a most agreeable combination, so there are three primitive colours upon which all the exquisite tints that diversify the face of creation are founded. And as there are seven notes in the natural scale of music, so are there seven prismatic colours in nature, as may be seen any showery day when the sun shines. Red, yellow, and blue answer to the tonic, mediant, and dominant of the scale; and perhaps we might remark that blue is the predominating colour, but it is better not to carry analogy too far. Analogy is a seductive thing, and we confess that we see no analogy between the endless shades of colour into which the combinations of the three, or of the seven, may be drawn, and the simple subdivision of some parts of the scale into semitones, which is the only division of which that scale is susceptible. Analogy, we say, *may* be carried too far; analogical argument has been so. This latter has been looked upon as conclusive reasoning, its province being only to remove a difficulty or assert a probability. Analogy is seductive from the very fact that it is agreeable to the mind to discover similitudes; but we are building no theory upon our analogies, advancing no hypotheses upon them, but merely remarking and reposing upon interesting facts.

We have seen that there is a triad in sound and a triad in colour, let us expatiate for a little time upon some other triads. One that has been often remarked, is that of fire, light, and heat; and this has been used as an emblem of the most sublime state of triune existence to which the mind of man can be turned—infinitely above that which the mind of man can comprehend. We shall pass over the emblem; to the sublime subject hinted at we may return in the sequel. To be brief, it may be noticed that the whole of the material world is comprehended in what have been termed the three kingdoms of the animal, vegetable, and mineral creation, while the moral world, in its grand simplification under the Christian economy, is comprised in the circumference of faith, hope, and charity. We shall not dwell upon these triads, but pass on to another or rather to a threefold state of existence, which has often appeared highly interesting; that is, the curious development of life in the insect world. Under the integuments of a crawling thing exist three separate forms of being. There is the lowly larva, fitted only for creeping on the ground—the grub or caterpillar—which displays one of the most simple forms of organic life, breathing through holes in its sides, with no legs; and feet, in proportion to its bulk, more like those of an elephant than the light graceful limbs that it shall presently assume. But its degradation (so to speak) is not complete; from a soft and tender being, possessing at least the power of voluntary motion, it hardens into a torpid, inanimate thing, without members, and cased in impenetrable armour. A still more striking change, however, awaits it; bursting the cerements of its temporary tomb, the perfect insect, radiant with all the colours of the bow, soars away into a congenial element, graced with nodding plumes and gem-like eyes, with slender body, and graceful limbs, and exquisitely reticulated wings; the change is as complete as it would have been inconceivable. The analogy between this threefold state and that of man, as a living, a dying, and a reviving being, is so obvious as to attract the attention very forcibly, and it has become a favourite illustration—an illustration, not a proof—of the resurrection. We draw not on the funds of the imagination, neither do we rest on mere analogy for the proof of that which is proved by a very different line of argument, by evidence as clear as it is incontestable. We apprehend that the apostle's indignant reproof, in reference to this very subject, applies not to mere unbelief, but to the contumelious query—'How are the dead raised?' and 'thou fool,' applies not to bare scepticism, but to the absurd sneer of impossibility. The apostle, indeed, by his argument from analogy, does not prove a fact but he disproves an impossibility, and his honest indignation breaks forth upon those who deny the power of God. Analogy goes no further than to state, that what is certain in one case may be so in another, and so far is analogy very valuable. Is there not, then, a very striking and beautiful analogy between the state of existence to which we have referred and that of man. Fettered, indeed, to the surface of the earth by the constitution of his being, even this inferior life man must lay down for the dead silence, the hard inanimation, of the tomb. But he shall break the bonds of death and cast away the shackles of mortality, and rise a resplendent being, to expatiate in all the freedom of a blessed eternity.

But if we may trace a triad in this, man's threefold *state* of existence, much more obviously is it to be discovered in man's existence itself. Most men agree to consider man as a tripartite being, composed of the soul or vital principle, the mind or cogitative principle, and the body or organic machine; as the apostle expresses it, 'body, soul, and spirit.' They who do not take this view of the case, merely differ in this respect, that they take the body and the mind of man as the material and the immaterial parts, and this view, as far as it goes, is, as we apprehend, correct; but it does not go so far as to overthrow the theory to which we have referred. It does not, we think, contradict the opinion that the vital principle is one thing, the mental principle another. We are borne out in this view of the case by the quoted words of the apostle; and though it is true that the object of the sacred writers was not to teach metaphysics or natural philosophy, and that they frequently adopted on such topics *popular* rather than *scientific* terms, yet we cannot think, on such a subject, that the apostle would make a distinction without a difference. As far as argument, indeed, is concerned, the mysterious union of the material with the immaterial is sufficient to convict the gainsayer—to prove that there are mysteries in things around us recondite as the mysteries *revealed*. But we love to linger on the thought of a triune existence even in mortal man, and, so thinking, is it too far to venture on the thought that the words, 'Let us make man *in our own image*,' may have a deep, a sublime meaning beyond what is ordinarily assigned to them? This is the highest point to which our meditations may ascend—a point at which they are ultimately lost. We have indulged in pleasing speculation, dwelt upon emblems and analogies, our object being rather fanciful than philosophical. We have built no hypotheses upon our facts, but we delight in looking up from nature to nature's God under the emblem of perfect harmony.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT AUCTIONS.

THERE are both poetry and philosophy in auctions, there is food for fancy and critical speculation, and there is ample scope for generalisation. The Countess of Blessington's pathetic delineation of refined depression and elegant poverty is mirrored in memory by the word which

also designates the transfer, by competitive purchase, of farm stock. Wilkie's 'Distraining for Rent' obtrudes itself upon you as a precursor to the auctioneer and destitution. George Robins, disposing of broad tracts of land, and princely mansions, is called into mind by the same verbal exorcist which defines a peripatetic crockery vender; and 'Going, going, gone!' are suggestive alike of a sheriff's warrant, bankrupt stock, or a Baltimore manseller. We have our own opinions of auctions, and we confess they have always been strong. We cannot for the life of us associate anything piratical or sad with a red flag waving at a door; nor have we ever realised the breaking of a heart at every knock of the auctioneer's hammer. How could we? Our experience of auctions has not been acquired in the gloomy regions of emption, but in what we would call the genuine social auction-room. The company is heterogeneous, nobody can deny that; there is the bargain-hunter who wishes to rise upon the ruin of his neighbour, and the bargain-hunter who invests capital in articles he will never need. The cautious, the timid, the foolhardy, and the brave, are all mixed up in the auction-room; and yet a general spirit of good-breeding pervades it. We have seldom seen the pale of mutual forbearance invaded, except in a demonstration of opposiveness, which the master of the ceremonies provoked and encouraged; and we have often been gratified with flashes of attic wit and the display of vast knowledge. Come, gentle reader, we know that you too have sauntered into an auction-room, for there is an attraction in them for every body. The bachelor who intends to become a family-man will find the miscellaneous requisites of a household; and the family-man will always be able to procure for money the constantly required necessaries of crystal and crockery. There are books for the scholar and student; toys for the inhabitants of the nursery; instruments for the philosopher and navigator; bijouterie for the person of taste; trinkets for the belle and exquisite; and we have even seen coronets, and other insignia of nobility, 'going' with as much celerity as the auctioneer's tongue. If there is one individual among our readers, who has reached the years of maturity, and who has never stepped into an auction-room, we are sorry for him. He has missed one of the winter accessories to enjoyment; he has never yet seen a compendious edition of that busy competitive thing called the world.

'If ever you would view an auction-room aright,
Go visit it in the bright gas light.'

Everything is lustrous and beautiful; anticipation is beaming in every countenance; the treasures of Ali Baba are behind that mysterious rostrum, and everybody expects to carry home a part of those treasures for almost nothing. Do not be afraid to enter, there is no embargo laid upon you at the door, there is no surly Cerberus to growl you away. The man that calls is a polite man, with a dignified carriage and a voluble tongue, and his well-brushed shoes and clean apron speak forcibly of other days. He has been in the army that man, anybody could discover that; his head is as erect as when he was a recruit at drill, and it was no joke to bear it with graceful dignity then. He walks with a slow measured tread before the door, if the night is frosty, vociferating his invitations to the lieges, and ever and anon casting his eyes upon the crimson banner and then upon the auctioneer. To what inglorious uses do we come at last, and by what a gradual transition are we led to view widely different things in the same light! That old soldier thinks he is on guard, as he paces up and down the pavement, and it can easily be observed, by the glances he casts upon him, that he has a high opinion of his employer. He is his general now; he would follow him whithersoever he might lead; he would plant that ruddy gonfalon in the highest attic window in Christendom, and he would shout the cry of 'Sale going on!' at the entrance to Buckingham Palace. He loves the auctioneer, for he believes that he is a great man, and the auctioneer always calls him John; but there is no love in the aspect with which he regards the self-important table-boy—that little lad with the smug face and straight sandy hair, who walks round the large oblong table with a lady's cap upon his head and a piece of chintz about his shoulders. The old soldier looks upon him in the same light that Tom Coffin did an impertinent midshipman, for that boy has often teased him, and always has the insolence to call him Jack. He has often threatened to inform the auctioneer about that lad coquetting with his cotemporaries who visit him, and he has held over him *in terrorem* the consequences of a reduction of salary; but threats and advice have been equally despised, and consequently the authority of the auctioneer alone restrains the crier and show-boy from having an open rupture.

The auctioneer occupies a very prominent position; he is mounted on a rostrum overhung with green baize; you can only see his head and bust, and, from their observations upon these parts of his person, nine-tenths of his audience are of opinion that he is a gentleman. His hair has been combed in a negligent off-hand manner, because that is the way he does everything. He turns over the velvets of Genoa, the linens of Holland, the silks of France, and the Cashmeres of India, in as cool a manner as if he could make them as easily as sell them; and the way he does so is a source of admiration to the ladies and little misses who behold him. His waistcoat is of a beautiful pattern, and he wears a massive ring and pin; not that he is vain, but merely to let people see that he possesses these things. If anybody covets them, that man's eye tells you that he would soon dispose of them, for, as Sam Slick says, his eye teeth's cut. The auctioneer is an orator, and although he may not be a profound scholar, he is not an ignorant man. If he is disposing of engravings, it is wonderful to hear how intimate he is with the names and qualifications of the old masters, from Cimabue to Carlo Marrati, and of the modern ones, from Rembrandt to Carse. He knows one part of a book to perfection—a part of which the author was perhaps ignorant—we mean the title-page; and he manages to throw in all his stock of historical and geographical knowledge with the sale of a piece of calico. There is a great amount of acumen in the auctioneer's eye; you would almost believe him to be a *clairvoyant*, or possessed of second sight. His eyes are like compound microscopes or the lenses of a camera. He measures the purse of every one in the room, and he seems to have an invoice in his mind of what every one wants. How judiciously he assorts and times his lots, and how he keeps his eye rolling round. He looks hard at the person for whom he intends the lot, that he may watch the slightest inclination of the head, and he knocks it down with a hearty congratulation to the buyer on his good fortune. He has a kindly eye towards the little girls, who rattle their coppers in large reticules and importune their parents to buy; he knows that they would purchase everything if they only had the means. But regard for his own character alone restrains him from hurling the lightnings of his indignation upon these men in the corner; they are habited in very white moleskins, and wear Kilmarnock bonnets; they don't come to purchase, and the auctioneer knows that well; they have hunted him during the whole winter from tenement to tenement, never so much as bidding for a child's whistle, but gratuitously imbibing the natural caloric of his room, and carrying away his jokes to bandy them amongst their comrades on the morrow; he feels himself to be an injured man; these men are warmed in his breath and enlivened by his genius, but they wont pay for the privilege. The auctioneer has often fulminated the corruscations of his wit against these men; he has advised them to go home and ignite their candles and kindle their fires; but they look him steadily in the face and manifest not the least disposition to take his advice; there is defiance in their eyes, and, although everybody about them is grinning and laughing, they keep their ground like lamp-posts; his wit falls broken from their marble fronts; his declamations recoil from their impassable bosoms like eggs from a bomb-proof battery.

'Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, sale's going on,' shouts the man at the door. Auctioneer, *loquitor*—'Two and twopence, ladies and gentlemen, only two and twopence

for this piece of cloth, which might make a robe for Queen Pomare. Only think, ladies and gentlemen, perhaps an Oboe prince picked the cotton from which it was manufactured by a member of parliament. Two and four! thank you, sir. Two and six! it's a bargain at four times the money. Elegance and durability combined, ladies and gentlemen; is there no advance upon two and six?' The auctioneer looks steadily at that fat gentleman with the spectacles and umbrella; but the fat gentleman smiles with the self-satisfied air of one who plumes himself upon celibacy, and the look is consequently directed to the tall lady with the cloak and muff, who tosses her head as if she would not have it for any money. There is a profound silence in the room, the last bidder's heart beats with anticipation, the hammer is elevated to the zenith, the last cry of 'going' has been given, and the final sound is on his lips, when the shabby genteel man nods his head, and the lot is knocked down to him at a great advance. And who is this shabby genteel man? that's the question; nobody knows him, he is a mystery; the auctioneer bears himself with a haughtiness most unaccountable towards so good a customer, and *he* bears himself to the auctioneer, and everybody else, as if he had no sympathies with human kind; his Mackintosh coat is of a dirty white, dabbled with India-rubber, and his hat seems to have been smeared with treacle; he does not appear to be an opulent person, but the proverb tells us that appearances often deceive, so he may be a *millionaire* after all. He is a fearless buyer, with an insatiable desire to have everything; the auctioneer might make up a lot of phrenological casts and churns, Egyptian antiquities and modern coach-wheels, and that shabby genteel man would bid for them. When you are very anxious for any thing, and when everybody else gives way in courtesy, that shabby genteel man shows no quarter, but nods like a Chinese toy until he has increased the price of the article and your irritation considerably, and then you may have it. When nobody else bids, he hangs off too; sometimes he gets excited and speaks, but he is having it all his own way then, and his voice is liker a thunder growl than a sound of pleasure. He has few friends in the room; but the crier seems to know and appreciate him; he stands for a moment, looks at the shabby genteel man, grins, shakes his head, and then bawls his invitation to the public more lustily than before. He is viewed with suspicion by the men, he is hated by the ladies, and he is looked upon with confused wonder by the children. He must have a great business or a great family, and fortune along with it. He is never seen in close conference with the auctioneer's gay yet threadbare clerk; he never speaks to that great exchequer functionary. He is never known to pay for anything nor to carry anything away; but as nothing can be carried away till it is paid for, it is supposed that he is somebody that the auctioneer could expose if he had a mind.

We have a high opinion of auctioneers and of their calling; but we consider that it would be dangerous to open the road to a profession so exalted, and to say to every young man of genius, enter and become a Cicero or Demosthenes. The bar and the senate would no longer be spheres for future nincompoops to figure in. The philippics of Demosthenes would be forgotten in the thrilling declamations of a rising Bidall upon bedposts; and the Ciceronean thunders which were hurled against ingrate Cataline, would be hushed in the orations of a Buybuy upon crockery. Labour, application, and talent are the defenders of the portals which lead to scholastic fame. The purchase of a government permit admits you into a fraternity whose members occupy a classic position immediately upon induction; they are on the rostrum, and an epitome of the forum is before them; how alluring, how ennobling! and yet, gentle reader, we have seen a member of this august body take advantage of his position and of an illiterate person into the bargain. 'Here is a volume of Moliere, gentlemen,' cried a legalised vender in our ears one evening; 'a volume of the incomparable Moliere's incomparable works! Will no gentleman say half-a-crown for it?—eighteenpence?—a shilling?—sixpence?'—'Sevenpence,' said a workman at our side, in a resolute voice; and we immediately turned to look at him. He was not a very intellectual looking man, but what of that? He was worthy of the more honour if application had enabled him to overcome the disadvantages of his station and his comparative incapacity. The auctioneer looked at him too, and there was a malicious twinkle in his eye; but the man was not to be daunted, he wished to have the volume, and as we knew from its cover that it had been manufactured at the Hague or Rotterdam, we thought we had an Elihu Burritt beside us, and we had a strong desire to cultivate his acquaintance. The book was knocked down to him and the money paid ere he got a view of its interior. It was a plethoric duodecimo, just bursting with a repletion of information, and he was perfectly satisfied with it till he opened it; then his eyes dilated, and he indignantly exclaimed, looking at the knight of the hammer—'I canna read this book, sir!'—'Neither could I, sir, when I was your age,' said the auctioneer, gravely; and then he rattled away to drown the complaints of the indignant dupe. 'I have done that ungrateful man a service,' said the auctioneer, with a severe countenance, when the workman was gone; 'he will learn the French language rather than lose his money, and I have no doubt of yet obtaining some manifestation of gratitude from him.' He was a knowing man that; he knew to perfection the rule of palliation. It is dangerous to bandy words with an auctioneer when he is in spirits; he is like a rooster on his own dunghill, and the person who is foolhardy enough to chop logic with him generally comes off second best. We recollect of a tall burly fellow, whose broad-brimmed hat, green cut-away coat, capacious waistcoat, corduroy tights and gaiters, unmistakeably bespoke him a horse-dealer, having the hardihood to brave the lion in his den. The auctioneer was lauding the quality of a piece of cloth, which, according to his showing, was more valuable than asbestos and more durable than bend leather, when the horse-dealer, indignant at the auctioneer's exaggeration, shouted—'Ass! Ass!! Ass!!!' The assembly looked aghast, the auctioneer's eloquence was immediately checked, and the grinning horse-dealer imagined he had put the knight of the hammer down. Mistaken notion! the insulted functionary fastened his keen eyes upon the clown, and then slowly uttered the laconic response of 'Horse! Horse!! Horse!!!' The look, the tone, and the words of the auctioneer were irresistible; the discomfited horse-dealer beat a hasty retreat amidst peals of horse laughter.

Auctions in times past were not the bustling competitive assemblies which they now are. They were quiet cosy little meetings where people were more inclined to sleep than buy. Those who frequented them were like some of the drowsy characters which we see snoring in Hogarth's pictures; and if they had been each supplied with a pipe, they would have furnished all the essentials of a New Amsterdam council, as recorded in the veracious history of that mighty city by the immortal Knickerbocker. Creech's land will be in the recollection of many a Modern Athenian, and its somnolent auction-room will not be forgotten. For a mortal hour the voice of the presiding genius would vibrate in that room without any response save a snore, and nothing had he to relieve the monotony of his professional verbiage save a vacant stare. Human nature can endure much, and though modern auctioneers may be apt to deem this a libel upon their profession, yet, we repeat it, for a mortal hour, every thing would be going, and, though it may appear paradoxical, nothing would go until the audience had exhausted the auctioneer's patience, and then he would instruct the crier to put up the window-shutters, and order the audience to retire and finish their nap at home as the business of the evening was done. For ten minutes or so the auctioneer and crier would lie upon their oars, and then off went the shutters, open flew the door, 'Auction of books,' cried John, and in flocked a fresh audience to begin business anew; but, alas for hope! the same drama was enacted twice or thrice a-night, much to the comfort of wearied limbs and frosty noses, but little to the auctioneer's profit. Talk of the halls of Somnos or

of Sleepy Hollow! Morpheus could have found brothers in old auction-rooms, and emigration societies might have peopled a hundred *Bed*fords from them.

With our love of auctions there has lately mingled a fear; we doubt that their palmy days are past. We very seldom see a real fat bailie now-a-days; turtle and calf's head are mere fictions, and plethora and magistrate are no longer synonymous. We sigh as we enter some modern auction-rooms, for the oratory has ceased in many instances to be classic or chaste, and sound and bluster are ungrateful successors of pointed epigram and clever repartee. We fear there is something shaky in the institution; its guardians do not seem to protect its privileges so jealously as they did. No matter, auctions may depart like many more stable institutions, but recollection will treasure them up in the chambers of memory amongst the miscellaneous souvenirs of the past; and when winter comes with his snowy chemise and frosty beard, we will look with longing eyes into many a shining shop, and sigh as Marius did amongst the ruins of Carthage, and mutter, alas, time is going, going, and in his march auctions have gone!

## HISTORY.

However plainly the *utility* of history may appear, yet from its utility it does not seem to have derived its birth. It appears to have been introduced at first more to gratify passion than to improve the individual. The desire inherent in almost every one to be distinguished from the crowd, and to transmit to posterity some little notice of his own life, prompted man very early to devise several methods whereby his name might be rescued from oblivion. We read of rude symbols carved upon stones in ancient times for commemorating the exploits of heroes; and as an improvement upon this, the songs so common in the early history of every nation, for advancing the same designs. For preserving the remembrance of past events, heaps of stones were erected and medals were struck. Various other methods were also devised, which it would be endless to enumerate; but none of these seem to have answered the purpose of history. The fabulous legends with which the early history of every nation is interwoven, and the constant desire to refer its origin to a period so remote as to exceed all human probability, demonstrate in a clear manner the imperfect nature of early records. Tradition, no doubt, from being the principal means of transmitting past events, would be carried to a degree of perfection of which we have now no just conception; for old age, though not much alive to the passing transactions of the present times, would yet enter with much spirit into the narrative of those of the preceding, and it would finely accord with the active curiosity of youth to listen to them with attention; yet, however long the memory of a transaction might be preserved in this manner, it is not likely that it could be done with much faithfulness. The event related would be framed to suit the disposition of the narrator, and moulded in conformity to his present prejudices, and its real origin would in consequence be speedily lost. Bolingbroke, in speaking of those introductions to history founded upon early traditions, says, 'they are at least no more than fanciful preludes that try the instrument and precede the concert.'

Though destitute of those records that can supply us with the history of nations in the earliest state, we suffer little loss. A full acquaintance with the history of nations at such a period might tend to gratify the curiosity of the philosopher, but would contribute very little towards general instruction; for there exists no similitude of manners between them and the present times, nor could any thing be found in such early periods after which could be modelled the institutions of modern times. It is obvious, that in civilised life there can proceed little advantage from the imitation of the savage.

History is conversant with every object; but when it records the facts regarding one subject in particular, it from thence appropriates to itself a name arising from the *subject*. When its subject is *God*, and his dispensations towards mankind, it is called *sacred history*. When it treats of the affairs of the Christian church and its founders, of religious establishments and the jarring opinions among Christians, then it is denominated *ecclesiastical history*. If it relate the actions of men, it is called *civil*; and if it be restricted to the knowledge of man, it is called *literary*. The history of *nature* is that which regards the numberless productions to which it gives birth; and the history of the *arts* is little more than that of the usages repeated by man with regard to the productions of nature, either for satisfying his wants or gratifying his curiosity. History is called *general*, when it takes a review of the affairs of several kingdoms, and exhibits the cotemporary events of each at one and the same time. The rules necessary to be observed in writing it, must in some respects be peculiar to itself; for no sooner has the historian brought down the transactions of one kingdom to a certain period, than he leaves them in order to give us a similar relation of what happened in a neighbouring one at the same time. This necessarily occasions the matter to be disjointed as to the particular parts, and destroys that unity of design which is preserved in the unbroken relation of the transactions of any particular state. As some compensation for this defect, necessarily arising from the nature of the subject, however treated, the reader is informed of what is done in several countries about the same period, whereby he is agreeably gratified: for a curiosity at times naturally steals upon the mind when perusing the history of a particular people at one date, to know how others were engaged at the same time. Particular histories record the public transactions of a state for a certain period. In them, we have actions related from their beginning to their conclusion.

The foregoing survey comprehends the different branches of history, and to enter into a particular detail of each, would, it is apprehended, be foreign to our present purpose. Suffice it then to mention further, that in history, whether general or particular, there is presented to us a full-drawn picture whereupon to indulge our fancy and to exercise our judgment; whereas, were men restricted to individual experience, they could only see things by halves. A person, once in his lifetime, might witness the commencement of some great event; but his own exit from the stage might prevent his beholding its completion, and place him beyond the reach of drawing from it any useful knowledge; hence the great utility of history in giving things complete.

Having now made a few reflections upon the origin of history, it falls next to be considered, and it will the more clearly appear, what are the duties and what should be the talents of the historian.

The province of a poet affords him the utmost scope. He can wander uncontrolled in the regions of fancy, and paint perennial scenes of happiness without the intermixture of any evil. Far from this is the province of a historian; he exhibits human nature as it is, and constantly presents us with facts, without any deviation from truth. But though the historian is not at liberty, like the poet, to indulge in the fields of fancy and fiction, yet ought he to imitate the poet in writing with liveliness of imagination, which will be highly useful in painting the passions and exhibiting their course. By thus tracing the passions with a bold and masterly pencil, the human heart is finely unfolded, and a field laid open for every one of the most salutary instruction. Though the historian does not possess imagination in the same degree as the poet, yet, without it entirely, history would become so dull as never to be removed from the dusty shelf.

A historian is not allowed to generalise to the same extent as the philosopher, nor to select, as an orator, those particular topics which tend to inculcate some particular point. A fair unvarnished account must be given in history, whether favourable or prejudicial to certain objects of our predilection: the historian must write as a player acts. It will appear, then, that impartiality in stating facts is the primary requisite of a historian. To enforce this duty, however, may probably be considered as repeating a hackneyed topic, as it is obviously a quality which

every one knows the historian should possess; but experience frequently shows us, that of this quality many of them possess but a small share, and it may even be shown that, although it be one of the principal virtues of a historian, yet it too often happens to be looked upon as of subordinate consideration. Beginning with the daily writers of newspapers, who are in some degree the historians of cotemporary events, we see how frequently in their productions truth is mingled with falsehood. From partiality, the minds even of those who professedly write histories are not exempted; indeed in those nations between which there exists a rivalship and contention, it is needless to expect from the historians of either, truth entire and undisguised. However much the historians of one nation may be disqualified to record the transactions of a rival country, in regard to those points in which each is mutally interested, yet in one respect it has been long found that the writers of one nation are better qualified to record the history of their neighbours than that of their own country. Familiarity with them on his own part, and the consciousness that no person remains unacquainted with such matters, prevent the historian from descending to the detail of what he supposes every one knows as well as himself. Hence the neglect of those domestic incidents which best characterise the manners of a people, and of which, but for the historians of other countries, the world might remain ignorant.

In the present state of society and of national intercourse, the historian is supplied with more certain information concerning the events which he records than the writers of more early times; and though perhaps his access to the knowledge of some matters be very difficult, yet, on the whole, the advantages which he possesses are as great as can reasonably be expected. Various obstacles indeed do occur to prevent him from attaining that faithful and impartial estimate of things which might be wished. Some difficulties will arise from causes over which he has little control, and others may spring up from passions which he is not sufficiently able to subdue or to regulate.

In treating of politics and the various operations of government, the historian will labour under much disadvantage from not being acquainted with the secret springs of action. It is evident that the historian ought to dedicate much of his time to study, while at the same time he ought to be intimately acquainted with the world in all its variety. One whose time has been exclusively devoted to study must evidently be ill-qualified to judge of the world; as, from his limited intercourse with it, his knowledge of mankind must be very circumscribed. Man, in the abstract, he may know; but of man as he appears in the real scenes of life, he will have no just conception. On the other hand, any person, even a statesman whose access to be acquainted with men in real life may be presumed to be greater than that of many others, will yet be ill qualified for the task of a historian if he has not drunk deeply of that knowledge which private contemplation is calculated to afford. He may know sufficiently well all the usual routines of practice, and all the little details therewith connected; but seldom will he rise to the sublime views of a philosopher: he will inherit all the narrow notions which Burke ascribes to politicians whose knowledge is confined to the dull duties of office. In absolute monarchies, in particular, there is generally a great secrecy in political affairs. There is little freedom in such a government; and state matters are seldom submitted to any kind of criticism before the public tribunal. Every thing carries an air of sanctity, and the power of the monarch is more cultivated than the happiness of the people. In such a state few historians can write their sentiments with freedom and independence. It is only in those countries where the liberty of the press is preserved that there is any thing like a probability of obtaining a history, written in the true spirit of liberty. Though occasionally a few historians in countries where the liberty of the press is preserved, may appear tainted with the excess and ebullitions of party, yet from this partial abuse of an important advantage we are not to argue against its general utility. Upon other principles, though different from the foregoing, it might be shown that impartiality or freedom of opinion is not likely to be insured in writing modern history. In treating concerning recent events in which the historian or his friends have been directly or indirectly concerned, it is contrary to the usual course of things for him instantly to divest himself of the prejudices, less or more, which from habit or profession he may have imbibed, or to lay aside all peculiarities of opinion for the adoption of others more liberal or enlightened, and to censure or praise friends with the strictest justice. Even if a historian succeeded tolerably well in the latter instance, he would for some time be with difficulty credited by the world. There would not be wanting some who would ascribe the praise conferred upon some characters to venality, and the censure bestowed upon others to malignity. The historian ought to recognise no partialities; he ought to study the general advantage of the community, and to become, like the great philosopher of antiquity, a citizen of the world. Pursuing this route and adhering strictly to truth, the historian will have frequent occasion to censure the friends whom he has commended, and to praise, for some actions, his enemies, whom he has condemned for others. Every thing ought to be judged of as it is in itself; for, in forsaking an impartial standard and deviating from truth, history would, as Polybius says, become as useless as an animal after having lost its sight.

The stately and dignified march of history requires to be accompanied with a certain portion of solemnity, without which it will not gain much credit. Instruction is its principal end, and to ensure this, gravity of style is in some degree requisite. If a witness, on being called upon to give a statement of facts upon oath, in a court of justice, were to intermingle jests and flashes of wit, the impropriety of his conduct would be immediately evident, and his credibility would very naturally be called in question; so likewise, if a historian appear before the great tribunal of the world at large, avowedly with the purpose of communicating information concerning certain facts, it is as unbecoming in him to leave off gravity of style, and to become sarcastic or ironical.

A person much accustomed to study will have frequent occasion to guard against the consequences arising from predilections to certain branches of literature. If he possess a poetical turn of mind, he will be apt to be deficient in that exactness which is peculiarly requisite in a historian; he will be disconcerted in any laborious research after the truth of facts, and will not be careful of fixing events to the true point of time at which they happened. Chronology will to him have few charms. On the other hand, if he is accustomed to abstract learning, he will be apt to disregard the language in which he conveys his thoughts: at least, when any person has manifested a predilection for the sciences, experience has yet shown that it was generally at the expense of his style.

The quality of perseverance is indispensably necessary to fit a historian for proceeding with his labours, in the course of which he will be called upon to read the conflicting statements of a variety of authors, and to examine manuscript letters and all other documents tending to the elucidation of his subject.

By history, every people and every nation since the beginning of time are made to pass as it were in review before us. We have the most ample opportunities of observing their several characters, whether good or bad, the political and religious institutions which each possessed, and the endless variety that existed among the whole: how some nations gradually extended their conquests on all sides till their greatness was without limits, but by a sudden vicissitude sunk from their elevation, and gradually vanished from remembrance.

In judging concerning a subject which fills the widest grasp of mind, it would be foolish to make the attempt without much previous knowledge. Above all, the historian must be equitable in his judgments; for where there exists such a multitude of different opinions, particularly on the subjects of religion and politics, he would ill dis-

charge his task were he to take up the opinions of a party or those of any particular sect in religion as a standard, in order to judge of the merit or demerit of every other. Lucian has delivered an observation among many others concerning the character of a historian, which, since his time, has been frequently repeated, namely, that a historian ought to be of no religion. This can never be understood to imply, that the historian ought to be devoid of those important principles which religion inculcates, and in which every individual has an interest, if he feel any regard for Christian duty. It implies, that a historian, as such, ought not to be attached to any particular religious sect, nor be fettered by the peculiarity of opinion which marks its difference from every other. In the Christian religion, there are certain leading principles in which all agree who aspire to the name of Christians. By them, obedience is enjoined to God, vice is reprobated, and virtue commended. These the historian may safely assume as standard principles, and, by a particular adherence to them in appreciating human conduct, he will be less exposed to cavil. In morality, the historian ought not to be less skilled. In judging of the actions of men, he ought previously to be well aware what is virtue and what is vice, without regard to time or place. Morality depends upon absolute rules, and is of eternal and immutable obligation—the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever. These rules it is essential for the historian to know, otherwise he may bestow encomiums upon vice to the great disparagement of virtue. In judging of the character of individuals who are borne up to the notice of the public by a train of splendid actions, we are apt to be led away by those showy qualities which captivate public attention, and to overlook those humble and private virtues which stamp the character of the man. If a person in a public situation of life have a generous character, it is taken as a compensation for a number of vices. Alcibiades was a profuse character, and though he indulged in every kind of sensuality, yet he was adored by the multitude. Charles V. and Julius Cæsar were both great generals and much renowned for the feats of their arms, yet in the composition of either character there entered little honesty. Indeed, in all matters wherein politics are concerned, morality is too frequently looked upon as of inferior moment, and considered as inconsistent with those qualities which constitute an able politician. It gives way to refined fraud—a substitute for integrity, which no thinking being can for a moment commend.

The ancients, in general, had not the most accurate ideas of virtue and vice. The views of ambition they pronounced to be praiseworthy, or at least heroic, though exerted in the most indescribable cruelties and oppression, when tending to enlarge the territory of their native country. What led on to conquest, what promoted victory and procured a name in such a cause, was approved according to the odious maxim, that the end sanctifies the means. Both the Greeks and the Romans were guilty of the greatest cruelties towards those countries which they designated barbarian, and upon these circumstances their own historians do but slightly dwell. Though they, at times, attacked unoffending neighbours, and spread everywhere devastation, yet such conduct but very seldom fell under obloquy. Victory and conquest made injustice be forgot; but when the Greeks and Romans were treated in nearly the same manner by the barbarians, when the latter attacked either of the former in their own native country, then the barbarians were exhibited as monsters of wickedness and cruelty, though only acting in imitation of themselves. The ancient historians, therefore, laboured under a gross inconsistency; they praise in one what they condemn in another, as if what is virtuous and vicious was not the same in every nation of the world. The historian, then, ought constantly to recognise that maxim in ethics, as delivered by the divine Author of religion himself—'Do as you would wish to be done to.'

It is necessary that the historian be deeply versed in politics as well as in the other branches of knowledge before mentioned; but while he should be at once profound and comprehensive, yet it is necessary to guard against those predilections or biassed opinions which are apt to occupy the mind upon this subject; for on no other topic whatever (excepting theology) has there existed more difference of opinion or crudeness of ideas. Some have ardently embraced the side of the reigning power at the time, and urged doctrines inimical to the best interests of the subject; others have broached doctrines inconsistent either with just rule or the safety of the state, under the specious pretext of vindicating the rights of the people. Numberless are the instances which might be adduced to illustrate the truth of what has now been stated; and the historian, if he wish to avoid the rocks and shoals by which so many of his predecessors have been ruined, will do well to embrace neither side exclusively, but, when occasion offers, to expose the ruling power when it deviates from the laws in order to trample upon the liberties of the subject; and equally condemn the people when they lose sight of subordination in the tumult and riot of sedition.

The ancient historians appear to speak with more justness concerning the reciprocal duties of the prince and the people than the modern; but the latter, on the other hand, have more accurate notions of what one state owes to another. Of the law of nations the ancient historians possessed but limited and imperfect ideas; for if the line of conduct, however unjust, which was pursued by one nation towards another, terminated in conquest or in the acquisition of territory, it received, as already mentioned, the most indiscriminate praise. Even modern historians have not been sufficiently guarded against this bias of the mind; for we have to regret that Robertson, in his History of America, where there is so much to praise, should be so sparing of his censure towards the Spaniards for the cruelties practised by them upon the poor Mexicans and Peruvians. He states that, by giving the history of America and its discovery, he will manifest the important advantages mankind have thereby reaped, not doubting in the least that much utility has been derived from it. Such, indeed, may have been the case; yet, in forming his judgment of the matter, he has not taken into account the sacrifices that had been made. If these preponderate, where is the advantage? What compensation is equivalent to the destruction of thousands and millions of the human race—of such numbers as the Spaniards destroyed for the gratification of the most ignoble passions? Every friend to humanity must lament that advantages should be reaped by such desperate measures. Perhaps we should see it in its proper light were the case our own. Should some cruel foe, in order to satisfy his rapacity and avarice, invade our native shores, and sweep away thousands of our countrymen, whose only crime was their exertions for the preservation of their country, then the atrocity of such conduct would appear in its native undisguised colours. The maxims of Machiavel have long since met with merited obloquy; for as they inculcated the interest of governors only, and that selfish policy which might to them ensure some partial advantage, without keeping in view the great end of all, the happiness of the people, it is not surprising that with the very epithet Machiavelism should now be associated the blackest ideas. In judging of the merit of any government, it would be of service to the historian to observe if the happiness of the people was principally kept in view, and if nothing farther was exacted from them than what was recognised by the laws, either sanctioned by usage or expressly enacted—if the subject enjoyed the fruits of his labour without suffering any apprehension of being stripped of them by the caprice of the ruling power—or if he was not oppressed by severe exactions in contributing to the maintenance of government.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

## INCHCOLM.

THOUGH the scene of the following dramatic sketch be laid in an island of the Forth by no means considerable for its size—measuring indeed scarcely a mile in length, and still less distinguished for any feature of natural beauty,

presenting as it does rather a bleak, cold aspect, and being only in some places arable, our readers will not object to it on that score, aware as they must be that all these deficiencies are amply recompensed by the rich cluster of historical associations which intertwine themselves most inseparably around the name of Inchcolm. Those who have visited this small island, which stands right opposite Donibrittle, the beautiful seat of the Earl of Moray, are aware that it exhibits the ruins of what must in its day have been one of the most extensive monastic establishments in this part of Scotland. The appearance which the immense structure presented from the sea, in former years, must have been signally magnificent and imposing. Oh, how soothing, how gratifying, in the days of old, to the ears of the rough sailor, leaning over the vessel's side—to the enterprising fisherman, spreading his net or casting his baited line—or even to the party coasting up and down for mere purposes of pleasure—must have proved, as it swung over the calm billows in the sweet summer months, the chime of its matin and vesper bells, or its curfew's solemn toll!

Before presenting our readers with a quotation from Fordun, assigning the cause of the erection of the ancient structure to which our sketch refers, we give the following account of its modern appearance from the Antiquities of Scotland by Grose, who paid the island a visit in 1789. 'Great part of the monastery,' says he, 'is still remaining. The cloisters, with rooms over them, enclosing a square area, are quite entire; the pit of the prison is a most dismal hole, though lighted by a small window. The refectory is up one pair of stairs; in it, near the window, is a kind of separate closet, up a few steps, commanding a view of the monks when at table: this is supposed to have been the abbot's seat. Adjoining the refectory is a room, from the size of its chimney, probably the kitchen. The octagonal chapterhouse, with its stone roof, is also standing. Over it is a room of the same shape, in all likelihood the place where the charters were kept: here are the remains of an inscription in the black-letter, which began with *stultus*. The inside of the whole building seems to have been plastered. Near the water there is a range of offices; near the chapter-house is the remains of a very large semicircular arch. In the adjoining grounds lies the old carved stone, said to be a Danish monument, engraved by Sir Robert Sibbald, in whose book it is delineated as having a human head at each end; and at present it is so defaced by time or weather that nothing like a head can be distinguished at either end: indeed it requires the aid of a creative fancy to make out any of the sculpture. Something like a man with a spear is seen (by sharp-sighted antiquaries) on the north side; and on the south the figure of a cross. This stone has been removed from its original situation.' The following is the legend of Fordun, already referred to:—'About the year 1123, Alexander I. having some business of state which obliged him to cross over at the Queen's Ferry, was overtaken by a terrible tempest, blowing from the south-west, which obliged the sailors to make for this island, which they reached with the greatest difficulty. Here they found a poor hermit, who lived a religious life, according to the rules of St Columba, and performed service in a small chapel, supporting himself by the milk of one cow, and the shell-fish he could pick up on the shore. Nevertheless, on these small means he entertained the king and his retinue for three days—the time which they were confined here by the wind. During the storm, and whilst at sea and in the greatest danger, the king had made a vow, that if St Columba would bring him safe to that island, he would there found a monastery to his honour, which should be an asylum and relief to navigators. He was, moreover, farther moved to this foundation by having from his childhood entertained a particular veneration and honour for that saint, derived from his parents, who were long married without issue, until, imploring the aid of St Columba, their request was most graciously granted.' Such is the traditionary story on which Major Vetch, a respected contributor, has contrived to fashion a short dramatic sketch, displaying, we think, considerable powers of invention and a respectable facility of dramatic expression:—

*Persons*—ALEXANDER I., as a Scottish chieftain; MALCOLM, the Hermit; EDITH, Niece to the King.

*Scene*—Inchcolm—the Forth agitated by a violent storm—the Hermit is seen on the highest point of the island.

*Hermit.* This uproar of the elements delights
My kindling soul. Oh, how unlike the storms
That vex the moral world, rousing in man
A fiercer tempest! This proclaims alone
The Deity's sublimity and power,
And lifts the soul upon its wings to heaven.—
But, ah! there comes a billow-beaten bark
Direct upon the isle. Oh, not in vain
Is my lone sojourn here, while I have means
To succour mariners in danger's hour!
Now for the beacon, where the boat may find
The bay in safety from the threat'ning rocks. (*Exit.*)

Scene changes to a little bay.—Enter, as from the sea, the King as a chieftain, with his followers, with the Hermit as guide.

*King.* Bless'd be the hour that lured thee to retire
From worldly strife to meditation here.
Without thy beacon, we had only 'scaped
The waves to suffer shipwreck on the rocks.
Dark isle, but bright throughout all time to come,
Thy rocks shall rise resplendent from the deep;
For ere I share in hospitable rites,
And while my mantle 's dripping with the waves,
Taking this rock for my rude altar-stone,
I vow to the Almighty here to rear
A monastery fair, to bear the name
Of good Columba—saint to seamen dear.

*Hermit.* Amen! And here may weary souls long find
The peace the world nor gives nor takes away!
Here may the toss'd upon temptation's sea
Find timely haven from perdition's gulph!
Here may the friendless find the Friend above,
And hopeless love rejoice in love divine!
Here souls bereaved regain the loss in death,
And broken hearts like mine find here repose!—
Meanwhile I lead you to my humble cell.

*King.* Lead on; and near was marshall'd courtly guest
With steps more willing to the banquet-hall. (*Exeunt.*)

*Scene*—The tempest has passed away—the Hermit is again seen alone on the summit of the isle.

*Hermit.* Mysterious day, that makes my flinty floor
The couch where slumbers Scotland's valiant king
He vainly veils his bearing royal from me;
For majesty shines out like yonder sun
Through all the vapour scatter'd o'er the sky
Me, time and grief and garb so much have changed,
That his poor vassal, doom'd to save his life,
Stands now before him as a man unknown.
His faithful liege, who did aspiring sue
For Edith's willing hand, and got instead
Stern exile from his court, perhaps might urge
His suit forbidden now with stronger plea;
But this I scorn. No: he refresh'd shall go
By me as still unknown, unknowing me;
Nor shall my love be but by love preferr'd.—
But here the Majesty of Scotland comes. (*Enter the King.*)
My guest I fear would find his slumbers scared
By such unwonted couch?

*King.* Not so, mine host.
In lordly hall, and on the silken couch,
I ne'er enjoy'd such slumbers, nor arose,
With nature more restored. Our damaged boat
Will need some hours' repair ere we can launch
Into the deep. Meanwhile this mossy seat
Beside thee, in the cheerful sun restored,
Is most inviting; and while here we sit
Like pilgrim-brothers, please to me unfold
The windings of thy life, that ended here
So well for me: and never was a spot
More suited for a red-cross knight to hear
The varied incidents of pilgrim tale.

*Hermit.* Forgive, sir knight, your host's discourtesy:
But no adventures in my wretched life
Could ere repay a guest's attentive ear;
And I have vow'd to keep the hapless cause
Of my seclusion aye in silence seal'd.
Enough that I have sought in solitude
The peace I found not in the restless world.

*King.* And have you found it?

*Hermit.* What although the grief
That binds me to this lonely isle still lives,
'Tis now subdued so far as but to lend
A tenderness to mem'ry's vain regret,
Not uncongenial with the hope of heaven.

*King.* And has the world no lure to win thee back
To mingle in the sweets of social life?
Has the war-trumpet not a voice to rouse
Thy soul to martial deeds? Has music nor e
When peals the harp to high heroic deeds

In banquet-hall? Has patriot ardour none
To fire thy rage against oppression's power?
And last, has woman's charms——Aha! my friend,
The tale is told by that red, rushing blush
Across thy clouded brow and cheeks demure—
I see there is a power, howe'er subdued,
That links thee still to earth! Was she unkind?

*Hermit.* Since you have touch'd, as with enchanter's wand,
The heart that leaps to the resistless spell,
Forgive my fruitless struggle with the power
Of ling'ring love! Oh, she was not unkind!
Bright was her beauty as her heart was true.
But——

*King.* No *buts*, my friend. Cheer up, my love-lorn hermit.
As I'm a red-cross knight, thou, in return
For all thy service here, shall forth with me;
And we, as brothers sworn, will rove the land
Till we find out the cruel enchanter's tower
Which holds this peerless beauty; and we there
Will listen to no *buts:* for her fair hand
We shall demand, and who will dare deny?

*Hermit.* Thanks, gentle knight! But were it gallant deeds
Could win the loss, I ask no other aid
Than by good lance to prove my title good.
But I have vow'd, until her sire shall give
His free consent, no further suit I'll urge:
This isle shall be my home, yon cell my tomb.—
But see, a gallant bark comes flying hither,
The arms of Scotland streaming from her main.

*King.* Now, as I live, it is our loving niece,
In quest of Alexander. For, mine host,
Learn that your grateful guest is Scotland's lord
(*Hermit kneels.*)
No time for kneeling, hie thee to the cliff,
And show the coming bark the landing-bay,
While I will to the beach to meet the princess. (*Exit hermit.*)
He thinks I know him not in that strange guise;
But 'neath the hermit's cowl at once I mark'd
The banish'd Malcolm, now atoning here
For all the past; and his reward shall be
His true love Edith's hand. (*Exit.*)

*Scene*—The beach—the King and Edith meeting.

*Edith.* The king!
The king! the king! Oh, Heaven above be praised!

*King.* Welcome, my Edith (*embracing her*). This thrice happy meeting
Will furnish narratives for our fireside
When winter winds remind us of the sea.—
But where has the mysterious hermit fled
That stood but now beside yon beacon rock?
Oh, much he served us in our dangerous need!
And now, no doubt unwilling to intrude
Upon our tender meeting, has withdrawn
Into his lonely, melancholy cell;
But, ere we re-embark, we must repay
His fealty with gift befitting kings.
Go, gentle Edith, seek his cavern'd rock,
And tell him Scotland's Majesty desires
His presence at the bay. And list, my Edith,
Lose not your heart, for he has winning eyes,
Though shaded by the cowl and sorrow's cloud
Lose not your heart, I say, for he has none
To give you in return. So be away.

*Scene*—Before the Hermit's cell—Malcolm seated on a rock at its entrance, his mantle drawn over his face, his eyes on an open book before him.

*Edith.* Permit me, holy hermit, to intrude
Upon your sacred musings, and request
Your presence at the bay, where anxious waits
The Majesty of Scotland, to repay,
With parting thanks, your hospitable deeds.

*Hermit.* Humanity required, in peril's hour,
The vassal to intrude upon his king:
That done, his majesty's decree forbids
That in his presence I should stand again.

*Edith.* What crime has call'd for such a sad decree?

*Hermit.* The crime of loving Edith.

*Edith.* Malcolm!

*Hermit.* Yes, Malcolm!—oh, my Edith!—hapless Malcolm!
And am I then permitted thus once more
To gaze upon thee, and once more to tell you
I love thee now as I have ever loved,
And then to say—Edith, farewell for ever?

*Edith.* Oh, Malcolm! true my uncle's sad decree
Forbade in other days our plighted vow:
But now——

*King (entering).* 'Tis all forgot, 'tis all forgiven.
I saw through all the hermit's vain disguise
My loving subject, the aspiring Malcolm;
And, in requite of vassal-service done,
I now recall the ban of banishment;
And to reward him where his love was proved,
I give the eremite my Edith's hand.
And now for fair Dunfermline's royal halls,
And high espousals: then to bid arise
Where stands the cell the monastery-shrine.

## THE REV. THOMAS SPENCER.

The sensation produced in Liverpool about thirty-three years ago by the death of Thomas Spencer is not yet forgotten, and never can be, by those who witnessed it. As a public speaker, or rather as an oratorical divine, Mr Spencer had excited all over that large city an interest altogether unparalleled. Every body admired, praised, loved him. The exquisite structure of his delicate body, the almost feminine loveliness of his face, his zeal in the service of religion, his modesty, his fidelity, and, above all, his nearly superhuman powers of eloquence, contributed to elevate him, when yet in his extreme youth, to as high a position as it is almost possible to anticipate after years of strenuous effort and assiduous study have been employed for its attainment. Mysterious indeed are the ways of Providence, but never perhaps more so than when 'a young champion of the cross, girded for the battle, having all his harness on,' and seemingly reared up for public usefulness, is suddenly struck down by the unseen arrow of the insatiable archer, or, by some sudden calamitous accident, is hurried away from the scene of his earthly achievements to receive at once his unfading laurel and everlasting reward. Little did the delighted audience which hung on the lips of Thomas Spencer on the Sabbath evening, in one of the finest chapels of which Liverpool could boast, dream that on the subsequent Monday that loveliest of human beings, who, without art and without effort, captivated all hearts and delighted all minds with an eloquence nearly angelic, was to close a career begun under auspices equally brilliant and auspicious—yet so it was.

On the 27th of June, 1811, Spencer had been, though only in the twentieth year of his age, settled in Liverpool. On the 5th of August subsequent, he descended with a friend to the banks of the Mersey to enjoy the luxury of sea-bathing. Being a very indifferent swimmer, he had ventured farther out of his depth than was consistent with prudence; and notwithstanding the exertions of the friend by whom he was accompanied to save him, he sank exhausted in the deep to rise no more. His body was taken out of the water about fifty minutes after he had sunk. Every means of resuscitation were used, but in vain; the spark of life was extinguished for ever. His morning, which opened so delightfully, was soon fearfully overcast. His sun went down at mid-day; he withered in all the leaves of his spring. 'In one sad moment,' says Dr Raffles, 'was lost to society and to the church of Christ, one of the loveliest of men, one of the most eloquent of ministers; upon whose lips, only the preceding day, hundreds had hung with delight; and the long-continued and extended exertions of whose powers, in a larger sanctuary, the foundation of which he had but recently laid, thousands anticipated with eager desire.' On the occasion referred to—namely, the laying the foundation of a larger chapel to accommodate his daily increasing audience—the assembly he addressed amounted to upwards of 5000 persons. No wonder, considering all this, that when intelligence of his sudden and untimely end was announced in Liverpool, it should have made the inhabitants look as if an earthquake had shaken their town. It was on Monday, as we have said, that the event happened. The evangelical clergymen of the town had recently organised a meeting, to be held in each other's houses, on the first Monday of every

month, for the purpose of social and religious intercourse. Mr Spencer was that evening expected to join the meeting for the first time. It was intended that he should open it with prayer. About six o'clock more than a dozen of ministers had taken their seats in the drawing-room of the late Dr Stewart, and all the conversation turned upon young Spencer. The interest which the public in general, and the religious public in particular, were taking in his preaching, was remarked on without the smallest display of envy or petty jealousy, but, on the contrary, every one present appeared rather to rejoice in the success of the admirable youth than to discover anything like a desire to detract by a single remark from his well-earned fame. In this way more than half an hour had elapsed, and no Spencer appeared. This was the more singular, as he was known to be at home in the morning, and in the enjoyment of rather better than his wonted health. Tired of waiting, the persons present were about to proceed without the aid of their young associate, when one of their number, who had been seated near the window, expressed his surprise at the earnestness with which groups assembled in different parts of the street below were conversing together, and the solemnity and even terror of countenance that marked the communications apparently given and received. Throwing up the window-sash, Dr Stewart, to be satisfied, inquired of a person whom he knew, and who chanced to be passing at the time, what all this meant. The information that Spencer's body had just been recovered from the water, and that all hope of his resuscitation was at an end, produced a sensation upon the party who heard it, which may be conceived, but which, even by the individuals who witnessed it, cannot be described. Spencer, the young, the amiable, the fascinating, whose fine figure they had just hoped to see enter the room, was lying in a strange house, stretched out in all the appalling palor of the dead. The party of course immediately broke up, and, on reaching the spot where his body lay, it was discovered that all was over, the surgeons, who had done their utmost to restore life, having already retired from the hopeless task.

In what a singular aspect does not all this excitation place before us the character of Spencer. Here was a mere boy, born of obscure parents—who had received only the ordinary education that was in these days bestowed on English dissenting clergymen—who had been only located in a fixed charge for a few months, exciting by his death an interest in one of the most flourishing commercial cities of Europe, which was in future years scarcely equalled when the renowned Huskisson came as suddenly to a still severer fate. What but the possession of genius of the highest order could have secured such general admiration? What but a piety of the most attractive aspect could have secured such unexampled love?

Robert Hall, at once the ablest and the sternest of judges, when scanning critically the movements of young orators, gave it out, after hearing Spencer, as his decided belief, that if spared, he would raise the eloquence of the pulpit to a far sublimer height than it had ever reached since the era of Paul, the great apostle of the primitive churches. Nor did we ever meet a single individual who refused to coincide in the opinion so beautifully expressed in reference to Spencer by the same illustrious divine: 'The unequalled admiration he excited while living, and the deep and universal concern expressed at his death, demonstrate him to have been no ordinary character, but one of those rare specimens of human nature which the great Author of it produces at distant intervals, and exhibits for a moment, while he is hasting to make them up among his jewels.'

The Rev. Thomas Spencer was born at Hertford, January 21, 1791, of parents in the middle ranks of life, and highly respectable for integrity and religion. From his infancy he was distinguished by the ardour of his curiosity and the retentiveness of his memory. At the age of five years he lost his mother, and this incident seems to have been the means of impressing his mind with a bias to serious reflection which it never wholly lost. From a very early period of his life, he discovered a strong inclination to devote himself to the Christian ministry. His infantine amusements had somewhat of a clerical character, and his first attempts at composition were in the form of sermons. The tendencies of young Spencer's mind were not unobserved by his pious father, who exerted himself to the utmost to procure for his son such an education as might fit him, at some future period, for occupying, with respectability and usefulness, the situation of which he was so desirous, and for which he seemed so peculiarly formed. About the age of twelve his religious impressions became more deep and habitual; and though he has left no particular account of the means by which this change was produced, from this period he dates his conversion. One consequence of this more decidedly religious temper of mind was an increased desire for the Christian ministry. Important obstacles, however, were thrown in the way of the gratification of this wish. The circumstances of his family rendered it absolutely necessary that he should be removed from school, and take part in the manual labours of his father's profession. But to such of our readers as wish to know more of this remarkable young man, we would recommend the admirable memoir of him published in 1813 by the celebrated Dr Raffles. They will there see how severe were his struggles before his wish to be a clergyman could be gratified. They will find him for a year and a half employed in the twisting of worsted, which he calls the worst part of his father's business. They will next find him apprenticed in London to a respectable glover; and, though naturally averse to business, yet securing, by his modesty and diligence, a high place in the esteem of his employer; occasionally, however, indulging his ruling propensity for clerical employments by giving exhortations at the house of a friend, and carefully improving the means he possessed of enlarging his acquaintance with divine truth. They will hear no murmur, no complaint from his lips, though his secret soul struggled and wrestled to be free. 'To youth,' says Dr Raffles, 'who may be placed in similar circumstances with the amiable subject of these memoirs, his mild and cheerful deportment in scenes so uncongenial to the bias of his mind, should prove a salutary and impressive lesson. Impatience and fretfulness are but ill adapted to the furtherance of any design; and a disposition to murmur under the arrangements of our present lot marks a state of mind most unfriendly to the patient sufferance of the toils, the anxieties, and the disappointments inseparably connected with the ministerial life; and whilst it is an obvious fact that every young man possessed of piety cannot be employed as a preacher of the gospel, to such as conceive themselves endowed with talents for that solemn office, and yet are placed in circumstances which seem to forbid the indulgence of a hope they still cherish with an anxious pleasure—to such, the subsequent history of Mr Spencer will afford another striking proof in an innumerable series, that where God has actually called and qualified an individual for the ministry, he will, in his own time and by unexpected methods, make the path of duty plain before that individual's feet. Let no one then rashly attempt to break the connected chain of opposing circumstances by which his providence may have surrounded him; but rather wait in patience till the hand that has thus encircled him open up a passage, and by events which may justly be considered as intimations of the divine will, invite him to advance.' How different the meek resignation evinced by the Christian Spencer and the fierce impatience of that brilliant infidel boy the unhappy Chatterton!

Spencer was suddenly thrown out of employment in London; and having no money, for his small salary had barely sufficed to procure for him the most common necessaries of life, he was, almost broken-hearted, about to return back to the cottage of his poor parents at Hertford, when, by one of those fortunate contingencies which, when recorded in works of fiction, are regarded as violations of probability, he was accidentally introduced, just the night before his intended departure, to Mr Wilson, treasurer of the academy at Hoxton for educating young men for the

ministry. His destiny was revealed at once. Convinced from what he saw and heard that the talents and piety of young Spencer were far above the ordinary level, Mr Wilson did not for a moment hesitate to recommend him to the patronage of the Hoxton institution. He was, however, too young to be received immediately; but after spending a year at Harwich in preparatory studies, and acquiring a considerable knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he was, on the 7th January, 1807, admitted a student in that academy, where he made rapid progress in his theological studies.

Our readers are aware that it is the practice of the English dissenters to accustom their students very early to the work of preaching. Spencer was only sixteen when he commenced his oratorical career. The effect produced upon the auditors by his very first discourse is thus admirably described by Dr Raffles: 'At the close of his discourse, the sentiments which dwelt upon the lips and countenances of his auditors were those of pleasure, admiration, and surprise. His excessive youth; the simplicity of his appearance; the modest dignity of his manner; the sweetness of his voice; the weight and importance of his doctrine; and the force, the affection, and the fervour with which he directed it to the hearts and consciences of those who heard him, charmed and delighted while they edified: and retiring from the sanctuary to the social circle, they dwelt alternately on the loveliness of the preacher and the importance of the truths they had heard from his lips.' 'Spencer,' says another biographer, 'now became the topic of universal conversation, the subject of eager inquiry, the object of almost unmixed applause, and was exposed, perhaps in an unexampled degree, to the countless dangers of early and excessive popularity. He stood, to use his friend's figure, 'on the brow of a precipice, amid the most violent gusts of wind.' Happily for Mr Spencer, his good sense, genuine humility, and ardent piety, preserved him, in a great measure, safe amid dangers which have often proved fatal to those from whose age and experience more steadiness was to have been expected.' His fame reaching Liverpool, he was, by request, appointed to supply Newington Chapel there, and our readers already know the result.

Dr Raffles represents his young friend as a man, generous, frank, independent, unaffected, unsuspecting, and sincere. As a friend, warm, disinterested, and affectionate. As a student, diligent, conscientious, and successful. As a Christian, fervent, holy, and humble. As a preacher of the gospel, his discourses were purely evangelical, judicious, and of a holy tendency; and his manner animated and solemn, yet modest and unassuming. As a pastor, he was in his visits to the sick constant and tender; in his intercourse with his people, cheerful, spiritual, and instructive; in all the duties of his pastoral office, well informed, affectionate, and constant.

With the following admirable observations on pulpit eloquence we conclude our present sketch, again referring such of our young readers especially as wish to know more about Spencer to the work itself already specified as containing his history:

'The fire of genius, the glow of imagination, must be the enkindling torches in the senate, at the bar; but though not altogether useless in the pulpit, yet they are not the lawful sources of animation there. It is not the blaze of genius, or the glow of imagination, but the sacred flame of fervent piety, the holy kindlings of a mind moved by principles derived from heaven, and the generous efforts of a soul impelled by an intense desire for the salvation of a dying world, that must impart life and energy to the correct but glowing statements, the warm and impassioned appeals, of the ambassadors for Christ. Other sources of animation may be exhausted by exercise and dried up by time, but this can never fail. It will remain the same when the head of the venerable prophet is covered with hoary hairs, and the body is sunk in the decrepitude of age; nay, as in the case of the Apostle Paul, it will rise into brighter radiance as he advances to the termination of his course. A more ardent panting for the salvation of mankind will mark his dying hours than that which attended his entrance on his labours; and, with David, the last prayer his spirit breathes will be for the universal diffusion of that gospel which it has been the business and honour of his life to preach: 'Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.''

## NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA, AND THE CATASTROPHE IN PARIS IN 1810.

The fetes of this world are not wholly composed of flowers and garlands; often under their rich and splendid decorations are tears. Listen! The parents of the young girl who will act a part in this history, had named her at her birth Felicie, which signifies happy, thinking they had every reason so to do, as during many years all had been happiness with them in this life. The splendour of their noble house was great; in past ages chivalry had made it illustrious, and in modern times the favour of the emperors of Germany had enriched it; their escutcheon shone amongst the most brilliant of Vienna; and to esteem, to praise, and bless this family, besides those who love and seek the prosperous, were all the unfortunate of the town and environs of their great domains, and their blessings were their brightest honours. With all these advantages, in a position so brilliant and felicitous, with so many blessings bestowed by Heaven, the Prince and Princess of Schwartzemberg might well believe in lasting happiness. But, alas! there is a Russian proverb, unfortunately too true—'Tears are the nearest neighbours to pleasure.'

The soldier Napoleon, whom victory had raised higher in France than all her other warriors, and whose glory had made him emperor, after having loved Josephine Beauharnois more than any other woman, had, for political reasons (reasons which do not always accord with happiness), resolved to divorce her, and to wed the daughter of a king or emperor. This idea had become rooted in the mind of the glorious parvenu. He had proved to the world by his conquests what his sword was worth; he was now determined to show that victory had placed him on a level with the most illustrious royal and imperial houses. As usual, that which Napoleon planned was soon executed; he whom the soldiers were pleased to call the 'little corporal' demanded the hand of her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Austria, grand-daughter of the great Maria Theresa, and niece to the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette. This request was granted. The proudest of royal houses put in the balance the victories, the conquests, the power of the general of the French republic, vanquisher of the German and European coalition, and these titles weighed enough. And then there were many groans and complaints at the Tuileries and at Malmaison; the Empress of France was seen weeping as the humblest of women; she said to M. Segur, who announced to her that the Archduchess Maria Louisa had accepted the hand of the Emperor, 'He leaves me, but he is in the wrong; if he was my glory, I was his happiness.'

These words repeated to Napoleon caused him to meditate profoundly. Notwithstanding his shrewdness and wisdom, the son of Corsica was in some degree superstitious, and when he was told the words of Josephine, he exclaimed, 'She is right—she was my happiness; in separating from her I regret her; but it is my destiny, I follow my star.' When Napoleon had resolved on any scheme, it was quickly set in motion; thus the ceremonial was cut short, and the methodical and slow court of Vienna was astonished at the rapidity with which matters went on. It must, however, be allowed that the swift march of events was greatly accelerated by the young Archduchess Maria Louisa herself, she having at once decided that the glory of Napoleon rendered him worthy of espousing the daughter of the Cæsars. In obtaining her consent to the marriage, her august parents had no objections to

overcome; the renown of the Emperor and the crown of France, at once decided the daughter of Francis II., and she said 'Yes' instantly, and without hesitation. Preparations were commenced on an extensive scale to receive within the walls of Paris the bride of the Emperor. France, it was repeated on all sides, must throw far from her the habits of bad taste contracted during the time of the republic; she must renounce the vulgar and common manners that a government of lawyers and citizens had forced upon her; the etiquette and manners of Versailles must be readopted. While the Empress Josephine took the road to the Castle of Navarre (for at Malmaison she would have heard the noise of the workmen erecting triumphal arches for her who came to replace her), Napoleon, shut up in his cabinet, no longer fixed his eyes on the map of the world to discover other lands to conquer, but he consulted the annals of ancient monarchy to understand in every point the ceremonial that ought to be observed when a foreign princess arrived in France to espouse the sovereign. The rude companions-in-arms of the great man tried to follow his example in order to please their master, transformed themselves into courtiers, and copied the manners of those of the aristocracy whom Napoleon had succeeded in attaching to his court. To an observer, these metamorphoses were curious to study; the manners of the republic and directory disappeared one by one, like the yellow leaves which the wind of autumn carries away.

During these changes a young and charming person grew in grace and beauty under the eyes of her mother; she was Felicie de Schwartzemberg. All that smiles on youth, all that elevates the soul, all that preserves purity, all that defends from harm, surrounded the beautiful and graceful German. Her high birth, her riches, her finished education, the dignity of her parents, presented her to Germany as one of its noblest alliances. When the Prince of Schwartzemberg, her father, was named ambassador from the court of Vienna to Paris, she came with him, and this flower from a foreign land at once struck with admiration the fashionable world of Paris.

Amid the preparations which were making in all quarters to give eclat to the reception of Maria Louisa, there was but little sympathy shown for one who but shortly before was a national favourite, and who was now far from thinking of amusement. The Empress Josephine, in her retirement at the Castle of Navarre, heard the reports of the world, and these rumours nearly broke her heart. The only thing that was spoken of was the arrival of the young empress. The new sun was worshipped by all the courtiers, while the one that was setting at Navarre, and which had had so many adorers, was more and more abandoned. Now Malmaison was deserted, the grass grew in the walks, and the great saloons with their closed shutters were totally empty. The Tuileries was full of movement and joy; state receptions and galas succeeded each other. The Emperor went to Compiegne to meet the Archduchess of Austria, and breaking the ceremonial that he had himself traced, showed a haste not dictated by etiquette. It was in vain that newspapers were written expressly for Navarre; the truth reached it, and overwhelmed with sadness the heart of Josephine.

The most remarkable fetes of the epoch were those of the Hotel de Ville, that of the Military School given by the army, and that of Neuilly, offered to her sister-in-law by the Princess Borghese, the favourite sister of Napoleon. The ambassadors also gave fetes; but they were all eclipsed by that of the Prince of Schwartzemberg, ambassador of Austria. The mansion of this embassy was then in the street of Provence; and although the apartments were vast and spacious, they were too small to receive the company invited; therefore, the German ambassador had had a fairy palace constructed in the gardens of the mansion; the flowers, the turf, the fountains had all disappeared under an enormous saloon, that joined the house, and formed, with the suite of rooms, an admirable vista. Nothing could be more elegant than the great ball-room: the colours and arms of France and Austria were united by garlands of flowers—the eagle of Napoleon, and the eagle of the Cæsars were become brothers, and no longer darted thunders at each other; there were nothing but roses, and laurels, and garlands encircling trophies of arms, and loving sentences. The torches, the quivers, the doves, and the little cupids of the time of Louis XV., reappeared in the decorations of the ball-room. To enter it the company had to traverse a long gallery, hung with white calico, only seen through draperies of rose-coloured crape, ornamented with fringe, and looped up from distance to distance by large bunches of silver acorns. The company arrived in crowds, and only gay colours, white, blue, red, together with flowers, diamonds, and pearls, passed before the eye. Towards eleven o'clock all this brilliant multitude arose from the velvet-covered seats on which they were placed, when the announcement of 'the Emperor' was heard in the great saloon. He appeared, the Empress Maria Louisa leaning on his arm, smiles on his lip, and majesty written on his forehead. He had never seemed so proud and happy; his own glory had obtained for him the daughter of the Cæsars, now leaning on his arm, and whom he presented as his to all Europe, represented at this fete of the Prince of Schwartzemberg. His own tactics had raised him to this height. The ambassador and ambassadress of Austria walked by the imperial couple, and conducted them to the throne raised at the extremity of the ball-room. Napoleon and Maria Louisa, as they advanced, saluted the crowd respectfully standing on either side, while the orchestra performed, for the fair daughter of Germany, the airs of her native country. After a few moments, her majesty arose from her throne and opened the ball. Her dress was of pink satin, covered with a lace tunic, embroidered all over with trefoils of diamonds; large emeralds, surrounded by diamonds, encircled her waist, and fell in long ends from it. Her light hair was bound with a triple bandeau of diamonds and emeralds; on her arms were bracelets, and on her throat a necklace of the same stones. The Emperor wore the green uniform of a chasseur, with white silk stockings, and diamond buckles to his shoes.

A quadrille had just finished, and Maria Louisa had returned to her place, when a low murmur was heard in the adjoining room. If it had not been for the presence of their majesties, every one would have hastened to inquire the cause of the agitation, which was yet trifling, but etiquette forbade this. However, Napoleon was seen to approach the Empress, and say to her a few words in a low voice; but she did not seem at all troubled by the news she received, tranquilly replying to the Emperor—'Oh! it is not anything.'

'Not anything,' replied Napoleon; 'no, it is only a house of wood, paper, and calico that is on fire.' Then taking the empress by the arm, and accompanied by the ambassador and ambassadress, he walked towards the door. In a few moments the doorway was completely obstructed, for it had become known that the neighbouring gallery had taken fire, and that it continued to augment. Every one was trying to escape, but when the aides-de-camp of the emperor called aloud, 'The emperor, gentlemen!' the confused and terrified crowd at the door opened, those who fled stopped, and forming to the right and left two lines, opened a passage for the imperial couple. They were scarcely out of the room than all became trouble, fright, and disorder: estrades, benches, fauteuils, steps, brackets, chandeliers, girandoles, were overturned, and formed obstacles in the way of the multitude who fled to the doors and windows.

In the gallery, which was hung with white calico and pink crape, a current of air had been left, which, agitating a floating part of the crape drapery, caused it to touch the flame of one of the wax-lights placed in the candelabra on the walls, and in half a second it was on fire. In order to extinguish it, an officer tried to cut it with his sword, but instead of cutting it he only caused it to fall, and almost instantly the drapery was on fire from one end of the gallery to the other. As the emperor had said, it was a house of paper and calico burning. The

terror of the ladies was soon at its height; this terror caused the loss of all presence of mind—instead of seeking various ways of escape, all hastened to the same. The fire increased with great rapidity, as it had nothing to devour but wood and light stuffs; the lustres, with their thousand lights, being loosened by the advancing flames, fell from the ceiling on heads covered with flowers and plumes, and on dresses of gauze. To add to the disorder, the flooring yielded to the pressure of the crowd in many parts; then, feet and legs being caught in the holes that had been made, it became impossible to fly, and the unhappy beings were thrown down, crushed, and trampled on. Then were heard dreadful cries and vain prayers—terror is without pity and without ears. The few steps in wood that led from the garden to the ball-room had just broken under the immense weight of the crowd. In the garden there was the same disorder, the same terror, the same danger. Some part of the walks had not disappeared under the construction raised for the fete; they remained with their acacias and lime-trees, and to them had been hung garlands of coloured lamps; the threads of brass wire on which they were placed were supported by the construction which the fire was fast destroying; and as the ends were burned, all these lamps fell, pouring from them floods of burning oil on naked shoulders and necks.

In less than half an hour all this magic edifice was consumed; all that remained being the strong beams of the walls, which continued to burn, still standing like enormous funeral torches.

In this terrible disaster many persons perished; but amongst the victims there was one whose name ought to be inscribed amongst the martyrs to maternal love—that of the Princess of Schwartzemberg. In the frightful pell-mell, the torrent of the crowd had separated her from her beloved child. Forced by the stream, she found herself in the garden, where she was safe; but it was not of herself that she thought, it was of her daughter; she sought for her amidst the crowd illuminated by the light of the fire; she went to each group; she looked everywhere; everywhere she demanded her Felicie; but no one had seen her. Oh! her child must be in the saloons that were burning! she would fly there—she would traverse the raging barrier of flame that was before her! Intrepid men had shrunk from it; amongst others, the Count Las Cases had three times endeavoured to pass that wall of fire in search of Madame Las Cases, and three times he had been forced to retreat. In vain the friends of the princess would persuade her that her dear child was saved—that she would soon be found; in vain they try to hold her; she breaks from the arms that encircle her; maternal love renders strong the weakest of women. She rushes forward and arrives at the side of the raging flames, where she is forced to stop. An instant she is seen motionless. She cries 'Felicie! Felicie!' but no voice answers her. At this moment the crowd in front of the frightful fire become silent with terror; nothing is heard but the roar of the flames and the falling of the beams. Again she cries 'My child! My child! Felicie! Felicie!' Still no reply from the furnace. Then the unhappy mother raised her arms to heaven, implored the aid of God, pressed her hands on her eyes, sprang forward, and disappeared in the immense lake of fire; and when no longer seen, she was heard to utter incessantly the same cry—'Felicie! Felicie!'

The next day, at the spot where the imperial throne had been raised, over the fishpond, the flooring was found to be wholly consumed, and in the water, which was entirely uncovered, a corpse was found, completely disfigured. Who this victim was no one could tell; but on looking closely, something was seen to shine on the neck of the shrunken body: it was a golden necklace, which bore on the clasp the name of Felicie. From the name of the daughter, it was discovered that this was all that now remained of the once powerful Princess of Schwartzemberg, a victim immolated to maternal love, whose name is sacred in the memory of mothers. The misfortunes, the wounds, the deaths, at the fete offered to the Empress Maria Louisa, are forgotten in the march of years, but the name of the Princess Pauline of Schwartzemberg will be remembered as long as the world endures. Felicie, for an instant surrounded by the flames, had saved herself, losing only the flowers in her hair; but her mother—her fond mother! she met her death in the search for her beloved child.

## PERSIA AND ITS PEOPLE.*

To the north-east of that great inlet which separates the Arabian peninsula from the rest of Asia, there stretches an extensive region, interesting alike from its singular natural features and the extraordinary revolutions of which it has been the theatre. For more than 2000 years, under the Greek appellation of Persia, this country has been the seat of one of the most celebrated empires of the East; and though now greatly shorn of its ancient splendour, it still exercises an important influence in Central Asia. It may be described as lying between the 39th and 26th degree of north latitude, and the 44th and 62d degree of east longitude; but the political boundaries of the country have varied at different times with the character and exploits of its monarchs. Its natural boundaries, however, may be stated to be the Indian Ocean on the south; the Tigris and the Persian Gulf on the west; the Aras, the Caspian Sea, and Tartary on the north; and Affghanistan on the east. But at present its actual limits are more circumscribed; since the Turkish territories embrace large tracts to the east of the Tigris, several of its northern provinces have been conquered by Russia, and the wide district of Beloochistan on the east is wholly independent. Notwithstanding these deductions, its area probably exceeds 450,000 square miles: though from the extent of its deserts, the want of industry, and the wretched nature of the government, the population probably does not number ten millions.

In its natural features, Persia may be described as an elevated tableland, diversified by clusters of hills, chains of rugged mountains, wide plains, and interminable salt and sandy deserts. The lower ground, under the name of the Dushtistan or level country, stretches along the foot of the hills on the coast of the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean, exhibiting a succession of narrow sandy wastes, where the eye is occasionally relieved by a dark plantation of date-trees and a few patches of corn, in such places as are blessed with a fresh-water rivulet or a copious well. On the banks of the Tigris this tract becomes more fertile, and Kusistan was once celebrated for its rich productions. Between the Elburz Mountains and the Caspian Sea, we again find a flat country; but there it wears an aspect of the greatest luxuriance and beauty, until it is lost in the desert which stretches away to the plains of Tartary.

The extensive plateau just alluded to is enclosed between two great parallel chains of mountains traversing the country from west to east, and which include among them an intricate system of plains and valleys, differing in size and productiveness according to their nature and climate. Wherever water abounds they are fertile; but moisture is a boon of which nature is least liberal in Persia. Indeed it is a singular fact, as Sir J. Malcolm remarks, that from the mouths of the Indus to those of the Karoon and Euphrates, there is not found one river navigable more than a few miles from the ocean; and, in fact, the rivers that fall into the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, on the shores of Laristan and Kerman, are mere torrents, almost dry during the long season of the summer and autumn heats. The scanty water-courses in the interior are either lost in the sand, or fall into salt lakes; and though the provinces bordering on the Caspian are well watered, even their streams are of small size, sometimes full and foaming, and at others nearly dry.

* We are chiefly indebted for the substance of the following article to the valuable work on Persia, by James B. Fraser, Esq., in the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. XV.

A remarkable characteristic in the topography of Persia is the frequent occurrence of salt lakes, which, together with the numerous streams impregnated with the same substance, evince the singular predominance of that mineral. Exclusive of the Caspian Sea, which, as its waters are brackish and have no visible outlet, may be held as coming under this denomination, the Lake of Urumeah is the most worthy of attention. According to the computation of Macdonald Kinneir, it is 300 miles in circumference, and it has several islands in its bosom. The lake of Zerrah in Seistan, and that of Baktegan in Fars, though smaller, are also very considerable.

But a still more striking feature in the physical aspect of Persia, and which it shares with a large portion of Central Asia and Africa, is the great expanse of salt and sandy wastes. Commencing on the north, near the foot of the Elburz Mountains, and in some points penetrating their ranges, the Kuveer or Salt Desert stretches southward over much of Irak, skirting the districts of Teheran, Cashan, and Ispahan; of Mourghab and Darabgird of Fars, in a very irregular and deeply-indented line; insulating Yezd, and blending with the wilderness of Kerman; while on the east, overruning the greater part of Southern Khorasan, it unites with that of Seistan and Beloochistan. In fact, the spots that are habitable in these provinces, as well as in Mekran, may be considered rather as oases amid the surrounding desolation than as forming any continuous tract of improvable soil.

The nature of this desert varies in different places. In some the surface is dry, and even produces a few of those plants which love a salt soil; in others we find a crackling crust of earth, covered only with saline efflorescence. A considerable portion is marshy; and during winter the melting of the snow, and the increase of the torrents, occasion an accumulation of water in the low parts. In the hot months much of this is evaporated, and leaves behind a quantity of salt in the form of cakes upon a bed of mud. In certain spots sand predominates, either in the shape of heavy plains or wave-like hillocks, easily drifted by the wind, and sometimes so light and impalpable as to prove extremely dangerous to travellers, who are not unfrequently buried in its heaps. The whole of the Gurmaseer (there is also a Gurmaseer in Seistan, on the banks of the Helmind) or Dushtistan falls under this description, and may, together with a considerable part of the Chab district, be held as belonging to the deserts of Persia.

The great plain which stretches from the northern foot of the Elburz to the east of the Caspian, and along the shores of that sea to the Oxus, presents features very similar to the southern wastes; that is to say, portions of salt soil interspersed with extensive tracts of sand and occasional ridges of bare rocks. In fact, there is little doubt that these two deserts are connected by means of the savage country which lies between Mushed and Balai Mourghab, as both there and in the mountains of Kohistan and of the Hazaras salt is abundant.

Nothing can be more dreary than these wastes. When the traveller has advanced some distance into them, the boundless expanse around, blasted with utter barrenness and hoary with bitter salt, glistening and baking in the rays of a fervid sun—only broken here and there by a mass of dark rock, which is distorted by the powerful refraction into a thousand wild and varying forms—impresses him with a sense of desolation that cannot be described.

From the account thus given of the physical character of the country, it may be readily imagined that the general appearance of the Persian landscape is extremely dreary. In endeavouring to form an idea of it, the reader must divest himself of every image which gives interest and beauty to a European scene. No green plains nor grassy slopes there greet the eye—no winding rivers nor babbling streams—no majestic woods—no parks nor enclosures—no castles nor seats embosomed in venerable trees—no sweet retired cottages peeping through foliage—nothing, in short, calculated to suggest ideas of peace, comfort, or security. When the traveller looks down from the pass which he has laboriously climbed, his wearied eye wanders over a uniform brown expanse, losing itself in distance, or bounded by blue mountains, arid and rocky as those on which he stands. Should cultivation exist within the range of his vision, he could scarcely distinguish it, except in the spring, from the other parts of the plain, which it can hardly be said to diversify. Is there a village or a town in view, all he can make out is a line or a spot, chiefly remarkable for the gardens which usually surround such abodes, and not otherwise to be known from the far more abundant ruins that are every where scattered over the country. The broken caravansary, with its black arches—the square mud-walled fortalice, with its crenellated towers—or the decayed castle of some bandit chief, are objects more in unison with the scene, and which give birth to painful but not ill grounded suspicions of the melancholy condition of the inhabitants. Such is the scenery which, during many successive days, presents itself to the traveller throughout the greater part of Persia. Its extensive deserts are unquestionably impressive objects; yet so dreary is the country in general, that the difference between them and the rest of the soil is by no means very discernible.

Disappointed with the face of nature, the stranger seeks in vain for comfort in the appearance of the towns. Forming, it is probable, his ideas of such celebrated places as Ispahan, Bagdad, Shiraz, Bussora, or Tabriz, upon a fanciful model, embellished with oriental domes, minarets, and columns, he can scarcely be prepared to witness the shapeless mass of ruins and filth, which even the best of these cities will present to his view; while all that they really contain of wealth, cleanliness, or convenience, is carefully concealed from the eye.

Surveyed from a commanding situation, a Persian town appears particularly monotonous and uninteresting. The houses, built of mud, do not differ in colour from the earth on which they stand, and from their lowness and irregular construction resemble casual inequalities on its surface rather than human dwellings. Even those of the great seldom exceed one storey, and the lofty walls which shroud them from sight produce a blank and cheerless effect. There are no public buildings except the mosques, medressas or colleges, and caravansaries; and these, usually mean like the rest, lie hid in the midst of the mouldering relics of former edifices. The general *coup d'œil* embraces an assemblage of flat roofs, little rounded cupolas, and long walls of mud, thickly interspersed with ruins. Minarets and domes of any magnitude are rare, and few possess claims to elegance or grandeur.. Even the smoke, which, towering from the chimneys and hovering over the roofs of an English city, suggests the existence of life and comfort, does not here enliven the dreary scene; and the only relief to its monotony is to be sought in the gardens, adorned with chinar, cypress, and fruit trees, which, to a greater or less extent, are seen near all the towns and villages of Persia.

In fact, notwithstanding the general sterility, Persia has been long celebrated for its fruits and flowers, and, amid the prevailing desolation, there are many tracts of great fertility. Wherever artificial irrigation can be practised, the productiveness of the soil becomes excessive, and to procure water is therefore the great business of the Persian agriculturist. This art is well understood, having been practised from the most remote antiquity, and the cultivator who can command a water-course or rivulet is sure of a plentiful return for his labour. The orchards are rich in all the fruits of Europe; cotton, tobacco, the opium-poppy, figs, vines, and the mulberry, abound everywhere. The grains chiefly reared are wheat, barley, maize, and rice; and notwithstanding the oppressive exactions to which the peasantry are exposed, their imperfect husbandry, and the absence of all improvement, the produce is so abundant as to render their condition more comfortable than might be supposed. Sheep, particularly the large tailed variety, are everywhere abundant; and, exclusive of poultry and game, their

flesh is almost the only meat used as food, beef not being at all esteemed. Sheeps' wool is universally used for clothing, and sheep-skins, with the wool on, for jackets and cloaks. The property of the wandering tribes of Persia consists of sheep, with cattle, horses, camels, and asses, in immense flocks and herds.

The climate of this extensive country is found to vary to the greatest possible extent in the different provinces; and the statement of the younger Cyrus, that one extremity of his father's dominions stretched into those climates that were uninhabitable through heat, and the other into those uninhabitable through cold, is not absolutely without foundation. The summer heats in the southern provinces are almost insupportable; while in the north, the winter's cold rivals that of Canada or Russia. In summer, however, even in the north, the heat is so extreme, that all who can leave the towns and villages of the plains resort to temporary lodgings or tents in the mountains. In the lower provinces on the Caspian, the heat, though great in summer, is not so excessive as in the south, partly from the sea breezes; but the climate is here extremely unhealthy, and various contagious diseases prevail, especially toward the end of autumn.

The character, manners, and customs of the Persian people, are no less singular than the region they inhabit. They may be considered as divided into two great classes, the fixed population and the wandering tribes; but Mr Fraser divides them into four—those, namely, who are connected with the several courts, metropolitan and provincial, including the functionaries of government and the military; inhabitants of towns, comprehending merchants, shopkeepers, artisans, together with men of religious orders, of business, or of learning; those employed in agriculture; and, lastly, the tribes and eeliauts. In the article Persia, in M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary, the same author has thus graphically sketched the character of these four divisions of the Persian population:—

The officers of court are more remarkable for skill in business, versatility, politeness, and courtesy, than for probity, honesty, or good principles. Forced, in self-defence, to dissemble and control their feelings, they do so successfully, and, looking to wealth as the best means of purchasing favour in the day of adversity, as well as of enjoyment in prosperity, they stick at no means by which it may be acquired. Accordingly, they become, in general, great intriguers; and are at once deceitful, sensual, venal, treacherous, and, when they dare, arrogant and overbearing. Ministers of state are generally selected from among the men of business or meezas, who, though less arrogant than the nobles, are equally corrupt and immoral: they do not assume so much state as military chiefs, and are distinguished by a roll of paper stuck in their girdle, instead of a sword or dagger. One remarkable class of court dependants are the royal gholaums, or body-guards, the confidential and devoted guardians of the monarch's person; whence the name *gholaum*, or slave. They are usually either Georgian captives or sons of respectable families; and resemble somewhat the *mousquetaires* of the old French government. They are employed in lucrative and confidential services, and the situation is much sought after; but their tyranny and dissoluteness know no limits, and the arrival of a gholaume-shah in a district, creates a sensation not unlike the attack of a pestilence.

The towns-people, *sheherees*, as they are called, are a mingled race of all those which have ever conquered or had intercourse with Persia, grafted on the original stock —Turks, Tartars, Arabs, Armenians, Georgians. They are a more industrious and less depraved class than the first; but, being nurtured in falsehood and deceit, they are adepts in these vices, being at the same time, however, cheerful, polite, sociable, kind masters, and good servants. The merchants are numerous and often wealthy, and, having more intercourse with foreign nations, are usually of more cultivated and enlarged minds than others of their countrymen. The shopkeepers are, of course, a grade lower.

The ecclesiastical body, which is also numerous, is, with some rare exceptions, more remarkable for hypocrisy and profligacy than for piety and morality; originating, most probably, in the want of a suitable provision to live on, and the consequent necessity of practising fraud and imposition.

The cultivators of the soil are those on whom the tyranny of their rulers falls most heavily; yet it cannot be said that they exhibit much misery. They are themselves, as well as their wives and children, for the most part, sufficiently though poorly clad, and have abundance of wholesome though coarse food, as wheat or barley bread, cheese, sour milk, rice, &c. &c. Extortion and tyranny are met, as usual, by cunning and deceit; and, as the peasantry are active and intelligent, they contrive to avoid being completely fleeced.

The fourth class is an interesting and extensive one. It consists not only of the native nomades of Persia, who occupied the south-western and southern ranges of mountains long before the Mohammedan conquest, but of all those of nomadic origin who came with the various conquerors that have overrun the country since that æra, as the Arabs, Ghiznavedes, Seljook Toorkmans, Moghuls, Toorks, Uzbecks, &c. But the greater number consists of those of Arab and Turkish origin, particularly the latter. It may be remarked, as a singular anomaly, that these nomadic tribes supply not only the principal military force of the country, but, as a consequence, probably, its only hereditary aristocracy, and, generally, its sovereign himself. Of these tribes, a portion is always approximating more nearly to the habits of fixed life; but the greater part by far are strictly nomadic, living in tents, which they shift from place to place, according as lack of pasture for their flocks and herds, or change of season, suggests. In these their wealth consists; and though many of them cultivate a little grain, they live by the sale of the surplus of their stock, and by their produce in milk, wool, and flesh. Their character and habits are everywhere much the same. Being poor, they are frugal and abstemious; and, unaccustomed to more civilised manners, they are rude and blunt, fond of independence, and passionately fond of martial exercises, of the chase and war. Predatory both from inclination and education; but hospitable, comparatively honest when their faith is pledged, and brave. Their chiefs, seen among their own people and in their own country, appear to great advantage, as frank, liberal, and generous, though hasty and passionate; at court they are constrained to assume somewhat of the manners of the place, and do not shine so much as at home.

The koords come under the denomination of the 'tribes,' though less erratic in their habits. They claim a high descent; some pretending to be the descendants of the genii of the air by terrestrial women, and others the progeny of certain persons saved from the tyranny of Zohauk. But their antiquity is unquestionable, and, probably, they may be descendants of the Carduchii described by Xenophon.

The Toorkman tribes, inhabiting the desert on the North of Khorasan, are likewise to be reckoned among the eeliauts of Persia. They are wholly addicted to robbery and pillage, their chief occupation being that of making plundering parties, which destroy whole villages, carry off the inhabitants into slavery, and their cattle and property. But to enumerate, far more to describe, the various nomades of Persia would greatly surpass our limits; and we must refer our readers, on this interesting subject, to works where it is treated of at greater length.

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### BOTTLE-MAKING.

The rapidity with which bottles are made is almost incredible. A workman, with the assistance of a gatherer and blower, will begin and finish one hundred and twenty dozen of quart bottles in ten hours, which averages nearly two and a quarter per minute, and this is ordinarily done; and in some works the men are restricted to two per

minute, to prevent the work being slighted. It may not be uninteresting to observe the low price at which this description of glass can be produced, now that the duty has been removed. Quart bottles are produced at about 14s. per gross. Each gross weighs two cwt., which is equal to 7s. per cwt., or £7 per ton, for manufactured bottles; if from this we deduct, for workmen and other incidental expenses, £2 per ton, it would leave the price of bottle glass £5 per ton.

PENCIL CEDAR.

Nearly all the railway sleepers in America are made of this wood, as it never rots, and it hardens by exposure to wet. It is now being introduced into some of the railways in the north of England for the same purpose; it is also extensively used in American ship-building, having the property, when used with other wood, of preventing its rotting. There is no limit to the quantity that can be obtained of this wood, if required. Its present selling price averages about 5d. the superficial foot.—*The Builder.*

THE LAND-RAIL, OR CORN-CRAKE, A VENTRILOQUIST.

We cannot write of the land-rail before dinner without a certain exudation from the palate. This fat little bird must not be confounded with the water-rail; besides that its bill is much shorter, it is much more timorous—indeed so much so as to be almost invisible but to the most persevering pointer and sportsman; and it is made so strong in the lower limbs, by the length of the leg, shank, and toes, that its rapidity of motion appears next to miraculous. What need of wings at all to a creature, considering its proportions, with such an enormous capacity of stretch. Talk of seven-league boots indeed! You must drop the simile, and think of the railroad car. It is named corn-crake from its noise or call, 'Creke, creke, creke,' which may be heard 'now here, now there, now everywhere, and now nowhere;' and wherefore? Simply that the bird is an uneducated ventriloquist, and deceives you into the belief that he is at any spot the farthest from the actual one. In many respects its habits are similar to those of the water-rail; for, though the first seeks the thick grass meadows and moist and sheltered vales, yet are its preferences chiefly aquatic, taking to osier-beds, young grass, or grain in moist places, and low-lying districts, before any others. Here he will choose his position, uttering his 'creke' from a clod of earth, and you shall be running on one side and the other, and ever so far away after his call, which possesses all the modulations of distance.—*Craven.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

The commencement of this system was the work of Dr Birkbeck, to whom the people of this island owe a debt of gratitude, the extent of which it would not be easy, perhaps in the present age not possible, to describe. That most learned and excellent person formed the design (as enlightened as it was benevolent) of admitting the working classes of his fellow-countrymen to the knowledge of science, till then almost deemed the exclusive property of the higher ranks in society, and only acquired accidentally and irregularly in a few rare instances of extraordinary talents, by any of the working classes. Dr Birkbeck resided for some time in Glasgow, as professor in the Anderson College; and about the year 1800, he announced a course of lectures on natural philosophy, and its application to the arts, for the instruction of mechanics. But a few at first availed themselves of this advantage; by degrees, however, a general taste for the study was diffused, and when he left Glasgow two or three years afterwards, about 700 eagerly and constantly attended the class. For some time after Dr Birkbeck's departure, the lectures of his able and worthy successor, Dr Ure, were well frequented, and the Professor happily thought of adding a *library* for the use of the mechanics, and entrusting the direction of it entirely to a committee chosen by themselves. A difference, however, at first to be regretted, led to consequences highly beneficial: for a great number seceded from the lectures, and formed an institution entirely under the management of the mechanics themselves, which has been successful beyond all expectation.—*Lord Brougham.*

A LESSON FOR THE QUERULOUS.

One reason why God has scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with, is, that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of completer happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him, with whom there is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.—*Locke.*

A USEFUL HINT.

It is easier to declaim like an orator against a thousand sins in others than to mortify one sin in ourselves; to be more industrious in our pulpits than in our closets; to preach twenty sermons to our people than one to our own hearts.—*Flavel.*

## THE HALO.

BY CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

I saw a circle round the sun—
A bright and beauteous token;
But long ere his proud course was run,
That wreath of light was broken.

I saw a garland round yon hearth,
Of innocence and beauty—
Of loveliness and sparkling mirth—
Of gentleness and duty.

But ah! those youthful days are flown—
Those friends have long been parted:
But *one* survives, and he alone
Thus mourns, nigh broken-hearted:

'Oh, happy hour! how short-lived thou,
Our spring of life adorning!
Where are the smiling partners now
Of youth's celestial morning?

Gone—like the flowers that bloom to die:
Gone—like the waves of ocean:
Gone—like the spirit, in a sigh
Of unconceived devotion!'

Mark the bright halo disappear—
Melting in ether o'er ye!
So friends who seem all scatter'd here
Have met in that celestial sphere
Of everlasting glory!

TRUTH.

How beautiful is truth! Who is like to her among the daughters? Her features are comely, her form is divine, her robes are whiter than snow. The purity of heaven sits upon her brow; grace and dignity are in her steps; peace and joy, virtue and love, are her companions. She frequents the simple cottage, the shady dell, or the calm retreat, and in that glorious temple erected by nature and religion she delights to worship the Divinity. It is here she presides an infallible priestess, and hither the pure in heart come to dwell upon her perfections, and obtain oracles that can never deceive. Happy, indeed, is he to whom she reveals herself in all her charms! Who can behold her without loving her? Who can love without being happy? Falsehood may be compared to a base and gilded coin. Truth, on the other hand, is like rubies, and more precious than fine gold. Falsehood is the faint light which, glimmering amid the darkness of the noisome fens, leads the unfortunate traveller to destruction. Truth is the radiant sun in Leo when he has gained the zenith, and pours a flood of light upon the wanderer's path. Falsehood brings misfortune and misery in her train, like the spreading pestilence or the wind of the desert; but truth, like the odoriferous gales of summer, imparts health and vigour, while she administers pleasure and delight.

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## THE MONSTER TELESCOPE.

THE telescope is to astronomy what the steam-engine is to industry. In the one, as in the other case, space and remoteness become, so to speak, mere definitions, so greatly are celestial, as well as terrestrial, distances shortened by the means which science, ever responsive to earnest effort, has placed at our disposal. Among the inventions to which astronomical science is most deeply indebted, is that of the reflecting telescope. In ordinary telescopes, the eye of the observer receives the intensified rays of light from a star or other object unintercepted by any intervening body; he in fact commands the full power of the instrument. But in a reflecting telescope the arrangements are no longer the same; in this case the mirror or object-glass, instead of being placed at the end of the instrument nearest to the object to be observed, is fixed at the reverse or lower end. Consequently, when the observer looks into the mouth of the tube, his head comes between the object observed and its image in the mirror, and intercepts a considerable portion of the rays. Three methods have been devised to obviate this difficulty. In the reflecting telescope first invented by James Gregory of Aberdeen, about the middle of the seventeenth century, a circular opening was left in the centre of the large mirror, over which, just beyond its focal length, was fixed a small mirror, to which the rays from the former converged, and were then thrown back through the circular opening to a screen, where the image remained for observation. Gregory, however, having failed in adjusting his mirrors, Newton, in 1668–9, applied his great mind to the subject, and constructed a telescope with an imperforate speculum, whose diameter was one inch, and focal length six inches. The magnifying power was thirty-nine; and small as was the instrument, it showed the satellites of Jupiter and the phases of Venus. Newton placed his small mirror near the mouth of the tube, at an angle of forty-five degrees, by which means the image reflected from the larger mirror was thrown out through an opening in the side of the tube, where an eye-piece was placed for the observer. These two adaptations constitute the difference between a Gregorian and Newtonian telescope.

It will, however, be evident that these small mirrors, being fixed in the centre of the tube, must, equally with the head of the observer, as above described, impede the passage of many rays to the larger mirror. Besides which, in the first reflection from the large mirror to the small one, it has been calculated that half the rays are lost; and another half being lost in the second reflection to the observer's eye, it will be clear, that of all the rays entering the tube, three-fourths are entirely wasted. Herschel was the first to adopt a remedy. The skill and perseverance of this illustrious astronomer in the construction of telescopes are well known. His first attempt, at the outset of his career, resulted in the production of an instrument of five feet focal length; this in time gave place to others of ten and twenty feet, until all were eclipsed, in 1789, by his great reflecting telescope, with an iron tube forty feet in length, and four feet ten inches in diameter, the mirror or speculum of which weighed 2118 pounds. With this powerful instrument a new universe revealed itself to Herschel's eye, and he watched the motions of stellar bodies at such immense distances, that 24,000 years are required for the light to travel from them to the earth. To avoid the necessity of using a small reflector, he placed the large mirror in an oblique position, which threw the image out of the tube near its circumference, where the head of the observer would intercept but comparatively few of the rays on their entrance. It was, however, soon ascertained that the gain in light was more than counterbalanced by the indistinctness of the image, caused by the shifting of the speculum from a plane to an oblique position.

With these remarks, necessary for the better comprehension of the description to follow, we proceed to the consideration of that great result of scientific research whose designation appears in the prefix to this article. For many years after Herschel had tested the powers of his gigantic instrument, and published the bewildering accounts of his investigation of the heavens, it was supposed that the utmost limit of optical and astronomical research had been attained; and when, in 1826, Lord Oxmantown, now the Earl of Rosse, first directed his attention to the subject, it was in the belief that the knowledge of our stellar universe was complete, with the exception of some more accurate observations on the satellites of Jupiter and Uranus, for which the existing instruments were sufficient. But a new field had opened for astronomical inquiry—the determination of position, and measurements of double and triple stars. To effect these objects with greater precision than had been before accomplished, greater light and greater power were required. After mature deliberation, Lord Rosse, whose words we now quote, decided on attempting an improvement in the reflecting telescope. 'The task,' he observes, 'was evidently a very difficult one, as the late Sir W. Herschel had apparently almost exhausted the subject, having devoted to it acquirements the most varied and extensive, and at the same time the most suitable, during a very long life. Still it did not seem impossible that, profiting by his labours, and imitating his example of steady perseverance, some advance might be made, trifling perhaps, but eventually tending to valuable results.'

The prime difficulty would obviously consist in the formation of a perfect reflector, avoiding at the same time the brittleness possessed by all ordinary specula. So liable were they to break, that it was the custom to mix a large proportion of copper with the alloy, which not only destroyed the brilliance of the metal, but prevented its taking a permanent polish. After numerous experiments, the proportions of metal determined on for the alloy were one atom of tin to four of copper, or represented in weight as 58.9 to 126.4; and a reflecting telescope with a speculum of three feet diameter was eventually completed.

The power of this instrument, although superior to any hitherto constructed, was still below the required reach; and, profiting by his experience, Lord Rosse decided to attempt the construction of a speculum of six feet aperture. The whole of the labours required in the preparation and accomplishment of this great object are among the proudest achievements of modern science.

The works were carried on at Lord Rosse's estate, at Birr Castle, King's County, about sixty miles from Dublin. Selecting individuals from among the peasantry around him, he converted them by his own instructions into skilful and attentive workmen. Under his direction furnaces were constructed, crucibles cast, workshops and laboratory built; a railway was laid down—in short, one portion of his park presented the appearance of a busy manufacturing establishment.

In April, 1842, the preparations for the casting were complete. The cast-iron crucibles used on the occasion weighed half a ton each, and were calculated to contain singly one and a half tons of the alloy. No other material would have borne the immense pressure to which they were subjected. They were sunk in furnaces level with the ground, heated by turf, of which 2200 cubic feet were consumed at a casting. After the three crucibles had undergone a ten hours' heating, the metal was thrown in, in equal portions, at intervals of two hours, to ensure its perfect amalgamation, and in twelve hours the whole was fused. The crucibles were then lifted from the furnaces by a crane, and carried to the tilting cradles, placed at equal distances round the edge of the mould, into which, at a given signal, the fluid mass was poured, producing the appearance of a roaring lake of silver fire.

The liability of heated metal to crack and retain air-bubbles, was obviated by making the mould porous. To effect this, pieces of hoop-iron, six inches in width, placed edgewise, were secured together, and turned on the upper side, to a segment of a circle of 108 feet radius. This was also heated, and its circumference packed with sand to the thickness of a foot. On the influx of the metal, the air escaping rapidly through the interstices of the hoop-iron, the lower side of the cast immediately hardened. The circumference cooling less gradually, in consequence of the slow conduction of the sand, all tendency to shrink and crack was happily prevented.

Dr Robinson, of Armagh, who was present on the occasion, observes—'Besides the engrossing importance of the operation, its singular and sublime beauty can never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to be present. Above, the sky, crowded with stars and illuminated by a most brilliant moon, seemed to look down auspiciously on their work. Below, the furnaces poured out huge columns of nearly monochromatic yellow flame; and the ignited crucibles, during their passage through the air, were fountains of red light, producing on the towers of the castle and the foliage of the trees such accidents of colour and shade as might almost transport fancy to the planets of a contrasted double star. Nor was the perfect order and arrangement of everything less striking: each possible contingency had been foreseen, each detail carefully rehearsed; and the workmen executed their orders with a silent and unerring obedience worthy of the calm and provident self-possession in which they were given.'

On the solidification of the mass, it was encircled by a hoop, and drawn by means of a capstan to the annealing furnace, constructed at the fourth side of the mould, which had been heated for several weeks, where it was left for sixteen weeks to cool. Meantime, the other portion of the works was in progress: the castings for the mounting of the tube; the platforms and galleries were prepared; and the two massive stone walls, each sixty-five feet in height and seven feet thick, intended for the support of the mighty instrument, were erected.

At the commencement of 1844, the speculum, whose surface comprehends 5184 square inches, was partially polished, for the purpose of testing its focal length, which was found to be fifty-four feet. The chamber for its reception at the base of the telescope, and the tube, were proceeded with. The latter is fifty feet long, and has a diameter of eight feet; it is made of pine staves strongly hooped together, and prevented from collapse by iron diaphragms within. Some idea of the magnitude of the structure may be inferred from the fact that the iron castings alone weigh 150 tons. During the year, the works were visited by many scientific men: among others the Dean of Ely, who, soon afterwards, in his address to the British Association, eloquently described the scene:—'Whatever met the eye was on a gigantic scale: telescopic tubes through which the tallest man could walk upright; telescopic mirrors, whose weights are estimated not by pounds but by tons, polished by steam-power with almost inconceivable ease and rapidity, and with a certainty, accuracy, and delicacy exceeding the most perfect productions of the most perfect manipulation; structures for the support of the telescope and its machinery, more lofty and massive than those of a Norman keep; whilst the same arrangements which secure the stability of masses which no ordinary crane could move, provide likewise for their obeying the most delicate impulse of the most delicate finger, or for following the stars in their course, through the agency of clockwork, with a movement so steady and free from tremors, as to become scarcely perceptible when increased a thousandfold by the magnifying powers of the eye-glass.'

The arrangements for grinding and polishing the speculum were on the same complete and successful scale which prevailed throughout the whole proceedings. The speculum was made to revolve slowly under water, that its temperature might remain unchanged; while the same machinery, driven by steam, moved the polishing tool backwards and forwards, and from side to side. The pressure of the polisher was adjusted to one pound upon every superficial foot of metal. Extreme accuracy is most essential in this process, which requires six hours, as an error of less than a hair's thickness would derange the reflecting power, and render an imperfect image. A line of rails, a mile in length, conducts from the polishing-house to the telescope, along which the speculum is drawn to the cubical wooden chamber prepared for its reception, one side of which is moveable. To this chamber, eight feet square, the tube is secured by bolts and fastenings: it will thus be apparent that, when it is desired to remove the mirror, the telescope must be placed upright, in which position, it is said, at a little distance, to bear some resemblance to one of the round towers which have so long excited the attention of the antiquarians of Ireland.

On the inner face of the eastern wall is fixed the semi-circular cast-iron meridian of the mighty instrument, about eighty-five feet in diameter. The western wall supports the stairs and galleries, which are also moved and adjusted by mechanism; and not unfrequently the observer is startled by finding himself suspended over a chasm sixty feet in depth. Every portion of the structure has, however, been calculated to bear ten times the load which it is ever likely to carry, thereby obviating all apprehension of danger. The machinery, too, is so admirably constructed, with such a perfect adaptation of means to ends, that the instrument is raised or depressed between the massive piers with the greatest facility. Stupendous as is its bulk, it has been found possible to uncover the mirrors and find a star in less than eight minutes. The passage of a star, Polaris, across the meridian, has also been given to a minute fraction of a second.

Astronomical telescopes are usually mounted on what is called the equatorial principle, which admits of their

being directed to any quarter of the heavens. Such an arrangement would, however, be totally incompatible with the prodigious size of the new telescope, from the impossibility of constructing a stand on which it would be at all manageable; hence Lord Rosse determined on employing it for meridian observations only, and the range of the telescope, between its supporting walls, is half an hour on each side of the meridian line. Though this arrangement may perhaps restrict the field of view, yet, when the stars are directly overhead, they are much more favourably situated for observation, and less likely to be disturbed by atmospheric influences, than when in lower positions. It should also be mentioned that the telescope is fitted with a small mirror on the Newtonian principle.

In 1845, the instrument was sufficiently advanced for observation, when it was found to answer completely the great expectations which had been formed of its powers. On the 20th March, the first view of the moon was obtained. 'The fascination of the sight,' as described by an eye-witness, 'is such that one can scarcely withdraw the eye.' A chaos of hills meets the view, bestrewed with rocky fragments ejected from the volcanic craters. Those of the moon differ greatly from those of the earth; the former sink below the surface to a much greater depth than the rise of their sides above it: their extent is also much greater. 'Another beautiful object,' continues the same authority, 'was the river-like valley that runs northward from the crater Herodotus. Its raised banks and their irregularities were easily seen; the internal and external shadows could have been satisfactorily measured had a micrometer been applied;' as it was, spaces of eighty or ninety yards were seen without difficulty.

Subsequent observations of our satellite have confirmed the impressions made on the earliest spectators of her previously unrevealed features. Dr Scoresby, of Bradford, in writing on the subject, observes: 'It appeared like a globe of molten silver, and every object of the extent of a hundred yards was quite visible. Edifices, therefore, of the size of York Minster, or even of the ruins of Whitby Abbey, might be easily perceived, if they had existed. But there was no appearance of anything of that nature; neither was there any indication of the existence of water, or of an atmosphere. There was a vast number of extinct volcanoes, several miles in breadth; through one of them there was a continued line about one hundred and fifty miles in length, which ran in a straight direction like a railway. The general appearance, however, was like one vast ruin of nature; and many of the pieces of rock driven out of the volcanoes appeared to be laid at various distances.'

But the great triumph of the telescope consists in the resolution of hitherto irresolvable nebulæ. Allusion has been already made to the immense distance to which the elder Herschel extended the field of observation. But there were nebulæ, or star mists, of which even his instrument could render no account; mists they remained to him in spite of his most patient watching. Hence he was led to the supposition of the existence in space of fiery gaseous matter, which in process of time became condensed into stellar bodies—a theory more fully laid down by Laplace and others, and generally known as the nebular hypothesis. These nebulæ exist in the heavens in every stage of brightness and endless variety of form. Some are circular, with a bright spot in the centre, and become fainter towards the circumference; others are like filamentous rays; others again are twin-formed; and some, as if in imitation of the planet, present the appearance of Saturn and his ring. Those which have yielded to the power of the telescope have been found to consist of stars so thickly clustered that their individual forms could not be detected without a telescope of extraordinary magnifying power.

The most intractable, however, of all these nebulæ were those of Orion, one of which is thus described by Sir John Herschel: 'I know not how to describe it better than by comparing it with a curdling liquid, or a surface strewed over with flocks of wool, or to the breaking up of a mackerel sky, when the clouds of which it consists begin to assume a cirrous appearance. It is not very unlike the mottling of the sun's disc, only, if I may so express myself, the grain is much coarser and the intervals darker, and the flocculi, instead of being generally round, are drawn into little wisps.' But Lord Rosse's telescope has read the secret; and instead of gaseous matter from which stars are made, he finds countless millions of starry worlds already made—so many new monuments of the omnipotence of the Creator. Universe upon universe meets the awe-stricken gaze of the observer. Numbers fail to convey an idea of the distance to which this telescope has pushed back our visual limit. Travelling at a rate three times faster than that of the earth in its orbit, we should fail to reach it in less than 250,000,000 of years.

The recent long-predicted discovery of Le Verrier's planet, and the announcements of Mädler, the astronomer at Dorpat, who has for six years been engaged in investigations of the central sun, round which our sun revolves in 180,000,000 of years, render everything which can assist inquiry particularly valuable at the present time. What great results may we not anticipate from future observations for the cause of knowledge and science! Other observers will be stimulated to action. The French government is said to contemplate the construction of an achromatic telescope with a diameter of more than three feet; and the emperor of Russia entertains the project for a reflector far exceeding in size that of Lord Rosse. It has also been proposed to erect one at Washington, from which place fifteen degrees more of the southern heavens can be seen than in Europe. Whatever tends to widen the sphere of our knowledge must be welcomed by all; and our Irish nobleman, whose manners are as courteous as his acquirements are great, may rejoice in having furnished the example. Among his numerous avocations, he has found time to give lectures to the Mechanics' Institute, in the little town of Birr, adjoining his estates. It has been well said of him, that 'it was not the mean desire of possessing what no other possessed, or seeing what no other had seen, that induced him to bestow so many precious years on this pursuit: had such been his motives, he would have kept to himself his methods, instead of opening his workshops without reserve to all who had the slightest desire of following his steps, and communicating in the most liberal manner the fruits of long and painful experience. His sole object is to extend the domain of astronomical knowledge; and the more common such instruments become, the more perfectly will it be fulfilled.'

## HOCHELAGA; OR ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.*

The question of 'what is in a name?' though somewhat trite, from frequent quotation, still remains an easier asked than satisfactorily answered one. Attracted as we were, in the announcements of the present work, by the name of Eliot Warburton, still we felt somewhat annoyed at being unable to answer the query put to us by a bore inquisitive as to what could be the meaning of the first part of the title. Since we have made the discovery from a perusal of the editor's preface, we may as well, to prevent similar blushing on the part of our readers when the same question is put, state, that Hochelaga is simply the ancient name for 'our western empire on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the modern Canada.' Difficult, however, as the name may be to get over, it is almost the only word occurring in these volumes at which the reader will stumble. The subjects noticed, and the style in which these are written, are of such a pleasant, free, and jaunty nature, as to carry the reader on with railway speed, and make it almost impossible to call a halt to ascertain whether all that he has been reading ought to be received without more mature reflection. The author, we are told, 'is far away in the lands of which these volumes treat; but every page will tell

* Edited by Eliot Warburton, Esq., author of the 'Crescent and the Cross.' 2 vols. London: H. Colburn. 1846.

that his heart is still at home. The name of England, her prosperity, her character for honour and righteous dealing, are dearer to the lonely traveller than his own.' That such is the case, the contents of the work abundantly testify. The disappointment we are apt to feel at not being favoured with the name of one who has so fascinated us by his valuable information and pleasant gossip, is somewhat modified by the recollection that he has handed us over to the guidance of such an agreeable sponsor. Mr Warburton, whose name appears on the title-page as editor, modestly states that the present is a 'work far worthier than his own. This work,' says he, 'whatever else it may be, *is* work; it contains no hastily written crude impressions, but the deeply tested convictions of an earnestly inquiring mind.'

We must now, however, allow the author to speak for himself, and to give him a fair start, commence with the voyage:—'About the middle of July, 1844, I found myself suddenly obliged to embark from Chatham for Canada, on board an uncomfortable ship, a very unwilling passenger. In a middle-aged man, of quiet bachelor habits, such a voyage to a strange country, at a few hours' notice, was a most disagreeable necessity. I soon, however, made up my mind and my packages, and before the afternoon was much advanced, started from London. It was dark when I arrived at Chatham, and went on board; there was a whistling wind and a drizzling rain, the decks between the heaps of luggage and merchandize, were wet, dirty, and slippery, reflecting dismally the light of the consumptive looking lamps, carried about by the condemned spirits of this floating purgatory. There was evidently a great number of passengers on board, of all sorts and conditions of men and women. Perched on a pile of baggage, were a number of soldiers going out to join their regiments in Canada, with their hard-favoured wives, poorly and insufficiently clad: but, despite the coarse and travel-worn dress and rude appearance of these poor women, I saw during the voyage many traits in them of good and tender feeling; the anxious care of their little ones, rearing them so fondly to their doom of poverty and toil; their kindness to each other, sharing their scanty covering and scantier meals. The wretched can feel for the wretched, the poor are rich in heart, to give. My cabin had lately been repaired, and looked very miserable; the seams of the deck were filled with new pitch, which stuck pertinaciously to my boots. The den had evidently just been washed, and was still damp enough to charm a hydropathist; the port-hole window was open to air it. Threats, bribes, and entreaties, in course of time procured me the necessary portions of my luggage; soon after, half-undressed, and wholly wretched, I crept into my berth; and, being too wise to remain awake under such very unpleasant circumstances, I in a few minutes adopted the alternative. The crowing of an early rising cock awoke me next morning. From that time there was no hope of sleep; it seemed the signal to let Bedlam loose. Every conceivable description of clatter followed; scouring decks, lugging boxes, rattling chains, sailors swearing, and soldiers quarrelling. It was scarcely dawn when I looked out of my little window; through the grey twilight the shadowy forms of steeples and houses by degrees became distinct and solid. The sun, not to take us by surprise with his pleasant visit, reddened up the gilt weathercock of the church spire, then reflected himself back cheerfully from the windows, and, at length, with lavish hand, spread bright young morning over the country around. In a little time a soft breeze carried away the early mist in the direction we had to travel. The main cabin was in the same damp, uncomfortable state as our sleeping apartments; in the corners, boxes and baskets containing our sea stock were heaped up in such height and breadth as to make the strait between them and the table so narrow that there was barely room for me to squeeze my portly person through. An irregular sort of breakfast was on the table; round it were seated the greater number of the cabin passengers, all evidently examining each other with great attention, between the mouthfuls of toast and butter, setting down in their minds the result of their scrutiny, in prejudices for and against their neighbours. There was a tall, thin, good-looking clergyman, who, having been ordained in England, was going to enter on his duties in Canada; and a very shrewd-faced Irish attorney for Newfoundland, where we were to touch on the way. This part of the cargo was, however, neutralised by an honest, open-hearted merchant and his good-humoured wife, from the same country, and with the same destination. Two gentlemen for Quebec; a Jew for Montreal, whose face was like the reflection of a handsome countenance in a convex mirror; a thoughtful-looking, well-built captain; a rattling, mischievous youth, his lieutenant; a quiet, handsome young ensign; and a Scotch doctor, all longing to the detachment of soldiers; these, with a middle-aged widow and her only child, a sickly boy of ten or twelve years of age, both in deepest mourning, formed the remainder of the party. The story of this family was a sad one. The lady was a Canadian, and had married a civil officer in her own country. After some years, he was unfortunately promoted to a valuable appointment in China; he immediately set out for the place of his new employment, and, on his arrival, wrote for his wife and child. They sailed, full of hope and happiness, thinking nothing of their voyage half round the world for the sake of the fond and anxious one who awaited them at its end. Nearly six months passed before their arrival. The march of the deadly pestilence was not so slow; they found but a new-made grave where they expected a happy home; so the widow and orphan turned wearily to seek again the land of their birth, thousands of miles away. This pale boy was all in all to her. Hers was a love of faith and hope; she never doubted that in fulness of time he would grow to be great and good, and pay her back the debt of tenderness and care. She was the only person who did not see that the shadow of death was upon him.

I speedily became acquainted with everybody on board. Perhaps it was owing to my sleek and comfortable appearance that they concluded I was the fittest person to undertake the caterer's department for the cabin; it turned out that I had one qualification for the duty which all the rest were deficient—that of being well enough to take it. Every one knows the weight of colloquy which falls upon the man in office when there is a fat on the sirloin, or the legs of the fowl have the flavour and consistency of guitar strings. It is impossible to divest people of the idea that, by some inexplicable ingenuity, and for some inscrutable object of his own, he has caused these imperfections on purpose. My prime minister was a black cook; my kingdom, animal and vegetable; my subjects three or four gaunt sheep in the launch, and, under the forecastle, a couple of pigs, whose appearance and habits of living justified our Israelitish friend's anxiety that there should be more solidity than usual in the side dishes when a chine of pork was at the head of the table. On the poop were several rows of coops, a sort of charitable institution for superannuated geese and ducks, and in the list of sea stock furnished by the eminent outfitter in the west-end, was the item, six dozen chickens. These were represented by a grave assemblage of patriarchal cocks and venerable hens; among the former I speedily recognised the bird whose voice in the morning, like fire to a train, had set agoing the din so fatal to my slumbers. I promptly ordered his execution; he, however, amply revenged himself on those who tried to eat him the next day. While I was thus entering on my official duties, the crew were not neglectful of their part of the business. The sails were shaken out, the anchor weighed, and the voyage commenced by running aboard of a merchant ship moored a little ahead of us. On this occasion I made a philological observation, which subsequent experience has only tended to strengthen—that the language used by sailors, under difficulties, is more worthy of imitation for terseness and vigour than for its elegance and propriety. With a fair and gentle breeze we floated lazily down the river; the principal objects of interest which we passed

were the splendid ships of war, now lying dismasted and harmless, but ready, when the Lords of the Admiralty play their Frankenstein and breathe on them the breath of life, for any mission of destruction.'

This will be allowed to be somewhat *frappant;* but we must leave the author to enjoy his cigar on deck, and again join him on his arrival at Newfoundland, which place the vessel reached in about twenty-four days after leaving Chatham. Newfoundland was first discovered by the English in 1497, at which period it was peopled by the Esquimaux. It does not appear, however, that any further notice was taken of the colony till 1534, when the island was nearly circumnavigated by the French, who from the beginning of the seventeenth century had a settlement at Placentia, on the south coast. In 1662, seeds, grain, and cattle were imported from England, and at the treaty of Utrecht, Louis XIV. of France gave up his claim to the island, which has ever since remained a British colony. The aborigines of this barren land seem to have fared no better than many of their unfortunate brethren in other quarters, under what has been falsely termed the march of civilisation. In proof of this read the following touching description: 'The natives met with in the first discovery were Esquimaux: fierce men of stalwart frame and intractable disposition; their complexion was a dark red; they were bold hunters and fishers, and of great courage in battle. From the first, they and the white men were deadly foes. The Mic-Mac Indians of Nova Scotia, and these red men, carried on a war of extermination against each other for centuries; each landing, with destructive swoop on the other's coasts, scalping the men and carrying the women into slavery. The Esquimaux warriors were more frequently victorious, till, in an evil hour, they provoked the wrath of the pale faces; the rifle and the bayonet soon broke their spirit. Abandoning the coasts and hunting-grounds of their fathers, they fled into the dreary forests of the interior. Sometimes, in the long winter nights, they crept out from their wild fastnesses, and visited some lonely hamlet with a terrible vengeance. The settlers, in return, hunted them down like wolves, and, in the course of years, their life of misery reduced their numbers, and weakened their frames so much, that they never ventured to appear. It was known that some few still lingered, but they were almost forgotten. The winter of 1830 was unusually severe in this country, and prolonged beyond those of former years. Towards its close, a settler was hewing down trees at some distance from one of the remote villages, when two gaunt figures crept out from the neighbouring 'bush;' with sad cries and imploring gestures, they tried to express their prayer for help. The white man, terrified by their uncouth and haggard looks, seized his gun, which lay at hand, and shot the foremost; the other tossed his lean arms wildly into the air—the woods rang with his despairing shrieks as he rushed away. Since then, none of the fallen race have been seen. The emaciated frame of the dead man showed how dire had been their necessity. There is no doubt that the last of the red men perished in that bitter winter.'

The principal town of Newfoundland is thus graphically pourtrayed—'In trying to describe St John's, there is some difficulty in applying an adjective to it sufficiently distinctive and appropriate. We find other cities coupled with words, which at once give their predominant characteristic:—London the richest, Paris the gayest, St Petersburg the coldest. In one respect the chief town of Newfoundland has, I believe, no rival: we may, therefore, call it the fishiest of modern capitals. Round a great part of the harbour are sheds, acres in extent, roofed with cod split in half, laid on like slates, drying in the sun, or rather the air, for there is not much of the former to depend upon. Those ships bearing nearly every flag in the world, are laden with cod; those stout weatherly boats crowding up to the wharves, have just now returned from fishing for cod: those few scant fields of cultivation with lean crops coaxed out of the barren soil, are manured with cod; those trim, snug-looking wooden houses, their handsome furniture, the piano, and the musical skill of the young lady who plays it, the satin gown of the mother, the gold chain of the father, are all paid for in cod; the breezes from the shore, soft and warm on this bright August day, are rich, not with the odours of a thousand flowers, but of a thousand cod. Earth, sea, and air, are alike pervaded with this wonderful fish. There is only one place which appears to be kept sacred from its intrusion, and strange to say, that is the dinner-table; an observation made on its absence from that apparently appropriate position, excited as much astonishment, as if I had made a remark to a Northumberland squire that he had not a head-dish of Newcastle coals. The town is irregular and dirty, built chiefly of wood; the dampness of the climate rendering stone unsuitable. The heavy rains plough the streets into water courses. Thousands of lean dogs stalk about, quarrelling with each other for the offal of the fish, which lies plentifully scattered in all directions. This is their recreation: their business is to draw go-carts. There are also great numbers of cats, which, on account of the hostile relations existing between them and their canine neighbours, generally reside on the tops of the houses. A large fish oil factory in the centre of the town fills it with most obnoxious odours. There are many neat and comfortable houses in the vicinity, where the air, though a little foggy, is fresh and healthful. There are two Church of England churches, one Wesleyan, and one Roman Catholic chapel. A large Roman Catholic cathedral is also being built. The churches of England and of Rome have each Bishops of Newfoundland. The population of the island is one hundred thousand; one half are Roman Catholics, principally of Irish descent, or emigrants, the remainder of English race, and various creeds. The trade of St John's is very considerable; they export fish and oil, and receive in return nearly all the luxuries and necessaries of life; the annual exports and imports average more than a million and a half pounds sterling each in value, and are rapidly increasing. They get port wine direct from Portugal in exchange for their dried fish; with due deference to our English wine-merchants, the best I have ever met.'

After a somewhat tedious voyage, we are ushered into Quebec, which is thus described:—'Without entering into particulars about the public buildings, I may say that the impression on our minds was, that they were exceedingly ugly. They are dispersed all over the town, as if ashamed of being seen in each other's company. There are five gates of the city, in the fortifications; from each of these, streets run towards the centre of the town, playing at cross purposes in a most ingenious manner, forming bends and angles in every conceivable variety of inconvenience. The streets are all narrow; the shops not generally showy, though much improved of late; the houses irregular. St John's is the principal thoroughfare; it is paved with large blocks of wood. The suburbs are nearly all built of wood, but have churches, hospitals, and convents of more lasting material. The great mass of the people in these districts are French Canadians. The total population of the city is little short of forty thousand, being an increase of fifteen thousand in fifteen years. There are large Church of England and Roman Catholic cathedrals, and four churches of each of these persuasions, also two Presbyterian and two Wesleyan. There is a tolerable museum, and two good public libraries. The hotels are nothing to boast of; they are conducted on the American system, like boarding-houses: the sleeping rooms are bare and uncomfortable; the furniture of mine consisted chiefly of my portmanteau. Besides those of the citadel, there are three barracks, and guards and sentries in all directions. After nightfall you are met at every part of the ramparts with 'Who goes there?' which, however, you answer or not, as you feel disposed. The town is not lighted, with the exception of a few dim oil lamps in St John's Street, for which reason, perhaps, it is that the city police seem to prefer that beat; and, as they are gregariously disposed, you may always calculate on finding a sufficient number of

them there to apprehend the man who has knocked you down in some dark and distant part of the town, if you can only persuade him to wait till you fetch them. Most of the streets have wooden *trottoirs*, very pleasant to the feet; those of St John's are crowded like a fair for two or three hours in the afternoon, with people shopping and showing themselves. Womankind of all ranks dress here very much as in England. The *habitans*, or French farmers, usually wear a coarse, grey, home-made, cloth suit, with coloured sashes tied round their waists, and often red and blue caps of thick worsted work. You are never asked for alms; there is, apparently, no poverty; man is dear, and bread cheap. No one who is able and willing to work need want, and the convents and charitable institutions are very active in their benevolence to the sick and infirm. In everything in this quaint old town there is a curious mixture of English and French. You see over a corner house, 'Cul de Sac Street;' on a sign-board, 'Ignace Bougainville, chemist and druggist.' In the shops, with English money, you pay a Frenchman for English goods; the piano at the evening party of Mrs What's-her-name makes Dutch concert with the music of Madame Chose's *soiree*, in the next house. Sad to say, the two races do not blend: they are like oil and water; the English the oil, being the richer, and at the top. The upper classes sometimes intermarry with those of different origin; the lower very rarely. The greater energy of the Anglo-Saxon race tells in everything. They are gradually getting possession of the largest shops in the town, and the best farms in the country; nearly all the trade is in their hands; their numbers, assisted by immigration, increase more rapidly. The distinguishing characteristic of the Englishman is discontent; of the French, content; the former always struggling to gain the class above him, the latter often subsiding into that below. The time is not very remote when, by the constant action of these laws, the masses of the weaker family will be but the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the stronger. These French Canadians have many virtues besides their fatal one of content; they are honest, sober, hardy, kind to each other, courteous in their manners, and religious to superstition. Efforts are now being made to extend education in Lower Canada; but there is great objection to it among the *habitans*, and indifference on the subject among their superiors. The people are wonderfully simple and credulous. A few years ago, at a country town, an exhibition of the identical serpent which tempted Eve, raised no small contribution towards building a church, thus rather turning the tables on the mischievous reptile.'

Our author, after confessing how easy it is to talk on the subject, and that, after all which has been said, emigration from our native land is not to be undertaken without due consideration; after asserting that the emigrant ship and the Canadian forest are not 'beds of roses,' strongly advises such of our working population as, after all their struggling, cannot find employment here sufficiently remunerative to enable them to get on with comfort, to adopt this method of bettering ultimately the hardships of their condition; and asserts that, with patient industry, they will there, almost always in the end, be able to work out prosperity, as the article they are most in want of in Canada at present is man, even the pauper.

We must have another touch at our charming Quebec before bidding it and its inhabitants a kind farewell. 'The first few days of the snow falling are very amusing to a stranger; the extraordinary costumes—the novelty of the sleighs, of every variety of shape and pattern: many of these are very handsome, ornamented with rich furs, and drawn by fine horses with showy harness, set off by high hoops, with silver bells on the saddles, rosettes of ribbon or glass, and streamers of coloured horse-hair on the bridles; while the gay chirping sound of the bells, and the nice crisp sound of the runners of the sleigh, through the new snow, have a very cheerful effect. Ladies' dress in winter does not undergo so great a transformation as that of men; all wear muffs and boas, certainly, but their bonnets and pelisses are much like those worn in England. Men always wear fur caps, often with large flaps down over their cheeks, enormous pea-jackets or blanket-coats, fur gauntlets, and jack-boots, with india-rubber shoes over them, or mocassins of moose-skin, or thick cloth boots, with high leggings. In the very cold weather, they often wear coats of buffalo, or other skins, and move about like some great wild animal, with nothing to be seen of the human form but a blue nose and a pair of red eyes.'

In the end of February, the author, in the company of a few private friends, set out on a moose-deer hunting expedition, the party assembling at St Anne's, a town about sixty miles from Quebec, on the extreme verge of the inhabited districts. A great deal of bold, straightforward, and thrilling description, of the merit of which mere words could convey a very imperfect idea, succeeds; but we can only hurry our readers on to the death-scene: 'On, on, through the deep snow, among the rugged rocks and the tall pines we hasten, breathless and eager. Swinging round a close thicket, we open in a swampy valley with a few patriarchal trees rising from it, bare of branches to a hundred feet in height; in the centre stands the moose, facing us; his failing limbs refused to carry him any farther through the choking drifts: the dogs press upon him: whenever his proud head turns, they fly away yelling with terror, but with grinning teeth and hungry eyes rush at him from behind. He was a noble brute, standing at least seven feet high; his large dark eye was fixed, I fancied almost imploringly, upon me, as I approached. He made no further effort to escape or resist: I fired, and the ball struck him in the chest. The wound roused him; infuriated by the pain, he raised his huge bulk out of the snow, and plunged towards me. Had I tried to run away, the snow shoes would have tripped me up, to a certainty, so I thought it wiser to stand still; his strength was plainly failing, and I knew he could not reach me. I fired the second barrel, he stopped, and staggered, stretched out his neck, the blood gushed in a stream from his mouth, his tongue protruded, then slowly, as if lying down to rest, he fell over into the snow. The dogs would not yet touch him; nor would even the Indians; they said that this was the most dangerous time—he might struggle yet; so we watched cautiously till the large dark eye grew dim and glazed, and the sinewy limbs were stiffened out in death; then we approached and stood over our fallen foe.'

With the particulars connected with the recent fire at Quebec, our readers must be supposed to be sufficiently familiar to render any quotation from chapter eighth, in which the circumstances are finely described, at all necessary. So 'farewell Quebec. The midsummer sun pours down its flood of golden light upon these scenes of beauty. As it falls on earth and water, a soft spray of luminous mist rises over the wide landscape. Above, the clear pure air dances and quivers in the glorious warmth; the graceful lines of distant hills seem to undulate with a gently tremulous motion. The broad river is charmed to rest, not even a dimple on its placid surface; no breath of air stirs through the dark forests, the silken leaves hang motionless.'

The author had arranged to set out for Montreal by one of the steamers belonging to that town, about the middle of summer. His intentions were at length effected; for after a very interesting voyage up the great St Lawrence, at eight o'clock in the morning, they were beside the wharf at Montreal, which he describes as being of great extent, reaching nearly a mile up the river. Montreal is built on the south shore of an island thirty miles long, and would, we are told, be considered in England a particularly handsome town; in reference to its mercantile bustle and activity, it far surpasses any one of similar size in the mother country. 'The wharves, hotels, shops, baths, are also much finer; it possesses quite a metropolitan appearance, and no doubt it will, ere long, be the capital of a great country. Few towns in the world have progressed so rapidly in size, beauty, convenience, and population. Within the last few years, and at the present time, its commerce is in a most prosperous condition. You see in it all the energy and enterprise of an American

city, with the solidity of an English one. The removal hither of the seat of government from Quebec and Kingston, has, of course, given it a considerable impulse of prosperity at their expense; but it is still more indebted to its excellent commercial position, and the energy of its inhabitants.'

Our space compels us at present to bring our notice to a close. We shall return to the subject next week.

## HAVE LIVE FROGS AND TOADS EVER BEEN FOUND IN SOLID STONE?

An opinion has long been prevalent, that frogs and toads are often found alive in solid rock at a great depth from the surface of the earth. The statements of many popular writers on natural history have tended very much to confirm this opinion. They have detailed a number of apparently well-attested instances of this kind, and declared that, however improbable they might appear to be, they could not resist the creditable evidence by which they were supported. Paragraphs are constantly occurring in the newspapers, recording fresh instances of this phenomenon; and even so late as the 20th of July last, two cases were inserted in the *Dumfries Courier*—the one of a frog of an extraordinary size having been found at Ingleton coal-works, at the depth of 868 feet; and the other of a toad, dug from the solid stone, 80 feet from the surface, within a tunnel then in the course of formation in the neighbourhood of Bangor. The nature of the animals themselves, seems also to favour this belief. It is well known that they remain in a state of torpidity during the winter, and that they are capable of living a long period without either food or air. The consequence has been, that people in general seem to give implicit credence to every statement on this subject, and are no more disposed to call it in question than to discredit the best established physical or historical fact. Now, with all due deference to the general opinion and the great names by which it is supported, it may be confidently asserted, that there are good grounds for regarding it altogether as a gross popular delusion. In order to prove this assertion, let attention be first paid to the nature of the evidence, on the authority of which, instances of this supposed phenomenon have been published to the world. Most of the cases detailed by natural historians are said to have occurred in foreign countries, and at a remote period; and therefore it is quite impossible now to verify them, and it is even no easy matter to ascertain the particulars of those recorded in newspapers. Very rarely are these accounts vouched for by the name of any responsible person who has been an eyewitness of the alleged fact, and at whom due inquiries might be made. In general, the designation of some obscure quarry or coal-pit is only given, the exact locality of which it is difficult to discover. Great pains have, however, been taken by not a few scientific men to arrive at a correct conclusion on this subject, and the result has been a thorough conviction on their minds, that the whole of the recorded cases of this extraordinary phenomenon are utterly fallacious and unfounded. In illustration of this, reference may be briefly made to two or three cases which were subjected to a searching investigation by a gentleman of Edinburgh. About three years ago, a paragraph appeared in the *Scotsman* newspaper, affirming that a live toad had been found imbedded in the limestone of Burdiehouse Quarry, situated about four miles south from the Scottish metropolis. This gentleman went instantly to the spot, and inquired at the workmen if they had recently discovered a live toad in the limestone. They answered that they had neither found it nor seen it themselves, but they had been told that a mass of limestone had fallen from a cart while proceeding along Nicolson Street, Edinburgh; and that a live toad had been found among the fragments on the ground. No cavity, so far as they had heard, had been seen in which the animal had been enclosed, and they were inclined to think with the gentleman, that the existence of a live toad in a piece of stone that had been subjected to the intense heat of a lime-kiln, was the height of absurdity and improbability. There can be no doubt that the animal had either been previously in the cart and overturned by the fall of the piece of limestone, or had been crawling on the ground near the spot on which the limestone fell. The next case to which his attention was called, was detailed in a Stirling newspaper. It was there reported that, during the formation of the railway tunnel at Falkirk, a live toad had been found in the stone, of a species different from any now existing. He immediately repaired to the spot, accompanied by twelve other scientific gentlemen. The workmen were strictly interrogated, when it came out that, in conducting their operations, a large quantity of diluvium had been disengaged from the surface, and had rushed into the excavation below. On clearing away the rubbish, a live toad was found, which, at the time the mass was precipitated, was no doubt either crawling on the ground, or snugly ensconced in some of its concealed haunts near the surface. The party returned to Edinburgh, thoroughly convinced that in this case, at least, a gross imposition had been attempted on the credulity of the public. This same gentleman, when on a visit to Huddersfield, in England, a few years ago, was one day waited on by a young friend of his, the son of an extensive landed proprietor in the neighbourhood of that town, who apprised him of the wonderful fact, that some labourers in a quarry belonging to his father had discovered a frog at a great depth in the solid rock. On the Edinburgh gentleman expressing some doubt of this fact, the young man said that the truth of it was not to be questioned, as the workmen were persons of excellent character, and their veracity was not to be impeached; and he stated further, that he had drawn up an account of the discovery, which he intended to publish in a Huddersfield newspaper. The gentleman from Edinburgh requested his friend, previous to his doing so, to accompany him to the quarry, that he might put a few questions to the workmen. They accordingly proceeded thither, and inquired at the labourers if they had seen the frog in the stone. They declared that they had not, but that they had seen it leap away from a piece of stone which had been newly broken. They were asked if they had noticed any cavity in the stone in which the animal might have lived. They said they had not, and had paid no regard to such a thing. They were then asked if they had preserved the stone in which the animal was found. They replied that it had been broken and removed, as they took very little interest in the matter, and had their work to attend to. After these and some further inquiries, the young gentleman declared that he was now satisfied that the whole affair was a delusion, and that he at once abandoned the idea of giving it any further publicity. Now, had all the other cases of this sort been as carefully scrutinised as those now alluded to, there is little cause to doubt that they would all have been found to be equally deceptive and unreal.

But, further, to say nothing of the utter improbability of an animal living for thousands, some say millions, of years without air or food, do the discoveries of geology afford any countenance to the common belief of the existence of frogs and toads in solid stone? The very reverse of this is the case. The disclosures of geology may be regarded as the strongest and most conclusive evidence against it, and are amply sufficient, were there nothing else, to overturn the popular doctrine, and to set the question for ever at rest. It is the common report, that these animals are frequently discovered in the carboniferous system. For instance, one of the paragraphs inserted in the *Dumfries Courier* asserts that several frogs had recently been discovered in the coal-works at Ingleton, 368 feet below the surface. Now, it is a fact known to every geologist, that not a single specimen of a fossil frog or toad has ever been found in the coal measures. When so many live frogs are said to be found, it is but reasonable to expect that skeletons of these animals would not be uncommon. But how stands the case? While impressions of various kinds of plants and fishes are abundant, both in carboniferous sandstone and limestone, not a single vestige of the remains of a frog or a toad has yet been discovered. The

fact is, that after the keen and unwearied investigations of geologists for half a century, it has been ascertained that the first trace of an animal supposed to belong to the lizard kind, occurs in the new red sandstone, which is entirely a different and a much later formation. In the lias and oolite, still more recent formations, impressions of lizards are more distinctly observed, but none of them are similar to the species of animals which inhabit our globe at the present day, and least of all to any species of the frog or toad. Upon the whole, then, the conclusion is warranted, that the cases hitherto published of frogs and toads existing in solid stone, are founded on false and imperfect evidence, and are utterly at variance with the most indubitable facts of physiological and geological science.

## PIERRE, THE SLAVE OF HAYTI.

St Domingo is one of the noblest islands in the western world; it is productive of almost every tropical luxury, and is always clothed with splendid flowers and tall spreading trees. The first European nation who seized it was Spain. France subsequently disputed the title of the Don, and finally assumed universal sway over the island. Slavery, under French authority, clanked its chains in triumph on the soil of Hayti, and lorded it over the dusky sons of Africa. The whip was the white man's sceptre, power was his title of dominion. The Europeans lived in luxurious indolence, and exercised licentious cruelty. The negro toiled beneath a burning sun, and he had blows in requital for his labour. The taskmaster, depending upon the brutalising influences of ignorance and moral degradation, treated his fellow-man as a physical machine, regardless of retribution; and even the beautiful and benevolent were debased and perverted from contact with so demoralising a system.

In the town of Cape Francois, the capital of St Domingo, previous to 1792, there lived a Frenchman called Monsieur Jean Baschien. There were a great many Frenchmen in the town, probably eight thousand, but Monsieur Jean Baschien was the only one of his name in St Domingo. Monsieur Jean was rich, in the West Indian sense of the word; he had a beautiful plantation in the vicinity of Cape Francois, called Noirville, on which he had a hundred slaves; and he had a beautiful house in the town stored with every accessary to grandeur and elegance. He had two fair daughters, in one sense of the word; in another sense there were many around them with more dusky skins who were yet fairer. He was fond of pleasure, and lavished his wealth in its acquisition; he was a lover of the ideal and beautiful; his gardens and dwellings were gorgeous, and he always had a smile upon his face. It is a remarkable truth, perhaps it is never otherwise in like circumstances, that Monsieur Jean's people never smiled; they were always seen to crawl to and from their labour, with a shrunken abject aspect, as if they were overpowered with the happiness of having such a master, or were crushed by the blows of their overseer. The reader may adopt what seems to him the most probable surmise, but few people have hitherto preferred the former. Indeed, Monsieur Jean's own nephew, Constant Boncœur, had strong suspicions that Claude Fermain's whip and the law were the strongest bonds that knit his uncle and his people together. Constant Boncœur was young, ardent, and generous; he was a soldier too; and although he had no correct opinions regarding the intrinsic dignity of man, and looked upon the negro population as occupying their legitimate station, yet his innate benevolence made him indignant at the cruelties which the brutality of power sometimes practised upon them. His regiment was stationed at Cape Francois in 1791, and he enjoyed the luxuries of his uncle's table and the company of his cousins almost at will. The villa of Noirville was close upon the coast, and its front verandah opened towards the sea. The leaves of the banana and mahogany shaded the promenade from the scorching sunbeams, and at evening the sea-breeze came sighing round the human exotic who languishingly reclined in the shade. On the 22d of August, 1791, a memorable day to many—memorable as the precursor of tears as well as liberty—Constant Boncœur and his cousins, Emile and Jeanette, walked with M. Jean in his verandah at Noirville.

'Cousin Constant sees something very interesting at present, surely,' said Emile, as she followed the direction of the young man's eyes, who, silent and abstracted, reclined over the balustrade of the verandah and gazed upon the sea. It seemed to be one mass of liquid gold that gently heaving sea; the almost vertical sunbeams were refracted by the waters, and the brightness and glory of the mighty deep were great. The view from the villa of Noirville towards the gulf was perfectly open, but you gazed through a vista of beautiful and stately trees, which twined their branches together and covered a spacious lawn, which was shaded from the noontide heat and which caught the ocean breeze. But it was not at the sun nor the sea that Constant gazed, his eyes followed four or five boats which were dancing along, propelled by the sturdy arms of negroes. 'Surely Camille Grostette has given his people a holiday,' cried Emile Baschien, as she caught sight of the bounding barks, and pointed them out to her father and sister.

'Camille Grostette, like myself, seldom interferes, he leaves all these things to his agent,' said M. Jean; 'but truly these are energetic rowers.'

'I thought you denied the existence of negro energy, uncle,' said Constant, smiling; 'and yet you have acknowledged that in the only qualities we allow them to develop they do exhibit power.'

M. Jean was about to answer his nephew according to his own philosophy, when a tall handsome negro stepped from below the verandah and proceeded towards the shore. He wore upon his head a cast-off straw hat of M. Jean's, and his graceful and elegant person was encased in a shirt of buff-coloured calico; he wore no shoes, but his tightly fitting nether garments, white as snow, reached half way down his leg, and left from the calf apparently encased in boots.

'And whither does Pierre wend his way this afternoon?' said M. Jean, rather crustily. 'I wonder who gives him permission to promenade by the sea-shore when he pleases? Hillo there, Pierre,' he shouted imperiously, 'come hither!' The man turned, and with a dignified air stepped towards M. Jean. 'So you presume upon the kindness I have shown you for taking Jeanette from the water,' said the planter, 'and roam about at will.'

'I presume upon nothing,' said the negro calmly; 'my mother is ill, and I only went to bring some sea water to bathe her palsied limbs.'

'And who gave you liberty? Was it Claude Fermain?'

'Claude Fermain destroyed my mother with the lash,' said Pierre, still calmly; 'I did not ask him for permission.'

'And you were right,' cried Constant Boncœur; 'if you saved my cousin's life, and are so good a son, you should have a good right to roam at will. Go, Pierre, for the water, my uncle gives you permission; do you not uncle?' and he turned to M. Jean, smiling at his own vehemence, and fearful lest he had offended his relative.

M. Jean remained silent for a few moments. He was displeased at his nephew, and he was not very well disposed towards Pierre, who, bowing to the young man, had bounded away in the direction of the shore; at length M. Jean said, 'Constant, you set these negroes a bad example; you would teach them that by saving our lives they do something meritorious, whereas it is only their duty.'

'Pierre seems to have thought no more about the rescue of Jeanette than of any other action; he is a noble fellow,' said Constant.

'He is worth two thousand francs,' said M. Jean, with a chuckle.

The boats continued to advance towards the shore, and Pierre, with light agile steps, bounded towards the coast. Was it only for water he went thither? or was there no'

something of more importance propelling him? His face, though sable, was radiant with intelligence; there was a dignity upon his beaming forehead which proclaimed the man: beaten, degraded, and trampled upon though he had been, yet his taskmaster had not been able to reach his immortality nor subdue his soul. Pierre had waited behind white men's chairs, and he had heard them converse; he had seen them refer to books, and he knew from the words that were spoken that these silent registrars of thought were open to all who knew how to decipher them; he had acquired those mystic symbols of speech one by one, and at last had mastered their conjunctions; and ignorant, degraded, and debased though he appeared, a noble heart and a clear head were those of the slave Pierre. Such a man could not tamely brook the bondsman's yoke, nor could he allow the souls of his brethren to sleep in unprotested slavery. The evening quickly passed, and night settled down upon the broad islands of America. It was wonderful how calmly M. Jean and his daughters, and all the planters, and scourgers and drivers of men, slept that evening. They did not think that they slept upon powder; they would have laughed at the idea of a volcano beneath them. They lay down from their voluptuous feasts and gorgeous assemblies, with dreams of other feasts and assemblies, and they never imagined that there was a power which was ready to explode and destroy them. The white population of St Domingo closed their eyes in fancied security, but the victims of helotism were awake and brooding over insult and man-imposed misery. By the sea shore, close to the villa of Noirville, Pierre the slave and a number of his race were assembled. The glare of a few torches fell on their dark skins and light habiliments, and their long knives and other weapons flashed in the light. They formed a wild group—wild in appearance and purpose—for they were conspirators. There was no exhibition of vehemence, no forced enthusiasm amongst them; there was a deathlike stillness, only broken by the tones of a firm voice, as of one who had learned, from the extent and power of the secret organisation of his brethren, no longer to fear. There was a firmness of purpose, and a consciousness of success, pervading that dusky band that might well have caused their masters to tremble.

'Our brethren on the plantation of Grostette ask nothing but vengeance,' said a tall powerful negro, whose gloomy brow contracted as he spoke.

'Our brethren of Danville only wish for liberty, Christove,' said a mild yet manly negro, whose mature and glorious intellect seemed to rule that dark assembly.

'Ah, Toussaint! our brethren of Danville have seldom felt the scourge,' said Christove, bitterly. 'The chains and the whip have made *us* forget mercy.'

'But, brethren,' said Toussaint, appealing to those around him, 'would it be just to destroy the white men who have treated us with humanity?'

'Humanity!' cried Christove with a wild laugh; 'they deny our manhood, work us till we faint, and scourge us if we murmur. I ask for vengeance.'

A low murmur circulated through the agitated conspirators, and their hands clasped their knives in approval of Christove's sentiments.

'Did you ever feel the lash, Christove?' said Pierre, advancing to his compatriot and laying his hand upon his shoulder.

Christove smiled as a demon might, and muttered 'Yes.'

'You know, as I do, how bitter it is to bear it then,' said Pierre.

The frame of Christove trembled, and he gnashed his teeth.

'If instead of blows you had received pity; if instead of insult you had found sympathy; would you not have loved the man who sympathised with you as strongly as you hate the hand which struck you?'

'I never saw a white man have pity; but I have seen them scourge my wife till she sunk beneath the blows,'

Pierre shook his head as he looked piteously at Toussaint; and that noble negro stepping forward clasped the hand of Christove and said, 'My brother, the helpless and innocent must claim your mercy; try how sweet it is to the powerful; every thing is prepared; in two hours hence the mine will be sprung, and we will meet at Cape Francois.'

'The hurricane strikes down the banana and the young sugar-cane,' said Christove, sternly. 'The tree and the sapling must fall.'

With this stern sentiment upon his lips, Christove and his companions entered their boats and pulled towards Cape Francois. Pierre and Toussaint held a low and hurried consultation, and then silence resumed its empire over the scene, for they were gone.

Constant Boncœur lay calmly upon his bed that night, dreaming of every imaginable mixture of grandeur, when he was awakened by an unusual sound. The night was close and sultry; there was not a breath to fan the cheeks of the sleepers, save that which was created by watchful weary women who stirred the air around their imperious mistresses. Constant sprung to his feet and opened his casement, the hot air, agitated by the motion of the window, came breathing round him like the sirocco, and yet the sound, as of a tornado arousing itself for action, came nearer and nearer without any perceptible motion of the woods around. Constant was debating with himself, as he looked into the night, whether he would arouse the inmates of M. Jean's house, to prepare them for the horrors of a hurricane, when a stream of fire shot high into the air, and exploding, scattered a hundred evanescent lamps upon the brow of night. Wondering at the unusual spectacle, he continued to gaze, when another and another arose at different parts of the island, and all was dark again. Constant could not unravel this mystery, and yet he felt an indefinable dread come over him, as if he stood upon some unknown abyss—as if some inevitable danger hung over him. Rousing himself from his lethargic stupor, he was about to hurry to the apartment of M. Jean, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder and he felt a knife at his throat.

'If you utter a word you are lost,' said his assailant; 'be silent, follow me, and you will not be harmed.'

Constant was bewildered, yet he was about to spring upon his assailant when a stream of fire rolled past his chamber window, and a yell of fury and vengeance burst upon his ears.

'It is death to tarry,' said the stranger, as he caught Constant in his powerful grasp and hurried with him to the verandah; 'perhaps flight is now too late.'

A rope ladder hung suspended from the balcony, and Constant, now fully alive to his danger, descended quickly, and in a moment his unknown companion was at his side. They heard the clatter of horses' feet as if they were driven for life; and the shouts of men and the roar of fire were mingled in discordant fierceness.

'Quick, quick,' said his guide, grasping Constant's arm, 'the hurricane has truly burst, and you may be swept away in its fury.'

'And do I leave my kindred to perish while I can help them?' said Constant, motioning to return.

'Madman, you court certain death if you venture back,' said the stranger, seizing him.

At that moment the sky was lighted as with a hundred beacons, red glaring streamers waved far up in the heavens; for the hosts of destruction were waving their fiery banners, and retribution was plying the work of vengeance. Constant Boncœur was bewildered, and mechanically allowed himself to be hurried into the woods by his athletic companion; at last they reached a little sequestered hut deep hidden in a bosky thicket. The guide lighted a pine torch, and Constant recognised the slave Pierre.

'For what purpose have you brought me hither?' said Constant, recovering from his bewilderment.

'That I might save your life,' said the negro.

'If I had known by whom it was menaced, I might

'Alas!' replied Pierre, 'a hundred thousand hands are now ready to destroy thee and all thy nation. The slumbering passions of a degraded race have already awoke, and, alas for them who have crushed and fettered their sentiments and better nature! They will feel what we have too often felt.'

The white man started, the truth flashed upon him in a moment, and almost stupified with horror, he gazed wildly on the negro.

'A people have arisen to assert their majesty,' said Pierre, calmly, 'and to rend the chains that bind them. Before to-morrow's sun bursts upon us the work will have been well begun. There are men amongst us, Captain Constant, brave but implacable; but we recognise in their implacability the reaction of the white man's blows, and we cannot restrain them. There are men among us who never knew sympathy, and who will therefore be deaf to the cry of mercy. Captain Constant,' continued Pierre, his voice swelling as if by inspiration, and his manly figure seeming to expand by the force of his emotions, 'I saved the life of M. Jean Baschien's daughter, and he allowed my mother to be whipped by his overseer. I felt the whisperings of liberty within my breast; I spoke of that same liberty to my brethren in bondage, and I was tied to the stake and beaten like a dog. You are the only man whom I have heard express true sympathy towards myself or brethren, and for the expression of that sympathy I have saved your life. Divest yourself of these garments, and put on those badges of a degraded race,' continued Pierre, bitterly; 'they will this night be honourable, and they will protect a good man's life.'

Yielding to the representations of Pierre, Constant assumed the dress of a slave, while the negro stained his face and hands with the juice of the privet berry.

'Keep close by me,' said Pierre to his companion, when they had finished the metamorphosis, 'and do not fear that your soul will be shocked by the cruel destruction of your people. There is a band amongst us, led by Toussaint Louverture, pledged to preserve if we can the good white men from the knives of the stern Christove and his band, and I will lead you amongst them. None save I and Toussaint know of your disguise.'

Leaving the secluded hut, Pierre and Constant having armed themselves, wound rapidly through the mazes of the forest. The heart of Boncœur was a prey to contending emotions, and yet he did not feel the least antagonism towards the insurrectionary movement. He, too, would have combated oppression far less galling than that of the negro, and the sympathy of freedom made him inwardly condemn a system which had provoked bloodshed and misery. They proceeded in the direction of Cape Francois, and in a short time they stood before Toussaint, the master-spirit of Haytian freedom.

Toussaint Louverture is second to none in the annals of patriotic story. Noble, brave, generous, intelligent, and gifted with lofty genius as a governor, as well as Christian benignity as a man, admiration and honour enshrine his name. He was a negro; he had been a slave; and yet the name of Washington is even less tainted with the failings incidental to power. He stood surrounded by his sable compeers, calmly encouraging and directing them, as Pierre approached. 'You are welcome,' said Toussaint, warmly, as he shook his friend and Constant by the hand. 'We have no time to lose,' he whispered to Pierre. 'Christove is on the move by this time, and Cape Francois is doomed if we do not anticipate him.' In a short time the word was given, and the insurgent negroes were marching towards Cape Francois under the command of Toussaint and Pierre. As they hurried on bands of fugitives flew past them upon foaming steeds, and despair and precipitation were in their movements. Onwards sped the insurgents, and the din and clash of arms were resounding in the streets as Toussaint and his compatriots joined the combat. It was a fearful night—vengeance shook its gory hand and despair struck madly for life. The pent up passions of years had burst their iron bands, and a fearful retribution flapped its sable wings over the men who had arrogated possession of their brethren. The powerful and furious Christove carried death into the heart of the white men's ranks, and his brethren in arms carried carnage into the dwellings of the powerful and wealthy. The battle raged all the night, and when the sun rose desolation and death reigned in the devoted city. The stately mansion was a smoking ruin; the embattled walls were levelled with the ground; and yet the cry was 'remember the stripes of our wives and mothers, and do not forget our children's tears.' Toussaint Louverture and Pierre had facilitated as much as possible the escape of the fugitive whites, but their followers, stimulated by the cries of their companions, and remembering former wrongs, were swept into the impetuous vortex of revenge. A few, forgetting everything but words of pity and sympathy, rallied round Toussaint and Pierre, intent upon preserving all whom they could shield.

The Europeans stubbornly defended every dwelling, and disputed every inch of ground, but they only protracted a deadly struggle, and exasperated men who were already furious. Oh, it would be well if those who only calculate the ravages caused by the passions of men would reflect and guard against their causes! It would be well if they who crush humanity beneath their heels were impressed with the stern truth that there is a principle of reaction against slavery in human nature; that come it slow or come it fast, the tornado will burst at last; and when it does burst, where is the man who can ride upon that storm and rule it? M. Jean Baschien, secure in his dreamy idealism, had never thought upon the possibility of negro insurrection. Although an oppressor of his fellow-men, M. Jean would not have maimed or cut *his people;* oh, no, he was too refined for that! but Claude Fermain was his agent, and he had every confidence in Claude. Nobody could complain of him, for M. Jean would not listen to any one who would denounce him; everything about the plantation was so regular and luxuriant, and cost its proprietor no trouble. No trouble! Would he say so now, as barricaded in his town dwelling, to which with his daughters he had narrowly escaped, he listened to the din of the combat and the blows of the beams with which his doors were assailed? Would he say so now, as he heard his own name and Claude's mingled in one common execration? He had little time to think, but yet the tenor of his thoughts were what he *might* have done. He would have listened to a negro now if he had asked for justice, but that hour was past. The beams were crashing on the doors, and the doors were at last crushed before them. Well might Emile and Jeanette scream now, and their father turn pale as he leaned over them. Well might the frightened women rush into the saloon and petition their master for protection, as the furious assailants came shouting behind them. Bloody and heated with the combat, the stern Christove glared like a panther upon the planter, and waved his knife on high. With bloody dabbled garments, and blades that dropped gore, his companions mustered round him, and eyed the dismayed group.

'Have mercy,' faltered M. Jean, as he looked at Christove, and pointed to his daughters.

'We give what we received,' said Christove, 'blows and wounds; the white man never taught us mercy.'

'Are you a father?' said M. Jean, appealing to the negro's sympathies; but the white man had blunted and perverted even these.

'I am,' said the Haytian, sternly; 'and I have seen my children scourged and dared not pity them. It is time that white men knew the bitterness of a slave father's agony.'

M. Jean looked beseechingly from face to face, but each was stern and grave.

'I have seen my mother, my wife, and my children scourged,' cried Christove, fiercely; 'you will know what I might feel.' As he spoke, he bounded towards the shrinking victims, and his knife was waved on high.

In an instant the blow was stayed by a powerful hand, the knife was wrenched from his grasp, and Pierre stood calmly before him.

'Hold, Christove,' said Pierre, as he parried a blow aimed at him by his friend; 'I claim these people as my prisoners.'

'We will have no prisoners,' shouted Christove, turning to his band. 'Down with every foe to liberty!'

'Would you rob me of my vengeance?' cried Pierre to Christove's band; 'of the vengeance I have nursed for years! I have borne stripes and blows and insults, and this man was my master; would you, my friends, snatch him from me now?'

'Pierre talks of mercy,' cried the chief; 'of mercy and of pity; he will spare this tyrant.'

'Would Christove spare Camille Grostette,' cried Pierre, resolutely, 'if he were in his power? Would he not claim him as I do Baschien? Ah, do not fear me!' said Pierre, following up the impression he perceived that he had made upon the band, 'I will make him feel.'

'Pierre is right; he was Pierre's master,' said some of the combatants; 'let Pierre be his master now;' and they laughed loudly as they hurried from the saloon and dashed once more into the street.

Christove lingered a while and looked suspiciously upon his friend; but the shouts and cries of his followers recalled him to action, and snatching up the weapon which Pierre had thrown to the floor, he bounded away.

Shrinking, pale, and irresolute, M. Jean looked upon the negro, who returned the look with a calm imperturbed eye. The words of Constant Boncœur came upon Jean now in all their force, and his own speculations upon negro character were resolved. If he had only taught Pierre how noble it was to save human life, perhaps Pierre would have spared him now; if he had given him his liberty when he rescued Jeanette from the waves, perhaps it would have been remembered. How easy it was to speculate in the cowardice of irresponsible power. How differently he thought when thought alone was free.

The arms of the negro were crossed upon his bosom, and his tall handsome figure was raised to its extreme height; neither the malignity of revenge nor the scintillations of passion were in his dark lustrous eyes, as they fell upon the trembling females. 'Wealth and power are transitory, M. Jean,' he said at last, in slow solemn tones; 'and misfortune, like her younger sister fortune, is capricious. You are poor, and Pierre, who yesterday was your slave, to-day can pity you.'

The white man started, and looked in amazement upon the negro. 'Spare my life and protect my children, and I will amply reward you,' he said mechanically.

'I will spare your life, and I will strive to protect you all; but it is because you are poor and cannot reward me that I do so; for the white man will never have dominion in this island again,' answered Pierre, proudly.

'The French Republic is powerful, and what are slaves?' said M. Jean, betrayed again into his habitual train of thought.

'Slaves are the white man's footstools,' said the negro, mildly; 'but we are no longer slaves, we have tasted freedom and will maintain it; Pierre the negro is now the equal of M. Baschien.'

On the evening of that eventful day five persons walked at an easy pace through the ruined streets of Cape Francois. Two of them were females, and their faces were covered with long sable veils. The men were apparently all negroes. A dead solemn silence reigned in the city, for it had become a sepulchre. A lantern might be seen flitting amongst the ruins, and the howl of the bandog would rise at long intervals; but these sights and sounds conduced to render the desolate city more awfully dreary, and to fill the mind with sad and fearful thoughts. Bands of negroes passed the pedestrians, and a sign and whispered word was their only salutation; they passed so noiselessly that it was depressing to think even of them. At last they reached the quay, and when one of the party whistled a boat pulled to the shore. One solitary individual propelled it, and when it touched the ground he threw a rope which was caught by one of his friends, and placed on board in solemn silence, and the oldest man sat down beside them without uttering a word. Pierre and Toussaint each drew a long inspiration, and uttered an ejaculation of pleasure.

'Noble, generous men!' said Constant, clasping a hand of each; 'how can I ever repay you?'

'Teach your brethren to think better of our race,' said Toussaint.

'Oh, you deserve to triumph,' said Boncœur, generously.

'And we will,' said Pierre, solemnly. 'God armeth the patriot.'

'Farewell, farewell!' said Constant, again wringing their hands; 'would I could secure you liberty.'

They carried the young man on board of the boat, and instructed him in its management as they pushed it into deep water; sobs came from the bosoms of the fugitives who were already seated; and as the generous Pierre respectfully saluted them, he felt that he had made friends to his race. Constant pulled at the oars in silence for a long time; he did not hoist the sail, for the land-breeze was setting in; at last the fugitives reached a ship in the offing, and were borne away to Louisiana.

The Haytians were never subdued; and the fate of the noble Toussaint Louverture belongs to history. But Constant Boncœur and his children never forgot the generosity of the gallant Pierre. That generous noble slave transmitted to France, at various intervals, portions of the wealth which had been seized from M. Jean; and, in his last communication, signed in his capacity as governor of Fort Jeremie, he assured Constant Boncœur that the words of sympathy he had expressed on the evening of the insurrection had saved him and his relatives from inevitable death.

## BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

This bridge, so famous on account of the battle that was fought at it, spans the Clyde about a quarter of a mile from the village of Bothwell, and about a mile from the burgh of Hamilton. At the time of the engagement, the bridge was very narrow, the entrance from either side straight, the land around uncultivated and bare—indeed a perfect moor; now there is a wide spacious bridge, a broad winding road, and a highly cultivated country, adorned with trees and villas. Recently the locality has been greatly beautified by a handsome gateway, erected by his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, at a new approach to his magnificent lawns and princely palace. It is a delightful spot; and, apart altogether from the interest which the battle attaches to it, is well worth a visit. Our object, however, is not to describe the locality (of which our great novelist, in 'Old Mortality,' has given a graphic, and for the most part correct description), but to present our readers with a short narrative of the battle, and an account of certain facts and relics connected with it.

It was on the 22d June, 1679, that the battle took place. The day was a Sabbath, exactly three weeks after the skirmish at Drumclog. The victory gained by the Covenanters on that occasion had increased their numbers, and made them more resolute than ever to adhere to the cause which they had so zealously espoused. Flushed with success, they proceeded the day following to Glasgow, and made an attack upon it; but, after a short contest, they were repulsed, and a few of them killed. In the evening they returned to Hamilton, where they pitched a sort of tent, which formed their place of rendezvous till their disastrous defeat at the bridge. Their discomfiture at the city in no degree daunted them, indeed it seems to have made them more bold and determined; and having that day received an addition to their ranks, they flattered themselves that their success would be equal to what it had been at their recent encounter. In this, however, they were grievously mistaken, as the result soon proved. Nor was this at all to be wondered at; for their leaders were inexperienced, their men undisciplined, and, what was worst of all, they were not agreed among themselves. Indeed, much of

officers and preachers in foolish disputation, and when the morning of the battle dawned they were ill prepared for the onset. According to the testimony of one of the Covenanters that day on the field (Ure of Shargarton), 'they were as unconcerned about the enemy as if they had been a thousand miles off, and few had powder and ball in the whole army to shoot twice.' In these unfavourable circumstances, the Duke of Monmouth, who was appointed to the command of the forces in Scotland, arrived at Bothwell moor on the Saturday evening, with a numerous and well trained army. Hope was entertained that a compromise would be effected in consequence of the dissensions existing amongst the Covenanters, their want of experienced officers, their lack of authority, order, and ammunition; but though a meeting was held for this purpose, they could not come to terms, and no other alternative remained but to settle their dispute by force of arms. At three o'clock in the morning the roar of cannon and the noise of musketry were heard, which continued with little interruption for several hours. The Covenanters defended the bridge with great bravery, but their ammunition failing them they were obliged to give way. The duke then ordered his men to charge upon them, on which their ranks were broken, their forces routed, and the greatest disorder and carnage ensued.

The number of Covenanters who fell at the scene of action was not above twenty, but upwards of four hundred were killed in the pursuit, which was continued several miles in the direction of Strathaven. The names of very few of them have been preserved; indeed, all that we have seen recorded are James Smith, who was killed near the Nethertown of Hamilton; James Scoullar and Gavin Semple of the parish of Glassford; Robert Finlay of the parish of Stonehouse; and John Browning, Robert Stobo, William Hamilton, Robert Steel, William Pate, and Archibald Dick, of the parish of Avondale. Neither of these were at Bothwell, but were on their way that morning to hear sermon at the camp, when they were met by the soldiers and put to death. After this the soldiers came in contact with Mr William Gordon of Earlston in Galloway, who was hastening across the country to join the party, and on his refusing to surrender, they shot him on the spot. His body was allowed to remain several days at the place where he fell, but was afterwards buried in the churchyard of Glassford. His friends erected a pillar over his grave, but no inscription was put upon it for many years. It has lately been repaired by his representative, Sir John Gordon, Bart. of Earlston, who cherishes a profound respect for the memory of his illustrious ancestor, and for the place where his mangled remains were deposited. The monument is built on the wall of the churchyard, fronting the public thoroughfare, on which are the words—

> 'If a hard fate demands or claims a tear,
> Stay, gentle passenger, and shed it here.'

And on the other side is the following inscription:—'To the memory of the very worthy pillar of the church, Mr William Gordon, of Earlston in Galloway, shot by a party of dragoons, on his way to Bothwell Bridge, 22d June, 1679. Aged 65. Inscribed by his great-grandson Sir John Gordon, Bart., 11th June, 1772.

> 'Silent till now, full ninety years, has stood
> This humble monument of guiltless blood.
> Tyrannic sway forbad his fate to name,
> Lest his known worth should prove the tyrant's shame.
> On Bothwell road, with love of freedom fired,
> The tyrant's minions boldly him required
> To stop and yield, or it his life would cost:
> This he disdain'd, not knowing all was lost;
> On which they fired. Heaven so decreed his doom:
> Far from his own laid in this silent tomb.
> How leagued with patriots to maintain the cause
> Of true religion, liberty, and laws—
> How learned—how soft his manners, free from pride—
> How clear his judgment—how he lived and died—
> They well could tell who weeping round him stood,
> On Stra'ven plains that drank his patriot blood.'

About 1400 of the Covenanters were taken prisoners, carried to Edinburgh, and placed in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, where they were confined for several months, without any bed save the cold ground, and no other covering than the canopy of the sky. When winter set in, a few wooden huts were erected; but these were so uncomfortable, and the treatment in other respects so severe, that many of them wished death rather than life. In the end they were promised their liberty, provided they subscribed the following declaration, which many of them did:—'I, ——, being apprehended for being at the late rebellion; and whereas the lords of his majesty's command have ordained me to be set at liberty, I enacting myself to the effect underwritten; therefore I bind, oblige, and enact myself in the books of the privy council, that hereafter I shall not take up arms without or against his majesty or his authority.' About 300 refused to subscribe this deed, on which the council passed an act banishing them to the island of Barbadoes. They were carried to Leith, stowed under deck like sheep, and treated in other respects with very great cruelty. So much confined were they, 'that the most part of them behoved to stand, to give room to such as were sickly and seemingly a-dying; they were pinned so close they scarcely got themselves moved, and were almost stifled for want of air.' The vessel set sail, and had proceeded as far as Orkney, when she was driven on a rock and stranded. The seamen escaped, but the Covenanters, who were locked under the hatches, had instantly the vessel for a coffin and the blue waters for a grave. All perished with the exception of fifty.

Many of the gentlemen in the west who had either been at Bothwell or adhered to the party, had their lands confiscated, and were obliged to flee out of the country, and those in more humble spheres were treated with equal severity.

On a stone in the churchyard of Eaglesham, over the bodies of Gabriel Thomson and Robert Lockhart, who were shot by a party of dragoons under the command of Ardincaple, is the following epitaph:

> 'These men did search through moor and moss
> To find out all that had no pass:
> These faithful witnesses were found
> And murdered upon the ground.
> Their bodies in this grave do lie;
> Their blood for vengeance yet doth cry.
> This may a standing witness be
> For Presbytry 'gainst Prelacy.'

John Brown of Blackwood, parish of Lesmahago, was shot by Lieutenant Murray, in a field before Blackwood House, and buried there under cloud of night. The following epitaph was engraved upon his tomb:

> 'Murray might murder such as godly Brown,
> But could not rob him of that glorious crown
> He now enjoys. His credit, not his crime,
> Was non-compliance with a wicked time.'

On a third stone, at Fenwick, over the body of James White, is the following remarkable inscription:

> 'This martyr was by Peter Inglis shot,
> By birth a tiger rather than a Scot;
> Who, that his monstrous extract might be seen,
> Cut off his head, and kick'd it o'er the green:
> Thus was that head which was to wear a crown
> A football made by a profane dragoon.'

The first persons who were brought to trial and executed after Bothwell, were Messrs John King and John Kid, two favourite preachers. They suffered at the market-cross of Edinburgh, on the 14th August; and in terms of the sentence, their heads and hands were cut off and affixed on the Netherbow port. Soon after, the following persons were sentenced to be 'carried to the moor of Magus, in the sheriffdom of Fife, the place where his Grace the Archbishop of St Andrews was murdered on the 18th November, and there to be hanged till they be dead, and their bodies to be hung in chains until they rot, and all their lands, goods, and gear to fall to his majesty's use': Thomas Brown, Edinburgh; James Wood, Newmilns; Andrew Sword, Kirkcudbright; John Waddel, New Monkland; and John Clyde, Kilbride. The sentence was duly executed, and a corn field adjoining at length furnished them with a grave. A stone was erected in 1728, when the chains were taken out of their graves, and

some of their clothes were found unconsumed. The inscription is as follows:

'Cause we at Bothwell did appear,
Perjurious oaths refused to swear:
'Cause we Christ's cause would not condemn,
We were sentenced to death by men,
Who raged against us with such fury,
Our dead bodies they did not bury;
But up on poles did hing us high,
Triumphs of Babel's victory.
Our lives we fear'd not to the death,
But constant prove1 to the last breath.'

In addition to these many others were subsequently executed for being at Bothwell. To give a list of them would far exceed the limits of our present paper; we shall therefore only give a short notice of one of them—John Nisbet, Hardhill, parish of Loudon—because he was one of the most eminent, and also because of his connexion with the district of country where the engagement took place, and the respect in which his memory is still held. He was at Pentland, where he was severely wounded; he arrived at Drumclog shortly after the skirmish commenced, where he behaved very bravely; and he was a captain of the party who defended the bridge at Bothwell. From that time he was declared a rebel, a large sum was offered for his apprehension, and his wife and children were turned out of Hardhill. For several years he escaped, but in the end was seized by Colonel Buchan and a party of dragoons in Midland, parish of Fenwick. He was carried to Edinburgh, tried, found guilty of rebellion, and executed in the Grassmarket. In the graveyard of his native parish there is a stone with the following inscription, from which we may form a conception of the estimation in which he was held: 'To the memory of John Nisbet of Hardhill, who suffered martyrdom at the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, December 4, 1685. Animated by a spirit to which genuine religion alone could give birth, and the pure flame of civil and religious liberty could alone keep alive, he manfully struggled for a series of years to stem the tide of national degeneracy, and liberate his country from the tyrannical aggressions of the perjured house of Stuart. His conduct in arms at Pentland, Drumclog, and Bothwell Bridge, in opposition to prelatic encroachment, and in defence of Scotland's covenanted work of reformation, is recorded in the annals of those times. His remains lie at Edinburgh, but the inhabitants of his native parish, and friends to the cause for which he fought and died, have caused this stone to be erected.'

To give an account of the hardships endured by those who escaped from Bothwell, or even a brief notice of those who suffered, is impossible within our limits. Indeed we could give instances in the neighbourhood of the scene of contest sufficient to fill a volume. As in the former, we select one case, that of David Steel, who rented the farm of Nether Skellyhill, in the parish of Lesmahago. After the battle, a close search was made for him, and for years he slept in a little turf hut on the hillside, the traces of which are still pointed out. In December, 1686, Lieutenant Crichton approached the house with a party of soldiers, on which he slipped through a back window, and ran towards Logan Water, about a quarter of a mile distant. When crossing that stream he stumbled and fell into it, but rising immediately, he continued his flight towards the banks of the Nethan. Before he reached it, however, he became so much exhausted that he could run no farther. Crichton called upon him to surrender, which he did. He was carried back to Skellyhill, where he was met by his wife, taken into a field before his own door, and shot in her presence. When the neighbours came they lifted the body streaming with blood, and laid it on the kilngrip,* till arrangements were made for carrying it into the house. The blood, it appears, sunk into the wall, for when the kiln was taken down, many years after, it was distinctly seen upon the stones. The body was buried in the churchyard of Lesmahago, and upon a stone was inscribed the following epitaph:

'David, a shepherd first, and then
Advanced to be king of men,
Had of his graces in this quarter,
This heir, a wanderer, now a martyr;
Who, for his constancy and zeal,
Still to the back did prove true *Steel;*
Who, for Christ's royal truth and laws,
And for the covenanted cause
Of Scotland's famous reformation,
Declining tyrant usurpation,
By cruel Crichton murder'd lies,
Whose blood to Heaven for vengeance cries.'

Several of the swords used at the battle are still extant. The drum, flag, and sword at Lochgoin, to which we referred in a former article, were there, and two of the flags described in our paper on Drumclog. In the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, are the remains of one of the banners, also a hat found at the bridge the day after the engagement. The hat is black, low crowned, and resembles much those worn by sailors when ashore. There is in the possession of Mr James Craig, Gullyhill, parish of Galston, the flag carried at this disastrous battle by John Craig, farmer, Ploughland, Avondale. It is cream-coloured silk, in excellent condition, and measures about seven feet by five. It has on it a representation of the Bible, a Scotch thistle, and the words—'Avondaill for Reformation in Church and State, according to God's Word and our Covenant.' This gentleman has likewise a double-edged sword, which was carried by the said John Craig on that occasion; both of which have come to him by lineal descent.

At Newick House, Lesmahago, the residence and property of James White, Esq., are likewise to be seen several interesting relics, which belonged to his ancestor John White, who fought at Bothwell, and who was a leader at that trying period. He has in his possession three swords, two of them double-edged, and one of which was used by the 'laird' himself; a large drum, with two ebony drumsticks; and a flag. The flag is the finest we have seen: it is blue silk, about seven feet square, and has on it the words, 'For Leshmagow.' We were shown at this ancient family residence a window, above which is a sun-dial, where the staunch Covenanter made a narrow escape, when his house was beset one morning by Claverhouse and his dragoons. This part of the building is very frail, and Mr White is about to take it down; but he stated to us his intention to preserve the window through which his distinguished forefather escaped.

* A wall on which sacks of grain are laid before being spread upon the kiln to be dried.

## HISTORY.

(Continued from page 167.)

It was formerly mentioned that the obvious and acknowledged utility which arises from the recording of facts is the benefit of mankind; hence it would be very useless to load the detail with extraneous matter not tending to that point. It would moreover render the narrative too prolix and circumstantial; and it ought, therefore, to be kept in view, that what can be of no advantage to posterity, merits not the notice of the historian; or if mentioned at all, that it ought to be in the most compendious manner. Some circumstances, indeed, are very trifling in their nature; yet when they tend to unfold character, may be briefly mentioned. Dion Cassius, upon stating some particulars which he thought of a nature too subordinate to the dignity of history, makes the following excuse: 'I would not have it thought, that I descend below the dignity of history in writing these things, for as they were the actions of an emperor, and I was present and saw them all, and both heard and conversed with him, I did not think proper to omit them.' Dion Cassius has not perhaps judged amiss; for the influence of any person in an exalted sphere of life is extensive, and the most trifling circumstances of his conduct engage attention; but as similar actions of any person in the inferior walks of life have not the same influence, they claim not the same attention from the historian.

There are many circumstances of former ages, even ridiculous and detestable, which yet ought to be mentioned, not from the intrinsic consequence attached to them, but

purposely to exhibit, for the best ends, the delusions into which mankind have repeatedly fallen. In the statutory law of our own country, we observe that it was at one time thought necessary to prohibit witchcraft by an express enactment of the legislature, and to consign those unfortunate beings to punishment, who upon trial should have been found guilty of conduct inferring the commission of this statutory crime. It is known too, that at one period the torture of the rack was applied in order to elicit truth; and it is known also that, though religion be of the most peaceable and conciliating nature, it was once considered lawful to employ persecution and cruelty for establishing its interests. Such circumstances, with their dreadful effects, show the great disadvantages of ignorance, and the important benefits arising to society from the acquisition of knowledge. The mention of them will excite a desire of still further refinement, and inspire terror at the idea of a relapse into such horrid darkness.

The historian ought as much as possible to preserve a unity in his subject; in particular history, he is blameable if he break the thread of his narrative without the most weighty reasons.

The historian ought to be well acquainted with the secret motives of action, to trace which will require not only the keenest discrimination, but a very comprehensive knowledge of mankind; for to refer actions to their true springs is difficult; because the motives which prompt to action are seldom fairly promulgated. As one instance: how many state papers have been issued to the world in justification of actions proceeding from motives quite different from those which were assigned. To know the designs of a person with as much certainty as possible, it is necessary to be previously acquainted with his character, and the pursuits which principally have occupied his mind. These may in a great degree be learned from his actions; for where they are generally of a vicious or immoral tendency, we need not expect much purity of motive from that person in any case. No more can we expect of him whose mind is tinged with avarice, to act from generous motives. Hence arises the necessity of the historian to study the characters of those whose actions he describes. When they are known, the true motive will be more easily discovered, and the feigned more easily detected. From this appears the reason why Sallust has been so particular in delineating the character of Catiline, and Livy that of Hannibal. We evidently see how well fitted Catiline was for entering into base actions against his country, and how able Hannibal was to perform those great actions which are recorded of him. Actions and their causes are sometimes very remote from each other; therefore their connexion may not easily be perceived. In Europe, some years ago, in particular, when any small state was attacked by another more powerful, the neighbouring powers immediately interfered to maintain the safety of the weaker state; in such a case sympathy or a regard to justice might be supposed to have been the immediate cause of the interference, but the more remote though efficient cause was self-preservation; for too much power falling into the hands of one state might be very dangerous to the rest; it was therefore the interest of each to preserve, as far as possible, the balance of power, on which depended the safety and tranquillity of the whole. A variety of instances might be adduced from the wars between England and France, and France and Austria.

In treating concerning any great event it is incumbent upon the historian to give the reader some previous information concerning the various causes which conspired to its commencement as well as to its accomplishment. A defect in this respect has been ascribed to many of the ancient historians. A historian must be previously acquainted with the general history of a nation, before he can with propriety give the history of any particular portion of it.

In addition to a bare notice of the causes from which events spring, the historian must also narrate their consequences. By knowing previously the designs upon which projects are formed, we feel gratified in observing whether the consequences were fortunate or fatal, and in tracing how far prudence accomplished its ends, or how far misfortune followed imprudence. We will often have occasion to observe plans formed with seemingly the utmost reach of thought, in a moment disconcerted, and every measure blighted by some accident, which, without the power of divination, it was impossible to foresee or prevent.

Upon the consequences of actions related by the historian we form our experience. We may naturally infer that, from pursuing the same line of conduct which our predecessors have adopted, almost similar consequences will ensue. Virtue, we observe, in history invariably meets with the approbation of mankind, and vice, we see, without any exception, is never commended. The historian will often have occasion to show that the virtuous, though buffeted by misfortune, and deprived of those external comforts so highly prized by the world, yet possess that internal pleasure which adheres to virtue, for which an equivalent is nowhere to be found; and that the vicious, though indulged to the extreme in every thing ministering to the pleasure of the senses, can neither by change of place, nor by any device whatever, escape from that misery which arises in the breast upon the removal of virtue.

The utility of geography and chronology to the historian has been long since acknowledged, and so much has their importance been estimated, that they have been denominated the *two eyes* of history. By knowing when a person flourished, we are able to judge of his character in relation to the times in which he appeared. We are apt to attach great merit to a person who, in any age marked by its ignorance and superstition, may have risen superior to the difficulties which he had to encounter, and who perhaps equalled, if not surpassed, those whose opportunities of improvement have been more extensive. In reading of war, when the places are mentioned which were the scenes of action, we travel over the map in quest of them with much pleasure; we notice the progress of an army from place to place with the most lively gratification; and from knowing the situation of the country, and the obstructions which it by nature throws in the way, we form an opinion of its commanders. We always have in view the difficulties which have been overcome, in estimating the merit of a general. Without chronology and geography, it is very often impossible to judge with any justice of men or actions. Cicero is very profuse in his praise of Pompey, for commencing and completing the piratic war at a season when others would have been afraid to trust themselves at sea. Without the general appearance of the country, the rivers, passes, or mountains, being mentioned, or the strength of one city either by nature or art, or the weakness of another, and the distance between armies, we should frequently err in our judgment of military exploits. Cæsar, from his particular notice of these things, seems to have been aware of their importance.

In drawing the character of a general, it may be proper to mention his age, for where his conduct in youth gives us an early promise of his future greatness, the reader will be disappointed if he meet with no information on this point. Alexander finished his great career at a time of life when others are about beginning theirs. Scipio, at a period of the world not the most correct and chaste, and in youth, a time of life the most ungovernable, gave a signal instance of the command which he possessed over his passions, when he was assailed by the appearance of a celebrated beauty. If age had blunted passion, his renunciation of the pleasure with which he was tempted would have been scarcely observed. Such relations are very interesting, and well deserve the attention of the historian.

In considering the subject of history in general, there will be found a great difference between ancient and modern historians. The former principally and almost exclusively confine their relations to the exploits of war; their attention is little directed towards internal and domestic policy, to the public finances, to manners, or to laws. To these subjects much of our attention is now turned, and a comparison is drawn between what we formerly

were and what we now are. The comparison is interesting. Upon the overthrow of the Roman empire, and on its ruins, arose the feudal government, which gave bases to the modern constitutions of Europe. It introduced changes without number, and hardly a fragment of what formerly existed was retained. Between the sovereign and lord, and between the lord and vassal, new relations were formed, from which branched out a number of new duties. The complexion of things was changed; arbitrary power operating upon ignorance, which the servitude of the feudal law produced, gave birth to misery and cruelty in endless variety. Scarcely had mankind emerged from this deplorable situation, when they began to compare the present with the past—in what they agreed with their ancestors and in what they differed. No such comparisons did the Greeks and Romans find it necessary to make. Notwithstanding their successes or defeats in war, their constitutions, laws, and manners never underwent such a complete change as the barbarians of the north effected in Europe by the overthrow of the Roman empire. The laws of the twelve tables were in as much vigour under Augustus as at the period of the contest with the Samnites. The office of magistrate was not changed. The form of the senate continued seven hundred years without any change whatever, from the first consuls to the first Cæsars; nor did any considerable change take place in military discipline from the time of Pyrrhus to that of Theodosius. Luxury no doubt increased with their riches, and the table of Lucullus was no longer the same as that of Numa and Fabricius; but the consular robe of Cicero was the same as that of Brutus; he enjoyed the same rights and privileges. In the present day, a great lord does not any longer in his dress resemble his ancestors, no more than he does in his civil or political existence. The feudal usurpations of the great barons are now lost; vassalage and servitude have now vanished, and the principles and spirit of the feudal law have long since fled. The only existing remains are those charters and other writings which are still deemed necessary to transmit from hand to hand what falls within the description of *heritage*; but it is now universally acknowledged that the causes to which they owed their birth have long since ceased. In society, many other revolutions have taken place. We might despair, in instituting a comparison between the present age and that of Charles V., of finding any features of resemblance. By the strange vicissitudes which have taken place in manners and habits, society has often assumed a new appearance, and the change has in some degree occasioned that spirit of curiosity among modern historians in searching out the past and comparing it with the present. Indeed, commerce having been in modern times conducted on the most liberal and comprehensive scale, the discovery of new countries has arisen from it as a natural consequence, and given to mankind a new accession of ideas. The leading pursuit of ancient times was war. In the present period, commerce occupies attention more, and by giving the current of public attention a different direction, it must obviously introduce a material alteration in society. This, when conjoined with the benevolent spirit of the Christian religion, has softened men's ideas, and it is to be hoped has had some tendency to make the barbarities and cruelties of former ages less practised. Hence the attention of modern historians to manners, laws, and the different institutions from which we form a picture of the interior of society. Happy would it be for mankind had the historian still less occasion to record military exploits, or those actions which proceed from disordered passions. His task would be then easy in turning to the manners and customs of nations, their advancement in legislature, in science, and in art. And here, were it possible for the historian to mark the measure of advancement to which mankind reached in everything which tends to ennoble, and in the same manner to show the extent to which they reverted into ignorance or plunged into immorality, with the accompanying causes which conduced to each, much important speculation would be furnished not only to the philosopher what manner the character and genius, the manners, government, and laws of a people were formed, and how altered.

In history, speeches once occupied a conspicuous part. While it is admitted of them that they add much to the embellishment of history, yet it has been asserted that they detract from the veracity of facts; for, in many situations where it has been said that generals or other distinguished persons have made speeches, it was not possible that all the audience could hear—that from the texture of the speeches, the labour of the historian appears more than the native eloquence of him to whom they are ascribed—and that at best the introduction of speeches is an unseasonable interruption of the narrative. Before absolutely condemning the speeches in history, however, it may not be improper to take a short review of ancient times, and to mark their difference from the present. It is well known, in the popular governments of the ancients, how much power was attached to eloquence. Without it no individual could obtain notice, nor could any one retain the power which he possessed. Its importance being so obvious, it was taught to the youth with the utmost care, not as a pursuit of a subordinate nature, but of primary importance; for he who aspired to public honours saw no other means of accomplishing his wishes, but by possessing eloquence in the utmost possible perfection. He who could address a numerous assembly with facility and grace, who could animate and wield at will the passions, who could attack in a vast and crowded forum the powerful criminal, and rescue innocence from the gripe of tyranny, surely merited the public honours which were the reward of eloquence. Such being one of the leading features of Rome and Athens, the speeches given in ancient history do not deviate so far from truth as might at first view be supposed; they are consistent with probability, without any effort of imagination. It is but fair, when we bring former times before the judgment-seat of reason, that we take into our estimate the manners which then prevailed, that we may be able to form an accurate opinion. In favour of speeches it may be pleaded, that, when spoken in the third person and of moderate length, they agreeably diversify the narrative; they tend to explain more fully the causes and springs of action, and to unfold the views of leaders; we enter into the presence of the most celebrated persons of antiquity, and seem as it were to join in their deliberations. Besides, the historian may make the speaker deliver a variety of remarks which could not with the same propriety have come from himself. In judging indirectly of the utility of speeches, we form a favourable opinion of them from the circumstance, that were they to be abstracted from ancient history, it would lose half its beauty. But it is now believed that, though the speeches might have had their use in ancient times, and produced the most important effects, yet in modern times they are, from a change of circumstances, not calculated to produce the same consequences. Printing has now more extensively diffused knowledge; men have, in general, become more enlightened; and seldom are so moved by the mere effect of eloquence as in ancient times. As knowledge was then circumscribed, an artful appeal to the passions never failed of success; but now the cold calculations of interest are not easily removed by the most animated bursts of eloquence. It is not intended to be here understood that speeches, however eloquent, can produce no effect; it is only meant that they will not have the same power as that which is ascribed to them in ancient times.

Though the utility of speeches in history be rather dubious, yet the same thing cannot be said of order; for without it history would nearly approach to an undigested chaos. Unless there exists a natural and clear connexion between the facts related, it will be difficult to treasure them up in the mind. Every historian should therefore contemplate upon each separate portion of his history, bring the one near to the other, and exhibit those facts which mutually tend to throw light upon one another. In every state there are some leading circumstances, such

measure or martial enterprise, that decide upon the fate of many others, and which disappear like a number of tributary streams in a great river. By the principal point being thus held up to notice, the reader will feel much pleasure in the perusal, and will be somewhat in the situation of a person upon the top of an elevated mountain, which affords an extended view of the circumjacent country.

### RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

There is no sentiment of the human soul so potent in its influence on the character of man as his religious belief. It is deep—all-pervading and all-controlling. The field of its vision is the indefinable expanse of heaven, comprehending the depths of the unseen world, with all the existences and states of being revealed, or imagined to be there. The range of its sympathies is limited only by the universe, with its peopled realms—and by the ages of eternity. Assuming Christianity as our standard, and its objects of contemplation as a material of sentiment, we can easily see there is enough in it to stimulate the human mind to action, that mounts superior to those low things appertaining to the speck which we call earth. When God, by his precepts and sanctions, by his counsels and promises, takes possession of the soul of man, it developes and displays qualities above the empire of other hopes and fears. Allied to the throne above, it looks down on thrones below; and though commanded to respect them, yet pays a higher deference to its allegiance in heaven—'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than to God, judge ye.'

### EDUCATION.

Thelwal thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. 'How so?' said he; 'it is covered with weeds.' 'Oh,' I replied, 'that is only because it has not come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries.'—*Coleridge.*

### PERUVIAN MODE OF APPLYING GUANO.

Opposite to the Ports of Pisco and Chincha, lie a number of small islands, noted for their large deposits of guano, or *huanu*, as Dr Tschudi corrects the orthography of the word. The doctor gives some very interesting particulars concerning this efficacious manure, which, although but recently adopted in Europe, appears to have been used in Peru as far back as the time of the first Incas. The Peruvians use it chiefly for the maize and potato fields: their manner of employing it is peculiar, and but little known in Europe. A few weeks after the seeds have begun to germinate, a small hole is made beside each plant, filled with huanu, and covered up with earth. The effect of the process is incredibly rapid. In a very few days the plants attain double their previous height. When the operation is repeated, but with a smaller quantity of huanu, the farmer may reckon upon a crop at least threefold that which he would obtain from an unmanured soil. Of the white huanu, which is much stronger than the dark-coloured, less must be used, and the field must be watered sooner, or for a longer time, or the roots will be destroyed. When the land is tolerably good, seven hundred and fifty to nine hundred pounds of huanu are reckoned sufficient for a surface of fourteen thousand square feet; with poor soil, a thousand or twelve hundred pounds are required.

### EXTENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The United States have a frontier line of more than 10,000 miles. We have a line of sea coast of 4000 miles, and a lake coast of 12,000 miles. One of our rivers is twice the size of the Danube, the largest river in Europe. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine, and the Hudson has a navigation 120 miles longer than the Thames. The single state of Virginia is a third larger than England. Ohio contains 2,120,000 acres more than Scotland. From Maine to Ohio is farther than from London to Constantinople; and so we might go on, and fill pages enumerating distances, rivers, lakes, capes, and bays, with comparative estimates of size, power, and population.—*New York Sun.*

## HAUNTED GROUND.

BY MISS M. P. AIRD.

Nay, tell me not—oh, tell me not—all places are the same;
The gifted rose would smell as sweet by any other name;
That to the wandering child of earth there is no holy ground,
Dear as our own the stranger hearth, alike each churchyard mound.
Is all the earth to thee all one—all common ground to me?
Loves not the Gael his highland home—the Greek his own blue sea?
Is there a heart, however lone—howe'er with grief oppress'd,
But *something* hath to call its own—somewhere it loves to rest?
Is there no spot where fond regret o'er light departed sighs—
No hallow'd ground we ne'er forget, enwreathed with tenderest ties?
No stony couch, where angel-dreams reveal'd a glimpse of heaven,
Whence still a lingering glory streams to pilgrims sorrow-riven?
No hearth more than its neighbour dear—no razed, no ruin'd cot—
Where passing memory drops a tear and strews forget-me-not?
Are there no spirit-homes where we a lifetime would remain,
That with our souls a sympathy and fellowship retain?
No fadeless Eden of the heart where God has walk'd with men,
From which we ling'ringly depart, and visit oft again—
No spot to which we lightlier tread, though distant wish it near,
Where we have bent us o'er the dead, or 'wiped away a tear'—
Where joy has pour'd her glory-cloud like dayspring on our way,
Or lonely sorrow lowly bow'd, and pray'd her tears away?
Thy dripping rock, Mount Ararat, where ebb'd a world's grief,
When mercy stayed the waters dark and waved her olive-leaf,
A green isle was to Noah's eye, when on thy weeping brow
His altar smoked, and o'er the sky arose the covenant bow.
Yes, dear unto the Switzer's soul the fatherland of Tell,
As is unto the exiled Pole where Kosciusko fell;
The wandering Jew, whene'er he prays, turns to his ancient shrine,
And longs to rest, where'er he strays, in lovely Palestine.
Though change, all devastating change, with dark sirocco wing,
Tears from our grasp, where'er we range, each loved and lovely thing,
Yet deep heart-teachings *spirit* breathes, outgrowing wintry death,
Affection with our nature wreaths and mingles with our breath;
These old home-teachings, ne'er forgot—these old familiar ties—
Irradiate many a lonely spot with tender memories.
Oh, memory like ivy creeps round many a wither'd tree;
Though leafless nature o'er it weeps, it may be green to me!
That picture, though a tarnish'd thing to thee, to me may bear
Life hues, with many a silken string of feeling broider'd there.
What music in a name is found—what sweet affections blend—
What tender feelings cluster round the dwelling of a friend,
Where we have heard a voice more kind, one of more gentle tone,
Than stirs the crowd—a kindred mind, an echo of our own!
It may be a remember'd look, a tearful word, that burns,
And breathes on mem'ry's blotted book to tell it ne'er returns.
Where thought around some old grey wall her household pictures hung,
Love's broken strings, now scatter'd, all with treasured pearls strung;
The shadow of our early home from which we wept to part,
Where things familiar had grown as of ourselves a part—
Twined round with first affection's ties, the loves of other years—
These unforgotten sympathies that wing our soul to tears;
The lost, the dead, departed hours—no tears, no spirit rain,
Like faded flowers, no summer showers revives their bloom again.
Our footsteps o'er the buried past may leave on earth no trace;
Yet deep heart-mouldings there are cast, no time can e'er efface:
Life's hues, 'mid memory's picture store, time's lava-tide conceals,
Till spirit o'er her marble pours and thought her book unseals,
And, lighting up the chambers dark of haunted imagery,
The broken idols of the heart 'mid ruin'd temples lie,
A mass of changeful journeyings, deep-toned with light and shade,
Heart-graved with many wanderings that ne'er in distance fade.
Where penitence has pour'd her tear, and praise her anthem loud,
And list'ning heaven has bowed her ear or lit her altar cloud;
Where God his purple feast has spread, his chosen gather'd round
To break and eat the sacred bread, call *that* not common ground.
Though worshipp'd are the breathing stones that tell the mighty's birth,
Where *genius* sung triumphant songs unto 'the listening earth;
My spirit-home is Calvary—a throne of love to me;
Oh, mournful, dark Gethsemane, my spirit clings to thee!
As on the lone Ægean isle, ne'er seen on sea or shore,
A glory, a celestial smile, Jerusalem lingers o'er;
Round Tabor's brow, and Olivet, that glory radiates still;
Emanuel's words are breathing yet by Kedron's shady rill;
The soul of worship wanders o'er each tear-imprinted step;
Truth graven on thy vine-clad shore, oh, blue Genesaret!
Where God with God a man was found, and died upon a tree—
The holiest spot in *haunted ground*, earth's greenest spot to me!

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### THOMAS CLARKSON.

THOMAS CLARKSON was born at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, on the 28th of March, 1760. Of his early boyhood little is known. When, however, he had reached his twelfth year, that spirit of enthusiasm in favour of the injured and oppressed African, which led ultimately to such magnificent and beneficial results, was enkindled within his youthful bosom. It had its origin in the following circumstance: Our readers are familiar with the lines of Cowper, in which he exclaims—

> 'Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Inhale our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country and their shackles fall.'

They refer to what follows: An individual of the name of Somerset, a negro, was in the year 1772 seized in one of the most public streets of London by a man who claimed him as his property. He had been one of his slaves in a West India plantation, and having come over with him to England, had recently left his service without permission. The negro struggled hard to get off, but was ultimately, by superior force, secured and lodged in prison. Mr Granville Sharpe, the strenuous advocate of freedom, hearing of the case, brought it before the Lord Mayor, and an order for Somerset's liberation was immediately procured. Setting the Lord Mayor at defiance, however, the enraged planter again seized his victim and tore him from Mr Sharpe. An action for assault was the consequence, and the case being tried, final reference was made to the twelve judges, who, after solemn deliberation, decided that after a man sets foot on the English territory he becomes immediately free. This circumstance at once aroused the energies of the juvenile philanthropist. In his youthful musings he often brooded over the wrongs of the negro race, and the perusal of a work on slavery, published by Sharpe about two years thereafter, strengthened at once his detestation of the abominable traffic and his love to the injured slave.

Clarkson was designed by his parents for the church, and Cambridge was the city where he received his education. In the year 1785, Dr Peckhard, vice-chancellor of the university, proposed as a prize essay to the senior bachelors a Latin dissertation on the question, 'Is it lawful to make men slaves against their will?' Clarkson had taken his degree the previous year, and had also carried off one of the prizes. We need not describe the enthusiasm with which he entered the lists as a competitor, nor the strenuous efforts he employed at once to gratify his ambition for ance to the benevolent tendencies of his heart. He has done it himself, and that at once so graphically and touchingly, that we cannot forbear quoting his own words. After due preparation, he says, 'I began my work, but no one can tell the severe trial the writing of it proved to me. I had expected pleasure from the invention of the arguments, from the arrangement of them, from the putting of them together, and from the thought in the interim that I was engaged in an innocent contest for literary honour. But all my pleasure was damped by the facts that were now continually before me; it was but one gloomy subject from morning to night. In the daytime I was uneasy; in the night I had little rest; I sometimes never closed my eyelids for grief. It became now not so much a trial for academical reputation as for the production of a work which might be useful to injured Africa; and keeping this idea in my mind, even after the perusal of Benezet, I always slept with a candle in my room, that I might rise out of bed and put down such thoughts as might occur to me in the night, conceiving that no arguments of any moment should be lost in so great a cause.' His efforts were crowned with the most triumphant success. Transmitting his essay to the vice-chancellor, it was pronounced decidedly the best, and to young Clarkson the first prize was accordingly adjudged. The spark enkindled by the case of Somerset was now a flame blazing intensely within our hero's breast. He could not rest either by day or night. He would retire into remote solitudes, and hurry into the recesses of deep woods, that there he might meditate on the subject, and if possible gain mental repose; all, however, in vain. A voice seemed to call aloud, 'Are these things true?' and a uniform response was returned, 'They are, they are.' He felt as if nature itself reproached him for not doing something. And yet, without influence, with limited means, and few connexions, what could he singly achieve? Often he contemplated an endeavour to arouse the sympathies of the benevolent, of those who had seats in Parliament, and great riches, and widely extended connexions, which might enable them, had they the will, to take up the cause; but it looked so like one of the feigned labours of Hercules, that he dreaded he would be laughed at, and his understanding suspected if he made any such proposal. At last a sudden thought took possession of his soul, the first that had given him the most partial relief. He could translate his Latin dissertation, revise, and, if necessary, enlarge it, and then wait the result. Decision and performance, in the case of men such as Clarkson, are nearly the same. He accordingly set to work, and speedily accomplished his task.

Meanwhile, a variety of separate external agencies had

complishment of Clarkson's wishes. The case of Somerset; the forcible abstraction of a negro and his recovery by force after the vessel which carried him away had put out to sea; the writings of Granville Sharpe, and the well known private opinions of many of the most eminent men of the day, had recently directed towards the important subject of slavery the attention of a considerable proportion of the thinking public. But this was not all. While others were reading, writing, musing, the Quakers of England were *acting* on the subject. While others were timidly uttering the language of sedition, that most magnanimous class of British subjects were positively in the field, armed and harnessed for the war. They had long been declared rebels, indeed, but their bearing never looked so martial and aggressive as now. So far back as the year 1727, and still more strongly in the year 1758, these noble philanthropists, at their yearly meeting, and in their collective capacity, fervently warned all their members to avoid being in any way concerned in this unrighteous commerce. At their yearly meeting in 1764, they proceeded to exclude from membership all such as should be found directly concerned in this practice, and in 1765 declared it to be criminal to abet the trade in any manner, directly or indirectly. From this time there appears to have been such an increasing zeal on this subject amongst the whole body of English Quakers, as to have impelled the society to step out of its ordinary course in behalf of their injured fellow-men. Accordingly, in the month of June, 1783, the Friends collectively petitioned the House of Commons against the continuance of this traffic, and afterwards, both collectively and individually, exerted themselves by the press, by private correspondence, and by personal journeys, to enlighten the minds of men concerning it, especially those of the rising generation. At last a number of Quaker families in London, who often met together and conversed upon the subject, perceiving, as facts came out in conversation, that there was a growing knowledge and hatred of the slave trade, and that the temper of the times was fast ripening towards its abolition, came to the resolution of forming a permanent union to further the glorious cause. Six individuals, therefore, organised themselves into a society, and resolved from time to time to meet and act. 'To promote this object, they thought it proper that the public mind should be enlightened respecting it. They had recourse, therefore, to the public papers, and they appointed their members in turn to write in these; and to see that their productions were inserted, they kept regular minutes for this purpose.' At this time the existence of such a society was not generally known; but God's thoughts to the African were thoughts of compassion, and He saw, and seeing approved, and approving sent Thomas Clarkson into their hall of assembly. Clarkson, in order to get his essay printed, had to visit London. There he became acquainted with William Dillwyn, one of the six friends, who introduced him to the society. They cheered Clarkson on, extolled his essay, and entreated him to hasten its publication. Thus, by a providential concurrence of unforeseen and unexpected circumstances, the great work was commenced, the blessed consequences of which it is impossible yet to calculate. The person who introduced Clarkson to Dillwyn was Philips the bookseller, who had undertaken to publish his essay. To Granville Sharpe also, who by the way was a distant relation of Clarkson's by the father's side, he was at the same time introduced by the good offices of the same praiseworthy individual.

Clarkson's work was published in the month of June, 1786. It was his primary intention to wait to see how the world would receive it, or what disposition there would be on the part of the public to favour his measures for the abolition of the slave trade, before advancing a step further in the matter. But the conversation he had held with William Dillwyn continued to make such an impression on his mind that he thought there could be now no occasion to wait for such a purpose. It seemed *now* only necessary to go forward; 'others, he found, had already begun the work. He had been thrown suddenly among these, as into a new world of friends. He believed also that a way was opening under Providence for support, and he now thought that nothing remained for him but to procure as many coadjutors as he could.' His great object now was to secure the greatest number possible of introductions to such persons as from their learning, station, or wealth, could advance by their influence the cause in which he had embarked. He had long known Mr Bennet Langton, a gentleman of an ancient family and respectable fortune in Lincolnshire, but then a resident in Queen Square, Westminster, who numbered among his acquaintances the most illustrious men of the age, Johnson, Hanway, Edmund Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Langton had also numerous friends both in the Houses of Peers and of Commons, and enjoyed the personal intimacy of George III. Besides the honour of such acquaintances, he was himself a man of talents and learning, and his moral worth added increased lustre to his intellectual renown. Clarkson thought that if his work gained the sanction of such a friend, no unimportant measure would be accomplished. And so it proved. The mind of Langton was deeply moved by a perusal of Clarkson's essay. As a friend to morality and religion, he detested the crimes of the slaveholders, and as a friend to humanity he lamented over the miseries of the oppressed Africans. He gave every encouragement to the philanthropist, and remained through life a zealous and active coadjutor in the cause. Clarkson's book was subsequently the means of introducing him to the well-known Dr Baker, who was also brought over by a perusal, and at once made a voluntary offer of his services in any way that might appear most eligible to Clarkson himself. Lord and Lady Scarsdale were thereafter added to the catalogue of those who offered him their influence and support. Spending a month at Teston Hall, the seat of the excellent and accomplished Mr Ramsay, he made the gratifying discovery that in Beilby Porteous, then Bishop of Chester, and the distinguished Sir Charles Middleton, he might count upon two most devoted and determined friends. While residing at Teston Hall, Clarkson, one evening during tea, carried away by the enthusiasm of his feelings, when doubts were expressed as to who should venture to give himself publicly to the work, exclaimed in a loud voice, 'I am ready to devote myself to the cause.' The eyes of the whole company beamed with joy at this unexpected burst of lofty emotion, and Sir Charles Middleton rising immediately, assured him that should he require information relative to Africa, he, as comptroller of the navy, would allow him free access to his office, where he might procure any extracts he chose from the journals of ships of war or any other papers.

The first thing Clarkson did on his return to London was to pay a visit to his esteemed friend Dillwyn, and inform him of the pledge he had publicly given to devote himself from henceforward exclusively to the work of emancipation. Dillwyn received the news with a joy he sought not to conceal, and calling upon Philips and a few other friends, it was resolved that all possible efforts should at once be employed to give as extensive circulation as possible to Mr Clarkson's essay. All the remaining copies were accordingly for this purpose placed in the hands of individuals favourable to the cause. Among his distributors he had the honour of numbering Mr Langton, Dr Baker, Lord and Lady Scarsdale, Sir Charles and Lady Middleton, Sir Herbert Mackworth, M.P., Lord Newhaven, Lord Balgonie, Lord Hawke, and last though not least, Beilby Porteous, Bishop of Chester. After this he began to qualify himself for the important work by obtaining more extensive information. As he had previously obtained the principal part of his knowledge from reading, 'I thought,' says he, 'I ought now to see what could be seen, and to know from living persons what could be known on the subject. With respect to the first of these points, the river Thames presented itself as at hand. Ships were going occasionally from the port of London to Africa, and why could I not get on board them and examine for myself? After diligent inquiry, I heard of one which had just arrived. I found her to be a little wood-vessel, called the Lively, Captain Williamson, or one which traded to Africa in the natural productions of the country, such as ivory,

bees-wax, Malaguetta pepper, palm-oil, and dyewoods. I obtained specimens of some of these, so that I now became possessed of some of those things of which I had only read before. On conversing with the mate, he showed me one or two pieces of the cloth made by the natives, and from their own cotton. I prevailed upon him to sell me a piece of each. Here new feelings arose, and particularly when I considered that persons of so much apparent ingenuity, and capable of such beautiful work as the Africans, should be made slaves, and reduced to a level with the brute creation. My reflections on the better use which might be made of Africa by the substitution of another trade, and on the better use of her inhabitants, served greatly to animate and to sustain me amidst the labour of my pursuits. The next vessel I boarded was the Fly, Captain Colley. Here I found myself for the first time on the deck of a slave-vessel. The sight of the rooms below, and of the gratings above, and of the barricade across the deck, and the explanation of the uses of all these, filled me both with melancholy and horror. I found soon afterwards a fire of indignation kindling within me. I had now scarce patience to talk with those on board. I had not the coolness this first time to go leisurely over the places that were open to me. I got away quickly. But that which I thought I saw horrible in this vessel had the same effect upon me as that which I thought I had seen agreeable in the other, namely, to animate and to invigorate me in my pursuit.'

After this our indefatigable philanthropist waited in person upon a great many members of Parliament and other persons of influence, and at last he had the happiness of being introduced to the celebrated Wilberforce himself. That illustrious individual received the young enthusiast with the utmost cordiality, told him frankly that the subject had often already employed his thoughts, and that it lay near his heart; professed his willingness to afford him all requisite assistance, and, on parting, requested him to call again soon that they might deliberate more at leisure on the important subject. The labour that now devolved upon Clarkson, while collecting evidence relative to the evils of slavery, was immense. He was seldom engaged less than sixteen hours a-day. 'When I left Teston,' says he, 'to begin the pursuit as an object of my life, I promised my friend Mr Ramsay a weekly account of my progress. At the end of the first week my letter to him contained little more than a sheet of paper; at the end of the second it contained three; at the end of the third six; and at the end of the fourth I found it would be so voluminous that I was obliged to decline writing it.' Nor were these prodigious efforts suffered to lose their reward. The subject was now fairly taken up by the renowned Wilberforce and many members besides of both houses of the British legislature; and at last, at a dinner given by Mr Langton, at which Wilberforce, Wyndham, and other members of the Commons, besides Clarkson himself, were present, a kind of pledge was given by Mr Wilberforce, that, provided he had the prospect of adequate support, he would agree to move in his place in the House of Commons that slavery be made the subject of parliamentary investigation. He also gave permission to Clarkson to make this his resolution known to his city friends. The news overwhelmed them with joy, and speedily thereafter a general committee of twelve individuals was appointed, 'for the purpose of procuring such information and evidence, and publishing the same, as might tend to the abolition of the slave trade, and for directing the application of such monies as have been already or may be hereafter collected for the above purpose.' Notice of the formation of the committee was sent to Wilberforce, and for many a long year he and they, as is well known, went hand in hand in carrying out their beneficent designs. At the next meeting of the committee, the treasurer reported that the subscription already received amounted to £186. It was also, after considerable discussion, agreed that they should style themselves the Committee instituted in June, 1787, for effecting the Abolition of the Slave Trade. Clarkson also came boldly forward and volunteered his services, provided no other person would be found willing to undertake the dangerous task, to pay a visit to Bristol, Liverpool, and other places, to collect farther light upon the subject of slavery, with the view of laying it before Parliament. On the 4th of June, the magnanimous offer was accepted by the committee, and that very evening the heroic philanthropist prepared to set out on his dangerous errand. Before leaving he took an affectionate farewell of Wilberforce, who was then ill and in bed; he was scarce able to speak from weakness, but he held out his hand to the noble adventurer, and wished him success. Proceeding to the ports of Bristol and Liverpool, Clarkson met with many friends who were favourable to the cause in which he had embarked, and at a great expense of labour collected a mass of most valuable information; but his indefatigable and incessant toils endangered his health. Nor was this all. The planters and African traders, as had been foreseen, exerted themselves in every possible way to accomplish their own projects and baffle his. They calumniated his character, impugned his motives, and threatened to dismiss from their service any who dared to furnish him with information. 'When the object of his visit had become known at Liverpool, attempts were made upon his valuable life, which was on more than one occasion exposed to imminent danger, for he narrowly escaped being pushed from the pierhead by some persons who seemed determined to effect his destruction.' In addition to Bristol and Liverpool, Mr Clarkson successively visited Bridgewater, Monmouth, Gloucester, and Chester, at which places, though he found a few friends, he had to encounter as well the indignant fury of a host of foes.

Meanwhile, during his absence, the committee had attended regularly at their posts. They dispersed, in the first place, 500 circular letters, giving an account of their institution, in London and its neighbourhood; they opened a correspondence with the societies of Philadelphia and New York; they made out lists of persons in the country to whom their publications should be sent for distribution; and performed an almost incredible amount of labour. The Quakers were the first to notice these circulars, their reply to which evinces matchless liberality of spirit. 'We have also,' say they, 'thankfully to believe there is a growing attention in many not of our religious society to the subject of negro slavery, and that the minds of the people are more and more enlarged to consider it as an aggregate of every species of evil, and to see the utter inconsistency of upholding it by the authority of any nation whatever, especially of such as punish with loss of life crimes whose magnitude bears scarce any proportion to this complicated iniquity.'

About the middle of December, Clarkson returned, and laid before the committee a detailed account of his perilous mission. 'By this time,' says he, 'the nature of the slave trade had, in consequence of the labours of the committee and of their several correspondents, become generally known throughout the kingdom. It had excited a general attention, and there was among the people a general feeling in behalf of the wrongs of Africa.' Public meetings were convened in all parts of Britain, to petition Parliament for the abolition of slavery. The attention of government, which had previously been attracted by the bold, unqualified language of many of the newspapers, was now completely excited. To abolish slavery seemed desirable; but the abominable system was so interwoven with the commerce and revenue of the country that they scarce knew how to act. The king, by an order in council dated February 11, 1788, directed that a committee of Privy Council should sit to deliberate in a case so confessedly momentous. Mr Wilberforce had received notice of this order, but he was then too ill to take any measures concerning it. Clarkson, who was then in the country preparing a work on the slavery and commerce of the human species, was written to by the noble invalid. Obedient to the summons, he threw aside his pen, and came to the city at once. He had an interview, soon after his arrival, with Pitt, who expressed himself favourable to the cause. To Fox also, a still more decided foe to African slavery, he was about the same time introduced.

The 9th of May was now specified as the day when this important subject was to be mentioned in the House of Commons for the first time. They met accordingly. Mr Pitt rose, and after a long speech concluded with the following motion: 'That the house will, early next session of Parliament, proceed to take into consideration the circumstances of the slave trade.' Mr Fox was against delay, so was Mr Burke, but, after a long discussion, Pitt's resolution was agreed to unanimously. 'Matters had now become serious. The gauntlet had been thrown down and accepted. The combatants had taken their stations, and the contest was to be renewed, which was to be decided soon on the great theatre of the nation. The committee, by the very act of their institution, had pronounced the slave trade to be criminal. They, on the other hand, who were concerned in it, had denied the charge. It became the one to prove, and the other to refute it, or to fall in the ensuing session.' The consequence was, that Clarkson set out anew on the perilous and often dismal task of collecting farther evidence. He at this time visited the seaport towns of Poole and Plymouth, where he found the utmost difficulty in procuring witnesses, whatever they might disclose in private, willing to come forward and offer public testimony to the evils of slavery.

On his return to London, he found his brother, then a young officer in the navy, and, knowing him to feel as keenly as he did himself in the great cause, despatched him to Havre de Grace, the greatest slave port in France, where he might collect evidence, sufficient to counteract any false statement that might be made, in that quarter. He himself, at the same time, in order to obtain all the information possible, set out for Paris. France was at that time in a state of anarchy and commotion, and our adventurer was strongly advised to travel under an assumed name. But to this he would not listen: putting his trust in God, he resolved to perform his duty not only perseveringly but fearlessly. At Paris he met a most cordial reception from Lafayette, Condorcet, and Brissot. He also secured the friendship of Mirabeau. He left France, however, much disappointed; his success fell far short of his hopes; and after parting with Brissot, and finding himself alone in his carriage, he burst into an agony of tears.

No sooner had Clarkson returned from France, in which he had travelled many thousand miles, than a dispute arose between the abolitionists and the planters as to the mode in which slaves were procured. The former boldly asserted that they were kidnapped; the latter that they were purchased at fairs. As but few Europeans were permitted to sail up the African rivers, it was exceedingly difficult to procure authentic evidence on this point. At length Clarkson accidentally met a friend, who informed him, that not a twelvemonth before, he had conversed with a common sailor who had been engaged in the trade. Overjoyed by the news, Clarkson, with his characteristic earnestness, started at once in search of him. Romance furnishes nothing equal to what ensued. He boarded all the ships of war lying in ordinary at Deptford, and examined the different persons in each. From Deptford he proceeded to Woolwich, where he did the same. Thence he hastened to Chatham, and then down the Medway to Sheerness. He had now boarded above one hundred and sixty vessels of war, but could get no intelligence of the sailor. From Chatham he set off for Portsmouth, but he did not succeed there either. Plymouth was now his only hope, and it was 300 miles distant. To Plymouth, however, he determined to go. The first day he boarded forty vessels; but no person answering the description of *his* sailor was to be found. During the night he was feverish and uneasy. He arose with the dawn, entered a boat, and pushed off for the roads. After boarding sixteen vessels unsuccessfully, which made fifty-six since his arrival, he had yet another to visit, on entering the captain's cabin of which Clarkson might have called out Eureka! for he had captured the real Simon Pure at last; and, dragging Jack along with him, he entered London in triumph.

Meanwhile Mr Wilberforce, early in the session, had risen up in the House of Commons and requested that the resolution be read, by which the House stood pledged to take the slave trade into consideration during that session. As the day fixed for the final determination of the question approached, the feelings of Clarkson became almost insupportable; for he had the mortification to find his cause going down in estimation where it was then most important it should have increased in favour. The planters and merchants had taken advantage of the long delay to prejudice the minds of many of the members of the House of Commons. Massacre, ruin, and indemnification were the watchword. Then the St Domingo revolution, and the rising of the slaves in many of the islands, increased the panic. 'All the predictions of the planters, it was said, had now become verified. The horrible measures were now realising at home.' Thus, by a combination of malign influences, the current seemed turned against the good cause, and in this unfavourable frame of mind many members of Parliament entered the house on the day fixed for the discussion. Mr Wilberforce having opened up the question, a brilliant debate ensued, but the motion was lost by a majority of seventy-five votes. 'Our fate,' says Clarkson, 'however grievous it was, was rendered more tolerable by the circumstance of having been led to expect it. It was rendered more tolerable, also, by other considerations, for we had the pleasure of knowing that we had several of the most distinguished characters in the kingdom, and almost all the splendid talents of the House of Commons in our favour.' Soon after the defeat the Committee for Abolition held a meeting. It was highly impressive; the looks of all bespeaking the feelings of their hearts. Thanks were voted to the illustrious minority of the House of Commons, to Wilberforce, Pitt, and Fox, and it then adjourned. For the three subsequent years Clarkson toiled incessantly to promote his favourite cause; for seven years he had maintained a correspondence with 400 persons annually, and had travelled upwards of 35,000 miles in search of evidence, performing a great part of these journeys in the night; but now, in 1793, being only thirty-three years of age, his physical and mental powers began to give way, so terrible had been his labours, his excitements so intense. 'As far as I myself,' says he, 'was concerned, all exertion was then over. The nervous system was almost shattered to pieces. Both my memory and my hearing failed me, sudden dizziness seized my head, a confused singing in the ears followed me wherever I went; on going to bed the very stairs seemed to dance up and down under me, so that misplacing my foot I sometimes fell. Talking, too, if it continued but half an hour, exhausted me so that profuse perspiration followed; and the same effect was produced even by an active exertion of the mind for the like time.' These disorders doubtless arose from his unparalleled exertions in the cause.

Mr Clarkson accordingly retired for some years, and by devoting himself to agricultural pursuits, effected by slow degrees the recovery of his health. When a change of ministry took place in 1806, Fox and Granville introduced again the abolition question, and were triumphantly successful in clearing away the guilt of the slave trade from the national character, all participation by British subjects in that unhallowed traffic being thenceforth declared illegal. We hear little more of Mr Clarkson till the year 1818, when the Emperor of Russia and other distinguished individuals met at Paris. Mr Clarkson drew up an address to that monarch, and requested an interview, which was readily granted. Soon after a meeting of the European sovereigns took place at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Emperor, after recognising Mr Clarkson, led him into a room and helped him to a chair. He also expressed his cordial approbation of Mr Clarkson's address to the sovereigns, and promised to deliver with his own hands those to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia.

Slavery, however, still existed, and although, from the state of his health, Mr Clarkson was prevented from labouring so strenuously in the cause as hitherto, still he continued to feel as anxiously as ever on the subject; and great as were the services of others in the cause, it is be-

yond dispute, that to Clarkson belongs the merit of arousing public sympathy in behalf of the suffering negro. In 1833, while in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he had the satisfaction of witnessing the result of his herculean labours, in the complete emancipation of the negroes in the West India Islands, at the costly ransom of twenty millions sterling.

Not many years ago Mr Clarkson was presented with the freedom of the city of London. Although the accumulated weight of upwards of fourscore years pressed heavily upon the shattered energies of Clarkson, so long as life and being lasted his great anxiety was to do good. It was indeed a noble sight to enter his apartment, and see this venerable man, with sight impaired, and his once fine frame bowed down by the exertions of added years, still engaged, under much physical suffering, in efforts to lessen the sorrows of the human race. Within a few months previous to his death, the cause of the sailor occupied much of his attention; the wrongs under which this useful class is suffering deeply moved his heart, and induced him to write a pamphlet and take other steps in their behalf.

Full of years, but with his spirit burning brightly to the last, this illustrious philanthropist died at his residence, Playford Hall, near Ipswich, Suffolk, on the 26th of September, 1846, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, calmly looking forward to the crown of life laid up in heaven for the faithful. The following interesting particulars regarding the last moments of the venerable Clarkson are given by a clergyman resident at Playford: 'He had become seriously worse during the last three weeks, and finally took to his bed on Saturday. His strength was much enfeebled previously; but, till he was driven to his bed, he gave his mind to matters of public good. The interests and hardships of our mercantile seamen last engaged his feelings. After he was laid on his bed, I do not recollect that he entered upon external matters, but gave his mind much to prayer, and was unwilling to be interrupted in the prayerful course of his thoughts upon the future. On Thursday evening, Mr Clarkson subsided into sleep or unconsciousness, during the continuance of which he did not stir or speak. On Friday evening he roused up, with his physical powers much reduced, so that, as he mentioned some of his attendants by name, he could not articulate his wishes for little matters to be done for his ease and comfort. He now spoke with imploring look and with agitated and clasped hands; he was, however, incapable of receiving or enjoying any attentions; and thus, after, I fear, some suffering, he relapsed into a calm about ten minutes before his death, and gently breathed his last about a quarter past three on Saturday morning, in the presence of his family, save his grandson Thomas, and myself. It is singular, that the last letter directed to him before his departure (or immediately after, I forget which), was one from the prime minister, acknowledging his pamphlet respecting the seamen!'

Clarkson was one of those rare characters, who, in the course of every two or three centuries, are called by Providence from obscurity to work some stupendous moral change upon the history of an empire or the human race at large; and who can believe nothing impossible, because the work which they have to do appears an impossibility. Granville Sharpe and Wilberforce have been honoured with monuments in Westminster Abbey; and it is not too much to anticipate that a similar tribute of national gratitude will be bestowed on the memory of one greater than either.

## WANDERING MENIE.

'Come here and you will see it better,' said my friend and old fellow-student, as he got up on a projecting shoulder of the hill, and sat down on the raised and matted roots of an old tree that had been blown down by the wind.

I did so, and saw the turret to which he referred at a little distance in the valley beneath. It was the only remaining portion of a castle whose name and history had been lost in the silent lapse of ages. The loopholes were filled with turf and shrubs, and what with ivy and moss and old rank earth about its walls, and a large ash-tree in full growth on its top, it looked more like a heap of strange vegetation than the fragment of a decayed building. The sudden declivity on its northern and eastern sides, was occupied by venerable alder-trees, and here and there a stunted hazel and an old crooked yew. In the dank shades beneath them were thousands of that large and umbrella-shaped herb which haunts moist and desolate places.

'Look narrowly at the long grass which edges round the top yonder,' said my guide,

I obeyed, and saw something like a human head with a large bushy grey beard peeping out. It was an old goat, that daily went up there to chew the cud and ruminate on the past. He sat so still and looked so solemn, that it required little effort of fancy to imagine him the guardian genius of the place, in deep conclave with times and events that had received upon them the shadow of the dark ages.

'It is just about the time,' said my friend, looking at his watch, 'that Wandering Menie comes to the tower, when she is, as at present, in this part of the strath. Poor thing! I never knew one that attracted so general and romantic an interest in her favour.'

'Is her mind much hurt?' I asked.

'Not greatly so. She can think and speak quite well upon many subjects for a little time; but upon others the dark and immovable shadows of insanity rest, which are only broken by the wild and fitful gleams which are peculiar to and haunt these terrible regions.'

'Dark and terrible indeed,' said I.

'Mysterious and humbling certainly. On what a slight thread does the proudest intellect hang! A breath, a touch, and the man that measured the sky, and balanced the destiny of nations, becomes a mumbling idiot.'

'How little we think of such subjects, and, even where the power of thought has been in abeyance for a time, how soon, like ill health, is it forgotten!'

'I have sometimes thought,' said my friend, 'that many more than is commonly imagined, and especially among the studious, occasionally experience something like partial aberration of mind. I can remember when a boy, and I have heard others say the same thing, of being haunted by the wildest fancies and strangest feelings imaginable. Sometimes I was strongly and perseveringly tempted (beyond what the healthful operation of the law of contrast accounts for) to say the most foolish and even reprehensible things on the most solemn occasions; to laugh in the face of persons who spoke seriously to me; to break objects of value which came in my way; and even to take away the life of children and others whom I met. The thought was shocking, but it sometimes clung to and tormented me for months together. I believe now it was the result mainly of indigestion, to which I was then subject, operating upon and irritating the nervous system, and thereby acting as a disturbing force upon the mind.'

'Probably so. You remember Stammering Hamilton? He was very bilious, and told me on one occasion he was going mad. He said the most dreadful thoughts came into his mind; sometimes blasphemous, and sometimes urging him to self-destruction, and sometimes he saw figures of the most frightful and unnatural description. I urged him at once to desist from study, and to have recourse to medicine and exercise, but that which did him most good was the convincing him that his case was by no means uncommon or alarming, if he only paid attention to his health. He did so, and was quite well in a short time.'

'I have sometimes thought it would be well to speak of such matters to the young, and especially to the studious. It might often save them from one of the most distressing apprehensions which can enter the human mind; nay, I believe it might sometimes prove the means of saving some of the finest and best gifted intellects from ruin, for these are the very sort most liable to such visitations. Were they apprised at an early period of the painful sensations and gloomy and irregular thoughts which may be

expected to arise from excess of bile, or acid, or indigestion generally, or protracted mental toil, and the consequent nervous derangement, they might be saved from those gloomy anticipations which, if indulged in and concealed, as they usually are, become inducing causes of the very evil which is dreaded.'

'Speaking of such things,' I said, 'have you ever felt a teasing, painful feeling that what people are saying to you you have heard before, and can anticipate, as you think, what they are about to say, and they say it and you are confounded?'

'Frequently; and I have always noticed that my nerves were infirm at the time, either from disease formed or forming, or some excess I had gone into; I always take it as a hint, and act on it by having recourse to air and exercise, moderation in study, and temperance in all things. There is another mental state somewhat similar to that, and to which I am sometimes subject. I can well remember the terror it awakened the first time I observed it. It was that year I attended the Greek class. It struck me as being the incipient symptoms of derangement, and the idea was so awful that I brooded over it night and day for a time and told it to no one, and did myself much mischief. The first light thrown upon it was by a lecture I heard on the laws of association, as they are called, and not, I am sure, did the discovery of America so gladden the heart of Columbus as that did mine. A dark cloud rolled up and passed away from my mind. The state I refer to is a sort of double mental vision, or rather a double current of thought passing through the mind at the same time.'

'Some people,' I observed, 'can keep up two or more parallel lines of thought, and dictate, without confusion and almost simultaneously, to different amanuenses.'

'That is not what I mean. There is nothing irregular there. That is an attainment the result of practice. But in the case I allude to there is something morbid. The parallel or under current of thought is always involuntary, unpleasant, and unexpected, and do what you may you cannot dismiss it from your mind till it has finished. It dogs you with the resolute pertinacity of a sleuth-hound, and will be heard wherever you are or whatever you are about. Its coming on and passing away is sometimes sudden and distinctly perceptible, but more frequently it is not. It comes like night and so departs, having its twilight and dawn. I have usually found (but always with difficulty) it was an unpleasant dream of the nightmare species, dreamed the night or morning before, that thus repeated itself during the day, and commonly with such vividness and power that I could not well tell which was the waking and which the dreaming train of thought in my mind. The waking thoughts became strangely mixed and confused by it, so as to cause a painful and peculiar stupidity. If I am reading at the time, the book in my hand seems shadowy, and if I look back upon what I have been reading, the language and sentiment seem entirely new and unintelligible to me. The same thing happens if I am reading one of my own manuscripts. I can continue to read on, silently or aloud, but cannot comprehend what the words mean. I seem never to have met them before. On one occasion I was speaking in public on a subject with which I was perfectly familiar—in truth I had written out and carefully committed to memory what I meant to say—when one of these under currents suddenly appeared, and instantly I became confused and lost sight, mentally, of my manuscript, and almost of my subject, and went on, of course, incoherently and I am sure unintelligibly. I tried to exorcise the intruder, and rally my mind by extreme vehemence of manner, but if successful at all it could only have been partial, for I went on stupid and bewildered, thundering and blundering, to the close. Exactly the same thing occurs if in company at the time. The things spoken about, though of the most ordinary nature, seem hazy, impalpable, and unmeaning, and more like things in dreams than realities, and it is with the utmost effort you can form any exact opinion of what is going on or of what is said to you. I find it best to remain silent and patiently to hear the dream-ballet out, for it will be out; but so soon as it is finished, the curtain drops, and the actors disappear, and you have the whole boards again to yourself; and I never knew the same, or any other rival company, reappear the same day.'

'Does the interlude take up much time?' I asked.

'From five to fifteen minutes, I should think, at a round guess—never less than five and seldom more than fifteen—but it seems long enough, for the whole affair is very disagreeable; but, as I have said, you cannot choose but hear, and they are determined you shall.'

'And does it go on consecutively?'

'Not at all; and that is one of the unpleasant things about it. You get it by snatches and parcels, but not distinctively, and for a time can make nothing of it; and you get it in such a way and of such a quality that you cannot settle at first whether it was a dream or not, or whether it be not some reality presently going forward. The general feeling you have is exactly similar, I should say identical, to the one you experience in the *anticipating* state you adverted to.'

'Have you ever noticed the state of your sensations at the time of its coming on?'

'Yes; several times, for I have had fifty or sixty rounds of it. These sensations precisely resemble those I had when I dreamed the dream that is returning and reiterating itself in my mind, which is so far satisfactory. I have noticed too, during its progress, a peculiar sense of compression about the temples, as if some humour was hindered in its passage from one part of the head to the other. On this supposition, one can see a tolerable solution of the matter, but how shall you be certain that the supposition is right? It is nothing apoplectic, I am sure of that. It is always preceded, however, by more or less debility in the nervous system, induced by over much study and want of exercise, or by protracted anxiety, or cold in the head, sudden chills after perspiration, constipation, or excitement from worry of visiters, or, in short, by excess of one kind or other, either mental or physical, or both. I have noticed, too, that the days on which it occurs have always been preceded by dreaming and restless nights, and especially that I had lain beyond my usual time in the morning, and dreamed a disagreeable and confused dream in my last slumber, which is almost always the dream that recurs so pertinaciously throughout the day. As in the other mental state you spoke of, I immediately take the hint and abstain from everything exciting and from close study, and have recourse to air and exercise, the shower-bath, pleasant society, and abstemiousness in diet. Few things, however, have been of greater moral service to me than this. It taught me humility at a time I much needed it; rebuked a spirit of intellectual pride which was forming within me, and which is so common among young students; showed me my dependence upon God, and how completely I was in his power; and awakened a habitual sense of gratitude for the use of reason, and sympathy for those who wanted it. It is this, I know, that interests me so much in Wandering Menie, poor thing, and that brings me constantly to this spot while she is in this part of the country, to witness her midday devotions on the turret beneath, and depart a better and a happier man for it. Ha! yonder she is! yonder she is! she and her dog Hector!'

'Where?' I said.

'Passing the breach in the wall about half way up, beside the rowan-tree that grows downwards. Take this glass and you will see better.'

I did see a form pass, but that was all. Immediately a dog appeared on the top and ran forward to the old goat and fawned upon him, but he took no notice of the attentions paid him. A white cap of small peeled twigs, interlaced and adorned with sprigs of heath and plumes of fern, came in sight next.

'That is Menie coming,' said my friend.

She too went up to the goat, and spoke to and patted him on the head, but he remained quiet and meditative as before, and only gave a quicker munch or two. Menie now stood up and I had a full view of her. She seemed

rather above the middle size, and of that delicate and shrinking symmetry which is so exquisitely feminine; her hair almost flaxen, and her face of the kind of beauty which is called Scotch. It wanted the clear red to be sure, but, from constant exposure to the weather, it had a rich mellow tinge in its place which harmonised well with her features and general appearance. She had on a light shortgown and white petticoat, which were both faultlessly neat and clean, almost fastidiously so. Except the cap and a necklace of little wild flowers, there was nothing singular or fantastic in her dress, and, as it stood, there was something fascinating about it in the highest degree.

'It is curious,' I observed to my friend, 'that maniacs so frequently revert to the tastes of childhood and the love of flowers.'

'It is, but happily so, and no doubt there is a reason for it, as for old age reverting to the scenes of youth; but we will not inquire into the philosophy of it just now. I said to Menie one day, You love the flowers, Menie? Yes, she said, I like them, for they live next to God, and he loves Wandering Menie; the bonnie, bonnie flowers, wha wouldna' like them?'

'I beg pardon,' said I; 'hasn't she something in her arms?'

'Yes; a child.'

'A child!' I repeated in surprise.

'I mean a baby—a doll.'

'That is a strange conceit.'

'Not so,' said my friend; 'sit down till I tell you. Her tale has often been told among the mountains as well as in the valleys. It is the joint product of youthful love and the pride and calculation of age. Do you see yon glen that runs away up among the hills?'

'Where the sun is letting down ladders of light through the broken clouds?'

'To the right of that, where you see a roof of clouds flung across from hill to hill. Her father had that glen, and as he rented it cheap, he soon made money, and as soon became conceited and purse-proud. He grew impatient of contradiction as he increased in wealth, and every thing about his house was tending to severity and arbitrary rule. No man poorer than himself had a right to form an opinion, and he began to propagate the notion that he was descended in a direct line from the royal house of the Stuarts. His own name was Malcolm Stuart. In connexion with this piece of vanity he formed the ambition of getting some gentleman of decayed fortune to marry his daughter and form a house; and with this view he industriously circulated the present and prospective amount of her dowry. I should have told you she was his only child, and lost her mother in early life. She was sent into the low country, and had the best education which a provincial town could give her. On her return from school, she took the place of mistress, and by her kindness and good sense, and more than all, perhaps, by her fascinating manner, she began to temper the rigour and to exercise a considerable control over the opinions and conduct of her father. The servants had a ready advocate in her, and the poor a constant friend, as they passed in their wanderings. Many an old mendicant would strive against the infirmities of age to reach the hospitable dwelling in the glen for the night; and never did the cold and hungry heart go away unwarmed or unfed while Menie had the management in her hands. If the blessings and prayers of old and young could have strewed her path with flowers, she would never have set her foot upon a thorn; or if the bright anticipations of cup-readers and palm-readers had been only but half realised, there would not have been a happier or more fortunate lady in the land than Menie. But not to these influences is confided the destiny of mortals. There is a cup in the hand of the Lord, and it is often bitter to the righteous as well as to the wicked.

Miss Stuart was just seventeen (continued my friend) when her father hired a young man to take charge of the little piece of arable ground about the doors, and occasionally to help the shepherds at shearing time and in snow storms. He had come down from the extreme north of Inverness-shire, and any little English he had was broken and imperfect. But his handsome form, and fine frank face, and kind heart, and ready laugh, went far to neutralise this deficiency. Miss Stuart took an interest in him when she saw the disadvantage under which he lay, and no doubt this feeling was helped by the good looks and engaging manners of the young man. In short, she was deep in love ere she knew it, and where is the arm that can strike back from the rush of these waters? What pity is it that the young do not more frequently pause ere they reach the slope of this whirlpool! The cry is the cry of the drunkard, 'There is no danger, we can go out when we like;' but the curved motion, when once begun, how slender is the chance of escape; and so it was with Miss Stuart. She hid the fact from herself as long as she could, and when she was forced to feel the real state of her heart, she was powerless and passive as a cloud before the wind. The young man fearing he might lose her, if her father came to suspect the attachment between them, indiscreetly advised a secret marriage. Clear-sighted in all else, she was blind here (as often happens), and consented to the injudicious proposal. In a few months an opportunity occurred, and they were married by a justice of the peace at some distance. The circumstance, by and by, reached Mr Stuart's ears, and he was exasperated beyond measure, and pursued his son-in-law with a hatchet he got hold of, but fortunately did not overtake him.

Aware of the stubborn temper of her father, and of the reckless measures he would have recourse to, in order to wreak his vengeance on her husband, she had covert intelligence conveyed to him to go home till the storm should blow over. The young man, who was passionately attached to his wife, lingered about the hills, with his dog Hector, for a day or two, and then went away with a heavy heart, but not uncheered by hope. She expected a violent explosion, and to be dismissed from the house for a time; but her father maintained a sullen silence, and went out and in without noticing her. This was worse to bear than open rebuke. She tried to make him speak, for she knew that evil was working in his heart; but he heard her as if he heard her not; and she now knew that something terrible was in store for her.

A gay new dress and fine riding horse arrived one day, and he set out the day after for the north, but neither said where he was going nor when he would return. He came back after a month's absence. It was about midnight when he arrived, and all were asleep in the glen. The night was dark and stormy as a March night could be, but neither so dark nor stormy as his mind. The first loud rap from the butt-end of his riding whip, made every sleeper in the house spring up in his bed. His daughter flew to the door and opened it.

'Duncan! Tell him to come here!' said her father angrily.

'Come down, father, and I'll hold the horse till he come; I hear him getting up.'

'Duncan!' cried the furious man, choking with rage, and without noticing his daughter's proposal.

Duncan appeared and took the horse from his master. He had lashed and spurred it unmercifully. It was bleeding, and feverish, and trembling violently. Mr Stuart immediately moved with an angry step into his bedroom, and made the house shake as he slammed the door behind him.

'Father!' cried Miss Stuart, in an affectionate tone, 'here is a warm drink and some food for you.'

'You leave this house to-night,' replied the unfeeling man; 'get yourself ready.'

'Where do you wish me to go, father?' said she; 'are you not well? Is it the doctor you want?'

'I want you out, and that instantly; go and beg, and never let me see your face again.'

'My dear father, what have I done to deserve this, and on such a night?'

'What have you done, you ——; leave my house instantly or I'll kick you out.'

He had used a word that went to her heart like a knife.

She had been indiscreet but not criminal. She dressed hastily, put up some clothes, and went away out into the midst of the storm, not knowing where to turn. One of the servants followed, and entreated her to come back, but she was inexorable. She went in the direction of an old untenanted shieling at the top of the glen, and entering it she lay down, and ere morning she was the mother of a dead child. The servant who accompanied her had gone for the nearest neighbours, and they came with all speed and had her removed to their house. She was in a dangerous state, and the wild fires of delirium were beginning to appear. The surgeon, however, who was called in, entertained hopes of recovery; and she did recover slowly, after a few weeks, but it was only to receive another shock that was to leave her a wreck for life.

Her husband had heard of her expulsion and illness, and hastened over hill and dale to reach and comfort her. As he was coming down a narrow mountain gorge, within a few miles of the place where his wife was residing—how mysterious is Providence!—a large water-spout descended with such impetuosity as to leave him no time to escape, and he was hurried away by it over crag and linn, and thrown out in an open space beneath, a bruised and disfigured corpse. The event was carefully concealed from his widow, and it was painful to see her when she began to write a long letter to her dead husband. Mrs M'Lean, with whom she was staying at the time, has often told me that she never felt anything sting her to the quick like that; and yet she could not tell her, do or reason with herself as she would.

Meanwhile, I should tell you, there were great doings in the glen. Mr Stuart married the sister of a poor Highland laird of ancient family, and she brought home a host of needy friends with her, and additions were made to the steading for their accommodation, and for the reception of visiters who came in from different quarters. A style of living was started which every one foresaw would speedily terminate in ruin; but Mrs Stuart had married for a purpose, and she was determined she should not be baulked in it. She had come there too, on the condition that his daughter should be banished from the house as a disgraced and degraded person, and should not be allowed to return. And these shadows which she sent before were but the precursors of the storm and the blight which came in her train. She was crafty and imperious, and soon brought her husband into a state of the most abject submission, and ruled him with a rod of iron. He became addicted to drinking, and she encouraged him in it by every mean in her power.'

While my friend spoke, he suddenly stopped and listened. 'That is Menie singing,' he said, 'give heed.'

I think I may truly say, I never heard a female voice of such surpassing richness. It was round and full, and of that dewy tremulous softness which fills and satisfies the ear and wins its way to the heart, and disposes it to feelings of tenderness and melancholy—at once tragic and voluptuous—the finer portion and romance of grief.

'Seem they not like the tones of a heart that has been once broken,' said my friend, 'soft but sad; the breathings of a spirit once wounded but now healed; liquid, but plaintive and tearful in quality, like the voices of the wind in an old ruin by night?'

I inquired whether she sung often.

'Sometimes almost incessantly,' he replied; 'at other times scarcely any; but usually she gives out and sings a psalm about midday, and another ere she retires to rest. That is the 'Martyrs' she is singing now, but sometimes she improvises airs. I have occasionally, but unsuccessfully, tried to catch one of them, as she rarely repeats the same one twice over. It has often occurred to me that some of them are of high merit; irregular, no doubt, but deeply and wildly pathetic—the music of the passions, half speaking half singing—partaking somewhat of the recitative or chant, but more varied and impressive; the vehement devotional melody of a subdued but stricken spirit.'

I had the feeling of hearing two voices, and directed my friend's attention to it.

'Yes,' he said, 'there are two. Hector often joins her. Sometimes the unison is complete, but it soon gives way. There it is—down into a deep growl; but it will begin again presently. I have known several dogs do that.'

It was a strange group altogether; the old tower and the old goat, and Menie and her party; and the music, no doubt, had its effect in refining the picture and hallowing its associations. The utter and solemn listlessness of the goat stood in striking contrast to the excitement and employment of the passionate beings around him; he never once looked around, but kept munching away and gazing into vacancy. The music ceased at last, and the poor girl read a chapter aloud, from a pocket bible she carried constantly with her, and then knelt down and prayed, and after she had finished she set to busking and caressing her baby.

'You were interrupted,' I said to my friend; 'how did she learn the fate of her husband?'

'She began after a while to walk out a little, and one day having gone farther than usual a dog came up and fawned upon her. It was her husband's Hector; the one which left the glen with him, and which he had reared from a pup, and which had made its escape from the north and found its way back. Menie's heart leaped within her, for she thought Roderic, her husband, would be at hand; but no Roderic came. She moved on in the direction he was likely to come; but still he came not. She hailed a shepherd whom she saw at some distance, but he slunk off and gave her no answer, for he knew of the catastrophe which had happened. She came to a farmhouse and the dog with her. The mistress saw the difficulty in which she was placed, and tried to account for the presence of the dog and the absence of his master, but she was flurried and hesitated, and contradicted herself. Poor Menie saw the discrepancy in her statements, and challenged her with it. The woman became more confused, and then confessed the whole truth. Menie was carried home to Mrs M'Lean's in a state approaching insensibility, but still she would not permit the dog to be taken out of her sight. In a day or two she was on foot again. The only apparent difference on her was a certain uneasy silence and restlessness of manner, and at times a sharp yet cold and indefinable expression about her eyes; but nothing very positive manifested itself for a time. She would now and then ask Mrs M'Lean to accompany her to the spot where her husband had been buried; and then she conceived the fancy of having her infant laid beside him; and it was done. I have a copy of a letter she wrote about this period to an old school companion and friend, which shows the agony she endured, poor thing, and intimated the approach of that malady which has since settled down upon her mind.'

My friend took the duplicate from his pocket and read as follows:

'My Dear Mary,—I know you have heard of all that has happened to me since I last wrote to you; my only remaining comfort has been taken away; but I should not say that, for I have still the Rock that is higher than I; but surely my heart is not right, for since the day I heard of his death, and he was coming to see me—oh, think of that, Mary!—I think some light has gone out in the world, for all things look dark and cold and distant at me. I liked once to hear the laverocks sing, but they dinna sing as they used to do; and the flowers on the brae have a wintry like look about them; and I think it's like a sin when I hear the weans laughing, and I wonder they can do't; and when I go away to the kirk with the rest, I think everybody's looking at me and speaking about me; and I hardly feel my feet upon the ground, and I think there's something aye working in my breast that 'll burst out with a bound: and I'm so weak that when I gang up the kirk brae I've to sit down every now and then, like a body with a heavy burden, and then I cannot follow the minister, for my mind gangs aye off, do what I like, and whiles I think he's speaking about me, and pointing the folk to me, but surely he would not do that; and then when I come home—but I've no home now, Mary—I sit down to think about myself and all that's happened till

my heart's like to break, and the house 'll be running round with me; and often I dinna see how I'm to put up wi't any longer, and I'll flee to my book in desperation and read loud out and straight on, like one running a race, for I'm frightened at the awful thoughts that come into my head. Oh, Mary, lass! I ken it's wrong, but I cannot help wishing I was dead and out o' sight. Oh, pray for me, Mary! I cannot pray for myself now; for my heart's as cold and dead as lead, and the words 'll not come, and I think God's angry with me; but how can it be otherwise, and if I did not deserve it, it would not have been sent; and they say my poor father has taken to the drinking, and he never asks for me. Oh, Mary! if my poor mother had been living none of this would have happened. I wish I could say the Lord's will be done; I say it often, but I fear it's not from the heart. Mrs M'Lean has promised to lay me beside Roderic and my bairn, and you must promise that too. Oh, that I were ready, and God ready, and all past! I'll expect to see you when you come to your uncle's. And now farewell, my dear Mary, and dinna forget me when you go to your knees. Your sincere friend and well-wisher,—MENIE STUART.'

'In a few weeks after the writing of that letter,' resumed my friend, 'decided symptoms of insanity appeared. She began to go more frequently to her husband's grave, and would sit for hours upon it speaking to herself, or digging out worms from it and carrying them to a distance, and saying as she laid them down—'It's no out o' ill will to you, poor things, but I canna bide the thought.' Sleep almost left her, and she would mourn and lament that God had forsaken her, and that there was no hope for her now, for she was an outcast from God and from man, and must die the death. She would listen to Mrs M'Lean and her husband, but they would scarcely cease encouraging her when she would relapse into her old strain. She next began to see figures, and would remonstrate with them to go away and not disturb her before her time. They removed her to a lunatic asylum, and happily sleep returned, and the thought of being abandoned of God forsook her, and she became comparatively cheerful in a few months; but a shock had been given to her mind which it was hardly hoped would heal. She was sent back to Mrs M'Lean's, but had scarcely returned when her former fancies reappeared, and she was in consequence removed to the house of a person at some distance. The change was salutary, and shortly she was allowed to move about with Hector, to whom she was devotedly attached. Her story soon spread in the neighbourhood, and the utmost respect and kindness were shown to her by all. The children would cease playing as she passed, and tell their mothers when they went home from school that they had seen 'Wandering Menie,' and that she smiled to them. So general, indeed, is the sympathy for her, that to offend or to hurt her is to offend or hurt all. I recollect an incident that occurred a few years ago illustrative of this. A tinker met her in a sequestered spot and demanded her baby——'

'At what time,' I interrupted, 'did the conceit of the baby come upon her?'

'I cannot exactly say, but I rather think it was during her stay in the asylum. Well, the tinker demanded her baby, and she screamed, and Hector sprung upon him, but was instantly worried down by the ruffian's mastiff. He took the cherished toy from her and made off, and left her and Hector in a pitiable condition; but he had better have robbed the lieutenant of the county. He offered the doll to a farmer's wife for sixpence, but little Roderic was as well known as his mistress. An alarm was instantly spread, and the neighbourhood rose as one man, and pursued the villain. They got him in a wood, and the stolen article in his possession. He hounded his dog on his pursuers, but the stroke of twenty clubs instantly dispatched it, and they all said afterwards it was a mercy they did not kill the man himself, for they were so exasperated as scarcely to know what they did. Some of his companions got the thief carried away into another part of the country, and he has not shown his face hereabouts since.'

'It is pleasant to think,' I observed, 'she has so many friends and protectors.'

'Nothing is more common,' he continued, 'than to hear the people in their houses, or at their doors, saying to one another as Menie passes, 'There she's away by the day again, poor thing, wi' her doll and her dog.' And another will observe, 'But everybody's kind to her.'—'And wha wadna be kind to her?' a third will remark. And a fourth will say, 'I whiles think I would like to be Menie, she's sae bonnie and winsome and weel liket.'—'And sae guid,' a fifth will add, 'that God's her friend as weel as man.'

(To be concluded in next Number.)

## GOODFELLOWS.

IT is a fine thing to have a good reputation. It matters not whether it lies in your chest, in the shape of a bank-bill endorsed for a large amount, or is worn on your forehead as a certificate of character. If people give you credit for possessing either, you may swim smoothly through the turgid ocean of life, as independent of wealth and intrinsic goodness as you are guiltless of possessing either the one or the other.

We often hear of the stupendous powers of machinery—of the iron bones and sinews that are revolutionising the world, and are struggling on in their giant efforts to consummate the millenium of labour; we hear of the power of the wind and the strength of the mountains—of active force and inert might; but an idea is more powerful, either positively or negatively, than all the physical agencies in creation. It is the motive power—the impulse which gives speed to the antelope, and voluntary immobility to the ass. It transmutes murder into heroism, infamy into glory, honour into hypocrisy, and generous enthusiasm into madness. One idea is the leader of ten thousand minds, and prescription their pole star. Men's actions, aspirations, and impulses, are fused and moulded according to a standard, and after the process has been finished, the world generally stamps its impressions on the object of its analyses as immutable and indisputable characteristics.

If a man has the fame of producing almost impossible results, he may set up at once as a wizard, with a certainty of receiving the homage of many devoted tremblers; and if he has the reputation of superlative virtue without its essence, there is no attribute of honour or morality which the Pecksniff will not be able to assume with impunity. There are some reputations, however, which time renders invidious; some reputations which, despite of its purblind state, the world gradually comes to look upon as less positive than equivocal; and goodfellows, however high their former status in the rank of fame, however boundless the admiration with which they are greeted in their own proper sphere, are now subject to indefinite criticisms and vague suspicions. Goodfellows, like apprentice schoolmasters, have no definite position in society; they cannot lay claim to unimpeachable respectability, and people never think of styling them gentlemen; they are in the nether world what balloons are in the aërial—occupying a position of suspension, vibrating between the high and low, with a strong tendency towards the mud. A 'goode fellowe' of the Elizabethan era was a toady, a lickspittle, a bull-headed apologist for every absurdity supported by authority; he was a yeomanly battering-ram, who ran tilt against independency of thought in all its manifestations; he shook his partisan, as an automaton, whenever his master pulled the strings of volition; he was tacked to a superior, and had liberty to shout a war-cry; he could drink to the land he lived in, discuss the flavour of beef and bacon, and die with his head on his shoulders. He was highly venerative, but his veneration was lavished on abstractions—on the kingly office more than on the monarch—on the sacerdotal robe more than on the instrumental parts of the sacred calling—and on the exaltation of the word England more than on the elevation of the elements of England's glory and greatness, her industrious 'knaves and villains.'

Goodfellows in all ages have not lived for themselves—they could not exist alone—they are nonentities, if you look upon them purely as individuals. The constitution of goodfellowship is essentially relative; the very wit and humour of its constituents are not independent. The goodfellow's face expands sympathetically when he views a reeking pasty, and his wit only sparkles in the rays of wine. Falstaff was eminently a goodfellow; the very essence of fun and frolic, 'a tun of man;' and yet, large as he was, he had no resources in himself for self-enjoyment. He was good-humoured and good-natured in the extreme, but his good-humour was like fire in flint; it only burst from him by attrition—the attrition of sack and collops. There was no laughing in his head as he wallowed in the clothes-basket, although his predicament was laughable enough; and even his courage on the field of battle, which was equivocal at best, required a monitor, which he carried in his pocket, in the shape of a black bottle.

Mutation is one of the principles of permanency. It is one of the most powerful constituents of perpetuity. Some people may stare at this paradox, but reflection will establish its truth. The English language itself is unchanged in its essence, but transmuted in form and orthography. A 'righte goode fellowe' of old times would seem to be an exotic now, incompatible with the genius of English society, and almost unknown in the quaintness of his nature, name, and attire; and yet the goodfellow of modern times is as essentially a descendant of fat Jack and Sir Toby Belch, as a Bond Street beau is of a Saxon sowherd, or Norman *bon comarado*. Goodfellowship, like freemasonry, is not confined to one order of society; it is fostered in all, and has its peculiar phases in each. The aristocratic goodfellow has generally more money than sense, and prefers the company of grooms and horses to that of all the world. He may have been at Cambridge or Eton, but his only characteristics in these spheres are contempt for books and bursars, and a keen relish for dog-fights and cat-hunting. His legitimate education begins in the cockpit; he shines on the turf and in the ring, makes discursive essays on bellringing and lamp-smashing, under the influence of the moon, and finishes his curriculum by subdividing his energies between parliament and fox-hunting. He keeps a groaning table, and a choice selection of uproarious company; he scatters his money with a free and open hand amongst the sharks of the species, and receives their adulations in return; he can crack a joke of course, and of course it is always laughed at; he is too dull in the perceptive organs to make deductions, and too weak in the reflective to speculate; he is perfectly satisfied with the world as it stands, and would be as well satisfied although the world only comprised one stud, one park, plenty of game, and a few other *et ceteras* of goodfellowship, if all were exclusively his own; he has a passion for playing little, dirty, silly, despicable tricks, and the world encourages him by its laughter, because he is a goodfellow; he will rob an old woman of her eggs, and pull an old man's hat and tow wig off very cleverly, and after enjoying the physical falterings of debility and age, he dramatically closes the scene by paying for his frolic. The destruction of a van full of soda-water bottles is quite a feat, and the demolition of a toll-bar is an event in an aristocratic goodfellow's life. He is not inherently vicious, he does not delight in actual criminality, but he perpetrates actions which wise boys would despise, and which would be intolerable were he unable to compromise with the butts of his jokes. There is a charm in disinterestedness, no matter how it is manifested; and the goodfellow is peculiarly anti-selfish. He never allows constituted authority to step between him and his friend, and will fearlessly risk the treadmill to rescue a comrade from the clutches of the lawful guardians of order. He may possess numberless eccentricities and peculiarities abstractly disagreeable, and even mean, but they are lost in the association of his social sympathies; he will denude himself to administer to the appetites of his companions, but the absence of self-respect is obliterated in the recollection of general benefit. He may sink into the abyss of incorrigible personal debasement, but if the produce of that debasement is laid on the shrine of social voluptuousness, the goodfellow is a goodfellow still; if he can knock down a watchman, capsize a fruit-stall, cheat a vintner, cozen a landlady, fight a dog, handle a cock, smash a gas-lamp, and treat his companions, the goodfellow still preserves the star and garter of his order.

The military goodfellow is a foolhardy customer, who receives more hard knocks than notices of promotion. He volunteers in 'forlorn hopes,' mounts the breach, or is made a stepping-stone for those who follow; he has the facility of losing his arms and legs, but he preserves his spirits, and even trolls his lay with a jolly voice as he stumps through the streets to receive from the humane the wages of his glory. When he enters a beleaguered city, he plunders wine-shops and hen-roosts, and may be found singing glees and catches, while the shriek of despair and the roar of artillery are filling the air with wild discordant sounds.

This is an age of progression and ascension, however; distinguished by noble strides in the paths of physical and moral reformation, warmed and vivified by the expanding spirit of catholicity. There are no new elements of progress created; but the principles of affinity and unity, which have lain latent for ages, are now struggling into glorious embodiments of goodwill, and becoming agents of universal heavenward change. We are shuffling off the garments of antiquated inertia, and girding up our loins for a long and happy march. Individuals, coteries, classes, orders, nations—the world is on the move, and goodfellows of progress are leaving the *terra incognita* of their former position, and are now pushing themselves into the ranks of the 'clear-the-way-boys' of progress. The disinterestedness which has heretofore wasted itself on folly, when rendered subservient to direction, will perform good work. The sympathy which linked itself to the voluptuary, will now be the excitant to the pioneer of humanity. The right goodfellows of the future will be thinkers and doers, with heads to direct and hands to execute; evolvers of great thoughts, executors of great actions. All the change requisite to constitute this new order of goodfellows, is direction. The power which at present can darken Oxford Street, and capsize a fruit-stall, if led into the antipodal channels of illumination and sustentation, would throw a halo round many a home, and sweeten many a bitter cup of poverty. The chief constituent of simple fellowship is sympathy, and wanting the qualification '*good*' has always been symbolical of something loveable and respectable. How this adjective has become the perverted affix, which in this case it is—how it has become associated with gastronomy and gymnastic eccentricities—is a question. But perversion, however established by prescription and inveteracy, must now be perverted. Goodfellows have ample room for legitimate action and titular emancipation, and there are a few of the new order who have lighted the lamp of example. The true goodfellow may bear any aspect, and move in any station; his hands may be hard and horny, or soft and gloved, but the heart is the symbol of his order, and good-will the watchword of unity.

In old times goodfellows laid traps for witches, placing crosses of straw upon the rough parts of roads, or scraps of Scripture with salt upon them, and if any unlucky old woman stumbled as she passed near to these talismans, she was seized by the goodfellow, and not unfrequently suffered death. These acts of charity and mercy were the sources of his felicity and fame; he stroked his face with secret exultation, and shook his head with pride when they were made subjects of laudation, and he felt himself to be something great indeed when a king or mayor sent him an autograph specification of goodfellowship. The goodfellow of modern times also inherits the ancient antipathies to occult wisdom or weakness. Gravity and senility are his aversion; he mocks the sage, and loves to try the affinity between a bald head and a rotten egg. But the goodfellows of the future—of the new era,

will compensate humanity for the follies of their nominal progenitors. It will be their province to smooth the path of life, clearing away the obstacles of ignorance and selfishness, and rendering man morally as well as physically gregarious. Their mission will be twofold, for they will positively elevate their fellows, and teaching them to look through a healthy medium, will enlighten them with the power of distinguishing the true goodfellows of the past.

We have a notion—and it is, we hope, not an uncommon one—that he who first constructed a plough and held it—he who first planted a flower by a cottage wall, or first sowed corn on an unfenced croft, deserves immortality, if we could pick him from the broken armour, bloody carcasses, and tinselled rubbish that strew the field of history, and that such an one deserves, and soon will be acknowledged to deserve, to be ranked as one of the world's noblest, best benefactors, and most eminent of its right goodfellows.

## A MORAVIAN COMMUNION.

The body of Christians known as the United Brethren, or more popularly as the Moravians, date their separation from the Church of Rome from a period long anterior to the reformation of Luther. They have never been very numerous; but they have from the beginning been endowed with an ardent missionary spirit; and the enviable honour has been awarded them, of their converts from the heathen outnumbering their churches at home. Their stronghold of course is in Germany, where they first rose; in England they muster strong in the West Riding of Yorkshire; in Scotland they have only one congregation, originally located in the town of Irvine, but now removed to Ayr. To the circumstance of an Irish minister being appointed pastor of this congregation while in the former town, Scotland is indebted for the honour of numbering James Montgomery among her native poets.

In London they have but one chapel, situated in an obscure court in Fetter Lane. Outside, there is scarcely anything to distinguish it from the surrounding dwelling-houses; inside, it is fitted up with a simplicity approaching to plainness: it is furnished only with a few forms, like a country school-house; at the one end is an unadorned pulpit, and at the other a magnificent organ, being the only luxury in which the congregation have indulged themselves. Yet this small chapel, an account of the services in which we are about to give, is not without its interesting reminiscences. Here Count Zinzendorf, the second founder of the body, laboured for many years; here Latrobe, the friend of Johnson, exercised his ministry; and here John Wesley regularly attended, at a time when the future founder of Methodism had all but given in his adhesion to this primitive denomination.

Though peculiar in many of their views, they have all along been distinguished for an honourable spirit of liberality. They have never insisted on their members separating themselves from other denominations; on the other hand, they have never failed to give a cordial welcome to members of other bodies holding occasional communion with them. On the occasion on which we chanced to be present, Sir Culling Eardley Smith, who had accidentally come to attend their service in the forenoon, was invited to join them in the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the afternoon, which, it need hardly be said, he gladly accepted; and there were also present Presbyterians and Baptists, who certainly had not his rank to recommend them. One great peculiarity of the Moravians is, that they pay comparatively little attention to doctrinal points, their great delight being to contemplate the passion of Christ, and all the consequences of his death and resurrection. Hence their services are more devotional than perhaps any other body of Protestants; and, as may be expected, on the occasion of the communion they were eminently so. The worship consisted almost wholly of singing; the solemn swell of the organ being seldom interrupted, except while the pastor was announcing a change in the hymn that was to be sung. The communion was preceded by the love-feast, which the Moravians retain in their service, and make a prominent part in their worship. This primitive rite consisted simply of tea and cake, which was served round by members of the church while the singing went on. It may be mentioned here, that, in accordance with continental custom, the male and female members of the congregation are separated—the women sitting on the left of the pulpit, the men on the right. Of course, the two sides of the church are waited on by members of their own sex. When the members have all been supplied, the pastor, who is seated at a small table immediately below the pulpit, reads an account of all remarkable circumstances that have befallen the body during the month, embracing in their range the whole body throughout the world; for it is the great delight of the Moravians to realise the idea that they are all brethren of one family. Another hymn is then sung, during which those who wish it are supplied with more tea, and then the pastor gives an affectionate address, which lasts for about ten minutes. All this time the people are very quietly enjoying themselves with the good things before them, and at the same time listening to their pastor. When this is over, the tables are removed, and the pastor retiring, clothes himself with a long white surplice, after which he takes his seat again at the table, on which the elements of communion are now placed. The congregation then kneel down at the benches, in the manner of a small prayer-meeting, or, to adopt a simile which they would themselves prefer, as members of a family under the paternal roof, and at the paternal altar. It is not necessary to characterise the prayer; suffice it to say, it was simple, comprehensive, and earnest, well suited to the occasion. The prayer ended, the congregation again resumed their seats; several more hymns were sung: and when a more than usually impressive verse occurred, the congregation arose, at a sign given by the pastor, and sung it standing. Then followed the words pronounced at the institution of the ordinance—heard so often, but never by a susceptible mind without emotion. The pastor did not, however, imitate the example of his Lord by offering up thanks, but proceeded at once to distribute the element, which consisted of thin cakes or wafers of unleavened bread, which he broke in two, giving a half to each member. In this way he proceeded through the whole of the male communicants, distributing the bread without assistance; but when he went over to the side where the women sat, the basket was carried for him by his wife (the wife of the pastor, it may be mentioned, fills an important place in the economy of the Moravian Church, as helper to the females), who handed the cakes to him as he wanted them. All this time the organ continued to peal forth its solemn notes, and the members, as they received the bread from their pastor, continued to join in the hymn that was sung; but no one proceeded to partake of the communion till the whole had been served, when with one accord, the whole congregation threw themselves upon their knees—the eating of bread being thus a real communion, and joined in with one accord. A solemn pause ensued—the members were engaged in silent communion with their God, and nothing was heard but the low wailing tones of the organ. The stillness was first broken by the voice of the pastor chanting forth the Moravian hymn:

'Most holy Lord and God!
Holy Almighty God!
Holy and most merciful Saviour!
Thou eternal God!
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts from thy death
Have mercy, O Lord!

Most holy Lord and God!
Holy, almighty God!
Holy and most merciful Saviour!
Thou eternal God!
Bless this congregation,
Through thy sufferings, death, and blood!
Have mercy, O Lord!

In this hymn the whole congregation joined, and then rising from their knees, they engaged in further singing, which, as already observed, forms a prominent feature in the services of the Moravian Church; and for this their

hymn-book is admirably adapted, containing perhaps a richer store of hymns, suited for all diversities of Christian experience, than any other collection whatever. At last the pastor again pronounced the affecting words of the Redeemer, in which he gave up the cup to his disciples; and then again, without prayer, he handed the wine down the benches where the male members were sitting, while his wife did the same by the females, the singing, led as before by the organ, continuing all the time.

The communion-service closed with the ancient practice of collecting for the poor saints; after which devotional services of a more cheerful cast followed, embodying the feeling of thankfulness for mercies received, and resolutions of walking in future worthy of their high vocation. One ceremony towards the close of the service was of a nature so simple, yet so touching, that it may fitly end the description of this communion. The congregation had risen up to sing one of the hymns, and on coming to the verse,

> 'We join together heart and hand,
> To walk towards the promised land;
> For his appearance now, with care
> Each member day and night prepare,'

each female member turned round to her neighbour and gave her a sisterly kiss; the men indicating the same warm affection by a cordial shake of the hand. Soon after, the benediction was pronounced, and the congregation separated.

Such is the mode of celebrating the Lord's Supper among the Moravian brethren—a body who, small in numbers, have yet, by their quiet and inoffensive bearing towards other denominations, secured the good-will of all, and who were the first in modern times to realise the idea, now happily so common, of a missionary church. When, after a protracted and severe persecution in Germany, they found at last rest for the soles of their feet in Hernhuth, the first question that engaged the attention of the church was, how could they extend the gospel among the heathen. Their missions to Greenland and Labrador are well known. It may not be so familiar, that when they resolved upon their mission to the West India Islands, the first missionaries who proceeded thither fully prepared themselves to become slaves—they having been assured that in no other way would they find access to the negro population. With the same devotion, the same 'baptism for the dead,' have all their missions been conducted; therefore, it is not surprising that God has honoured them, and that Christians of every name have concurred in holding them in respect.

## A SEA-FOWLING ADVENTURE.*

One pleasant afternoon in summer, Frank Costello jumped into his little boat, and pulling her out of the narrow creek where she lay moored, crept along the iron-bound shore until he reached the entrance of one of those deep sea-caves, so common upon the western coast of Ireland. To the gloomy recesses of these natural caverns millions of sea-fowl resort during the breeding season; and it was amongst the feathered tribes then congregated in the 'Puffin Cave,' that Frank meant, on that evening, to deal death and destruction. Gliding, with lightly-dipping oars, into the yawning chasm, he stepped nimbly from his boat, and making the painter fast to a projecting rock, he lighted a torch, and, armed only with a stout cudgel, penetrated into the inmost recesses of the cavern. There he found a vast quantity of birds and eggs, and soon became so engrossed with his sport that he paid no attention to the lapse of time, until the hollow sound of rushing waters behind him made him aware that the tide, which was ebbing when he entered the cave, had turned, and was now rising rapidly. His first impulse was to return to the spot where he had made his boat fast; but how was he horrified on perceiving that the rock to which it had been secured was now completely covered by water. He might, however, still have reached it by swimming; but, unfortunately, the painter, by which it was attached to the rock, not having sufficient scope, the boat, on the rising of the tide, was drawn, stern down, to a level with the water; and Frank, as he beheld her slowly fill and disappear beneath the waves, felt as if the last link between the living world and himself had been broken. To go forward was impossible; and he well knew that there was no way of retreating from the cave, which, in a few hours, would be filled by the advancing tide. His heart died within him, as the thought of the horrid fate which awaited him flashed across his mind. He was not a man who feared to face death; by flood or field, on the stormy sea and the dizzy cliff, he had dared it a thousand times with perfect unconcern; but to meet the grim tyrant there, alone—to struggle hopelessly with him for life in that dreary tomb—was more than his fortitude could bear. He shrieked aloud in the agony of despair; the torch fell from his trembling hand into the dark waters that gurgled at his feet, and, flashing for a moment upon their inky surface, expired with a hissing sound that fell like a death warning upon his ear. The wind, which had been scarcely felt during the day, began to rise with the flowing of the tide, and now drove the tumultuous waves with hoarse and hideous clamour into the cavern. Every moment increased the violence of the gale that howled and bellowed as it swept around the echoing roof of that rock-ribbed prison; while the hoarse dash of the approaching waves, and the shrill screams of the sea-birds that filled the cavern, formed a concert of terrible dissonance, well suited for the requiem of the hapless wretch who had been enclosed in that living grave. But the love of life which makes us cling to it in the most hopeless extremity, was strong in Frank Costello's breast; his firmness and presence of mind gradually returned, and he resolved not to perish without a struggle. He remembered that at the farther extremity of the cavern the rock rose like a flight of rude stairs, sloping from the floor to the roof; he had often clambered up these rugged steps, and he knew that, by means of them, he could place himself at an elevation above the reach of the highest tide. But the hope thus suggested was quickly damped when he reflected that a deep fissure, which ran perpendicularly through the rock, formed a chasm ten feet in width, in the floor of the cavern, between him and his place of refuge. The tide, however, which was now rising rapidly, compelled him to retire every instant further into the cavern, and he felt that the only chance he had left him for life was to endeavour to cross the chasm. He was young, active, and possessed of uncommon courage, and he had frequently, by torch-light, leaped across the abyss in the presence of his companions, few of whom dared to follow his example. But now, alone and in utter darkness, how was he to attempt such a perilous feat? The conviction that death was inevitable if he remained where he was decided him. Collecting a handful of loose pebbles from one of the numerous channels in the floor, he proceeded cautiously over the slippery rocks, throwing at every step a pebble before him, to ascertain the security of his footing. At length he heard the stone, as it fell from his fingers, descend with a hollow clattering noise, that continued for several seconds. He knew he was standing on the brink of the chasm. One quick and earnest prayer he breathed to the invisible Power whose hand could protect him in that dread moment—then, retiring a single pace, and screwing every nerve and muscle in his body to its utmost tension, he made a step in advance, and threw himself forward into the dark and fearful void. Who can tell the whirlwind of thought that rushed through his brain in the brief moment that he hung above that yawning gulf? Should he have miscalculated his distance, or chosen a place where the cleft was widest—should his footing fail, or his strength be unequal to carry him over, what a death were his! Dashed down that horrible abyss—crashing from rock to rock, until he lay at the bottom a mutilated corpse. The agony of years was crowded into one moment—in the next, his feet struck against the firm rock on the opposite side of the chasm, and he was saved. At least, he felt that he had for the moment escaped the im

* This perilous narrative is given anonymously in a recent number of the Omagh Guardian.

minent peril in which he was placed, and, as he clambered joyfully up the rugged slope at the end of the cave, he thought little of the dangers he had still to encounter. All through that long night he sat on the narrow ledge of a rock, while the angry waves thundered beneath, and cast their cold spray every instant over him. With the ebbing of the tide, the sea receded from the cavern, but Frank hesitated to attempt crossing the chasm again; his limbs had become stiff and benumbed, and his long abstinence had so weakened his powers that he shrank from the dangerous enterprise. While giving way to the most desponding reflections, a stentorian hilloa rang and echoed through the cavern; and never had the human voice sounded so sweetly in his ear. He replied to it with a thrilling shout of joy, and, in a few minutes, several persons with torches appeared advancing. A plank was speedily thrust across the fissure, and Frank Costello once more found himself amidst a group of his friends, who were warmly congratulating him upon his miraculous escape. They told him that from his not having returned home the preceding night, it was generally concluded that he had been drowned, and a party of his neighbours proceeded in a boat early in the morning in search of his body. On reaching 'Puffin Hole,' they discovered his boat fastened to a rock, and full of water, as she had remained on the ebbing of the tide. This circumstance induced them to examine the cavern narrowly, and the happy result of their search is already known.

## HOCHELAGA; OR ENGLAND IN THE NEW WORLD.

SECOND NOTICE.

Our author's sojourn at Montreal was much shorter than at Quebec. Setting off in about ten days, a stage-coach carried him to Lachine, a town distant from the former about two miles, and with a party of friends he went to view the famous rapids. He subsequently paid a visit to Kingston, which he describes as being of a very uncomfortable appearance, and scarcely, as he draws near the States, evinces the good-humour which rendered him so fascinating an acquaintance at Quebec. He tells us how cordially he hates the American lakes, the waters of which, though somewhat clear, look dead. He calls the great lake Ontario, *this Ontario*. He is, indeed, as good at rating as at praising—and this is saying no little; yet he will not admit at the outset that anything of this is owing to a national prejudice against the States themselves. 'I freely and willingly,' says he, 'give to the Americans my humble tribute of praise, for the skill and gallantry of their officers and sailors; of these any country might be proud, as for many high-minded and chivalrous acts, worthy of a great and free people. In the noble and admirable quality of military virtue, they have in their short history proved themselves not inferior to any nation in the world. None should be more ready to acknowledge their merit than Englishmen, from whose race they have sprung, and who have so often found them to be by sea and land 'worthy of their steel.' May it seem fit to the Great Ruler of all counsels that our future rivalry may be only in the works of peace, in the increase of the happiness of our people! Even now, while a degree of mutual irritation and distrust exists, I earnestly breathe a wish, express a hope, ay, announce a faith, that the bright day which philanthropists have dreamed of, poets seen in visions of fancy, and the inspired page of prophecy foretold, is not far distant; when the spread of enlightenment, civilisation, and above all of Christianity, among the nations of the earth, will do away for ever with the stern and terrible necessity of the sword; when the dazzling light which fame now throws upon the names of those who direct victorious armies may be looked upon but as a false meteor, their records known only as a memory of a bygone and mistaken glory.'

On entering the harbour of Toronto, something like a beam of former satisfaction brightens on our author's cheek; but, though he pays a visit to the 'Falls,' and describes, with a power only inferior to that of Howison, what he there witnessed, he is obviously getting fast tired, at least for a time, of travelling gossip, and prepares for work of a graver and more instructive kind.

The twelfth chapter accordingly presents, as the reader's bill of fare, 'Geography of Canada—Resources—Trade.' One thing greatly in favour of Canada, and likely in progress of time to give her the utmost importance as a mercantile country, are the facilities for navigation, which, throughout her limits, have been bestowed equally by art and nature. Nor is this the whole. The interior—at least a very considerable portion of it—and the shores fringing the waters, are characterised by no common fertility. The only deficiency, and it is confessedly an important one, is the limited supply of the ordinary minerals, and the almost total absence of coal. But by no portion of the old or new continents—if we make these exceptions—can Canada be surpassed as a country. Her winter is one, indeed, proverbially severe, while the heat of summer is almost tropical. This is a drawback upon personal comfort, and must to no inconsiderable extent frequently reduce human energies, whether physical or mental. Yet too much has possibly been said about the rigours of a Canadian winter. Our author tells us from experience, that though its long protraction is very tiresome, the season itself is far from disagreeable. The spring months, were it not for the execrable state of the roads, occasioned by the melting snows, are by far the most delightful in the year. You almost see vegetation progressing. But heats terribly intense succeed. We called them almost tropical: our author asserts that in many places of Upper Canada the direct rays of the sun are stronger and hotter than under the line. Autumn, however—lovely mellow autumn—comes to cheer, and cool, and refresh; a season in Canada only not quite so delightful as that when snows melt and flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come. The population returns, from the numbers of emigrants that are continually flocking in, being of course exceedingly fluctuating, it is not easy to tell the direct number of persons who inhabit Canada. The population has uniformly doubled itself every twenty-five years, and possibly the whole population, including Upper as well as Lower Canada, may at present exceed fourteen hundred thousand. They are of course of mixed races, including French, Anglo-Celtic, and native Indians to the number of six thousand. The eastern townships of Lower Canada are represented as of all places in the world offering the most inviting settlements to those who emigrate from Britain. British emigrants who are willing to labour, are assured of abundant success, after, however, the 'intolerable hardships of nearly a twelvemonth.' Upper Canada presents equally encouraging prospects to the settler. The horses and other cattle are, however, scarcely yet equal to the English breeds, and their 'keep' during the long winters, when they can be of little service, is highly expensive. The poor creatures, too, are from their appearance usually half-starved. The passing of the important measure in reference to freedom of commerce, presents, to use our author's language, at present an immense prize to be contended for between Canada and the States. 'On one side,' says he, 'the St Lawrence and its splendid artificial communication, on the other, the Erie Canal and the Hudson River, offer their channels for its use. To the first, nature has given a decided advantage; the screw-propelled steam-boats, laden on the far shores of Lake Superior, can pass, with but slight delay from locks, to Montreal or Quebec, or indeed to Europe; while through the narrow passage of the Erie Canal, the frequent locks and the trans-shipment of the cargo must ever be a great embarrassment. By a bold and judicious reduction of the tolls on the Canadian waters, they will become the chief—as they always were the natural—outlet for this trade; and its passage will speedily enrich their shores. Some short-sighted people urge that these tolls cannot be reduced, since they hardly pay as it is; but it is obvious that, as long as this route is made the more

costly of the two, the commerce will flow through the other channel. The system, therefore, should be to reduce the Canadian Canal expenses to an extent that would secure its being the cheaper line; then the vast quantity of traffic would remunerate at almost any price. The advantages of the St Lawrence over the Erie Canal are amply sufficient to counterbalance the superior position of New York to Quebec or Montreal as a seaport; although an exaggerated and fallacious idea of the perils of the river navigation of the latter adds much to the expense of insurance.'

We were, however, surprised to learn that the post-office of Canada has not shared in those improvements which have proved so advantageous to the inhabitants of our own country. 'The old exorbitant rates of charge are still retained, to the immense inconvenience of mercantile and social affairs, and, I really believe, to the great injury also of the revenue, for the system of sending letters by private hand is carried on almost openly and very extensively. A letter from a distant part of Upper Canada to Quebec costs twice as much as it does to London, the rates from England being uniform to all parts of this country; also newspapers, passing through the post-office in the colony, are each charged a halfpenny. The transmission and delivery of mails is far from being happily arranged, and is often attended with uncertainty and delay. A vigorous effort is, I understand, now making in the provincial parliament to remedy these very vexatious and harassing inconveniences.'

A great improvement—prophetic, we trust, of the most beneficial results—has of late years been exhibited in reference to that noble emulation which marks a nation bestirring itself to purpose in seeking its own advancement. Montreal is beginning to display much speculative activity, and our author adds, 'I do not despair of Quebec being even lighted with gas before any very great length of time has elapsed.'

While Canada during a certain portion of the year enjoys great advantages from her lakes and rivers, the shutting up of these by the ice in winter, must necessarily be an important drawback. But this disadvantage is not so great as may at first appear; for we are told that during this time the channels of internal transport of goods are also frozen up; 'but the produce of the lumberers' winter labours is released in the spring; the rich crops of Upper Canada can be readily shipped in the autumn; while the vessels which leave England early in the year carry out what is required for summer use, and those charged with the fruits of the harvest come back laden with goods for the ensuing winter. To show the rapid increase of the trade of this colony, I shall give the number of vessels which arrived at and cleared from the different seaports of the St Lawrence during certain years:

| Year. | Entered. | Cleared out. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1825 . . | 796 . . | 883 | vessels averaging 350 tons. |
| 1830 . . | 964 . . | 1050 | " |
| 1835 . . | 1297 . . | 1307 | " |
| 1840 . . | 1439 . . | 1522 | " |
| 1845 . . | 1762 . . | 1747 | " |

In the last year upwards of twenty-three thousand seamen were employed, and thus kept in training in one of the best naval schools in the world.'

The press of Canada, our author tells us, if not in talent, in respectability at least is superior to that of the United States. Quebec and Montreal have each eight or ten newspapers. Canada has yet contributed almost nothing to general literature, a not very surprising circumstance, if the youth and the necessary occupations of its general inhabitants be taken into account. For more of this kind of information, and especially for a great deal that is highly valuable in reference to education and morality, we must refer the reader to the work itself. It is pleasant, however, to hear such a delightful writer expressing himself in the following decided language: 'I say it with pleasure, that, within the last few years, the tone of the press, the prospects of literature, the means of instruction, and the desire of applying them, have received a great and salutary impulse of improvement throughout this magnificent province.'

As to the question whether Montreal or Quebec is better fitted for the metropolis of Canada, our author says it would be difficult to decide. 'Montreal stands in a richer district, has better and more general communications, a much more convenient river frontage, and, from the level nature of its site, allows of greater regularity in building and an unlimited extension; it is also one-fifth more populous, and undeniably the handsomer and more thriving city of the two. The objections are that it is not central, and what is much more important—that it is unpleasantly near the frontier of the United States, and from the constant and easy communication with them, more liable to the influences of their ideas and example; besides, in case of collision between the two countries, it is the first point of attack that presents itself, and, as a military position, is difficult of defence. The occupation of the capital by a hostile force is at all times a 'heavy blow and great discouragement' to a people. Quebec would be nearer the centre of the great line of railroad and water communication; its intercourse is much more intimate with England than with the United States; and it is safe from even the apprehension of being overrun by an enemy's army. On the plains of Abraham, beyond the suburbs of St Roch, and on the northern bank of the river St Charles, is ample space for any requisite extension: a tract of sand, dry at low water, stretching into the basin of the River St Lawrence, might very easily be reclaimed to continue the Lower Town for a considerable extent as a river frontage, which would at the same time improve and deepen the channel of St Charles. Altogether, from the political and military advantages of the position, Quebec appears preferable. Many wise and worthy people may suspect a danger in thus strengthening into a nation these detached colonies, and quote with uneasiness the case of the States of America when they met in Congress at Philadelphia. But their case was, in reality, widely different; they had been suffering for years under certain wrongs and injuries inflicted by a despotic and feeble government; the rare and difficult communication between them and England weakened the ties of interest and identity, and increased their chances of success in opposition; the profligate administration of patronage, the careless and contemptuous system of colonial management, stirred up a resistance among them which there were neither energy nor resources to overcome. But now each day brings England and her American children into closer and more familiar relation. English prices raise or depress their markets; her population supplies vigorous reinforcements to that of these provinces; her victories spread rejoicing and honest pride among her western people; her difficulties fling their shadows even over the sunny banks of the St Lawrence.

'There are two great tendencies constantly at work in these colonies—one to make them British, the other American. Ten years ago the current favoured the latter, now it runs strongly for the former; we should foster it, train it, honour it; not by unnatural and unhealthy enactments in favour of some pet portion of their commerce, not by lavish expenditure on works of little importance and enormous difficulty—but we should foster it in justice—train it in justice—honour it in justice—'do to them as we would be done by.' The tendency towards America is a rank and noisome weed; it grows up in coarse luxuriance among the profligate and discontented, through the mongrel population of the Richelieu and the borders of the eastern townships. In the villages of the Niagara district, where neglected advantages and absolute morals have brought on premature decay, there it flourishes, there is its strength; among such will it find sympathy. But among the worthy, the educated, and the prosperous, lies the strength of the tendency to England. The more respectable of the ministers of religion, whatever its form or creed; the wealthy and intelligent

merchants, the influential country gentlemen; these form a strong connecting link. But, most of all, the honest emigrant draws close the bond between the fatherland and his adopted soil; he perhaps has already half won the prize of competence in this new country, but still keeps treasured in the warmest place of his heart, the memory of his early home—of the blessed village church hallowed for centuries by the prayers of the good and faithful of his people—and of that holy spot beside its walls, where the grass grows green over his father's grave.'

After all the amount of sober lecturing and statistical reasoning which we have been endeavouring very hurriedly to transcribe, our author, as a traveller, is decidedly himself again, and like a giant refreshed with sleep, he hurries us after him to Buffalo. Buffalo 'is one of the very best samples of Young Western America: full of foreigners—Irish, French, German; principally the latter, but all Americanised, all galvanised with the same frantic energy. The population rush about on their different occupations, railway-engines scream, and steam-boats puff on every side; waggons rattle about in all directions, men swear, bargain, or invite you to their hotel, in the accents of half-a-dozen countries. The situation of the town is very good: at the head of the Niagara River is the outlet of Lake Erie; at the end of the great chain of the Western Lakes—the commerce of twelve hundred miles of these broad waters is centred in this point, and condensed in the narrow passage of the Erie Canal and Hudson River, till, at New York, it pours out its wealth into the Atlantic. The site has a gentle dip to the south, towards the lake; across it, lying nearly east and west, is the harbour, separated by a peninsula from the waters of the lake. This affords secure and ample shelter for the shipping, numerous though they be, which crowd in day and night. The town was born in the first year of the nineteenth century. The English totally destroyed it in 1814, in retaliation for the burning of Little York, or Toronto, by the Americans. The motley population numbers now twenty-five thousand souls; they possess sixty steamboats, and more than three hundred sailing vessels.'

On the slave question, the author's general sentiments, and mode of giving them expression, may be judged of from the following passage: In his voyage to Oswego, 'towards night there was some wind and a heavy swell; this put an end to my investigations in national character, for all my samples were soon too ill for further examination. Among the passengers were a lady and gentleman from Georgia, very pleasing people, whose acquaintance I had made at the Falls. I found that their route, as well as mine, lay to Saratoga. Knowing that I had never been in the United States before, they made me promise that I would faithfully and without reserve remark to them everything which appeared to me strange in language, people, or customs, as we travelled, particularly with regard to themselves. I gratified them as far as was in my power, and we found it a source of infinite amusement. Criticism was borne with perfect good humour. One only subject I instantly found to be unsafe: its slightest mention made the fire kindle in the southern's dark eye. It is the black spot on the brightness of his country's future, to which foes point with hope, friends with despair; the cancer eating into the giant frame, deforming its beauty, withering its strength—it is the awful curse of SLAVERY, which they say they would give all but life to cut out and cast away.'

The following is written in better humour: 'I am convinced that a lady, no matter what her age and attractions might be, could journey through the whole extent of the Union, not only without experiencing a single annoyance, but aided in every possible way with unobtrusive civility. Indeed, great numbers of Sophonisbas and Almiras do travel about, protected only by the chivalry of their countrymen and their own undoubted propriety. To them the best seats, the best of everything, are always allotted. A friend of mine told me of a little affair at a New York theatre, the other night, illustrative of my assertion. A stiff-necked Englishman had engaged a front place, and of course the best corner; when the curtain rose he was duly seated, opera-glass in hand, to enjoy the performance. A lady and gentleman came into the box shortly afterwards: the cavalier in escort, seeing that the place where our friend sat was the best, called his attention, saying, 'The lady, sir,' and motioned that the corner should be vacated. The possessor, partly because he disliked the imperative mood, and partly because it bored him to be disturbed, refused. Some words ensued, which attracted the attention of the sovereign people in the pit, who magisterially inquired what was the matter. The American came to the front of the box and said, 'There is an Englishman here, who will not give up his place to a lady.' Immediately their majesties swarmed up by dozens over the barriers, seized the offender, very gently though, and carried him to the entrance; he kicked, cursed, and fought all in vain; he excited neither the pity nor the anger of his stern executioners; they placed him carefully on his feet again at the steps, one man handing him his hat, another his opera-glass, and a third the price he had paid for his ticket of admission, then quietly shut the door upon him and returned to their places. The shade of the departed Judge Lynch must have rejoiced at such an angelic administration of his law!'

There is one character, our author says, perfectly abominable in America: 'You not unfrequently meet with an emigrant from the old country, who hates the land which gave him birth; usually hunted out of it for crime, he detests the laws he has outraged; from his former fears of their just punishment, he reviles them and his countrymen; if ever you meet with unprovoked rudeness or insult, if ever you observe a more than ordinary length of hair, nasal twang, and offensive speech and manner, the chances are ten to one that you have met with an outcast Englishman.'

Another extract of the same class and we have done: 'The Irish are as invariably democrats, and are so numerous and united a body, as materially to influence the elections. In some of the Western States, the native Americans hold them in equal fear and dislike. I met, in my travels, with a very amusing character from Chicago, in Illinois, whose fixed idea was horror of them; 'Dogins' was the name by which he called them. He said that their delight was in drinking and fighting, that they only agreed occasionally among themselves that they might quarrel the better with any one else; that in some parts of the western country, they would soon have things all their own way. But he could not deny that they were hard-working, honest fellows, always ready to lend each other a helping hand, nor that their children made as good citizens as any others. The man of whom I speak was a capital sample of a certain class in the New States—active, energetic, boastful, vain, fiercely democratic, violent in his hatred of all European powers, particularly England; quaint beyond measure in his conversation, and much given to ornament and illustration.'

Sailing up the Hudson, the author, about the beginning of August, arrives at New York, 'than which,' he says, 'there is no place in the world better fitted for commerce. Deeply laden vessels, large enough to navigate the most distant seas, can discharge their cargoes, the handiwork of the thickly peopled countries of the Old World, upon the very wharfs, receiving in return the productions of the exuberant soil of the New, the superabundance from the wants of its scanty population.

'In appearance, this is almost a European town; foreigners from every nation swarm in the streets. The stranger, as he walks along, is positively confused by the bustle and activity; his eyes are bewildered with advertisements and signboards up to the fourth storey of the houses, printed in all sorts of shapes and colours to attract attention. The Broadway is very long and very broad, the pavement bad and dirty, the buildings irregular; the shops well stored, but far from handsome to the European eye; the public conveyances showy, the private carriages generally quite the reverse.'

We do not find anything peculiarly interesting, how-

ever, to detain us in the account of the hotels, public buildings, churches, chapels, &c., in the city of New York, nor will our limits permit us to glance at the description of Baltimore, Washington, and the other towns which the author visited. Suffice it to say, these are given in a manner equally effective and graphic with the extracts we have adduced; and we will simply conclude by repeating the praise we have already bestowed on the work, as one possessed of no ordinary interest, and which will amply repay an attentive perusal.

### NAPIER'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT STEAM NAVIGATION.

Not long after the introduction of steam navigation on the river Clyde, he had entertained the idea of establishing steam communication on the open sea; and, as a first step, he endeavoured to ascertain the amount of the difficulties to be encountered. For this purpose he took a place at the stormy period of the year in one of the sailing packets which formed the only means of intercourse between Glasgow and Belfast, and which then required often a week to accomplish what is done by steam in nine hours. The captain of the packet in which he sailed, remembers a young man, whom he afterwards knew as Mr Napier, being found during one of the winter passages to Belfast, constantly perched on the bows of the vessel, and fixing an intent gaze on the sea when it broke on the side of the ship, quite heedless of the waves and spray that washed over him. From this occupation he only ceased at intervals, as the breeze freshened, to ask the captain whether the sea was such as might be considered a rough one, and being told that it was by no means unusually rough, he returned to the bows of the vessel and resumed his study of the waves breaking at her stem. Some hours after, when the breeze began to freshen into a gale, and the sea to rise considerably, he again inquired of the captain, whether now the sea might be considered a rough one, and was told as yet it could not be called very rough. Apparently disappointed, he returned once more to his station at the bows, and resumed his employment. At last, however, he was favoured by a storm to his contentment; and when the seas, breaking over the vessel, swept her from stem to stern, he found his way back to the captain and repeated his inquiry—Do you call it rough now? On being told that the captain did not remember to have faced a worse night in the whole of his experience, the young man appeared quite delighted, and, muttering as he turned away, 'I think I can manage, if that be all;' went down contentedly to his cabin, leaving the captain not a little puzzled at the strange freak of his passenger. Napier saw the end of his difficulties, and soon satisfied himself as to the means of overcoming them.—*Steam and Steam Navigation, by J. S. Russell.*

### DISCERNMENT OF COLOUR.

Persons, all having excellent eyes, and seeing perfectly well, differ much in their powers of recognising persons, finding their way, &c. In none of these points is the difference so striking as with respect to judging of colours. It is by no means uncommon to meet with individuals whose eyes appear excellent, and whose sight is excellent, and who may judge of form and distance correctly, but who cannot distinguish certain colours. Dr Nicholl describes a boy who confounded green with red, and called light red and pink, blue. His maternal grandfather, and one uncle, had the same imperfection. This uncle was in the navy, and, having a blue uniform coat and waistcoat, purchased a pair of red breeches *to match*. Dr Nicholl mentions a gentleman who could not distinguish green from red. The grass in full vendure always appeared to him what others call red; and ripe fruit on trees he could not distinguish from the leaves; a cucumber and a boiled lobster were of the same colour in his sight; and a leek resembled a stick of sealing-wax. This person had a brother and a niece—the daughter of another brother—in a similar predicament. Indeed, the defect has frequently occurred in several members of the same family, and frequently has been hereditary, sometimes passing over a generation, like other peculiarities of structure. It is observed more frequently, perhaps, in men. In the rarest and most extreme cases no colour is distinguished, all objects appearing in this respect alike. In all the cases in which the point has been examined, the part of the cranium under which, according to Gall, the organ for judging of the harmony of colour is placed, is flat or depressed. I have seen several of these cases, and in all this was the fact. In painters remarkable for their excellence of colouring this part is full or prominent. The contrast between this part of the forehead in a person who has the defect, and in another excelling in the power of colouring, placed side by side, is very striking.—*Elliotson's Human Physiology.*

## HAPPINESS AND HOME.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Time that's gone, none may restore it;
Love, all hearts must bow before it;
Goodness, we must still adore it,
Whencesoe'er it come;
Whilst the heart in a heart
Only finds a home.

Fires may be shining bright,
Yet may be without delight;
Only, cheer'd by woman's sight,
There will gladness come:
Only woman's love and light
Make a hearth a home.

Then, do thou, oh, gentle dame!
So thy soul in meekness frame,
That the whisper of thy name
Strike unkindness dumb—
That the words may mean the same—
Happiness and home.

## OUR FATHERS.

[William Knox, author of the 'Lonely Hearth,' 'Songs of Israel,' and 'Harp of Zion,' was born in the parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire, in 1789, and died in Edinburgh in 1825. His lyrics are written in a soft and gentle strain, and with a simplicity and beauty of diction which are particularly captivating. His poems are generally illustrations of subjects taken from the Holy Scriptures; and the sincerity of the poet's aspirations are manifest from the beautiful and earnest spirit that pervades his works. 'Our Fathers,' of which Mr Knox was the author, was never published in any of his collected works. It appeared originally in the *Observer* newspaper, when Mr Malcolm (author of a 'Tale of Flodden Field,' &c.) was editor of that journal. It was printed from a manuscript in Mr M.'s possession, who was a friend of the author.]

Our fathers, where are they?
Even they who gazed upon that sun
That runs his course, as wont to run
In their terrestrial day:
Even they who walk'd by Jordan's shore,
Where their light steps are seen no more,
And breathed in spring the balmy gale
That sighs through Sharon's rosy vale?

Our fathers, where are they?
Even they who made their human homes
In Salem's high and splendid domes,
That now have pass'd away:
Even they whose pious hearts would bound
To the loud organ's pealing sound,
When heavenly anthems rose to fill
The fane on Zion's holy hill?

Our fathers, where are they?
Ah! many an eye hath wept for them,
Like flowers upon their bending stem
When evening lights decay:
The eyes that wept them now are closed;
The breasts that loved have long reposed;
The hearts that mourn'd are but a clod
Within the dead man's calm abode.

Our fathers, where are they?
Their ashes sleep in starless gloom
Within the dark and dreary tomb,
Until the judgment-day;
Their spirits from the earth have gone,
Like the sweet harp's expiring tone,
And share, from mortal troubles free,
The glories of eternity.

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## BOOK-LIFE.

'Dreams, books, are each a world—and books, we know,
Are a *substantial* world, and pure, and good.
——Books which *are* books.'—WORDSWORTH.

THE illustrious men of the past—the teachers, the singers, the wise—are not dead. Their voices have not sunk with the lips that became dust; that which they meditated, and mused, and searched out, spending the midnight oil, and losing the living light of earth, hath not been lost with themselves; for the voices were the voices of the brooding world, devoid otherwise of speech, and their labours were not in their own behoof. Therefore is it that the intellect was prone to pursue mere ideas, without apparent practical end, and that a perpetual instinct has led the various minds into paths as various, when, if it had been terminated *there*, they might sometimes well have been accused of a groundless caprice. A strange intermediate life, indeed, is granted to the great writers; their being is not that of ashes in the hollow urn, nor of invisible inconceivable spirits in the world beyond all time; rather, they come ghost-like out of their silence.

Yea, reverence to those true world's workmen! They do in sooth possess the present and the future; they are 'dead but sceptered sovereigns,' and the things they spoke in vain while they yet lived, in the power of their solemn hieroglyphics do now prevail. Those calm teachers are incorruptible in their integrity; they cannot be moved nor angry; they are not biassed by the opinions or prejudices of the fleeting age, nor by the fears of the outward tyrant. The conscience is suborned, the heart is deceived; but *there*, when you return to it, the page remains, a testimony as from the oracles of God. The *lives* of these authors, what are they? They may have fallen and erred, have lied to their fellows, have seemed as if those truths were not, which they should write or had written; but solemnised by the sense of speaking to an audience so ideal, so trustfully helpless as the unborn, *then* they confided their inmost heart to us; they dreaded no enemy, they sought no false praise, and feared, as most men fear, to record a lie. The secret spirit of their time, even when all but they appeared ignorant, spoke in them; thus is period linked to period, and the world has never really gone back.

The books in which we feel most life are those in which the *person* most reveals himself; the genial, unrestricted, true, and honest man, who speaks as if he were consciously addressing *us*. It is what we call 'nature' in a book; the skill by which one author can send down the stream of ages thoughts the most delicate, the most rare and untranslateable pictures, that, from a mere germ, unfold themselves into scenes still dewy with the morning, astir with the airs of heaven, and never out of date: while another labours on in vain, page after page, or contents himself with abstract notions. Who has not felt this *community* in such writers as old Isaak Walton, 'babbling of green fields,' of brooks, of flies, of fishes, all of which are but circumstances and garments of his simplicity? Or in Bunyan, Defoe, and Chaucer, or the unknown authors of old ballads, which have been sung and said for hundreds of years, till only humanity itself seems to have produced them?

If authors, then, live in their books, and possess a world in them still, which hangs above ours, even more truly may it be said, that readers find there a life and a world, compared with which their actual daily lives are insignificant. A life which we never lived, regions which we never saw nor hope to visit, events which are for ever gone, are there spread out for us. We enlarge our capacities of feeling, know what we should have experienced in unknown situations, are possessed of truth not by us discoverable. The profound solemnities of ocean, with its storms and evanescent shapes, are not barred from our quest; nor the solitude of lonely deserts, where the caravan sank into heaps of sand; we taste the fragrance of exotic leaves from eastern balconies, or are threading the close jungle, where the sun has brought out all the wonders of vegetable instinct, swarming with strange life; and the white-topped mountain startles our sight from the upper sky, when we looked for air; or the realms of winter near the pole, in their ghastly beauty; their cold blue icebergs glittering up into keen fantastic pinnacles—protruding arms and giant snouts, seen against a dreary haze, with the slow chill seas washing under. If the longing for travel had moved us to forsake our hearth, where all these sights themselves visit us, how much less of them should we know than sitting *there!* For so the world travels abroad on a pilgrimage to the soul, but if the soul moves it is still, and we must find it; the best things are always ours without seeking.

One who has been familiar from an early age with reading, will be able to trace out his own mental history by certain books; he will feel and remember that they severally brought about or marked stages of his character which he can still associate with them. The faëryland that was opened to him, almost in his very first consciousness, by 'Beauty and the Beast,' by 'Cinderella,' 'The Invisible Prince,' 'The Magic Ring,' read by nurse or mother, and others more ethereal yet—did *they* make him dream as he did then, or were they but the palpable expression of his dreams and of his heart, which some wise

old man had known how to anticipate for him? Then the adventurous interest, the boyish energy, brought out by 'Jack the Giant Killer,' and those many tales which tell how brothers parted to 'push their fortune,' and how they met again. The tenderness and tears, helped on by our little sister's sobs, of 'Little Red Riding-hood' and of 'The Babes in the Wood.' Never can the imprint of these, so slight in bulk, so mighty in their power, be worn out of the spirit, grow old as it may; let it forget other things, the strife of manhood, the passions of youth; *these*, more than aught else, have formed and fashioned it, and while their result is everlasting, these are the causes it forgets latest.

But another epoch of the character came, which demanded other food, by other food was nourished. Then was the day of 'Arabian Nights;' nights beautiful indeed to memory, with their soft waters, and lustrous eastern heavens, and countless lamps; their fountain-courts, and magic terrors so unreal, and easy-fathomed loves of fancy. Anon, the keener beauties, the more shuddering fears, of ghostly legend, of haunted chamber; the knightly titles, the stately ladies. And yet again, more realising romance of adventure; the bold achievement, the stirring emergency: 'Robinson Crusoe,' the desolate isle, its ingenious shifts, its delicious absolute reign, with sense of a far-off climate, and trees so different from those outside the window. Then succeeded the time of sentiment; books only that chimed in with new unutterable wants, that explained strange and delightful emotions, that imaged again one or many sweet faces of our knowledge—of our neighbourhood; these alone could we accept, hearing said in them what we could not dare to breathe to some one, whose first name perhaps we found there, which aloud we could not pronounce to any.

The development of imagination itself does not appear till youth is verging into manhood, and some strong passion has been guessed at or known. The boy, drawn out to objects and actualities, laughs at all poetry; he is surprised some day to be led by Byron or Campbell, even in his own way, into the realms of that wondrous country.

Who that has known it, can forget the era of his character, when he broke into true study, and first knew what it was to live entirely in books, to view truth itself as a full reward, to sit late into the night musing over the solemn problems of thought, over the mute suggestions of disembodied mind! Then were Plato, Leibnitz, Des Cartes, Kant, Bacon, Coleridge, the august companions of his seclusion; the common house-mates of his every-day looked too trivial. Then, indeed, it might be said, that nature was deserted, and books became her enemies; threatening to lose their own life, and become the death of reality in earthly sights and earthly men. It is only while they serve to explain the ever fresh existence of things, that books are good and vital. Still, be it recollected, that a book does more than record thoughts or abstractions; it is for us the real index of his character who wrote it; we learn men even more truly thus than in the market-place.

But a higher development yet of the man by books than that of reason, or even of imaginative depth, remains in religious faith. Reason and imagination guided him thither, nevertheless its sole object, its necessary education, lie in that time when first *the Book*—the Book of books—the Word, with which he had long been familiar, began to exhibit to the individual a new meaning, a profound supernatural purport which he had never observed before. It is perhaps in some hour of sorrow, some heavy calamity and irretrievable grief, that this particular significance strikes him, out of a sentence which he had heard so often as to learn it by rote. Separated, it may be, from all books, on a sickbed, in a prison, in the desert, amidst the great waters, or prostrate at midnight beside a grave; then it is he feels the virtue of a book which can go with one, follow one, and be as a library of travel. Again, how far above other books is this, in that it is inexhaustible, something new, as if the mind's own enlargement were *all* wanting to *its* clearness, and would only show that volume augmented. No other education required, to get at least some knowledge from it; even an unlettered man capable of progressing here without limit. Every one who has ever set himself earnestly, candidly, intelligently, and humbly to study the Bible, will testify without exaggeration to this peculiar fact—that it always taught him; that if he seemed to return to it a more learned man than formerly, the book itself appeared, as it were, to have secretly prepared itself for him. This is of all books especially 'the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up to a *life beyond life*.' The heart of 'Jesus of Nazareth' speaks there.

There is a class of books peculiar to modern times which, from various reasons, have occupied a somewhat equivocal position in opinion. To some persons they are the sole intellectual food; others abhor them as absolutely evil. Of course that department of literature called 'Novels' is here meant. This has always seemed to us a most foolish practice, but a still more foolish doubt. It is not the *class* but the individual work which is to be thus treated. Being essentially of the order of poems, and themselves poems, of lower or finer degree, with poetry they must stand or fall. They are especially the poetry of domestic society; the larger heart of modern thought is here indicated; the household is written there. They should be family books, read by the young at least, at the hearth, with the criticism and correction of father's and mother's moral experience and practical sense. Their illicit perusal by the young is a vicious system, but resulting chiefly from the false 'excise' principle of family government. When the delight is so much greater than the punishment, they cannot be excluded, and *smuggling* is perpetuated. As an instrument of education they are valuable; if they often excite false views of life, they also prepare for it. *Love*, their main subject, should not be whispered about as an unmentionable thing, but considered a reality. They only arise where the *family* institution exists; they are a humanising counteracting influence against worldly doctrines or narrow religious asceticism. Where so well is the fluctuating, various, daily earth's-life, the life of humanity, pictured? We sympathise there with mortal, suffering, rejoicing beings, enter into their projects, meet them like dear shadows, hear them speak, see them smile mutually, and are very sad to part from them.

Amongst the many objections urged against the theatre, it is undoubtedly inimical to book-life and to the family-life of the people. To the ancients it was a moral institute, a substitute for books; there they heard the productions of their poets, and met as an open-air people, and a non-domestic one, to be taught. But it is different with us, in the era of printing. Not to speak of it in stronger terms, there is one objection essentially good at all times, that it takes us away from books, those companions which are at once easier obtained, and can be taken up in an instant. There at once our house is filled, our orchestra tuned, the footlights lit, the curtain raised, and the characters advance upon the ideal stage. Our stage should be the hearth and table, and our own heart or the mutual hearts of a family. Solitary or family imagination and sentiment are always purer, wiser, than those of mere gregarious assemblies. A multitude is sometimes wiser than the individual tone of feeling, but oftenest far more foolish and more gross.

To return to books themselves again: how many books are associated with the scenes they were perused in, and do thereafter receive and give this complicated interest! And many immortal volumes, with some that are sweeter in their obscurity, are married in our mind to soft grey autumn woods, to banks smitten with the summer sunset; to roots of shadowy trees, out of whose cool round of verdurous light he could look up from the page into the hot and breathless noon, and to a large mountain-side. There is, too, a host of strange or touching incidents in the moral private history of humanity, connected with books for ever.

gether, in Dante's answer of Francesca da Rimini, that short parenthesis of love's wo?

> 'One day
> For our delight we read of Lancelot,
> How him love thralled. Alone we were, nor was
> Suspicion near us. Oft-times by that reading
> Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
> Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
> Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
> The wished smile, so rapturously kissed
> By one so deep in love—then he, who ne'er
> From me shall separate, at once my lips
> All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
> Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
> We read no more.'

And the mightiest of images, too, are those which allude to books, since books are the most spiritual of tangible things, and in them there is a connexion of thought and sign as mysterious as that between soul and body, mind and matter. The great frame of the universe is represented under the figure of the 'book of nature,' whose leaves are turned over by the shadowy finger of time, one generation seeing but a single page, whose last word is so often the 'however' of a strange alternative. The salvation of souls in heaven is called by the inspired writers 'the Lamb's book of life;' a book-life indeed, in which how glorious is it to exist, how awful not to be included! When the 'dead, small and great, stand before God,' then shall the 'books be opened;' and another book will be opened, 'which is the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.'

What then shall we say of those who neglect books, to whom the pleasures and the lessons are unknown, the new existence, the larger life, that they open up? When we see one who, at a loss to pass a weary hour, seeking to 'kill time,' sits listless near the company of those true monitors and friends, do we not feel that hardly can he have been wont to make the 'Book of books' earnestly his means of inward subsistence; that he thinks man lives 'by bread alone?' Nor, though the great world and its temporary bustle live in *newspapers*, do we ourselves *live* there; the world's book has not personal vital authorship, and the reader cannot there respond to any living spirit's wisdom.

How happy a life is that mutual one which souls, that are too loving to be exclusive in their pleasures, find day by day hidden in their household book-shelf! The little library of the poor, in the cottage window; is it not holy to the eyes of the chance guest? To hear the fresh schoolboy of a night by the peat-fire of Scottish hearths, with voice so lessonlike yet distinct, reading aloud to the old people, who are farther from days of lore, and dimmer-eyed—to the younger folks who are yet spelling—some volume of martyrs who by their death are living, some pious divine who 'being dead yet speaketh,' some more secular account of travel to lands they scarce know by name, or the biography of one who perchance in life would have been abhorrent to their simplicity! What the *book* says, is it not true? Ah, it is good to think that the poor may have their books now, may enlarge their library!

If in our higher walks of society, amongst the people of fashion, this life were more observed, and were indeed between husband and wife and children, downwards, more a domestic and family sympathy, how much fewer infelicities should we hear of or guess at there! 'Tis Jane Grey, of sad but august memory, who, in the fancied dialogue of Landor, speaks with Ascham:—

'*Jane.* Would'st thou command me never more to read Cicero, and Epictetus, and Polybius? The others I do resign unto thee; they are good for the arbour and for the gravel-walk; but leave unto me, I beseech thee, my friend and father, leave unto me, for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

'*Ascham.* Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed! Thou spotless undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well! These are the men for men! These are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures, oh Jane, whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband!

'*Jane.* He is contented with me and home.

'*Ascham.* Ah, Jane, Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

'*Jane.* He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him. I will read them to him every evening. I will open new worlds to him, richer than those discovered by the Spaniard; I will conduct him to treasures—oh, what treasures!—on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.'

Well, at least, have we *closed* our eulogium and description. And *this* is book-life—the world of spiritual regions and spiritual inhabitants, with its seas and islands, its nations and tongues—in which we may travel and dwell every day. It has its warm exotic East, its mystic Germany, its England of poetry and truth, its romantic Spain, its light-hearted France, soft Italy, and classic Greece, its solemn and marvellous Holy Land. If we have recalled to readers some experiences of their own, have served for ideal catalogue of those pleasures they have found in books, we have spoken on the whole well; for then have we done what we meant.

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## AUSTRALIA FELIX IN 1841.—COLONIAL COILERS.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED NOTE-BOOK OF RICHARD HOWITT.

THE old Scotch shepherd was not only a reader of deep-browed Homer, courtly Horace, and the sublimities of the Bible; the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' the 'Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn,' and 'To Mary in Heaven,' were to him sacred writings: and, besides these, the old traditionary ballads of his native hills flowed in a strong current through his mind, and often had utterance on his lips. We were soon intimate; and when I became thoroughly acquainted with the inward graces of his spirit, I recalled his first personal impression upon me, and, in thinking of it, not forgetting the bolder revelations of his mind, he appeared unto me as two persons; and strange it seemed to me that so glorious a gem should be enclosed in so dull and homely a casket. If he read and reflected, in him the mind had usurped no unjust empire. In others, the head may rob the heart: there may be a casting down of household gods; and the affections may be sacrificed on the altar of the intellect. The old man's heart was not unfeeling. Amongst homely sentences, keen truths, under formalities of common intercourse, amongst the undergrowth of things, there flowed, not unnoticed by careful observers, unostentatiously the holy waters of the heart. Often did we discourse, and always was I benefited by his conversation. Of him, amongst other lore, did I learn the ensuing;

Coilers are people in Australia who have been improvident or unfortunate, and who, on retiring, not voluntarily, from town gaieties into the bush, become hangers-on at sheep and cattle stations. From hut to hut they go, wearing out the patience and kindliness of old friends and associates, and are the veriest bugbears to hut-keepers and shepherds. Of this class one of the most notorious was F——, a young doctor, who, having spent everything of his own, and all that he could command belonging to others, paid liberal visits to every body with whom he had the slightest acquaintance, and having once shared their occasional convivialities, made free to lay upon them, as on a pillow, the whole weight of his follies and fopperies. He did them the favour to ride their horses, and enticed away with him the sheep-dogs, regardless of the remonstrance of shepherds; the master's property must be used as his own when and wherever he listed. Pitied by his friends, despised by everybody, a degrader of the name he bore, yet well-educated, and in youth too—the season of ardent endeavour and of hope—he had cast away as nothing opportunity, means, and the world's good opinion. How awful for him the future!

Then there were the two brothers, adventurous and affectionate, who sailed gallantly into the Bay of Port Phillip, the owners of a fine vessel: the eldest as captain, and the youngest as chief mate—

Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm.

The illimitable ocean was to them the field of speculative curiosity—the highway of wealth; and they embarked upon it fearlessly and fortunately, until touching upon the coast of this new land—unto them the land of death. Here the younger brother died; and the eldest, as if all the glories of seafaring expectancy had been in that one blow annihilated, sold his ship, and settled in the country. He purchased herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, paying for them in part only; and they were depastured, as security to the former owner, on the old locations, not apparently disadvantageously to the new possessor. But other times and a new order of things were approaching. A few years of mingled hope, anxious attention, despondency, and all was at an end. Flocks and herds became nearly valueless; and our seafaring cattle-keeper, our shepherd of the ocean, was penniless, for his whole stock would not pay the remaining sum, and reverted to the original proprietor. There he remains a hanger-on, doing menial service, for one of the saddest conditions of human dependency—mere aimless, hopeless animal life.

This was sad enough, but the shepherd revealed to me yet another story.

It is impossible at home, where competition is lean and breathless, that all the younger sons of noble and untrading families should embrace the learned professions. There the prospect is hopeless: law, physic, and divinity, are only havens now for the fortunate few, and the few patronised. Where, then, must anxious and forward-looking parents direct the aspirations of their children? To the Eldorado colonies, where fortunes are won and lost. And not a few of them, the most manly, the noblest creatures of the best and bravest of countries, frank, joyous, and hopeful, are denizens of Australia Felix. Some of them, too, are attended by wives or sisters, who for their sakes have relinquished—how much! the best, the most intelligent society, and the dearest hopes. Heaven reward them for their fidelity! A purer air they cannot breathe, nor be inhabiters of a more heavenly climate. To fortune in their behalf my prayers should be addressed, as the dealer forth, as the goddess of boundless benedictions; but to it she would not listen: and, indeed, for them more energetic aspirations arise from holier altars that appear to be disregarded. In what a sheltered hold of domestic elegance and enjoyment had William Percy grown up! Parents, brothers, sisters intelligent and affectionate, all that he could desire them to be, were his. And when he, the eldest, left home for the university, that parting was the greatest sorrow he had known. If the cup of human felicity, of which he had quaffed deeply, had been hitherto unmingled with bitterness, it was not destined long to continue so. Death after death of brothers and sisters, and at length of his father, recalled him home, to feel how silently settles down the night of sorrow and desertion on scenes of morning hope and happiness. One sister and himself alone at last remained to the bereaved mother, when anxiety began to be felt for his health, and a milder climate and a sea-voyage talked of. Lisbon, the south of France, Italy, Madeira, all gay valetudinarian paradises, were altars on which they hung flowery wreaths of hopeful expectation. But with William Percy, to whom the old 'moated grange,' the old family estate, had descended loaded with debts, something more than mere health seemed requisite: thus, to reinstate himself in fortune and health together, he decided to spend a few years in that wealth-accumulating country Australia, then so famous as an emigration-field. Hither he came; not, indeed, in its high and palmy days, when those who had sown delusion had in the paradise of fools reaped wealth abundantly; yet, as a careful scion of the 'land of cakes' observed to him, 'If not at the best, ye are come in a good time.' Still that person was no prophet, for the prediction was falsified in his own ruin. Job, the old patriarchal shepherd, had flocks, and a destiny regarding them, like William Percy, the Australian keeper of sheep. Here, as there, they were fallen upon by armed bands, civilised or savage. Bush-fires, natives, and white insolvencies, were alike merciless. Industry was frustrated, hope blighted, and that was the whole eventful history. Stripped and solitary, still he was not the victim of self-reproach: his case was that of thousands, careful, and wealthier than himself. But how to convey to his mother and sister tidings of scathe and destitution, he who had pictured his situation and prospects as brilliant? Pride and self-love forbade it. He would still write hopefully, keeping the secret in his own bosom, and wait and seek sedulously opportunity and means to reinstate himself in fortune as he had done in health. Hard is the struggle, and rough the descent from ease and affluence to labour and privation. Harder the substitution of another's will for our own. But as the white and delicate hands were bronzed and hardened, cheerfulness, never long absent from honourable endeavour, returned to him, for he had found what very few discover—a real friend. Still, he was a coiler, a hanger-on, although not eating unearned or unwelcome bread. The favourite steed, the faithful dog, the watch, had been sacrificed lingeringly. There was the internal struggle, and the words not steadily spoken—'Well, let them go, I can do very well without them.' It is thus that necessity, the bailiff in the livery of voluntary servitude, loses half the offensiveness of his presence. Thoughts of his home now perpetually assailed him; of his books, of his friends, and the conversation of those dearest to him, and the vast difference betwixt *that* and *this*. There he was beloved, and even here he was a favourite. The servants of the station where he was behaved to him with kindness and respect, for an atmosphere of good offices diffused itself around the bush-residence, and lived in the countenance of Percy's friend. Health he had recovered; but fortune, how should he retrieve it? It was impossible. One day there was the rumoured arrival of a ship from England; and no one but the exile in a new colony, where vessels come seldom, can understand the sensation caused by such an event. Hundreds of miles do the squatters ride anxiously and hurriedly for letters and newspapers. William Percy, amongst the rest, rode into town for expected intelligence. What a scene was that of the post-office! There were numerous horses of settlers with their bridles slung over the pales of the office-yard, whilst the yard itself was crowded with anxious expectants. Rich and poor, old and young, there they were, hanging about the letter-box as though it were the fountain of existence. The settlers pocketed newspapers six months old as they might be expected to do, carefully, title-deeds of valuable estates. Few on receiving their letters waited to read them when they reached home; and there streamed thence in all directions readers of opened letters in the streets. One young lady there was, a little apart from the throng, partly screened by a pillar of the post-office verandah, deeply intent on a black-edged and black-sealed paper—she was unconscious of any observer, and her tears fell unrestrained. The dead, for whom she wept, was only just then dead to her, although tears for that death had been plenteously shed six months before by far-distant relations, but whose sorrow had now subsided into a tender regret. Here that old sorrow was wept afresh. Letters there were for Percy's friend; none for him, only one newspaper. It was opened immediately. First, as is ever the case, did he carefully go over the catalogue of deaths, for abroad that is always perused with a painful expectancy. A rich, childless relative was dead, and his great wealth was, it was stated, gone to a distant relation. 'Most likely,' muttered William, 'to some wealthy man who did not need it.' William felt himself, indeed, although near in blood to the deceased, a *distant* relation. Wondering within himself why he got no news from home, he rode along the streets to quit the town, when a strange spectacle surprised him; there, sauntering along, he saw, come out as a bounty-emigrant, Sam Hollins, a man who had been an old servant of his father's, but discarded, when Percy was quite a boy, for dishonesty, and who was well known in the village as of most disreputable character. At the sight of that old familiar vagabond what a host of recollections and associations rushed at once into William's mind. He saw the 'old house at home,' the village, his own hereditary

fields, everything and everybody with the most vivid precision. They recognised each other at the same instant. Percy would have passed him at home silently; not so in the colony. Hollins was the first to speak: 'You've got letters by our ship, I suppose, though they would not send by me.' 'No,' said Percy, disappointed, for he had a faint hope that Hollins might have been the bearer of one, although he knew that his friends would prefer the post; 'but, perhaps, you can afford me some intelligence.' 'Yes, if you were not a chip of the old block, and would grudge to give me as much for bringing it as you would freely pay the post.' Percy, disgusted with the sordid wretch, turned away; still, he would willingly have given him a trifle, as a 'stranger in a strange land,' but had paid away for his friend's letters the last sixpence. Blushing at his poverty, and a false pretext for it—not forgetting the old family consequence, which had descended to him with little wealth, and the customary gratuity, as a matter of course, now asked and refused—he was departing, yet still lingered to hear Hollins mutter, 'Well, you are stingy.' 'But, really, do you know anything of our family?' asked Percy, seriously, looking back. 'Nothing particular—only—and perhaps I should not mention it—' then, after a long pause, during which Percy was choked with apprehension, 'nothing—only your mother's dead.' Percy was stunned—blasted. He thought he could have endured anything but that. His constitution was never strong; now, how he got home he knew not; melancholy, fever, and delirium followed—and long doubtful life. He, however, recovered, but moved about in the world like a shadow—the possessor of an existence which had lost its value. Another ship arrived from England, and with other intelligence. Johnson, Percy's friend, this time visited the post-office, and returned with a serious countenance, as the bearer of some ill news. With a grave face he said to Percy—'There is nothing for you by the post, and only ill news in the town for me. L. and Co. are insolvent; and that will prove a serious business just now.' Then he added still more gravely—'You, Percy, had better go home. I will pay your passage whilst I am able, and must shortly myself, I suppose, return from the country ruined: this change by government in the value of land will cut down thousands. Also, you have long been a burden to me, and must go.' Nothing was so abhorrent to Percy's feelings as this announcement of a return home—to what a home! Then, could his friend be so unfeeling, so selfish as to think him a burden! It was a dagger stuck in the heart of his pride, his self-respect, and his friendship. He could not understand it. He stood fixed, stupid, motionless. He was torn by strange and conflicting emotions; when Johnson, laughing, thrust a letter into his hand, and left him. His sister's hand-writing—he knew it in a moment; and it was written very recently. Could she be in the colony? Yes, she and his mother were both in Melbourne. So powerful was the revulsion of his feelings, and so blinding were the tears which flowed freely, that unable to read beyond the mention of how admirably his mother had borne the voyage, he rushed into the house to Johnston, and heard from his lips the unread portion of it. His friend's conduct was now perfectly clear. Percy understood it well. Johnson had done that for him which pride did not suffer him to do for himself. The mother and sister in England had known all his losses and sufferings. Did Johnson so like the brother that he longed to see the sister? We know not; but such selfishness may possibly exist in human nature. Here she was, and that so highly-prized mother. Moreover, they had not come out from the old land to the new empty-handed: they had brought out for Percy great wealth, for he indeed proved to be that '*distant relation.*' Of the meeting, and general happiness we need say nothing; all that will be understood. The scamp whose intentional falsehood as it regarded Mrs Percy had caused such unmerited suffering to William, did not go unpunished. The genius of poetical justice directed him to Johnson's station when seeking for work, and the master, on learning who he was, gave him a hearty horse-whipping, and then told him the reason for it. It has only further to be recorded, that the first time Percy met H[o]llins, out of his abundant good-nature and happiness, applied such a golden balsam to the fellow's stores, as, is to be hoped, may be the means of preventing him fr[o] the commission of similar acts of villany.

## REVIVAL AND PROGRESS OF NATIONA[L] LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

FIRST ARTICLE.

From the era of John Knox till the beginning of th[e] last century, Scotland, if we except Drummond of Haw[-] thornden, and William Alexander, Earl of Stirling (ir[-] dividuals, however, whose tastes and habits were so ex[-] clusively English that it is scarcely fair to lay claim t[o] them as our own), did not produce a single poet of emi[-] nence, or even common respectability. The din of eccle[-] siastical strife scared away the genius of Scottish son[g] from her own beloved Edina, in the first instance, and ul[-] timately the whole land so rang with the loud clamour o[f] angry voices, that not even in the wild and beautiful soli[-] tudes of the far north, could the affrighted goddess find [a] resting-place for the sole of her feet. To drop all figure[s] the common orders of Scotland had no poet to sing fo[r] them, no tale-teller to make them stare, no amusing essay[-] ist to shake their sides with laughter, no grave moralist t[o] make them think, during the whole eventful century that followed the Reformation. A taste for common literature seemed altogether, during that long period of time, to have fled from our native land; theological knowledge spread, indeed, with a rapidity altogether wonderful. Among our working men and peasantry the desire to accumulate information in reference to the most mysterious doctrines of the Bible was intense to a degree; sermons of most astounding length, and embracing topics the most abstruse and profound, were listened to when delivered from the pulpit, and devoured when they issued from the press, with a rapacious avidity, of which the present light literature-loving race cannot form the most remote conception. The peasant's and mechanic's library then exhibited, in addition to the Bible, only about a dozen of well-fingered volumes; and such volumes! Tracts on the Covenants were nothing; they were rather amusing reading, and are so still; but then these discourses on Job, and lectures on Ezekiel, in which both old and young alike delighted, why, to ask many persons to read one of them now, would be like asking them to wear for an afternoon a shirt of hair—so numerous were their divisions and subdivisions, their heads for use, and notanda for application. And yet these were the staple literary commodity of the times. Volumes such as it would now be a species of insult to ask many a young man to read for an hour, formed not merely in these days the books of occasional reference, to be read during misfortunes or headaches, but the poor man's every-day book, his *vade mecum*, his dearest companion, his meat and his drink. Ignorant of poetry, heedless of science, when intelligent Scotchmen met together their conversation was of an exclusively religious cast; church politics were, indeed, often discussed, but, we believe, that in the majority of cases, these excellent persons loved best to converse about the doctrines which make wise unto salvation. It resulted, however, from this state of things, that no man became a reader, or continued fit for ordinary society, who was not a decided Christian. The irreligious and profligate of the times in question became, from their gross ignorance, worse than heathen in their habits; they turned away from religious books with the same disgust that the licentious of our own times do, and the consequence was obvious. For those of the present day who cannot tolerate religious books, those of another description are provided. A man may want religion at present, and never (except for purposes of ridicule or hypocrisy) open a book that discourses to him on the subject, and yet not be a barbarian; he may be quite godless, but then he has Burns and Tannahill at his finger-points; or he may even be able to quote from Shakspeare, Byron, or Shelley; he may be in-

fidel in his opinions, but he gives you a reason from Paine or Voltaire for the unbelief that is in him; or, what is now too common, he may be merely indifferent, and yet a devourer of that portion of the cheap literature of the day which contains nothing offensive to ears profane. But during the seventeenth century it was different. The Cuddy Headriggs and Tam Hallidays of the times in question had no intermediate species of literature to which their intellectual tastes might have turned for relief, when nauseated and sickened with the conversation of their mothers and aunts, their uncles and wives—to which they were often, during meals, or on the hay-meadow, compelled to listen. Hence these individuals herded together—hence they became either vulgarly licentious or decidedly stolid; or if they obtained a more enviable distinction, it was solely that which resulted from their skill in barbaric sports, shooting, wrestling, hunting, tossing crowbars, or pitching quoits. Ministers, in these times, were often heard to complain, that in the visitation of their parishioners they had frequently in one household to encounter the two extremes—intelligent (because religious) sisters, and barbaric (because irreligious) brothers: Mause in one corner reading the Marrow, and her hopeful son asleep on three chairs dreaming of the wappenshaw. And what was true of private families, was true of Scotland as a country. If at any time the more ignorant portion of the community made an effort at reading, they regarded as a species of feat having been able to master the first six paragraphs of the renowned John Cheap. We have as many religious persons among our peasantry now as we had then, but they lack the religious intelligence of those times. To be religious then was to stand out in an attitude by which man seems only a little lower than the angels; to be irreligious, implied a degradation that levels him with the brute. An immense change has in this respect taken place amongst us. A religious man is not necessarily one who reads only religious books; a godless man is not one of necessity who reads no books at all. A love for religious reading seldom now, indeed, we may say never, exists alone; and a dislike to it is found, alas, to be but too compatible with an eager thirst for ordinary knowledge, poetry, history, novel lore, and the scientific or dramatic page. That this change has taken place is obvious—that it is greatly for the better, scarce any one ambitious of being reputed sane will venture to deny; it commenced, as we have said, about the beginning of last century, and if we are to style it a literary revolution, its Dante must be confessed to have been no less a personage than the famous Allan Ramsay. Previous to the Reformation, besides a great number of learned individuals, who figured as historians, chroniclers, or scientific philosophers, Scotland could boast a considerable array of excellent poets, who, versifying in their own language, and on national topics, must have exercised a considerable influence over the minds of the populace, and fostered tastes and sentiments akin to the elegant. While religious knowledge had suffered an almost total eclipse, the poetry of the James's, of Gavin Douglas, of Winton, of Blair, and especially of Dunbar, cannot have failed, extensively circulated as it was, to have imparted a species of mental elevation and refinement to the spirit of the masses, by which they were to a certain extent kept from the perfect barbarism into which they would otherwise have assuredly degenerated. From 1588, however, till the appearance of Allan Ramsay, no poet arose to produce verses calculated by their language and exclusive nationality to tickle the ears and gratify the hearts of those who, in reference to religious teaching, were careless or supine. Allan, however, speedily accomplished the business. The mantle of Dunbar, after long floating through the air without seeing a single pair of human shoulders on which it deemed it fitting to make a descent, dropped at last on those of the Netherbow barber, who immediately fell to singing all manner of merry songs, and told in verse all manner of delectable stories, and uttered in verse all sorts of sage proverbs, and perpetrated in verse all manner of excellent and execrable jests; and from that moment Scotland has gained distinction, not only for being the most religious, but the most literary and poetry-loving nation on the face of the earth. It is our intention, in a subsequent number, to introduce Ramsay to the notice of our readers, and this renders it the less necessary to say much at present either about him or his poetry. That he was a revivalist is certain, a lion's provider to that portion of the public who, refusing to be instructed religiously, found no one who would take compassion on their souls, and give them merry ballads and verses, somewhat more elevated than the heroics of the Rhymer. As in all sudden changes, however, there is danger that in the effort to shake off existing abuses, what is worth preserving frequently shares the fate of what is positively an evil, so is it to be regretted that in administering to the amusement and information of his readers, Allan, who in private life does not appear to have been altogether devoid of religious principle, should not have taken advantage of the vast influence he had acquired over the popular mind, to lure a portion of his readers over to the side of Christianity and virtue, by sometimes mingling with productions almost exclusively amusing, a few which might have been good to the use of edifying. We are aware that some, even at the present day, conceive, and act on the idea, that literature and Christianity have nothing in common—that what is called high-toned literature, and the divine system of truth, are totally irreconcileable. In proof of this, search the writings of such utilitarians from beginning to end, and their be-all and end-all will be found to amount to this—look after your comfort here, but never mention a hereafter. With such cheerless and dangerous moralists we have no sympathy. Without obtrusively exhibiting any of the characteristic peculiarities of a particular creed, we cannot see the slightest incongruity in the blending of the two. Were it otherwise, we would at once say, that the era of which we have been speaking was preferable to that in which we live—that an exclusive diffusion of that knowledge which makes no reference to the divine system of truth, would ultimately prove a curse rather than a blessing to society. On this point, however, there is happily no cause for alarm. While Ramsay's poems are the farthest possible from exhibiting any species of infidel leaning, and while they are not, like the works of too many of his successors, to be for an instant charged with levity or mockery in reference to religion, there is from first to last a studied exclusion of the subject. It is absolutely wonderful how a man could write so many verses, and these, too, on an almost countless diversity of subjects, without for an instant committing himself as to the opinion he entertained of Christianity as a system, or the Bible as a book. No British—not to say Scottish—poet ever, from first to last, maintained in a religious sense a neutrality so decided as Ramsay. There is much about the man and his poetry to make us wonder; but the success with which he carried out a system which, at the outset of his poetic career, he must obviously have prescribed for himself—never, that is to say, by a single hint, to remind his readers that there is a revelation from God—a volume in circulation whose contents make wise unto salvation; never to do this looks more than wonderful—it seems to touch the miraculous.

The consequence of Ramsay, however, adopting this system of dogged neutrality in reference to the momentous subject of religion, was its complete exclusion, or nearly so, from all works devoted in Scotland to the purposes of ordinary literature for upwards of half a century. Within the last twenty years matters in this respect have been gradually mending. Blackwood's Magazine especially, though confessedly devoted to little else than the literary and political information, or more than all to the simply innocent amusement of its readers, has always spoken fearlessly out on the subject of Christianity. However limited may be the merits assigned by a discerning public to our own weekly periodical, the praise of having at least started on the principle we have been now alluding to, cannot, and we believe will not, be denied us. May we have many followers. When our plan is carried out, not only will the interests of religion be advanced, literature and science

will derive from the association an attraction which they never possessed before, and from the aid derived from their fellowship with Christianity, they will find indeed that union is strength. Having specified Allan Ramsay as the illustrious individual who effected among the common people of Scotland a change similar to that which Dante had a few centuries before accomplished in Italy, we shall endeavour, in our next article in this series, to justify our assertion by taking some particular notice of the man and his writings, and shall thereafter, in a series of short essays, follow the progress of the march of literature to the present day, accompanying our remarks with short notices of the small galaxy of luminaries which, during that period, have arisen in the portion of the literary horizon marked off by our mental astronomers under the title of 'Scotch national poetry way.' In other words, we shall give sketches of the lives of those poets who, since the days of Ramsay, have delighted and influenced the minds and hearts of their countrymen by the exclusive nationality of their muse.

## THE MANUFACTURES OF SCOTLAND.

### PAISLEY—THE SHAWL TRADE.

The extensive factories of Mr Robert Kerr, situated at Seedhills and in Thread Street, Paisley, represent on a scale of great magnificence the operations of the trade or manufacture more especially recognised as the Paisley shawl trade. There are many public works, affording employment to vast numbers of people, situated in and near Paisley, such as cotton-spinning and linen-thread mills; there are especially great printworks, at which immense quantities of printed goods, and particularly printed shawls, are now turned out; but the local manufactures of Paisley have of late years owed their principal distinction to the excellence attained in the production of woven and figured shawls, which are consequently the staple commodity of the trade of Paisley. It is those shawls that have attracted the patronage of royalty, and by the combined splendour, beauty, and elegance of their fabrics and patterns, secured the general sanction of fashion itself.

Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of 'St Ronan's Well,' as well as in another of his novels ('The Surgeon's Daughter') has introduced, with all the zest with which he generally enters on any point of national pride or importance, some good-humoured bantering on the comparative merits of the Indian and the Paisley shawl. And certainly, at the time at which Sir Walter wrote, the rude Indian of Cashmere, labouring at his loom in the open air of his native valleys, persevering through the tedious task of looping the weft of his exquisite fabrics, without the aid of mechanical ingenuity, and out of stuffs dyed at his own domestic hearth, but possessed of the advantages of patience, industry, hereditary skill, and the unrivalled wool of the goat of Cashmere, could produce a 'bright tissue' which it baffled the skill of more polished nations to approach in the way of imitation. Since, however, 'the mighty magician' playfully sported with the subject, important advances have been made in knowledge, skill, and enterprise, such as to place the Paisley shawl, by means of improvements in taste, texture, and material, in much closer approximation to the excellence of the Indian. Scarcely less gratifying in these utilitarian times is the fact that, along with this, improved facilities in the various arts connected with the production of the Paisley shawl have been pushed so far as to reduce the price of this handsome article to a point which gives it as decided an advantage in point of cheapness as ever the Indian shawl possessed in point of value.

Forty years ago there was not a shawl loom in Paisley; and, except an attempt made at the close of the 18th century to imitate the Indian shawl in Edinburgh, similar to what was doing in Norwich and Stockport at the same time, nothing had been done in Scotland to cultivate this branch of art. Some of the English goods, it is stated, were sent to Paisley for the inspection of several manufacturers; but the muslin trade being then good, it was conceived that shawls, as a fancy article, would be of a short-lived character, and few accordingly were induced to engage in their production. Mr James Patterson was the first manufacturer who embarked in the business with ingenuity and perseverance, attended by success sufficient to establish the trade in the locality, and thereby prevent its being transferred to some other quarter. He was followed by others. But the operatives, from the expense of erecting a shawl loom, and the length of time required to put it in a working condition, were, many of them, long deterred from entering upon this branch of business. The decay of the muslin trade, and reduction of the price of labour, impelled them at length to turn their attention to the shawl trade, and it was not long ere it proved the more important of the two. The well-known intelligence, perseverance, and industry of the Paisley operatives, conquered every difficulty; and serious as the outlay of money might be considered for them, few of them hesitated to engage in the business.

In a short time the shawl trade began to develop itself into distinct ramifications. Shawls were soon made of spun silk, of soft silk, and of cotton, as well as of mixtures of all the three. These goods, however, did not possess the appearance of, nor did they feel so soft as, the peculiar productions of the Asiatic loom. To remedy this, an attempt was made, in which was employed an admixture of soft wool and worsted. Still the approximation was nothing like what was desired. About 1820, Messrs Gibb and Macdonald of Edinburgh introduced a wool from Van Diemen's Land for shawl manufacture, and along with it invented a style of figure and arrangement which placed them foremost in the market for many years. In 1830, they also produced admirable imitations of rich Indian shawls made from Cashmere wool, thus bringing the shawl manufacture to the highest point it had ever attained in this country.

The gorgeous patterns of Paisley have since put out the Edinburgh shawls, which the national taste seems at the time of their introduction to have been inadequate to appreciate, since it was in France that the great demand for them existed, and whence a limited call for them is still made. The inefficient construction of the weaving loom in use amongst the operatives of Edinburgh, and their unwillingness to improve it, is one strong reason why the attempts made in this city to establish the manufacture of rich shawls failed.

In 1824–5, the Messrs Millar of Paisley attempted the introduction of shawls more closely resembling the Cashmere than anything as yet produced in the place. They procured Cashmere wool of native growth, together with English materials nearly similar, employed a Frenchman to superintend their work, and built a factory where they could carry it on in secrecy. The operations of this respectable and enterprising firm were closed in consequence of the commercial panic of 1826–7; but to their French superintendent belongs the credit of having introduced the double ground, or two backs, as it is called, which while it adds beauty to the fabric, enables more colouring to be thrown into the pattern, as well as a saving to be effected in the cost of production.

The double back only improved the ground, but the tweeling of the spotting or colours which form the pattern, a still more important improvement, afterwards introduced by the Messrs Walker, was a positive advance in design. A protracted demand for bordered goods ensued in consequence of the increased beauty of the patterns produced by this improvement of the Messrs Walker.

On the revival of business in 1828, several houses commenced making wool shawls. Amongst the rest Mr Robert Kerr, after repeated failures, succeeded at length in producing a superior article; and for two or three years Thibet shawls were the staple productions of the Paisley loom. These were shawls of plain ground, with figured border, wove separately, and sewed on.

For the last ten or twelve years there have been greater diversities of style in the goods produced at Paisley. The

manufacturers and pattern-drawers have seen the necessity of paying much more attention to the varied styles of India and of France. From these sources, enriching their ideas and invigorating their fancies, they have been led to adopt better methods of colouring and contrast. The Paisley patterns, in consequence, possess a degree of taste which does not only them but the state of our textile art at large infinite credit. The Messrs Roxburgh of Paisley have, in particular, infused a spirit of emulation amongst the artists, by exhibiting year after year the spirited effects capable of being accomplished by a series of patterns of increased style and dimensions. The Messrs Roxburgh have thus eminently contributed to elevate the art of design in Paisley.

The French loom, the general and recent introduction of which has effected such a revolution in the Paisley shawl trade, is both upon a simpler and more effective plan than the old looms either of India or Paisley, at least where the Paisley lay is substituted for the plain lay of the French. Still the French have advantages in respect of possessing a command of card paper (an article most essential to the working out of the pattern) at a rate four times cheaper than it can be had in this country; and also in the art of design, in which, since beginning the use of the Jacquard loom, our countrymen have scarcely done more than copy the French. The reason of this perhaps is, that previous to that time, under the operations of the Paisley loom proper, patterns could be set at one-fourth the cost incurred in preparing patterns for the Jacquard. Until, therefore, the art of design shall, under the auspices of the British Government, have made as much advancement, in immediate connexion with and application to manufactures as it has done in France, under that anxious and watchful attention bestowed on the matter by the French Government for a long course of years, the productions of Paisley must inevitably fall short of those of France. Pattern drawers amongst us have in fact much progress yet to make in the practical knowledge of art itself. They have even to descend, as in France, to the more attentive study of weaving and manufacturing, before they can enter into a general competition with the French designers. The Frenchman invariably makes it his business to obtain a knowledge of the Jacquard loom before entering the school of design. A Jacquard machine was for years after its invention (the story of which is known familiarly to every one) kept in the French schools of design for the purpose of illustration. Even yet, after the French pupil has passed through the school of design, he is required to devote six months to the theory of manufacture. While at the school itself, he must devote two hours daily to study the application of designs to the machine, chiefly under the direction of persons whose exclusive business it is to instruct these young artists to transfer upon ruled paper, termed 'design paper,' the patterns they have produced.

Under such circumstances, the art of design in France, which previous to the year 1808 was at a comparatively low ebb, while trade was limited and uncertain, has become since that period, and more particularly since 1814–15, when the Jacquard was much improved and fairly established, superior to all that British artists can achieve or British capital incite, owing chiefly to the great numbers of young men in France devoting their talents to the production of elegant shawl patterns. The French have thus come to be acknowledged the best imitators of the Indian shawl. And this distinction they seem determined to maintain. More than half the goods imported from India to this country are purchased by the French for patterns. 'To nature and Cashmere,' is a byword with the artists of Lyons, in which they indicate the sources to which the excellence they have attained is owing. It was even found out in 1820, not only that the French had gone the length of importing and making their shawls of Cashmere wool, but that Cashmere goats were rearing in France.

The necessity for establishing an efficient school of design in Paisley, for which a spirited subscription encouraged by government is now in progress, will be more than manifest from this outline of the difficulties through which the Paisley shawl trade has struggled, and the foreign competition which it has to encounter. The almost universal adoption of the Jacquard weaving machine, notwithstanding its cost, as well as the expense of setting up the pattern to be worked by it (the card paper for a single pattern seldom costing less than £60, and more frequently above £100, on which government derives a duty of 20 per cent.); these are difficulties which the trade of Paisley has nobly encountered and overcome. There are consequently several houses making at present square and long shawls, in Paisley, more closely resembling the Indian fabric than any ever before manufactured there. The shawls now manufactured at Paisley are, to the most superficial observer, an astonishing contrast, in their superiority of design and beauty of execution, to those made ten years ago. The progress of the Paisley shawl manufacture has really been little short of a marvel, considering the pitch of refinement it has reached, under the pressure of fearful disadvantages. Few people indeed have the most remote idea of the superior character and extensive variety of the products of the Paisley loom, many of which are now freely disposed of by the draper for French goods, and some of which begin to be imitated by the French themselves.

Mr Robert Kerr's factory, as already mentioned, represents on the grand scale the entire routine of the shawl manufacture; and it is in reference to this large work that we shall now endeavour to present an outline of the mode in which the Paisley shawl is produced, together with an enumeration of its varieties and characteristics.

The particular pattern having been decided upon for the manufacture of a shawl, the following is the method in which it is produced. Tabular views of the intended succession of its colours are first jotted down on a paper termed the 'weaver's ticket.' This shows at a glance the procession of the colouring each way, lengthwise and breadthwise, from end to end and from side to side of the shawl. Calculated in splits of two threads each, the 'weaver's ticket' exhibits the exact way in which the dyes throughout the shawl are to occur when woven. To furnish a notion of the minuteness of these tickets, that intended for a shawl of 1600 splits down and up, *i. e.* 3200 splits or 6400 warp threads, commenced with dividing off 10 'splits' to be dyed in a particular manner, viz., 10 inches of them *black*, 72 inches *marone*, and 10 inches *black* again, making up the full length of the shawl, including its fringes. Besides this there were 30 different changes down and up, or 60 changes in the whole breadth of the web. So minute were many of the subdivisions of the colouring, that, for example, the 10 'splits' above mentioned, when put together, formed, in a web of this fineness, not more than a quarter of an inch of the one colour in the width of the cloth. Some portions all of one colour were, of course, more extensive, varying from perhaps 80 and 100 to 350 'splits.'

The 'weaver's ticket' or 'web draught' being thus concocted from the pattern peculiar to the shawl, the necessary yarns are first given in a green state, to the warper, by whom the intended web is thereupon warped off, wholly undyed. The warper's duty includes measuring off, knotting upon a thread and tying with a coloured string the different measurements of colour indicated on the 'draught.' By this means he is enabled to warp off every proposed colour into a chain by itself; and, not only so, but to keel or mark upon that chain each termination of that succession of colour—giving the number of 'races' or times this one colour runs up and down through the web.

The yarns on coming from the warper are arranged and screwed down into the slides of a machine or frame, and dyed according to these marks—each warper's chain of yarn being dipt as many times as it represents different colours or grounds throughout the *length* of the shawl; those in the *width* of it being separated, as already intimated, to be dyed each of its own appropriate colour. The

value of the labour already expended up to this stage actually equals that of the silk itself.

In the dyeing-house, woollen yarns are first scoured in ammonia, soap, &c.; some colours also demand the yarns to be previously prepared for their reception; and, in general, cotton yarns are previously boiled in water; spun silks tossed in boiling water, and tram silks boiled in soap to extract the gum. The skeins of yarn are then hung upon the dyer's pins and dipped in the vats or boilers. These vats in Mr Kerr's work are of cast-iron, 6½ feet deep. Some of them, for hot dyes, have a flue passed through them. Scarlet yarn is dyed in one hour, one man at each side of the boiler turning over the skeins. Some colours require a greater length of time than this. The woollen yarns are all done warm; the cotton all cold; and the latter require several dippings, which is sometimes even the case with the woollens, as in dyeing woad-blue. In these last instances the dyer keeps advancing from the weaker to the darker colour until the full shade is obtained. After being dipped in the dye, the yarns are washed, mostly in cold water, although in Mr Kerr's establishment warm water is preferred. Excepting such colours as improve by an access of oxygen from the atmosphere, most yarns require immediate washing. When the dyeing is finished, each skein is wrung well out on the dipping pin, and thus becomes ready for the drying stove, where it remains hanging upon poles, usually from afternoon till next morning, subjected to a temperature of 100, 110, or 120 degrees of Fahrenheit. Nothing more remains to be done with the yarn in this department than making it up into bundles.

The flower lashing, whereby the yarns are adapted for the loom, is done by men and girls. The patterns, transferred on design paper, being put down before them on a frame, exhibit at a glance the distinct colour of every thread in the piece. Upon this frame are stretched chords called 'simples,' one for every thread, whatever its colour, represented on the pattern. A twine called a 'lash' is passed through amongst the 'simples' on the frame, so as to isolate in its place each one of the same colour from the general mass. The 'tacks' or 'lifts' of each distinct colour are afterwards assembled together into one 'lash,' so that when this lash is pulled by the drawboy employed at the loom, or at the card-punching machine in preparing for the Jacquard, the whole of one particular colour in the portion of the pattern at which they have arrived can be thrown into the web by the weaver's shuttle, or is represented by means of the punching machine upon the card paper. The punching machine, whereby these cards are cut, is mounted in exact conformity to the harness of the weaver's loom, and enables the weaver to dispense with the drawboy; or rather, instead of each weaver requiring a drawboy for himself, one drawboy at the card-punching machine now answers for all. The card-punching machine, therefore, is worked by a drawboy, and holes corresponding to the different colours representing the weaver's 'shots' are thereby punched out upon the cards successively. The succession of cards being strung together, are deposited at the side of the loom, mount one by one to the top of it, and there becoming for a moment fixed upon pins, each in its turn admits of the portions of a particular colour, represented by its perforations (somewhat as musical notation represents sounds) being communicated to the fabric in process.

The flower-lashing is performed in the upper flat of Mr Kerr's factory, a lofty edifice of four storeys. The other three flats are filled with looms. On one side range of one of these are perhaps thirty plain looms in full operation upon tartans, &c.; on the other side range of the same flat, and throughout both ranges of the other flats, are rows of splendid Jacquard harness-looms, or more simply Jacquard looms. Each weaver has suspended at his elegant loom a fan of quills used for drying the dressing put upon the web. This is the old form of fan which has been reverted to. At one time a circular revolving fan was attached to the side of the loom. Here shawls of all kinds are in progress of being woven. Mr Kerr's patent double shawl is worked with as much apparent ease as the single fabric, although by this wonderful device two separate and complete shawls are worked at one and the same time. The weaver is paid for this work considerably higher, having harder work and more material to take up. There is a machine for splitting or cutting separate the two shawls, which are woven back to back. It is not a little curious, on comparing what ought to be the corresponding portions of each shawl, that their relative colours are reversed. Thus, the white of the one is represented by amber colour in another; the scarlet by black; the dark blue by light blue; the light blue by green. A beautiful portrait of Louis Philippe, King of the French, which the *connoisseur* of the fine arts can hardly distinguish from the finest line engraving, has even been produced on these looms; and the principle involved in this production has since been carried out by Mr Kerr in a magnificent new vest-piece of a splendid and intricate pattern.

We shall not pause to describe the numerous operations of finishing, singeing, fringing, &c., through which the shawls pass in preparation for the market, since there remains enough to absorb our attention in the enumeration of the various kinds and descriptions of fabrics produced in Paisley, of which we suspect, except amongst those concerned in the trade, no adequate idea prevails.

*Rich white crape shawls*, woven plain, are subsequently embroidered by hand in the adjacent country. Some of these shawls are of great value, and the embroiderers alone would receive sometimes as much as five or six guineas for a single shawl. The embroidery alone of a fine one cost 110 shillings. Besides these handsome white shawls of flowered embroidery, there are crimson and coloured shawls of the same description. It is here in fact that Paisley must be proclaimed unrivalled. All that the French have done in crapes has never to this day come up to what has been and can be done in Paisley. The China crapes, as yet unequalled, are approached nearest by those of Paisley. The fringe of one of these shawls is about one pound in value. The manufacturer receives for them as high as twelve guineas from the retailer, who of course disposes of them at a higher price. It is about twenty-five years since the manufacture of crapes was first introduced into Paisley, where a capital trade in them subsisted for some years, but afterwards declined. An effort is at this moment making to revive this branch of industry. In the instance of Mr Kerr's establishment, the entire manufacture, from the raw material to the finished shawl, is done upon the premises, the silk being 'thrown,' wholly prepared, woven, and finished in the house, from the first stage to the last.

*Silk gauze shawls*, of bright streaming colours, a well-known branch of the Paisley trade, under which exclusively Fulton's house flourished for an entire century, while the town at large produced little else, are still made of great delicacy and splendour. A specimen termed 'Aërial,' shown at the first Corn-Law League Bazaar, in Covent-Garden Theatre, excited great admiration.

Even *figured satins* are made in Paisley. These exhibit sometimes the novelty of having colour thrown in upon the ground, so as to disguise it in the centre in the same manner as in the border of the shawl. In one shawl, of which the body was in reality black, it had been woven over all blue. The bordering of the same shawl was composed of four colours.

*Lace shawls* are made of a most gorgeous description by being *embroidered in colours*. These are not only o black lace, but crimson and all varieties of ground. The splendid embroidery on them is diversified by the display of eighteen or twenty distinct colours. It is executed exclusively in Renfrewshire, and for the most part in the country immediately adjacent to Paisley, as for instance in and around the rural village of Kilbarchan. It is found, in this instance, that instead of drawing off the rustic community from domestic avocations, this manufacturing employment, the same magnificent needlework which the Scriptures of old assigned to 'king's

daughters,' and in which the aristocratic recluses of the ancient nunneries revelled, is performed by girls who are frequently called upon to lay it aside for the more pressing emergency of proceeding *to milk the cow!* And yet these shawls are splendid, brilliant, gorgeous, in the full flush of natural colouring—ay, and something beyond—for art, we are well aware, is permitted to exaggerate. For these few years back the French have tried this branch of art; but the Paisley work is quite fit to stand in competition with the French.

*Barège shawls* are entirely woven, being a species of gauze. They are made both in squares and longs, and of various colours. Through the black ground of some of them a finely wreathed flowery pattern of white is run, like a 'sable silver'd.' They are very handsome of any colour, whether *white* with *black*, *light blue* with *white*, &c.

*Massive harness-wove black satin shawls* are entirely done in the loom, including isolated figures raised on them in embroidery! These figures are literally sewed in the harness-loom by the shuttle; and actually consist each of a single continuous thread!

*Eighty-hundred satins*, very rich and very handsome, are done with alternate stripes of such colours as primrose and lavender, or crimson and green, interrupted by similar interspaces of a black ground in fine combination.

Some very curious *striped silks* are made in alternate brilliant stripes of plain ground and figure, in which a substitution of warp actually takes place. The plain warp behind the figures is in this case never interfered with; for the figured stripes receive warps of their own, and the plain warp behind is afterwards cut away, being left at these parts floating loose. The figured stripes generally present a diversity of light colours, and are very gay.

*Figured barèges* have generally a strongly contrasted plain pattern, as white upon black.

*Crapé shawls*, elegantly contrasted in the same way, have, raised on the surface, the above-mentioned embroidered figure sewed in the web.

The scarfs called *Grecian scarfs* are exceedingly brilliant and rich in their stripes, we had almost said in their plumage, for their colouring is gorgeous.

*Oswegans*, again, have a red ochrey ground and simple blue or yellow stripes, with a singularly wild and transatlantic effect.

The *satin crapes* are still finer in the double combination of their simple figured stripes, the length and tenuity of the lines giving them grace and character.

*Indianas*, in the shape of gentlemen's plaids, with a manly substantiality of texture, combine such enduring hues as woad-blue on a pale diamonded pattern, or the chequers of the plain and homely shepherd's plaiding.

The *tartan plaids* for ladies are often made of an exceedingly fine texture.

Amongst the varieties of wove shawls produced—

*A plain centre shawl* with a *harlequin runner* has the runner laid off in different large compartments, each including a large object of the pine-apple pattern, beautifully balanced within or towards the centre of the shawl by two smaller objects proportioned to the larger extent of the large one. This shawl is entirely wove, both weft and warp, a thing regarded as very difficult to accomplish, especially in the case of a wool warp.

*A harlequin long shawl*, of which the ground would be white but that it is entirely woven or covered over with figures, is a remarkably elaborate production. The lady of a distinguished M.P., returning lately from the Continent with two of these shawls, a long and a square, in her possession, both being of Paisley manufacture, had them seized at the Customhouse as being French. It was in vain that their Paisley origin was insisted upon; our native manufacturers could not obtain in the minds of her Majesty's officials the requisite credit for having produced any such articles; and Mr Kerr's agent had actually to go down, exhibit the original pattern, and relieve the property of the honourable member's lady from the consequences of this somewhat earnest tribute to our manufacturing success.

*A real Cashmere*, weft and warp, worked with woo, spottings, possesses a quiet agreeable character and exceedingly fine runners.

*A plaid with white centre and large runners* evinces exquisitely minute differences of pattern, from being constructed to serve as a double or 'half and half' garment, exhibiting one pattern when one way folded, another pattern when folded otherwise.

*A scarlet Cashmere square shawl*, the finest that is made, being all Cashmere, weft, warp, and spottings, is in its chasteness, disposition, and conception of pattern, particularly owing to a novel curvature in the border, remarkably fine.

Other *fine shawls*, with beautiful turns in the pattern, evince a singleness of purpose, or rather a unity of design, carried out through the entire runner, and even projected towards the centre, not abruptly terminated at the usual line of demarcation.

*A harness-finished shawl*, two parts white, Mr Kerr's superintendent, when in London, discovered to have been imitated by the French. Entering a shawl emporium, he chanced to make some recognition of the pattern, but learned to his astonishment that the shawl in question was French! It was afterwards ascertained that the French had strictly copied this production, Mr Kerr's number for it being 28, the French 113.

A demure and sober-coloured *Cashmere* might be complained of as being dull, yet suits the taste of many, nor is such taste bad. There is a divine beauty and equanimity in moderation.

The *subdued style* of shawl is analogous to this. The pattern evinces no decided figure; the pines, employed as the best curve for giving decision, are thrown out; and there is no scarlet admitted into the combination of colouring. These shawls are new. They have generally black and blue centres.

*Mosaic shawls* are pervaded by patterns in fine flowing combinations; and

The *ray shawl* receives its name from the emanation of *radii* from the runners projecting towards the centre.

We are now done. The enumeration just presented, and it is rather a selection of items than a full, true, and particular catalogue of the products of the Paisley loom, is the best method that occurred to us of indicating the nature, extent, and excellence of these celebrated fabrics. It will afford us pleasure if we have thus in any way contributed to make them better known.

## 'DAFT-LIKE.'

'Well, Mary, my dear, are you going to wear your worsted shawl this cold winter evening?'

'No; I think the silk-net one will suit better. Worsted has gone quite out of fashion; nobody wears it now; at least, nobody who cares to be respectable. Don't you think it would look very, very daft-like?'

Thus we overheard a young damsel of sixteen reply to her elder and more judicious sister, turning, as she did so, to survey her blooming features in the mirror.

'Daft-like!' what an influence for good or evil does such a word exercise upon society, not limited to one class or grade in the scale of humanity, but pervading the whole human family, from the Indian squaw, who delights in nose-rings and stained quills, up to the fine lady who arbitrarily abandons one set of jewels for another of a newer pattern. The word itself does not find a place everywhere. In certain circles it would be deemed vulgar; within these it cannot penetrate, although we should infinitely prefer its homely expressive sound, to *outre*, odd, or eccentric, more commonly used. Society has certain usages which she prescribes to mankind, often not the result of a consideration for their welfare or happiness, but based upon inexplicable whims; and these customs, after people become habituated to them, operate as a law, any infringement of which is regarded with a sort of instinctive shrinking horror, and would be considered as 'daft-like.' By way of illustration, here is

a fop, perfumed and oiled—a glittering savage, strutting along, tapping his incipient moustaches with a twelve-inch cane; a poor relation passes him and bows; he returns an imperturbable vacant stare at the familiar individual, and walks on without recognising him, satisfied that he has done his duty, and equally so, that to do otherwise would be 'daft-like.' Again, here is a young lady who sacrifices comfort to French stays; who goes thinly clad in cold weather; who rather would walk through the damp streets in slight slippers, than wear boots. By and by, spinal distortion results from the attempt at improving on nature; or, perhaps, worse still, consumption seizes her, her beauty fades, health declines, and she droops, like hundreds of others, silently into the grave—a mournful victim of the dread of being 'daft-like.' To multiply instances, which daily come under the observation of every one who will be at the trouble of looking for them, would be a needless task. You will find the influence of this foolish and fatal delusion disseminated everywhere. You will find it a barrier in the way of mankind fulfilling the greatest and noblest duties of life—a sort of moral bugbear that haunts the mind, that lays its grasp often upon the genuine feelings of the heart, and draws man back from the performance of duty, into the narrow channel of selfishness. And where are we to look for the cause of all this? To fashion—to that great influence that sits enthroned upon the human mind, distorting the sight, taste, and sympathies. Man is an imitative animal. We might draw a parallel betwixt him and the monkey. A common way of catching these creatures is, for an individual to wash his face in their sight, and, on going away, leave a glue-pot behind. The monkey descends, smears his face, and glues his eyelids together. Fashion often closes the eyes of its victims against all that is truly noble or beautiful. It is a genuine glue-pot to wash in. Now, whether would the unfortunate monkey, which had deprived itself of light and happiness, and rolled ridiculously about on the ground, or another which had overcome the imitative propensity and retained its vision, be considered as 'daft-like;' which of them? Society, with its present feelings on the subject, could only, we fear, in consistency, point to the one that groped in darkness. Let us not be understood as condemning imitation. It is a good quality, but only when running in a proper channel, when directed to a proper point. Imitate as much as you choose, but have for your standard something noble, something genuine, and do not aim at the really ridiculous and absurd, although they happen to be sanctioned by high authority.

The influence which these two words exercises is great for good as well as for evil. While they countenance they also condemn folly; it were well were they only employed for the latter purpose; were dishonesty, fraud, deceit, and ignorance alone 'daft-like,' instead of their opposites. We think it a good thing for the world that there have been daft-like people in it—people who, regardless of absurd established codes of fashion, or erroneous evil principles, as held by it, have accomplished great and glorious ends. No reformation in social customs, no great stride in civilisation, no shaking of men from religious lethargy or superstitious sway, was ever attained till the authors of it disregarded the 'daft-like.' Where would the labours of a Howard, a Wilberforce, or a Fry have been, had they listened to its voice, and obeyed the dictates of its narrow rule? Let us then have the words buried in oblivion's fathomless abyss, and the world will lose nothing; or, if they be retained, then only let what is really contemptible, vile, and hollow, be 'daft-like.'

## WANDERING MENIE.

(Continued from page 201.)

'How true it is,' I said, 'that God can uphold with the one hand while he depresses with the other; so temper the heaviest calamity as to make it supportable, and mix the bitterest cup as to make it sweet, extracting honey from poison and joy from grief!'

'The hearts of all men are in his hand,' responded my friend, 'and he can turn them wheresoever he will as rivers of water; and he has kindly turned them in Menie's favour, so that she lies down among the green pastures and beside the still waters of his providence. Many a lady's needle plies for her and her baby. Not an infant, I am sure, in the country is better dressed or has a greater number of changes.'

'Is not that ill-judged generosity?' I hinted.

'Not at all,' said my friend; 'she has great happiness in seeing her little idol more gaily dressed than herself, and her happiness is the object to be obtained; but it can only be obtained by consulting the tastes and tendencies which insanity has given to her mind. Nor is she herself forgotten. An abundant supply of clothes is provided for her during the varying seasons of the year. She has houses in different places where she keeps them lying; but she will allow no one to wash or dress them but herself. In summer, she takes them away to a remote pool in one of the glen or mountain streams, and lays down and hushes her baby to sleep, and makes Hector lie at a little distance as guardian, and then begins her work, and sings away, and goes every now and then to see how Roderic is doing, and what Hector is about. I came upon her once while thus engaged, and being concealed by trees, I stood—I am sure I stood for hours—contemplating the strange and interesting spectacle. The day was fine, and the spot was beautiful, and skilfully chosen for the purpose. A fine pool formed itself beneath a gentle cascade, and tumbled about with an easy graceful motion to the very edge, and a green fresh plot of grass pushed itself back into one of the sides of the glen and created a delightful recess. At the farthest corner of it lay Roderic, carefully rolled up in a plaid, and near him lay Hector, watching every motion of his mistress, and occasionally turning round to see that all was right with his little charge. She went on washing and wringing, and spreading out, and laving, and turning, and singing so sweetly the while, and sometimes running to her baby as if she had heard it cry, and then returning with a light step and a bright face, and beginning her work again, that really I caught the spirit of the scene and could not prevail upon myself to leave it till I was too late for a funeral to which I was going. But many a one besides me has Menie belated and mistrysted. One might almost say that hers is the poetry of insanity. She is so pretty in herself, and everything she does has such a natural grace about it. She dresses so well too, and keeps herself so tidy and clean, and says so very striking things at times, and has such romantic ways with her, and is so good-natured and usually happy in herself, that I do not wonder she has taken hold of every one's imagination or heart. Even the selfish are surprised into generosity by her. An old maiden lady, of close avaricious habits, had, the other year, a large bed of crocuses and snow-drops laid out expressly for Menie, who loves and frequents the spots in early spring where the first flowers appear. I asked her one winter why she loved the flowers so much, and she smiled and said, 'Because they are the eyes of spring, and I see the summer through them, and hear the birds lilting.'

It does not appear,' said my friend, in answer to a question of mine, 'that she is unhappy when winter approaches, for she seems to take great delight in walking among the dry leaves in October and November, and even in December, if the weather be open and fine. She gathers them into large heaps, and lies down in the midst of them, and rolls about like a little child at play. She says the birds had their nests there, and the sun lay among them all summer, and maybe an angel at a time. During autumn, too, she gives chase to the flying things which the ripe year is letting loose, and Hector enters with great spirit into this sport, and catches many a truant thistle-seed for her, as it scuds by on the breeze, or trundles along so lightly over the old beaten pathway, or the brown grass, or uncut corn, as the case may be. Sometimes, too, when they come to a thistlehead laden with ripe seeds, lying piled and ready, with unfurled pinions, to catch the first wind, like a fleet of anxious vessels in a bay, Hector

will toss them up with his snout to reach the breeze, and then set out after them with great show of determination, to the infinite divertisement of his mistress. There is one drawback to her happiness at this season which I have had frequent opportunities of observing. She speaks to and pities very much the old paralytic humble-bees which cling to the cold flowers that remain, as the bindweed and dandelion. She will ask them where their brothers and sisters are, and if they have no home to go to, and that they cannot sit there all winter, and if they are very old and weak and ill; and then she will touch them, as if to call their attention, and they will hold up their benumbed arms so pitifully and entreatingly, as if they said, 'Let us alone that we may die in peace,' and sometimes she will weep at this, and go away very disconsolate, and tell Hector he must not disturb the old sick bees that have taken ill by the road and cannot go home. Poor thing, she once took ill herself by the road and nearly perished. She has a custom of walking out in moonlight nights, both in summer and winter, and nothing will induce her to abandon this practice. Once, I believe, she did leave it off for a while, and it arose from this circumstance. She has a fancy that God is angry when it thunders during night or in the winter season; but when at other times, she says, 'Who knows but it is God speaking to the angels, and who can tell but the lightning may be the glancing of his e'en or the twinkling of his feet among the clouds?' Now, on one occasion, it chanced to thunder two successive nights she was abroad, and she became so alarmed that she did not move out for some weeks. But I was going to tell you of a mishap she had. About three or four winters ago, when the snow was deep and the moon at the full, she was out as usual with her baby and Hector, and happened to wander up among the mountains. The night became overcast, a violent storm of wind ensued, and, exhausted by fatigue or subdued by illness, she lay down in a sheltered hollow and fell fast asleep. The drift soon collected about her, for it came in eddying from all points. Hector, it appears, had fallen asleep too in the folds of her plaid, and by the time he awoke there were several feet of snow above them, and fast increasing. The dog, with the instinct of his species, wrought out a passage for himself, which he must have effected with considerable difficulty, and ran to the nearest farmhouse. The master and shepherds were out attending to the sheep and collecting them into places of safety, and only the mistress and two little children were at home. She knew Hector, and guessed by his pulling at her clothes and running to the door and howling, that all was not well with Menie; so she took a plaid and went out in search of her husband and his men, and having found them, they got spades and went off with Hector as their leader, who bounded backwards and forwards in the midst of his impatience and delight, and as if chiding them for delay. He led them directly to where Menie was lying, and began to scrape with his feet and to whine and look up at the men. After several hours of hard work they succeeded in reaching her, but she was sleeping the sleep which would probably have carried her through the valley and shadow of death had not timely assistance been rendered. Hector almost smothered her with caresses, and barked and capered about as if he had gone distracted. They conveyed her to the farmer's, and warmed and put her to bed, and by next day she was quite well, and rose and dressed herself and her baby as usual. She said, she dreamed, in the hollow where they got her, 'That a number of angels came over the bonnie bridge of a rainbow, and called her by name, and put her into a golden cloud, and took her away up into the sky, above where the laverocks sing, and she saw the pearl gates of heaven far far away, and white people going out and in at them.''

'And was she not cured of her night wanderings?' I inquired.

'Not at all,' said my friend, 'it only kept her from the uplands while there was snow on the ground. But some good has come out of this singular taste as well as evil. She once saved a widow and her two children from being burned to death. The house had taken fire during the night, and Menie, who happened to be passing, rushed in and awoke the mother and carried out the children, and ran back and dragged out the woman herself, who had fallen from terror and suffocation in the passage, and so narrow was their escape that both were considerably scorched ere they reached a place of safety. Menie bears the marks of it on her hands and shoulders to this day. Another time, when the moon was setting amid clouds, two burglars were sitting resting themselves beside their booty at the edge of a solitary morass. They had robbed a gentleman's house that night of some silver-plate and other valuables. Now, Menie happened to be on the outskirts of the marsh at the time, and an *ignis-fatuus* getting up, she gave it chase, as she commonly does, and called on Hector to 'catch and hold.' The thieves seeing the strange light coming up, and hearing the sound of feet and voices, as they thought, behind it crying, 'catch them, catch them,' they took fright and fled with the utmost precipitation. The spoil and the hat of one of them were got next day by a shepherd lad. Inside the hat was written the owner's name, a man of considerable wealth and influence in the neighbourhood. He was apprehended and shortly afterwards confessed his guilt, and gave up his companion, and described, as I have told you, how they were scared, and how they had fled till they fell from exhaustion.'

'A striking instance,' I remarked, 'of the way in which providence turns weak and broken instruments to account. It appears that Menie is a sort of night guardian to your district.'

'In the moonlight nights she is,' replied my friend, 'but she suffered sorely last winter from doing an act of mercy beyond her strength. She got a woman of drunken habits, with an infant in her arms, lying half-frozen by the roadside, and binding the child to Hector's back, she took the abandoned mother on her own, and carried her fully half a mile to the nearest farm-steading. The next day she was seized with inflammation, and was confined to the house for eight or ten days. She never once regretted what she had done, but mourned very much over a hurt in the back which Hector had sustained in leaping with his burden over a ditch of some width. It was affecting, they said, to see the sympathy they displayed for each other. She could hardly be persuaded to take the necessary repose for looking after Hector; and he, in his turn, would every now and then scramble up beside her, and lick her hand and cheek, and whine and fondle about her, and then make an attempt at merriment and pretend he was quite well: and sometimes she would be carried away by it and enter into his frolics, and then she would suddenly check herself and chide him for deceiving her, and tell him, half angrily, to go away and lie down and be quiet till he was well. If he attempted to resist and banter her out of it, she would take up Roderic from her side and ask, 'What would become of the little helpless dear if he lost his Hector and his mammy,' and the thought would make her sob and weep bitterly; and Hector, as if understanding what was said, would steal quietly down and lay himself by the fireside, and then look up so piteously and pleadingly, as if promising he would never do the like again if she would only be quiet. Menie was the first to get better, at least she thought so, for she forced Hector to keep the house after she had begun to go out. This was a sore punishment to him, and he cried and moaned in her absence as if his heart would break. A circumstance, however, occurred which led to his emancipation. It was on a Sabbath day, and Menie had gone with the family to a tent-preaching in the neighbourhood, and two boys had been left behind in charge of the house and Hector. As boys soon tire doing nothing, and will rather work mischief instead, they began to play pranks upon Hector, and at last bethought them of tiring him out in an old short red cloak of their grandmother's. Hector's grief made him nearly passive in their hands, and they soon got the cloak fastened and pinned about him to their minds. The next step was to put a ruffle and a string of large glass beads about his neck, and a 'sowback mutch' or close cap

about his head. The little rascals laughed obstreperously, and mocked Hector and called him their 'grannie,' and asked him to sit down and take a smoke; but Hector had been watching his opportunity, for as soon as one of them went out he bolted after him, and made off, as if by instinct, in the direction of the field-preaching. As he came near the place, some of the people in the outskirts of the meeting got their eyes upon him, and of course were at some loss to make out what he was. But as if to resolve their doubts, up came Hector at full gallop, with the beads rattling and the cloak flying, and dashed at once into the midst of the assemblage. The sensation was immense. Some jumped up, some laid hold of their neighbour's arms, others smiled, and many grew pale for fear. The minister fortunately was near-sighted and did not see what was going on. But Hector minded none of them. He had but one object, and was soon seated, without her knowledge, at his mistress's side. The effect of his sitting posture was so indescribably ludicrous that many could not suppress their laughter. The minister heard the unseemly sounds and stopped. Menie awoke from a reverie and looked round, and there sat Hector, as demure and grave as the venerable person whose clothes he had on. She uttered a faint cry and rose and made off, and Hector followed her. 'Oh, Hector!' she said, when she got out of the way, 'what's this! what's this, man! ye've made a fool o' us baith and disturbed the worship.' But Hector, as if sensible that all was not right, would not come close to her, but tried occasionally to shake himself clear of his encumbrances, and made several feints, by look and action, to propitiate her favour. Menie was overcome at last by the drollness of his appearance, as he bobbed on before, with the cloak flapping and the beads jingling, and one of his ears sticking out from beneath the crumbled and misplaced cap, and laughingly asked Roderic 'if he ever saw sic a daftlike creature. But it's no your faut, Hector,' she added; 'oh, man, ye wad make the dead laugh.' And Hector, knowing his time, came up and made his peace with her; she took the things off him and went away back to the preaching, and sat down in a corner where few saw her; so Hector had his liberty from that day.

My friend paused in his desultory account of the poor maniac, and as I was anxious to get as much as possible of her habits and history, I recalled his attention by remarking—'I see she has laid past her book again, to caress Roderic and trim his dress.'

'Yes,' he resumed, 'she spends much of her time sorting and fondling him, and saying all manner of motherly things to him. Sometimes I've seen her lay him down on a bank of heath or thyme, and gather every nice thing about, and lay it above him, and then sit down and sing so sweetly till she fancied him asleep, and then remove Hector to some distance, and watch lest any one came near to disturb his slumbers.'

'Do you fancy,' I said, 'she believes in the fiction she practises upon herself?'

'It is difficult to say,' replied my friend, 'for insanity has a world of its own, and believes in that world as firmly as we do in ours, or the dreamer in his; and it seems quite as impossible for the insane to doubt the reality of what they see and hear or conceive to exist in the disordered chambers of their imagery, as for us to question the testimony of consciousness, or the evidence of the senses. It would be interesting to know what Hector thinks of the matter—whether he shares in the belief of his mistress, or has an opinion of his own; or whether, from habit, he has come to regard Roderic as a real child. It is possible that she, at first, was aware of the deceit, and received from it only that pleasure of imagination which children derive from such things, and from mimic scenes generally; but it is quite possible also, that, by persisting in the affair, she might come at last to believe it, just as the liar becomes unable, in the end, to separate the true from the false in his mind, imposing first upon others and then upon himself. Thus monomania and fanaticism may often arise. There may be constitutional tendencies, but even these may not be indispensable. The mind, by constantly brooding on the same thing, becomes morbid, and the morbidity spreads to the brain, and they react upon each other, and the most unhealthy and absurd views come to be entertained and believed in, so that what is mentally wrong at first becomes physically so, just as certain forms of physical error terminate in mental anarchy. At any rate, neither Hector nor Menie could be fonder or more careful of any real infant than of Roderic One thing is clear, that next to his mistress, Roderic is uppermost in Hector's affections. When he awakes in the morning, the first thing he does is to look in her face and next in Roderic's; but he seldom or never sleeps when she falls asleep in the woods or fields. He sits watchfully beside her, and permits neither man nor beast to approach her. On one occasion he drove back Lord —— on his own grounds, and forced him to take another direction, so as to keep clear of his mistress. He knows her habits and routes, too, as well as she does herself, and usually, in fact, leads the way, as you saw he did in ascending to the tower.'

'I have often been struck,' said I, 'with the sagacity of these sheepdogs, and their devotedness even to unkind masters.'

'Yes,' replied my friend; 'but never had dog more attached or indulgent mistress than Hector; but if he is loved, he loves in return. He saved her baby once when it fell over a cataract, and often is Roderic reminded of the fact; and once he rescued herself, when she slid from a wooden bridge without ledges into a swollen mountain stream, and but for him, I have heard, must have certainly perished. He knows he is privileged, but he does not abuse it. It is affecting to see them sometimes, striving who shall get the worst part of a road, or the less half of anything. Occasionally Menie will scold him for persisting, but he never minds that, for he knows the first resting place they come to, a pleading look and a lick at Roderic's cheek, will turn everything in his favour again.'

'Excuse me,' I interposed, 'but from what you mention, it appears that the circuit of her wanderings is pretty extensive.'

'Rather so; but never beyond the bounds of welcome. I believe there is not a hut or house in that strath, or in yon mountain range, but would open its door to her, and give her the best within its walls.'

'Except her father's, I presume. Does she ever go there?'

'She has not been known to set her foot upon his threshhold since the fatal night of her expulsion.'

'And has her father taken no notice of her?' I inquired.

'None. He would not permit even her name to be mentioned in his presence, while he lived.'

'Then he is dead?'

'He died about three years ago, and five years after his marriage, a broken-down and drunken man, the butt of boys in the street, and the pest of every neighbourhood he visited. His wife went back to the north, after wasting and swindling him of everything he possessed, and left him to die in beggary and infamy. Menie and he once met, I have been told, and she ran forward to salute him, but he uttered an oath, and shrunk back from her embrace. Hector flew upon and bit him, and ran off ere she had power to move or speak. She then wept and prayed God to bless her parent, and to open his heart to love her; but the hardened man moved off, muttering curses against the dog and his child. This rencounter was observed to have an ill effect upon her for some time, but the impression wore off, and she gradually recovered her wonted serenity.'

'You spoke of the grave of her husband,' I began, after another and somewhat lengthened pause; 'does she frequently visit it?'

'It is strange she does not, but fortunately so, for she is always the worse for it. Few hours pass, however, without reference being made to him, or some imaginary conversation being held with him. It is with the heart that has once really loved, as with the wall that has once been covered with ivy: even in its ruins the roots remain and vegetate. I have certainly wondered at her abstinence in the matter of her husband's grave, especially as she goes

very much about churchyards, and particularly about those which lie in remote places, by the side of woods and at the base of mountains. A friend of mine met her one day seated on the wall of one of these, and extemporised a few verses and gave them to her. They are commonplace enough, but not so when she sings them, as she often does, with the dead beneath her, and the moon above her. They run in this manner—

'How very quiet they sleep
In this lone churchyard,
On their couches dark and deep,
Which God hath spread, and angels keep,
In this lone churchyard.
The mourner softly breathes 'Alas!'
And low the winds speak as they pass,
Through the old trees and the long grass,
In this lone churchyard.
And deep, deep
Is their tranquil sleep,
In this lone churchyard.

The wild flowers ope and close
In this calm churchyard;
And winter comes and goes,
But it breaks not their repose,
In this quiet churchyard;
And the living pine and die,
And down beside them lie,
But they ope not ear nor eye,
In this still churchyard.
For deep, deep
Is their breathless sleep,
In this lone churchyard.

They've slept for ages here
In this old churchyard;
And dried is every tear,
And hush'd is every fear,
In this old churchyard:
For far away the billows roar,
And break and dash for evermore,
On troubled life's tempestuous shore,
From this old churchyard;
And deep, deep
Is their dreamless sleep,
In this lone churchyard.'

The verses are very so-so, but it is quite another thing to hear her chanting them alone by moonlight, in a sequestered graveyard, and in her own wild way, and her rich full voice laden with the deepest sensibilities of a broken heart.

I was going to mention, when you spoke, a circumstance that arose a few years ago out of her predilection for visiting the dead. The burial-vault of Lord —— is situated near the village of ———, on a piece of rising ground contiguous to the church. In one of her moonlight travels she was attracted to the spot, and Hector began to scrape at the door, and it gave way, for the wood was old and motheaten. She returned the next evening with a lantern and a large file, and with the help of Hector, she soon made an opening of sufficient size to enter by. Unawed by the solitude and solemnity of the place, she followed Hector down the damp stair which conducted into the chambers of the dead. Another door at the bottom opposed her progress, but it was still more fragile than the first, and in a short space she was holding the lantern above the silent and gloomy coffins, and keeping strange converse with the sleepers within. A dissipated young man, returning home from his revels, had seen and followed her, and stolen back from the vault unobserved. He waited about till she left, and then procured a light and went down again, in the hopes of procuring some valuables in the coffins. He broke open several, and took away certain gold and silver ornaments, and a richly embellished sword which lay at the side of a ducal corpse. The following night, when Menie returned, she was delighted to find the alteration which had taken place. She examined the different countenances and questioned them about their respective histories, and mixed up her own with theirs, which, indeed, she almost invariably does with whatever she is speaking about. The matter soon got wind, and several persons went down after her one night to see what she did, and found her standing in her white dress beside one of the opened coffins, with the lantern in one hand and the baby in the other, and Hector raised up on his forepaws, and both looking down into the muted face of the dumb remains. The sight so affected one of them, that he has never been the s man since.

'That's an awful sight, Menie,' said the foremost of party.

'It's a bonnie sight,' said she, without lifting her h or expressing the least surprise at their presence,

'Bonnie!' said the man, in a tone of wonder.

'Come,' said she, 'and you'll see the wark that's to done when the resurrection morn glints on thae ca cheeks. We're near the gates o' heaven when we're at gates o' death, if a's right. Would I lo'e him less that l laid in his hill grave, wi' the muirhen and her brood his feet, or think him farther frae me that he's streekit the dead?'

A kind of panic seized them, and they rushed out as f as possible. Others came, and others followed, and Me too, left, and there was a going and coming for that ni and next day, till the news of the unseemly intrus reached the ears of Lord ——, who resided at some d tance from the place. An immediate stop was put to t living stream that was flowing in and out from the abo of the dead. I received permission to see the coffins they were repaired and closed up. I shall never forg that sight. Whatever other ends embalming may ser it serves at least to show the vileness of our bodies, a the equalising nature of death. I may be wrong; but asked myself then, and I have the same feelings now—F what is this attempt made? To cheat the worm—to pr serve the well-formed face and nicely-proportioned limb to keep up the resemblance, the identity of the corpse the man—to shroud our frailties—to rob death of his te rors—to make the chamber of mortality a pleasant resor and its sleepers sweet and comely to look upon for genera tions? Well, what is the result? Do we gaze with quie satisfaction on the carefully preserved dust, and return and re-return with increased delight? Never did I con front death in so revolting a shape—never did I see him completely master of the field. There was one form ther that had made all hearts beat wherever it went; it ha been cherished and pampered, adored by lover, and sun by poet. The once beautiful flesh was now loathsom mummy, and the sense turned at it.'

'Is it not strange,' I remarked, 'that we should be s slightly and transiently impressed by such facts?'

'Not at all,' rejoined my friend; 'at least, as we ar presently constituted and disposed. Such facts are to common, and, besides, we are ingenious at self-deception and expert in shunning self-application, and in makin diversions in our own favour. We wonder at others, seldom at ourselves. At all events, I think it is idle to force dis tinctions into the grave. Death will wear no livery bu his own. He will not paint any more than bribe. Th dust of Belshazzar, could it be found, would be undistin guishable from that of a slave or a ringworm. One leaven leaveneth the whole lump. Mortality will not take the impress of immortality from the hand of the creature. What a grim mockery it is to attempt it!'

'Nothing, certainly,' I added, 'will chasten the paler, or remove the ghastliness of death, and it is perhaps in better taste, because more in accordance with natural feeling, to hide the dead in the earth out of our sight; for, after all, the spacious vault and the fretted cathedral are but the narrow house to the dead.'

'Narrow, indeed!' repeated my friend, musingly—'narrow, and yet large! Broad as the earth and long as the sea, and yet but a few handbreadths to each! The house that is all chambers, and receives all comers! Narrow, and yet the largest and the fullest, but never full. Thousands entering daily these thousands of years, and yet room enough for as many more as there are blades of grass or drops of dew. I sometimes fancy the earth to be like a great caravan bound for eternity, having more inside passengers than out. Some go in almost at starting, others after a while; a few sit it out longer, but all go in at last. There is a great noise on the top, but all is quiet within, for the blinds are kept down, and every

'The true way, after all,' I said, 'of throwing light into the tomb, is not to kindle it with lamps, and gauds, and precious metals, but with the prospective light of the resurrection, as Menie did.'

'That is it,' said my friend, catching the subject again I wished him to speak of. 'Yes, Menie said well. Insanity turns her faith into sight. Poor thing! though her mind be a broken cistern, it is standing full, I hope, in the fountain of salvation. I was witness to a scene which showed her love to the Saviour,' pursued my friend. 'I think I told you she goes regularly to church, and takes Roderic and Hector with her, and joins in the psalmody with such composure and fervour, that her manner, and the heart-searching tones of her voice, make a deep impression upon every one. Hector sometimes threatens to join, but immediately desists when she lays her hand upon his head. Occasionally she leaves when the first psalms and prayers are over; but commonly she sits till the end of service, and seldom takes her eye from the speaker. Her lips frequently move, to be sure, but she has seldom been known to speak out, or otherwise to disturb the worship. Her peculiar delight, however, are sacraments, and she goes to them far and near. During the first years of her calamity, she made several unsuccessful attempts in different places to sit down at the communion-table. On one of these occasions, she remonstrated and said—'He bade the children be let forward that the elders were putting back. Do ye no mind that?'

'But ye've nae token, Menie, ye ken,' said the elder—'ye've nae token, my woman.'

'I've nane from man, but here's ane from God,' said she, taking out her much-used Bible, and opening it, as if she meant to read a passage.

'It's maybe a' true,' interrupted the elder; 'but our orders are to let nane sit down without a token.'

'Then where'll poor Menie eat her passover?' exclaimed the wretched woman, with the tears streaming from her eyes.

'In heaven,' whispered a communicant near her, who was affected by what she said.

She made no reply or further remonstrance. Her mind went away again into one of its mazy paths, and she left the church pressing her Bible and her baby close to her breast. I did not see that case, but this one I saw: I was seated in the front loft of —— church, on a communion-day, where I happened to be at the time on account of ill-health, when I saw Menie come forward to the door by which the communicants entered to the table. She crouched down a little and moved forward with the rest. She was dressed in the purest white, and but for her cap and baby, there was nothing exceptionable in her appearance. I felt grieved, for I knew what would likely follow. When the place filled, and every one sat down, Menie was in the heart of them, with Roderic in her arms, and Hector at her feet. She was not noticed at first, and the minister began his preliminary address, and the elders proceeded to lift the tokens. A general movement took place, and one of the elders getting his eye on Menie, went forward to her and said she was wanted at the door, but Menie sat still. He then told her she *must* come, but still she moved not. He was a choleric man, and immediately took hold of her, and began to pull her out by force. Hector barked, and several voices cried out 'shame,' and the whole congregation stood up and looked on, and everything stopped. There was a moment of silence and painful suspense, when Menie rose and said—'I'll no breed disturbance at the Lord's table; but will ye no let me sit? I think I have the promise of a wedding garment if ye'll only let me sit. He can clothe us, and put us a' in our right mind when he likes; and where little's gien little's expected, and I hope I love him, and my heart's wi' him.'

'Let her alone,' said the aged minister who was officiating at the time; 'where there is love there is faith, and where there is faith there is grace, and where grace is, there God is. The tree may be bent but not broken. God can perfect his strength in our weakness, and bring his not quenched the smoking flax in her mind, and he will put the live coal to it from the altar above. This is the doing of the Lord, and should be marvellous in our eyes. Let us pray.'

Such a prayer I have never heard. The tears ran down the old man's cheeks as he fervently implored a blessing on the head of Menie while she partook of the children's bread, and every heart was heaving and sobbing, and there was not a dry eye in the church, and Menie's was wettest of all. Since that time, she has been admitted to the Lord's table in most places, and I am sure that a truer Christian never broke sacramental bread, or tasted the communion-cup. She may not have——'

While my friend spoke, Menie rose and prepared to leave the tower. 'Let us go down,' I said, 'and meet her; I should like to see her nearer, and hear her speak.'

He instantly complied. We heard her singing the beautiful old Scottish melody of 'Ca' the ewes to the knowes' as she descended the turret, and really I felt my heart beat and my breath thicken as if I were going to meet the inhabitant of another world. We soon came near to her. What a model of neatness and cleanness were she and her child, and how gracefully she moved, as if the earth yielded to her step. Except her cap and necklace of flowers, and a certain roll and expression of the eye, and the baby, of course, there was nothing in her dress or manner that indicated a distempered mind.

'There's a bonnie day, Mr ——,' said she to my friend, while we were yet a good way off.

'A bonnie day, Menie. Are you quite well?'

'Quite well, thank ye.'

'And Roderic, how is he?'

'He's finely, thank ye—dear lamb!' and she kissed him fondly; 'and Hector there's brawly, and we're a' weel, thank God.'

'That's good, Menie. You've been on the turret, I see, resting yourself.'

'Ou ay! up seeing the auld goat, poor thing, and taking a bit lesson to mysel' and a sang; but Kilgownie says I shouldna' sing, for its sinfu', but Hector's unco fond o't, and it pleases the bairn, and the birds sing, and the angels, and we maun a' sing when we get to heaven, and what for no when we're here, as I said to him?'

'You were right, Menie. Kilgownie is a good man, I believe, but he takes strange views of some things.'

Her mind wandered at this point of the conversation and she spoke in a half whisper to herself, and seemed absorbed in some mental process going on within, that would brook neither denial nor delay.

'Sad doings among the hills the morn,' she said, in a solemn tone, as she came out of her reverie. 'The streamers were out last night, and the moon was glowering at them. They were dancing and louping a' gates and gaun in processions like the dead: there'll be news o't up by.'

'We are all under a kind Providence, Menie, and should not distress ourselves unnecessarily about the future.'

'Kind indeed—kind indeed!' she replied, after a moment's pause; 'but when He draws back his curtain, we're no forbidden to look on. And how's your lady?'

'Very well, Menie, thank you. When are you coming to see us?'

'Tell her I'll be o'er on Tuesday for the gown and the bairn's caps, for I've to wash on Wednesday. Good morning, sir, and the Lord be wi' us a'. Come away, Hector, we'll be langsome enough.'

She had scarcely left us, when she began to sing again, and we stood and listened till her voice died away in the distance.

## BLESSINGS OF ZETLAND.

We have cheap land, cheap rents, cheap beef, cheap mutton, cheap bread, cheap poultry, cheap fish, cheap everything. What would an English or a Lothian farmer say to getting a whole island to himself at the rate of 8s.

rate of 6d. a-day? Nay, in some of the islands, this rent would be deemed extravagantly high, 1200 per cent too dear! In Yell, for instance, an estate of 73,000 acres, nearly one-half in pasture, the rest arable and enclosed grass land, only produces an average rent of scarcely *eightpence* per acre! Surely here is scope for Lord Brougham's agricultural schoolmaster to look abroad, and instruct our landowners and husbandmen in the virtues of guano. True it is, our soil is none of the best, partaking more or less of the quality of moss, mixed with clay, or particles of the decayed rock on which it rests. The atmosphere, too, especially in winter, is uniformly moist, but temperate beyond what will be credited by those accustomed to the cold prevalent at that season in the interior of the three kingdoms. Snow rarely lies above a day or two at a time; although we have occasionally snow storms of two or nearly three months' duration. A few years ago, the clergyman of Yell noted the following in his memorandum book, on the 24th December:—'This day the turnips are as green as they were at Michaelmas; the ryegrass among bear stubble measures from eight to ten inches of green blade, and among the last year's ryegrass the daisy is everywhere seen in bloom.' Let the Carse of Gowrie, or the sheltered fields of Hampshire or Devonshire, match this if they can. Last Christmas, such was the mildness of the temperature, that we could boast of our young gooseberries and winter blossoms, as well as our more southerly neighbours. And then there are certain troublesome vermin, abundant enough in more favoured climates, from which we are exempt. There are some of our islands to which neither the mouse nor the rat have yet found their way. The grouse, or moorfowl, is also a stranger to us, though common in Orkney and the Highlands of Scotland: and the reason perhaps is, that the heather with us is too stunted to afford them the shelter they require. It is not many years since justices of the peace were as rare as moorfowl, for, except the sheriff-substitute, there was not a magistrate of any kind in Zetland. Nay, it would appear we must have had a visit of St Patrick to scare away certain living reptiles, for an eminent living naturalist observes in his tour, 'The untravelled natives of Unst had never seen either frogs or toads, and, indeed, had no idea of the appearance or nature of these animals!' Our domestic cattle are abundant, but their diminutive size and price would astonish the dealers in Smithfield market. A good fatted cow, ready for slaughter, weighs from one and a half to two cwt., so that a flesher could tuck her under his arm; and an alderman, at one of your civic feasts, would not feel alarmed were one of them served up entire in an ashet before him. Beef is reckoned extravagantly high if it exceed threehalfpence or twopence the pound. A whole calf may be purchased for eighteenpence, and if the skin is resold it brings a shilling, leaving only sixpence as the price of the carcass. A ewe fit for the butcher will sell for four or five shillings, and a male lamb for a third part of the sum.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

### 'CHANGE IN LONDON.

Everybody knows the origin of the Royal Exchange, and for what purpose it was instituted; everybody knows that Sir Thomas Gresham, one of the most successful and enterprising of our merchants in Queen Elizabeth's time, built it for the convenience of his brethren of the city of London in the transaction of their business; but it is not everybody that understands how that business is now transacted, or who are the individuals representing the great commercial interests of the present day. The exchange has altered within the last seven years; first, by fire, and secondly, in appearance. Instead of the old massive building, with its firm oaken benches for the accommodation of those who were tired of pacing the ambulatories, and its walls extensively illustrated with placards of ships about to sail, of goods to be sold, and lists of the sworn brokers of London, we have now a large and sightly building, with walls redolent of colours, exhibiting, in the encaustic process, vases filled with fruits and flowers, gay, indeed, but not universally admired by men of business or connoisseurs in architecture. 'Change, in its old character, has gone. There is now no fearfully sonorous bell; the beadles are themselves resigned; and all wears the aspect of peace and happiness. The hours of 'Change were also altered, and, we were almost going to say, the 'walks' too; for without the public are perfectly acquainted with the arms of the various foreign countries, they will have some difficulty in finding the quarters of their friends, the old-fashioned plan of exhibiting the names of 'Hamburgh,' 'French,' or 'Greek' walk, having been done away with in the new building. There are, however, the same old favoured spots, changed though they be in appearance; and notwithstanding we have lost the great Rothschild, Jeremiah Harman, Daniel Hardcastle, and a few other ancient faces, many continue on the 'walks' who have for years trod them, and who seem as well accustomed to business habits as heretofore.—*The City.*

### ON A GIRL'S VESPERS.

Meekly she prays—her beaming eyes she veils:
To God her faith and not her beauty shows.
No music flutters upward on night's gales
From her lips eloquent, which firmly close,
As if 'twere blasphemy to seek his grace
By charms of thrilling voice and lovely face.
Not ev'n the sigh
Which draws affection nigh,
To gaze with sympathetic eye,
Is breathed: she prays with simple heart alone,
Unaided by a virgin's look or tone.

She must prevail; and the bright dreams which come
Are Heaven's own fire upon the sacrifice,
In softest radiance descending dumb,
From mercy-clouds of the approving skies.
Folded within their glory she reposes,
As in the golden morning look the roses.
For this sweet one,
Whose modest prayers are done,
And answer'd in her sleep begun,
I pray, O God! and o'er her fondly fling,
As on thy tender eye, thy shading wing!

Thou watcher true! though worlds thou should neglect,
And stars should leave without their only guide
Be ever near my own love to protect!
Thy fairest child keep alway by thy side!
And take me there, to live with her—near thee,
Our common guardian—happy lot for me!
Oh, prove thy care!
Let not a silken hair
Be stirr'd adown her bosom fair,
By any stroke, or touch, or kiss of harm,
But bind it as a token round thy arm! P. L.

### TRUE HUMILITY.

True humility, while it brings to light our own sins, is ever sure to cover a multitude of the sins of others. The man who is the most sensible of his own failings will always be heard to say the least of the failings of others. It is the proud man, the proud professor of the gospel, who is the reviling man, the censorious professor. Pride takes a pleasure in bringing to light the infirmities of others, that itself may be exalted; while humility delights in contemplating their excellencies, that it may be laid by them still lower in its own esteem, and be led to imitate their graces. The reason why we are censorious and hard-hearted is simply this: we have not the spirit of Christ—are none of his. Never let us deem ourselves Christians till we bear some resemblance to our meek, lowly, and compassionate Master. The religion which he puts into the hearts of his followers, softens the character, sweetens the temper, and enlivens all the tender affections of the soul, and fills it with kindness and with love.—*Bradley.*

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## PROFESSOR WILSON'S POEMS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

POETRY fluctuates with those politics which vitally affect humanity; for a new heart-throb from mankind sends it forth in strong and musical tide, swelling and sounding with mightier and better ideas than those which, passing into principles and thence pressing out into facts, had occasioned it. The state of society influences the birth and determines the character of poetry. Astronomy and geology may give strange heavens and earth, yet external nature remains an *ancient* to the poet, exercising upon him the same charm which was felt by Homer, and receiving a tributary strain which says,

> 'I ask not proud philosophy
> To teach me what thou art.'

But when national events have quickened and evolved human energies and tendencies, he undergoes a change; his soul is the cave against and within which all the waves of the revolution lash, and his melody becomes the voice of their undulations. This shows that *mind* more than *matter* is the 'main region of song,' not only for Wordsworth but for all his brethren, as it is the grand source of new sympathies and impulses. *Man* is more relative to the poet than the *external world* can be. The seasons of his place are little compared with the cycles of his race; and like the angels who were silent spectators of the process of the material creation, and hailed not the arrangement and blending of every element, the adjustment of every part—the effluent holiness and splendour of light, the waving beauty of verdure, the rolling grandeur of water, the flight and carol of birds in the newly stretched sky or in the newly sprung groves, the sports of fishes in the deep ocean or in the sparkling stream, the bounding of animals through vales and up mountains—but broke forth in notes of ecstacy at *the vision of Adam on the sixth day*, the poet will mainly be touched and thrilled into full song by the growth of humanity.

He is the circle and complement of progressive man, but only the parallel and counterpart of old nature. Besides, *physical* science, with all its discoveries of truth and corrections of error, can neither give nor take away the sensations which have been and will be imparted in a communion with the external world, whose power of sensuous impression is the very same, whether its proper organisation and laws be hidden or revealed; but *social* science, when carried out practically, by developing, elevating, and ennobling the race, will fill the poet, who is their representative and voice, with a higher and more conscious life.

We have no intention of deciding on the merits of the French Revolution, nor of specifying the mode of its operations and the sum of its results upon the literature of our own country. All are agreed in the opinion that it infused new breath and blood into English poetry. Genius—the thing which had amused small coteries at their tea-tables—arose like a giant from wine, with heart gladdened and strengthened. Accordingly, towards the beginning of the present century there was a remarkable generation of poets, of whom any one would have made the era illustrious, and of whom the two surviving specimens (Wordsworth and Wilson) were competent to rekindle the glories of the decayed art, and send them flashing into the heart of posterity. The most of their predecessors, feeble by nature and fantastic by training, had but the mimicking notes of song, and worshipped artificial muses. They were of the Blue-stocking and not of the Sybilline order, and the tripod of their oracles was the embroidered cushion of fashionable life. The rhythm of their words was exquisite (for they did not lack ears), and the dancing feet of the lines moved with airy grace, because they bore along in the whirl no grand burden of thought and sentiment. They discarded, or rather never attained to, anything genuine. They exorcised nature from nature, and man from man, until the universe was an absurd fable. Their hues for external objects were borrowed from cloth, and the rainbow was but a reflection from a haberdasher's window. The vales were covered with fairies instead of daisies; the morning showered nymphs instead of dewdrops on the hills; the groves rustled with the garments of goddesses whose voice silenced even the cuckoo, whilst Neptune's trident plated every bit of ocean with hard metal. Human passions were made up in small and neat packages, which, when opened, scattered pleasant powder among the different circles of life. The characters delineated were most insipid, and had all the inanimation compatible with a possession of the five bodily senses. The Revolution swept away such inanities; and back to Milton, with the exception of a few great poets who had taken a high and permanent station in the interval, there was a total blank.

But the new men were born-poets, and the stirring times cradled and nurtured their genius for free and bold efforts. The trumpet-blast of war had dispersed all forms of phantasy and mythology from the sacred soil to which these men clung, at first in patriotic love, and soon afterwards in poetic passion. A communion with the dear and noble associations of Britain—a prostration on this venerable land—as if resolving never to forsake or to be separated from it, passed into the wider, deeper, and more fervent contemplation of nature in all her attributes of beauty and majesty. Scenery now had its own charm of aspect and

expression unfolded and vivified by sensitive and loving minds, which touched and blended with flowers and stars until material things took a spiritual image and gave forth a spiritual meaning. The earth, almost quickened into emotional consciousness by the intense passion with which it was regarded, looked and sighed in return with kindred passion. But the new poets also entered within the recesses of humanity—far under its conventional and petty outward distinctions. Clinging at first, from the impulse of patriotism, to their fellow-countrymen, that with one soul of courage they might resist threatening danger, they were soon afloat in a knowledge of and sympathy with their fellow-men. So far from being units of our race, isolated save from those who were next them in rank and place, they made themselves the sum of that race, absorbing and then pressing out in true character the essence of human thought and feeling. Thus they were distinguished for the most earnest intuition and representation of man and external nature.

The noble band, however, had different tendencies and vocations. Scott gave himself up to revive the times and heroes of chivalry and feudalism, and his muse lingered by 'the shores of old romance,' and echoed the various music which had been sounded in bold notes from the full tide of Scottish history in other days. He was a natural *reciter*, and could only display the poetry which was embodied in facts. Byron put himself into nature and man, instead of drawing these into himself; the very landscape was made to take the lights and shades of his own changeful face, and heaven as well as earth wore his own smiles or frowns. All inanimate things became possessed with his own temperament: rivers rolled calmly or in tempest as his blood chanced to flow, and mountains caught the lofty or depressed air of his noble brow; whilst humanity only had a life in his individual soul, and all his heroes were so many Byrons. When he painted scenery, his own shadow was over it; when he sketched mankind, either generally or particularly, he himself was the original. Yet his genius, though thus apparently of selfish mood and single function, was strong and inexhaustible. His subjects invariably showed himself as the object, yet they did not lose their own characteristics. We mention Keats next, for the sake of contrast. He had an utter want of vivid and earnest individuality, and was a brother to the cuckoo—a 'wandering voice,' floating in perpetual spring without any experience of a change of seasons, and without any faith or hope in that final revolution of life which shall give new heavens and a new earth; so that even in death he was insensible to the dawning glories of eternity, and only felt 'the daisies growing over' him, as if still and for ever he was deep down in the verdure of spring. His individual being was shed into a mere general element, wafting from it visions of nature's loveliness. Shelley, with a spirit still more ethereal and more capable of close and direct dalliance with abstractions of nature, was also strongly and keenly a *man*. His genius combined all the volatile qualities of Keats, along with much of the concentrated and pungent individuality of Byron. It were vain to mention Coleridge—a name denoting a legion of the highest poetical powers, for he was truly a 'myriad-minded' man—at once the dramatist, the minstrel, the psalmist, and the prophet, as well as the philosopher. Wordsworth's genius, less comprehensive, is yet more compact in character and purpose, and has settled into a more calm, steady, and complete intuition and expression. Wordsworth is so deeply meditative within his range, as at times to be exhaustive to the last degree; and frequently the meaning which he has drawn forth from common objects has been so much more full than had previously been apprehended, that he has been charged as being to the same extent unnatural and fictitious.

These poets cannot be orderly arranged; why then should they be *classified?* By an arbitrary division, a critic prevents himself either from generalising on the poetry of the age, or from examining the poetry of an individual. It were folly to separate the men just mentioned into two schools—Byron's and Wordsworth's. This would be a narrow modification of the element of genius which shed itself through the last century, and a vague expansion of the peculiar character of each poet; besides, it would be unjust to his original merits.

How much has Wilson's fame suffered from his being represented as the single-minded follower and disciple of Wordsworth! Such is the public opinion about one who would have been exactly what he is though Wordsworth had never lived, or had sprung up a famous Hottentot. Merely to have seen the princely man, and gazed on the noble outlines and features of a face which death alone can make common clay, would impress the conviction that he possessed a genius distinct and even eccentric—as if it had ever breathed in solitude. Such a frontispiece for *imitated* poetry would be ridiculous. The majesty of that head, which seems to rise up spontaneously to any enterprise of manhood, has no air of obedience, much less of servile tameness or passiveness. The calm dignity of its repose, and the wild *afflatus* of its activity, indicate that it has a work of its own to perform, and laurels of its own on which to lie. Its activity is self-inspiration in the glowing exercise of its functions; its repose is statuesque, like the future marble, for homage. Borrowed light never kindled such intensely and fitfully flaming eyes—eyes, whose every glance is the immediate flash of an opening thought. Contagious influence had never equally, under all circumstances, such sudden and visible thrills and quiverings as stir the muscles on the expressive mien of Wilson into the play of music-strings. In each of his enthusiastic movements there is not the cautious and studied manner of personation. If Wilson be an imitator, nature has, in strange caprice, given him a most marked idiosyncracy for deception. His noble person is a mockery, if it has been left to be animated by a communication of spiritual being and character from another man. Wordsworth, however, may rejoice in such an incarnate shadow of himself.

Further, should Wilson's *poetry* be a mere copy, it is strange that his *prose* is so original. How happens it that through his feet of rhyme the genius of Wordsworth should shoot upwards to the crown of his head, so powerfully as to expel his own genius, and scare it away even from a resting-place on the eloquent lips? for no one can doubt that his prose is pervaded by a peculiarly native energy of most unique quality and operation. With what revelry has his spirit swept over the whole field of literature, and in a manner how unlike to that of all companions! The life within Wilson is full even to exuberance and riot; his smallest pulse being like the large heart of another man, so that many and fresh are the fountains of his humanity. His general state is an ecstacy of all his powers; and the abiding complexion of his character is the flush of the most ardent and genuine enthusiasm. How competent did he prove himself for such glorious festivals as the memorable 'Noctes,' which brought anything rather than sleep to mortals; and for such entertainments as 'Christopher North in his Sporting-jacket,' who has become the genius of all the Highlands, lingering over his urn of rarest fancy and fun, beside the various scenes and occupations which he described! How like a silvan deity he seems, with the heather alone for his garland, and the bold and sharp rocks for the lawn of his mazy and frolicsome dances! Setting himself to more serious tasks, on what a marked pre-eminence has he stood as a critic of ancient and modern poetry! Homer, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and Byron, honour Wilson as their chief intimate and interpreter. The chorus of his explanation swells into fit music for their strains, and has an echo which blends harmoniously with their voices, as if they themselves had lengthened out their song.

The rules of the art become golden in the hands of this expositor; and the examples become living when touched by this reviewer. His innumerable papers in 'Blackwood,' overflowing with the most peculiar humour and imagination, reflect a full and definite image of Christopher North, even when they want the name. If he were a copyist—a mere shadow of another—how could his indi-

viduality be so strong and strict as to prevent even a superficial observer from committing a mistake? A searching and qualified judge will at once maintain Wilson's entire originality. The voice and hands alike belong to the one wild and wondrous man.

The common impression that Wilson is but a disciple of Wordsworth may have been produced by two circumstances. *First*, Wilson was foremost, and for many years single, in his appreciation and defence of Wordsworth's claims as a poet. Among a race of scoffers, he whose faculty of wit could have enabled him to surpass all the scoffers was the ardent admirer, proclaiming with eloquent voice merits universally decried. Wordsworth displayed in public sufficient complacency: he openly praised himself, and stated his firm assurance of immortality; and when another engaged in the same rare work, it was concluded that that other was but a shadow of Wordsworth. *Secondly*, Wilson's residence was in the neighbourhood of Wordsworth. This procured for him the title of a lake poet; and that title soon encouraged the idea that he was a follower of *the lake poet*. The few milestones between the two houses denoted the few degrees of difference between the two poets. The road-surveyor was the critic. Had Wilson been as unjust to Wordsworth as Jeffrey was, and had he never sojourned on the banks of Windermere, he would have escaped the imputation of being an imitator. Had 'Blackwood' been silent or scurrilous about the author of the 'Excursion,' and had Christopher North betaken himself to dwell, like Crusoe, on some uninhabited island, and allowed his shaggy locks to grow, uncivilised by an occasional glimpse of his noble head in the mirror of the lakes, and turned his eagle eyes upon waste solitudes, we should never have heard of his being a disciple of Wordsworth.

Willis, the American, in gossiping about a conversation which he was privileged to hold with the professor, repeats some gentle complaints which Wilson made of the popular injustice of tracing the origin and ascribing the character of his poetry to Wordsworth. These complaints were reasonable, and the time is fast coming when the public will volunteer a similar confession, and indulge in notes of self-accusation. There is no poet whose claims for originality are better supported. A more genial and less chilling reception of Wilson's verse than has been given would have drawn from him mightier currents of song; and instead of reclining under the shadow of his fame in 'The Isle of Palms,' he would have sat elsewhere with more abundant and glorious laurels. We may be sure that he had no ambition to write in the supposed style of any other man; and when over all his poetical attempts the public incessantly cried out 'Wordsworth, Wordsworth!' he ceased to write at all.

In proceeding to a review of Wilson's Poems, we congratulate ourselves that the task is easier than in making an estimate of the character of his varied works, for there is a uniformity about his efforts in verse, whilst there is the most confounding versatility in his prose, and a versatility, moreover, which brings out still more the latent depth and intensity of his nature. The *hundred hands* of his prose have a more burning touch and a firmer grasp than the two hands of his verse. Like gunpowder, his mind gains additional strength when it expands through space into a blaze. His genius, when dancing in rhyme 'to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders,' can be readily traced and described; but when it takes the unfettered liberty of prose, it has so many shapes at command, throws itself into such diverse and impetuous motion, ranges in such an eccentric course, puts into whirling and fiery exercise all its elements and faculties, now soothes itself into a pause of such rapt stillness, which has nothing of the breathlessness of exhaustion, and then rushes on in the full storm of its frenzy, and withal is guided so much by apparent caprice, that the eye of the critic swims in amazement, and is unable to discriminate its properties. In his professed poetry, Wilson's genius is simple, whereas in his other writings it is a wonderful compound. We [illegible] Wilson's mental character as contained in a '*Noctes*,' than as contained in all his verses and tales. Let it then be remembered by our readers, that we are not speaking of the genius of the editor of 'Blackwood,' but of the genius of the author of 'The Isle of Palms' and 'The City of the Plague.'

It is seldom that a matter-of-fact member of parliament hits on a just definition of a literary man. How absurdly did Mr Wakley, the coroner and legislator, act, when he held an inquest over the poetry of Wordsworth, and attempted a strain of low ridicule, as if the 'Excursion' had been some *blue book or blue body* which *he* was at liberty to turn over and criticise. But Mr P. Maxwell Stewart, when on a late occasion 'toasting' Wilson, very happily described the 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life' as a series of the finest pastorals. We transfer the description as a proper one to the verses; for we conceive that Wilson's genius, as exhibited in his professed poetry, is essentially *pastoral*. His pieces of every length have this as their characteristic. They are productions of the quiet and virgin earth, freshened with the unfeverish life, suffused with the unpolluted light, fragrant with the untrodden and unwithered verdure and the unmingled balmy air, and serene with the repose which are only to be found in some deep and lovely recess of nature. They are steeped in all the rural elements, and are hushed by the spirit of a long sabbath. They are leafy and green chapters taken out of Paradise, and they also hide some fair creature of whom Eve alone was the fairer mother. Wilson revels not among crowded forms of human life, bustling, noisy, and feverish, and densely covering all the landscape with a fretful and turbulent mass of society. Even when he is compelled to enter mighty and populous London, he has first swept its streets for weeks with the unsparing plague, and made them like the lanes of the country. When he visits Oxford, he inspires the troops of learned or gay men among whom he has to pass with the silence of melancholy breathed from the 'Scholar's Funeral.' When in the 'Children's Dance' he collects numbers together, it is but an association of tiny lives whose very uproar of glee is sweetest quiet; and what a placid close the poem has—

> 'He, too, the poet of this humble show,
> Silent walks homeward through the hour of rest,
> While, quiet as the depth of spotless snow,
> A pensive, calm contentment fills his breast;
> O, wayward man! were he not truly blest!
> That lake so still below, that sky above!
> Unto his heart a sinless infant prest,
> Whose ringlets like the glittering dew-wire move,
> Floating and sinking soft amid the breath of love.'

The 'Angler's Tent,' in which lie the sporting-jacket and the tackle of Christopher North, might have been a chapel. The poet must have deep peace, go where he will. His own being has been cradled in the harmonies of nature, and wrapped round in dreams of rest, which cling to his senses like long-fringing eyelashes; and wherever he places himself a great calm is communicated, like John the Baptist, who, coming from the solitary and silent wilderness, produces as undisturbed a silence over the large crowds of Judea. Every scene which Wilson describes has a free space and a serene atmosphere, purged from all worldliness; mountain and valley are almost lonesome in their beauty and grandeur. Earth looks almost as unspotted with human forms as does the sky, for society is reduced to a few families with patriarchal state. Wilson's poems are pastorals of the highest order. They have no fantastic shepherds or shepherdesses with their eternal crooks and pipes, and sentimental ditties. The stern yet genial Burns for ever annihilated such characters in Scotland; and Crabbe has handled them more roughly though less effectively in England. The mutton which they fattened was decidedly preferable to themselves as a subject for song. They should have been celebrated as graziers and not as romantic heroes. We have got a savage antipathy to every 'herd-laddie' whom we pass, dreading that he may require from us an audience of his plaintive lay; and even a 'bonnie lassie' coming across our path through the hills, makes us quite nervous, lest her plaid should be a poetic mantle and her [illegible] more fluent than sweet, which would

not be much after our taste, generally speaking. But, fortunately, the race of Corydon and Phyllis is extinct, and was so long before the age of destructive railways. It was even a fratricide, for a mighty Cain slew this harmless shepherd Abel in the field.

The true idea and range of a pastoral have yet to be explained. Certainly by far the best, if not the only exemplification, is to be found in Wilson's poetry. The epic (considered in its first and simple element of distinction) is a description of what man *does* in some grand sphere of destiny, and presents him as the hero. The drama is a more specific, direct, and connected revelation of what man does and wherefore; and shows him as an agent and subject of universal destiny. The pastoral is an exhibition of what man *is*. An essential attribute of the state of existence in which the pastoral views man is PEACE. This, as a law, has been very dimly and imperfectly apprehended, and hence a shepherd's life, which was generally associated with images of quiet, has been regarded as the only proper theme for a pastoral. A mere incident, and that occurring, moreover, to the *minimum* of the population, is thus made the absolute condition of a form of poetry, which is more pure, permanent, and affecting than any other. PEACE, whatever the occupation and rank of the hero may be, is the spirit of a pastoral. One class and scene of life may typify peace better than another; but this gives very arbitrary and narrow limits to the pastoral. Love might as justly as peace have been confined to shepherds.

We have said that the *pastoral* is, of all forms of poetry, the most affecting. It takes us back to Paradise, with its perfect freedom from care and trouble; and up to heaven, where our whole being, quickened into an ecstacy of happiness and love, shall yet be serene and tranquil, for there activity is rest, the most excessive transport is the calmest satisfaction, and the fiery swiftness of all our energies will but be a slow and quiet wandering through the green pastures and beside the still waters. The pastoral *ideal* is only to be realised in the future destiny of a good man, when his soul, within which there is maintained a fierce and turbulent struggle, shall enter into peace and find itself in the rest of the heaven of heavens, with divine verdure, light, and music all around it, to feel no disorder—no palpitation—no aching, but perfect and eternal calm—to be placed in harmony and vibrate in sweetest sympathy with all creation, so that there shall not be a jarring touch for him throughout the vast and crowded circle of the universe. Peace is the object of universal desire. How quickly do the pictures of it in external nature enter our minds and excite a wish for conformity in state! The calm sky, the smooth lake without a wave, the forest in a hush, its leaves falling at their own gentle speed to the ground, the cattle scarcely seen to move across the upland, and even our own shadow, as we walk, stretching itself so softly amid the cool verdure, without bending a blade of grass or the head of a flower, and as passive and quiet as ever when it strikes against the solid trunk of a motionless tree—oh, that we but possessed the charm of their deep repose, and were free from the consuming fever, the fierce irrepressible heart-throb, and the storm-driven pulse of human life within us! Let me alone, disturb me not, is the first, the infant cry of nature; and then the infant goes to sleep on its mother's breast. What a blessing to the builders of the Tower of Babel their very punishment was! From the confusion and discord which ensued on the destruction of the one language, from the total strife introduced even into their slightest intercourse with each other, was it not a grateful destiny to be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth, and sent to the deep solitude and stillness of untrodden hill and vale, beyond the contagion of that strangely feverish society within which they had lived so lately? He who is occupied in the bustle, and tossed about in the fluctuations of city business, for ever fretted with its annoyances and burdened with its anxieties, gladly leaves the scene to walk through the fresh fields. And even, throughout the stimulus and tumult of varied ambition, is there not a rest contemplated by the ardent spirit? When the hardest toil is voluntarily undergone, and the severest self-denial practised, beyond the goal is there not a green and cool repose always haunting the imagination and soothing the heart? The very laurels are to be soft and fresh for the wearied brain.

Since, then, the true pastoral is the song of peace, not necessarily sounding down upon the plains, but rising up from them, it cannot fail to be dear to man.

Wilson's poetry is the native inspiration of green meadows and still waters—meadows that stretch over all the earth, and waters that everywhere border and freshen these meadows—so that the inspiration is not the song of a district, but of a world, and is an unprovincial air. These meadows cover a waste howling wilderness; these waters glide through roaring Niagara and the stormy ocean. Peace is the ecstacy of Wilson's muse. Life to him has motion without friction; a motion which even death but smoothly 'rounds' off; the universe has a voice without noise. Everything is vivified with a more intense spirit, and yet its form might be in some calm trance. There is the quickest and the fullest circulation of all the impulses of existence, and yet the aspect of existence is serene and breathless. We are taken into a circle of realities soft as waking dreams. We get an insight into man and nature, and yet our eye, so far from being strained, seems to have been veiled in the gentlest sleep. We grow akin to the objects we survey, and become buoyant, yet still with the most ethereal thoughts, emotions, and sensations, floating on after the notes of this Orpheus. We are possessed with the pure voluptuousness all around us, until our whole being is but an empty vein for it. The landscape, with all its distinct outlines, might have had its place in the hushed region of the sky; and we might be gazing upon it from as quiet an altitude. Human agents, not lacking the most sensitive apparatus of flesh and blood, nor a suitable lot to touch these at every point, are idealised throughout all the properties of character, into a fit state of tranquillity. Their sorrows and joys are without the sharp and grating emphasis of *liveliness*, but have the soft tone of deep *life*, much in the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso' style. Never were the fine lines of the poet concerning the creation of woman so well exemplified as in Wilson's embodiments of female character—

> 'And softly beautiful, as music's close,
> Angelic woman into being rose.'

They are all canonised, yet full of warmest, tenderest life. As maidens or mothers, they have brows and bosoms quiet and pure as sculpture, yet passionate with love. 'Nymph' is the word which expresses the union of such earthly yearning with such ethereal calm. Dickens's 'Little Nell' is a grinding to small powder of one of Wilson's ideal girls. But the eye of the London novelist has looked closely on the outside rather than pierced into the inside of human life. He has scrutinised and described the configuration which the crust of circumstances around men and women presents; and when he attempts to reach down to the pastoral serenity of feminine nature he fails entirely, and must produce a copy of some poet's original. None of Wilson's female characters can be called a *heroine*, for even she who goes fearlessly through the hardest trials, and bravely makes the most costly sacrifices, has so blessed a halo of saintly peace around her, that the spectator forgets her deeds, and thinks only of her untroubled mien. In the most painful crisis, she is like a famous martyr, to whom the blazing faggots of persecution have but been as a summer-bower tinted with the radiance of a setting-sun, in which he gently fell asleep in Jesus! Her bright tresses may be disordered, but the hands which should have smoothed these are meekly clasped together; and the tear-drop in her eyes is not the spray of wild and tumultuous grief, but glitters like the dew of peace.

Wilson's pastorals are also *sacred*, breathing the divine faith, love, and hope of Christianity. They are profoundly instinct with the peace which floated in song over the plains of Bethlehem. It is not mere domestic, social, or civil peace which he has embodied, but that which 'passes all understanding,' and which the world cannot give. It

is not so much the spirit of religious doctrine as of religious life which pervades his poetry. The only objection which can be proposed against it is grounded on the author's *verbal* representations of human nature. There is scarcely a poem, nor, we may add, a tale, in which are not to be found words that express the perfect innocence of children and grown-up girls. We bring no heavy mass of theology to bear against this offence; nor quote from John Calvin against John Wilson. To mention the habit is enough to prove it unwarrantable. The idea of absolute purity in any human shape, juvenile or veteran, male or female, upon the earth, is too extravagant even for poetry. To call a sinful creature altogether holy, is to idealise the man or the woman above all traces of identity either of person or race, and to degrade the divine ideal of holiness below the smallest similitude. The epithets of 'purity,' &c., so profusely scattered throughout Wilson's works, are very idle and unmeaning, and they mar both the religious and poetical character of his verses. Neither does this garb make his children cherubs nor his virgins angels. We humbly remind him of the contrast which the language of poetry in the Bible presents. In Scripture, amid the luxuriant figures and the glowing imagery which adorn other subjects, *man* is seen through no poetical medium, and the image is the plain reality. His character has not been graced with a virgin humanity, nor irradiated with a fresh divinity. There, the *inanimate* is beautified, nay, sometimes endowed with life and volition, and, dignified by responsibility, it engages in the highest of rational occupations. With peerless charms, the lily rises from the vital breath of our Saviour's admiration. The trees become the minstrels of heaven, joining for very gladness in the anthem to Jehovah, and musical without the zephyrs. But no exaggeration, even by simile, is employed to exalt man in greatness or worth. The scale of his existence rises not a hair-breadth to his vanity, and he stands dust on kindred dust; the atom of a globe, with no exception even in the law of dissolution. His virtue has not been elevated by the removal of one depressing sin. If he *there* read a sanction for haughtiness, it must be in the statement of his utter insignificance. If he *there* find ground for self-complacency and Pharisaic pride, it must be in the broad declaration that he is altogether depraved. This prosaic accuracy in describing man is to be explained not only by his real littleness through rebellion, but also by the Divine determination rigidly to preserve the rank of each order of intelligence. Angels are never, even in momentary personification, invested with an attribute of God. Neither are men likened to angels save by the comparison 'lower than them,' and that only applied in the more levelling days of unspotted innocence. This is a point on which many poets besides Wilson should take the Divine lesson.

By all the preceding remarks upon Wilson's general poetical character, we have prepared the way for a distinct estimate of his works in our next number.

## GAMBLING IN NEW SPAIN.

Herrera, the Spanish historian of the conquest of Mexico, in the account of the diversions of Montezuma, gives the following description of the ancient Mexican mode of playing ball. He says, 'The king took much delight in seeing sport at ball, which the Spaniards have since prohibited, because of the mischief that often happened at it; and was by them called *Kachtli*, being like our tennis. The ball was made of the gum of a tree that grows in hot countries, which, having holes made into it, distils great white drops that soon harden, and being worked and moulded together turn as black as pitch.* The balls made thereof, though hard and heavy to the hand, did bound and fly as well as our foot-balls, there being no need to blow them; nor did they use chases, but vied to drive the adverse party, that is, to hit the wall; the others were to make good or strike it over. They struck it with any part of their body, as it happened or they could most conveniently, and sometimes he lost that touched it with any other part but his hip, which was looked upon among them as the greatest dexterity; and to this effect, that the ball might rebound the better, they fastened a piece of stiff leather on their hips. They might strike it every time it rebounded, which it would do several times one after another, insomuch that it looked as if it had been alive. They played in parties, so many on a side, for a load of mantles, or what the gamesters could afford, at so many scores. They also played for gold and feather-work, and sometimes *played themselves away*.

'The place where they played was a ground room, long, narrow, and high, but wider above than below, and higher on the sides than at the ends, and they kept it very well plastered and smooth, both the walls and the floor. On the side walls they fixed certain stones, like those of a mill, with a hole quite through the middle just as big as the ball, and he that could strike it through these won the game; and in token of its being an extraordinary success which rarely happened, he had a right to all the cloaks of all the lookers-on, by ancient custom and law amongst gamesters; and it was very pleasant to see, that as soon as ever the ball was in the hole, the standers-by took to their heels, running away with all their might to save their cloaks, laughing and rejoicing, others scouring after them to secure their cloaks for the winner, who was obliged to offer some sacrifice to the idol of the tennis-court, and the stone through the hole of which the ball had passed.

'Every tennis-court was a temple, having two idols, the one of gaming and the other of the ball. On a lucky day, at night, they performed certain ceremonies and enchantments on the two lower walls and on the midst of the floor, singing certain songs or ballads; after which, a priest of the great temple went with some of their religious men to bless it; he uttered some words, threw the ball about the tennis-court four times, and then it was consecrated and might be played in, but not before. The owner of the tennis-court, who was always a lord, never played without making some offering and performing certain ceremonies to the idol of gaming; which shows how superstitious they were, since they had such regard to their idols even in their diversions. Montezuma brought the Spaniards to this sport, and was well pleased to see them play at it, as also at cards and dice.'

Mr Stephens, in his recent explorations (in 1841-2) among the ruined cities of Yucatan,* the inhabitants of which, though speaking a different language from that of the Mexicans, from the identity of their ancient customs, institutions, calendar, and religion, are manifestly members of the same mysterious family whose probable origin has given rise to such a cloud of conjectures, met with an edifice among the ruins of Chichen Itza answering to the above description of the Mexican tennis-court, in which were also found two corresponding stones 'like that of a mill, with a hole quite through the middle,' on the rim and border of which were sculptured two entwined serpents, being some mystical emblem, perhaps 'the idol of the ball.'

But though with this national glory also departed the manly sport of the tennis-court, in which 'the king and people delighted,' and which 'the Spaniards prohibited,' the ancient passion for gambling has lost none of its force in its transmission to their descendants of the present day, the less noble game of *monts* (cards), &c., imported by their conquerors, usurping universal sway over the Indians, and indeed all colours and classes in Spanish America.

* Without doubt caoutchouc or india-rubber.

* By the laborious researches of that intelligent traveller and pleasing writer, Mr Stephens of New York, the ruins of forty-four ancient aboriginal cities have within the last four or five years been brought to light in the peninsula of Yucatan, mournful witnesses of the high degree of civilisation and perfection in the fine arts to which their builders had attained. The existence of most of those ruins was entirely unknown in the capital; they were desolate and overgrown with trees, and though but a short distance apart, from the great change that has taken place in the country and the breaking up of the old roads, having no direct communication with each other, they had never before been visited by a stranger, and some of them perhaps never looked upon by the eyes of a white man.—(See *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan*.)

If the modern Indian * does not play for mantles or feather-work, it is because such articles do not now hold a place among the items of the national wardrobe, the native costume of the present day being a pair of sandals and a straw hat, to which is added, according to taste, a pair of cotton drawers or a *camisa* (shirt); but he still enjoys the privilege of playing away his hard-earned mediss, his pigs or poultry, and very often *himself*, not to slavery, the Indian being by law as free and independent as the white man; but when he has lost more than he can pay, he is bound to discharge his 'debts of honour,' even as his other debts, by an adequate amount of manual labour. Many designing persons take advantage of this state of affairs, and advance small sums to the unfortunate gamester, thus rendering him their temporary bondsman; and as the Indian is too careless and indolent to keep an account of money matters, he is artfully held in a state of almost continual serfdom.

The gaming-table is considered not only accessary but indispensable to the pleasures of social intercourse; nor is the propensity for gambling confined to the elder members of the community, as may be seen by the following account by the above-named traveller of his first night in Merida, the capital of the Yucatanian republic:—'We arrived at Merida at an opportune moment. It was the season of fiesta. The fete of San Cristoval, an observance of nine days, was then drawing to its close, and that evening a grand function was to be performed in the church dedicated to that saint. We had no time to lose, and after a hasty supper, under the guidance of an Indian lad, we set out for the church.' After describing the gorgeous appearance presented by the internal arrangements and ornaments of the sacred edifice, and the imposing ceremonies of the fete, he goes on to say: 'We waited till the last passed out, and leaving the church blazing with light, with rockets, fireworks, drums, and violins, all working away together on the steps, we followed the crowd. Turning along the left side of the plaza (square) where stood the church, we entered an illuminated street, at the foot of which, and across it, hung a gigantic cross, also brilliantly illuminated, and apparently stopping the way. Coming as we did directly from the church, it seemed to have some immediate connexion with the ceremony we had just beheld, but the crowd stopped short of the cross, opposite a large house, also brilliantly illuminated. The door of this house, like that of the church, was open to all who chose to enter, or rather, at that moment, to all who could force their way through. Waiting the motion of the mass before, and pressed by those behind, slowly and with great labour we worked our way into the sala. This was a large room extending along the whole front of the house, hot to suffocation, and crowded, or rather jammed, with men and women, clamorous and noisy as bedlam let loose. On each side of the sala was a rude table, occupying its whole length, made of rough boards, and supporting candles stuck in little tin receivers about two feet apart. Along the tables were benches of the same rough materials, with men and women, whites, mestrizos, and Indians, all sitting together close as the resistance of human flesh would permit, and seemingly closer than was sufferable. . . . . Along the corridor, and in the whole area of the patio or courtyard, were tables and benches as in the sala, and men and women sitting as close together. The passages were choked up, and over the heads of those sitting at the tables, all within reach were bending their eyes earnestly upon the mysterious papers, one of which lay before each person. They were greyheads, boys and girls, and little children; fathers and mothers; husbands and wives; masters and servants; men high in office, muleteers, and bull-fighters; senoras and senoritas with jewels round their necks and roses in their hair, and Indian women with only the slight covering they had on; beauty and deformity; the best and the vilest in Merida; perhaps in all two thousand persons; and this great multitude, many of whom we had seen but a few minutes before on their knees in the church, and among them a fair bevy of lovely dark-eyed girls, who had stood by us on the steps, were now assembled in a public gaming-house! A beautiful spectacle for a stranger the first night of his arrival in the capital! The game which they were engaged in playing is called *la loteria* or the lottery. It is a favourite amusement throughout all the Mexican provinces, and extends to every village in Yucatan. It is authorised by the government, and, as was formerly the case to a pernicious extent with the lotteries of our own country, is used as an instrument to raise money, either for the use of the government itself or for other purposes that are considered deserving.' We omit entering with the author into the principles of the game. But the smallness of the stake, about sixpence English, gives colour to the charitable construction which he puts on this particular pastime, that it is not exclusively the love of gambling that draws so many persons together; but that, in the absence of theatres and places of public entertainment, the lottery is a great gathering-place where persons of all ranks and ages go to meet acquaintances; for there rich and poor, great and small, meet under the same roof on a footing of perfect equality; good feeling is cultivated among all without any forgetting their place. To a people fond of amusement and destitute of mental resources—for, generally speaking, the white descendant of the conqueror is as much degraded in the intellectual scale as his Indian brother—the gaming-house has a strong fascination. Whole families resort thither for recreation on Sabbath after mass, as well as on week days—a sad school for youth. It is the only country where the young are early initiated into a practice which is the scourge and bane of all classes of society, and that under the eye and with the sanction and example of their parents! It is much to be lamented that missionary labours are not directed to those benighted regions, where, with the divine assistance, what might not be effected in the regeneration, spiritual and temporal, of this fallen people! for it cannot be denied that the white sons and daughters of the conquering Spaniard have degenerated; and that the Indians are a race that have also retrograded in the march of intellect is but too painfully evident from the gorgeous though crumbling testimonials of the genius, power, and riches of their ancestors.

* The name Indian, applied to the aboriginal inhabitants of the Western Continent, is a corruption or abbreviation of the Spanish word *indigeno*, native.

## A STROLL ABOUT POTZDAM.

BY R. BAIRD.

Potzdam is the Versailles of Prussia. It stands about eighteen miles to the south-west of Berlin; and, like its French prototype, it is situated in the midst of a country which has but few claims to natural beauty. A barren plain of sand, covered with stunted pines and other small trees, spreads out extensively around it. Here and there, it is true, a farm of greater or less extent occurs to diversify the scene; but as the fields of which they are composed have, for the most part, the appearance of being exceedingly sterile, these cultivated spots serve to render more visible the desolation which reigns around, rather than to relieve it.

The town stands on the right bank of the river Havel, which here expands into a long lake, with finely wooded, picturesque, and sloping shores. The city lies back from the river from a quarter to half a mile. The site is low, but the ground rises gently as it recedes from the water. The road from Berlin crosses the Havel at a narrow point in its course which connects two lakes, and at the distance of about a mile above Potzdam.

The population of Potzdam is about 32,000, including the garrison. The streets are generally wide; many of the houses are large and handsome; and when the court is there, there is a considerable appearance of life. At other times the streets seem to be almost deserted. This is particularly the case in the winter. In the summer the visits of the royal family, and their protracted stays, combine with the beauties of the environs to attract thither many people, citizens as well as strangers.

There are four royal palaces in Potzdam and its vicinity. One is called, *par excellence*, the *Royal Palace*, and stands in the south-western edge of the city. It contains little that is worthy of special notice, save the apartments which were occupied by Frederick the Great, who built not only this palace, but all the other royal residences in Potzdam, and who was, in fact, the author of all that is either splendid or beautiful in that city, save an elegant church which has recently been built in the vicinity of the palace of which we are speaking. These apartments remain nearly in the same state in which they were at the death of that monarch. Here are shown his writing-table, spotted all over with ink, his inkstand, his music-stand, his bookcase, filled chiefly with French works, and the chairs and sofa which he used, their coverings nearly torn off by the claws, it is said, of his dogs. The bed on which he slept has been removed, because it was worn out, and almost pulled to pieces by curious visiters who wished to carry away some memorial of that great man. Adjacent to his bedroom is a small room provided with a round table that ascends and descends through a trap-door in the floor. It was here that the monarch was in the habit of dining, *tête-à tête*, with his most intimate friends, without the fear of being overheard; inasmuch as the dinner was served without the presence of a waiter. Many of the rooms of this palace are very richly and even gorgeously furnished. We gazed with a melancholy interest at those which the celebrated Louisa, the late beautiful and excellent Queen of Prussia, and mother of the reigning monarch, once occupied. They remain in the same state in which they were at her death in 1810.

In an opposite direction, and north of Potzdam, is what is called the *Marble Palace*, so named from the abundance of marble with which it is adorned. Many of its apartments are very beautiful. Not far from it is a little village called the *Russian Colony*. It consists of about a dozen houses, all built entirely after the fashion of the cottages of the Russian peasants. This village is inhabited by a company of serfs whom the Emperor Alexander gave to the late King of Prussia. The little church, which stands in the midst of the colony, is beautifully fitted up with paintings, silk curtains, and silver-plate, and adapted to the services of the Greek church. A priest of that church is maintained here for the religious instruction of the little congregation, in conformity with the doctrines and rites of their national faith.

Westward of the city, and contiguous to it, lie the beautiful gardens of the Sans-Souci, filled with fine plantations, and intersected with extended avenues; whilst many a fountain, with its numerous jets of water, its Neptune, its Amphitrite, and its Naiads, add an indescribable charm to the scene. The length of these gardens, from east to west, is two English miles. Their width is not far from one mile, from the Havel back to the rising ground which forms their northern boundary. A wide avenue runs throughout their entire length, and divides them into two unequal parts. At the western end of this avenue stands what is called the *New Palace*, a large and showy mass, which does not display much taste either in its exterior or its interior. In the library there is a copy of the miscellaneous works of Frederick the Great, in French—'Des Œuvres Mêlées du Philosophe de Sans-Souci, avec Privilége d'Apollon.' This copy contains many notes in the handwriting of Voltaire, some of which are specimens of severe criticism; and yet there are not wanting remarks which are characterised by the basest adulation. For instance, we find at the end of one of Frederick's letters the following phrase: 'What wit, what grace, what imagination! How sweet it is to live at the feet of such a man!'

But the most interesting by far of all the royal palaces in and about Potzdam is that of Sans-Souci. It stands on the right side of the gardens of which we have spoken above, and at a short distance from the city. The site is considerably elevated, the ground rising rather suddenly from the gardens, whence terrace above terrace mounts up to the height of at least one hundred feet. The palace stands on the uppermost, or rather on the plateau which spreads out beyond it. It is a long low building, displaying no great architectural beauty, but its position is very fine. Facing the east, it overlooks the gardens, their avenues, their basins and fountains, and commands a view of an extensive section of the valley of the Havel, which here has a great width. The terraces are planted with the choicest vines, olives, and orange-trees, and are covered with glass roofs which lean from one to another.

The palace of Sans-Souci was the favourite residence of Frederick the Great. The portion of it which he occupied remains very much as it was at the moment of his death, which took place in this palace. A clock which the monarch was in the habit of winding up with his own hand was stopped (the Prussian cicerones will tell you that it stopped of its own accord) at the moment of his death, and the hands continue to point to twenty minutes past twelve. A portrait of Gustavus Adolphus is the only ornament that adorns the walls of the room in which the monarch died.

In the opposite end of this palace, which was many years inhabited by the present king when he was crown prince, were the apartments of Voltaire, what time the 'Philosopher of Fernex' sojourned with the 'Philosopher of Sans-Souci.' Here it was that these infidel *savans* spent their evenings in various discourse, some of which was probably not *very* philosophical; here, too, was the scene of their philosophical quarrels; and here it was—alas, for poor human nature, even when under the influence of philosophy!—that the philosopher of Sans-Souci literally kicked (at least Lord Dover says so) the philosopher of Fernex out of doors! *This*, it must be confessed, was *not* philosophical.

Frederick the Great was a strange mortal. He had no love for woman in his heart at any period of his life; but he had a wonderful affection for horses and dogs. At the extremities of the terrace on which stands the palace of Sans-Souci, are the graves of his favourite dogs and horses. It is said that he desired, and even commanded, that his own mortal remains should repose with theirs! But his will, in this particular, was not obeyed.

At a short distance north-westward from the palace, stands the famous *Mill of Sans-Souci*. The history of this windmill is as follows:—It was owned by a man who refused to sell it to Frederick the Great, excepting for an enormous price. Much as that monarch wanted it, for the purpose of extending his grounds in that direction, he refused to buy it at the price demanded. In revenge, he planted a goodly number of trees near the mill, which in process of time becoming tall, probably served no good purpose so far as the mill was concerned, for they kept off the wind when it blew from that direction. Frederick had malice enough to do any thing that was ill-natured, or even downright wickedness. A few years ago, the present proprietor of the mill, a descendant of Frederick's obstinate neighbour, becoming embarrassed in his circumstances, went to the late king and offered to sell him the property; but the king refused to buy it, saying that it had become a matter of historical association as it stood, and that it must remain private property. He generously, however, relieved the owner from his embarrassments, and settled a pension upon him.

One of the most interesting spots in the vicinity of Potzdam is unquestionably the *Pfauen-Insel*, or Island of Peacocks. It is a beautiful islet, lying in an expansion of the Havel, at a distance of nearly three miles to the north of the city. A carriage-road along the left bank leads up to a point opposite to the island, whence a ferry-boat in three or four minutes carries the visiter over. But we preferred to go by water, from the bridge over the Havel at Potzdam. The weather was fine, and the occasion was a gala-day. Thousands of people from Berlin and Potzdam were flocking to the scene of pleasure. Our little boat, covered with a canopy to protect us from the sun, and managed by three or four oarsmen, was filled with passengers, all of whom, excepting ourselves, were Germans. Among them were many young men, some of them students; and certainly a noisier set of fellows we have seldom met with anywhere.

Drinking beer and smoking were most assiduously prosecuted; while incessant shouts of mirth made the 'welkin ring.'

At length we reached the island; and certainly it is a *bijou* of a place. It is a mile and more in length, but is not wide. A pretty little royal summer palace or lodge stands about the middle of it, surrounded with flower-gardens. In one part is a fine grove of large old oaks, elms, and beech trees. The hothouses are very large, and contain some of the tallest palms and other tropical plants which are to be found in all Europe. The menagerie is filled with wild animals, and is well kept. The apartments in the palace are very small, but exceedingly neat and chastely adorned. It was a favourite place of visit with the late king. Indeed this island was a sort of *hobby* for that excellent monarch. In the little bedroom of his majesty, there is a charming bust of his admirable queen, whose death he ceased not to lament till his own decease. It was made by the celebrated Prussian sculptor Rauch.

But to our mind there is nothing in Potzdam more interesting for its historical associations than the *Garrison Church*, which stands at the distance of half a mile or less to the west of the first mentioned palace. It is in the south-western corner of the city, and not far from immense barracks, which are occupied by several regiments of troops. This church is a large and imposing edifice. Its services are not only attended by the military, but also by the court, when it is at Potzdam. As in most of the large churches on the Continent, but a small part of the area is covered with fixed seats; the pulpit is on one side, and is a small tub-like affair, perched up against one of the pillars which sustain the gallery, from which it is entered. Beneath the gallery at this point is the mausoleum which Frederick the Great erected for the remains of his father, and where his own were deposited. It is about twelve feet square, and is constructed wholly of marble. The entrance is beneath the pulpit. It contains nothing but two bronze coffins or sarcophagi, which are placed parallel to each other, and at the distance of some four or five feet apart.

In the year 1805, the Emperor Alexander of Russia visited his father-in-law, the late King of Prussia, for the purpose of engaging him in a war against Napoleon. Days were spent in serious and private consultation on this momentous subject. At length all was settled, and nothing remained but to ratify, as it were, the agreement by a most solemn act. For this purpose the two monarchs, accompanied by the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, issued forth at the dark hour of midnight from the palace, and rode in a gorgeous carriage, with footmen in splendid liveries, down to the Garrison Church. The sexton, with a flambeau in his hand, unlocked the great door, conducted the royal visiters up the nave, opened the mausoleum, and passing between the coffins of the dead, took his stand at the upper end of this gloomy place. The streaming light from the torch gave an unwonted aspect to the whole interior, and rendered it more solemn than ever. The emperor, the king, and the queen gathered around the coffin of Frederick the Great, and there, with hands united over it, they took an oath never to cease to resist Napoleon until his overthrow should be accomplished!

One year passed away. The armies of Prussia were annihilated on the plains of Jena. The King of Prussia fled toward Poland, and Alexander was hastening to collect his Scythians and march to his relief. Napoleon took up his abode for a few weeks at Berlin and Potzdam. He, too, must needs visit the tomb of the Great Frederick. Accompanied by his brother Jerome and several officers, he drove down in his splendid chariot, at the hour of midnight, to the Garrison Church. The sexton was ready to receive him and his retinue. Torch in hand, he conducted them to the tomb, and placed himself at the upper end of it, between the heads of the coffins. Bonaparte entered with a firm and solemn air; his brother stood by his side; his officers arranged themselves behind him. Instantly he inquired of the sexton which of the coffins was that of Frederick the Great. He was told that it was the one on his right.* Fixing his eyes upon it, he stood, with his right hand in his bosom and his left behind his back. The silence of death reigned for several moments. There stood the greatest commander of his day gazing at the coffin of the greatest general of the last generation. What a spectacle! At length the silence was interrupted by Napoleon, who exclaimed, as he continued to contemplate the sarcophagus of Frederick: 'Great man, if thou wert still alive I should not be here!'

After this he stood conversing with his brother a few minutes, and then departed. Darkness reigned again in the abode of the dead, and the flashing wheels of the conqueror were rolling toward the palace. There, amid festive scenes and consultations with his officers on plans for the prosecution of the campaign, it is not likely that the impression which the visit to the dead had made lasted a long time. In a few days he was *en route* for Eastern Prussia and Poland, in pursuit of his royal enemy—like the eagle hastening after his prey!†

## REVIVAL AND PROGRESS OF NATIONAL LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

### ALLAN RAMSAY.

Of the early history of Allan Ramsay little is known. He was the son of Robert Ramsay, one of the overseers of the mines of Lord Hopeton in the Leadhills, and of Alice Bower, daughter of a Derbyshire gentleman who had emigrated to Scotland to instruct the miners on the same extensive estates. Allan was born in 1686, and was brought in to Edinburgh about the beginning of 1701, being then in his fifteenth year, and apprenticed to a wig-maker. His father died while Allan was a mere child, and he only got such an education at the parish school as it is customary to confer on the children of the humblest of our peasantry. The boy, as we have said, was apprenticed to a wig-maker—an occupation which the greater part of his biographers are very anxious to distinguish from a barber, but with what degree of justice we know not. Allan himself, it would seem, was not ashamed of his trade, but continued in it long after his apprenticeship had ceased, nor did he abandon it for the more congenial pursuit of bookselling until he had held for some time a name in the poetical world. What a pretty young lady of two-and-twenty could see about 'a small, stunted, dwarfish wig-maker of twenty-four,' to induce her to take the fancy of getting married to him, we cannot say. Such, however, was the case. Before Allan had published a single verse, while he was yet obscure, unfriended, and unknown, he succeeded, by some species of poetic 'glamourie' or other, in captivating at a tea-party the affections of a certain Miss Ross, daughter to one of the city writers. We have the authority of Moore for asserting, that when the heart of a young lady has once gone amissing, the lady herself will soon go in search of it. And so it was here: old Ross, the lady's father, was crowned with one of the most formidable wigs of his day. Allan put it in curl, we are told, once a-fortnight, and kept all 'snod.' Miss Ross, till the tea-party night, had never found her way to the tonsor's shop, allowing the servant to call. Now, however, she made frequent visits, and all about 'papa's wig.' Allan had discernment enough to

* There is a large picture, which sets forth this scene, in the palace of Versailles. But the artist has represented Napoleon as contemplating the coffin of the father of Frederick the Great, instead of that of Frederick himself!

† Some authors, and among them Lord Dover, I believe, state that Napoleon took away the sword of Frederick the Great, which, they affirm, lay on his coffin. But there is some mistake here, without doubt. The old sexton who accompanied Napoleon into the mausoleum, assured me that there never was any sword on the coffin of Frederick the Great. The present King of Prussia, when he was crown-prince, confirmed this statement, and said that there never had been a sword there that he had heard of. It is probable that if ever Napoleon took, or *stole* a sword of Frederick the Great, it was one which he found in the upper storey—which serves as a sort of museum of antiquities—in the old palace in Berlin. The Prussians say that Blucher brought it back from Paris after the battle of Waterloo.

see how matters stood. He had forty times the genius of Andrew Wylie, and was ten degrees 'pawkier.' Mustering in a month or so the necessary amount of fortitude, he made direct proposals to the young lady, and succeeded, though horribly 'blackavized,' and only five feet four, in bearing away, under a terrific fire from the batteries of some five-and-twenty enraged rivals, his invaluable prize—for so it proved. The union was an exceedingly propitious one; and the poet's domestic felicity was, in the course of the subsequent year, increased by the birth of a son, destined in a sister art to all but rival his father—we mean *the* Allan Ramsay who was afterwards portrait-painter to George III. Ramsay had, as we have said, published nothing before his marriage. He had begun, however, to compose at a very early age, and it is stated that when he commenced his literary career, he had a large assortment of poetry on hand which no one had read but himself. Had Allan's object, either in constructing or publishing his verses, been merely the gratification of a poetic ambition, he was quite capable of producing, at the very first, poems which would at once have gained him a name among the learned of his day. But he had from the outset a grand project in his mind—to please, by his fine versification, Pope, Arbuthnot, or Gay, and to come in for a share of the admiration in which they were held by their host of worshippers, seemed as nothing to him—'Scotland, its grovelling illiterate masses—prosperity and enlightenment for ever!' such was, we may suppose, the toast that Allan gave every day after dinner, 'drinking it by himself when he had no company,' in a huge glass of as resplendent aqua as ever bubbled up from the Castlehill rock—aqua pure, cool, clear, and decidedly *cauler*, similar to what Bulwer now drinks, and precisely that which Ferguson *once* praised. We are not certain if we know the precise year in which Ramsay gave his first production to the world. About the year 1712, we find him addressing, with a petition to be admitted to the privilege of membership, a society of young gentlemen, who had some years before rendered themselves conspicuous by a decided opposition to the union. The society was styled the 'Easy Club,' and the poem we refer to is addressed to its happy members. The petition was successful. Ramsay's marriage had recently given him a hoist in aristocratic regard, and these gentlemen of the 'Easy Club' received the delighted bard with open arms. One thing, however, Ramsay had to do, and he did it characteristically. The young men who composed the club had all adopted assumed names. Allan, without we believe thinking of old Bell-the-cat, or how his stern shade was likely to brook the insolence, wrote himself down Gavin Douglas, and under that magnificent appellage he was unanimously admitted. Nor was this all. He became a decided favourite with all the membership, derived advantage from their candid criticisms on his earlier productions, and rose in time to the dignity of their poet laureate. No earthly happiness can be counted on, however, as stable or lasting. This most respectable association was scattered, peeled, and torn by the tumults attendant upon the rebellion of Mar in 1715. Ramsay had, however, for nearly two years previous to this period, been publicly vending his metrical tracts and pamphlets. His shop was crowded every publication day with applicants for rhyme. Hundreds stood at the door without, waiting till it was time to be admitted, and Edinburgh mothers were to be seen in all parts of the town putting pennies into the hands of their children, and dispatching them for Allan Ramsay's last piece. While this was going on within the enclosure of the city walls, matters abroad wore an equally cheering aspect. Demands for new lots of metrical tales, ballads, and songs, were transmitted to the surprised hair-dresser from all parts of the country, the only drawback to his happiness being the extensive piracies of the north and south country hawkers, who were actually reported to be making rich at his expense. Thus, while Allan was every day most industriously employed in dressing the heads of the lieges in Scotland, the 'immortal nine' were encircling his own with unfading garlands. The year in which he renounced hair-dressing was 1716, when, exhibiting on his signpost the head of the god Mercury, he opened in Niddry Street a shop for the sale of books. He also established what had never before been heard of in Scotland, a circulating library—a library which, all our readers know, has its existence still, and is now probably the most extensive of the kind in Britain. Invaluable institution! immortalized not only from the name it bears, but from having been the storehouse out of which, during his long confinement to bed with his injured leg, those romances were brought to Sir Walter Scott, which he devoured so eagerly, and turned subsequently to such brilliant account. A year before his removal to the new shop, Allan had published his 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' and no sooner was he fairly located in Niddry Street, than a clamorous demand from without induced him to issue a second edition. And no wonder such a demand was made. The first canto of the poem by King James I. is admirable, but it had been written for an age of comparative refinement—an age, at least, that could to some extent appreciate poetry. Allan wrote a continuation, but, aware of the coarseness of taste that distinguished the majority of his readers, he introduced descriptions of a much more plain and homely kind than the royal bard had ever anticipated. Yes, in utter despite of his own elegant, classical, and most thoroughly refined taste, this intellectual regenerator of a most unclassical and unmusical generation set doggedly to work, and in good earnest published a tract for the times! Second edition! Why, the opening of the third canto, jingling through their numskulls, was sufficient, though Ramsay had never penned another line, to infuse energy into half the peasantry of Scotland—

'Now frae the east nook o' Fife, the sun
Speel'd westlines up the lift;
Carles wha heard the cock had crawn,
Begoud to turn and shift,
And greedy wives, wi' girnin' thrawn,
Cried lasses up to thrift.
Dogs barked, and a' the lads frae han',
Bang'd to their claes like drift,
Be break o' day.'

Talk of Burns's 'Holy Fair,' and the abuses it has put down! The 'Holy Fair' was a witty production, but to a considerable extent it was levelled against a class of men who had no means of retaliation; but 'Christ's Kirk on the Green' was a bold adventurous experiment. Though professedly descriptive of the manners of the previous century, it was obviously written to satirize the barbarism of Ramsay's own times. Had it not pleased as poetry, it would have raised about the wig-maker's ears a storm of execrations. But it took. No poem ever did more, and that almost instantaneously, to improve the taste and civilise the manners of a rude and unclassical people. It set all Scotland a-laughing at itself. That this was what Ramsay intended, everything goes to prove. He aims at describing rustic manners and social practices. Now, Scotland at the time, so far as manners and habits were concerned, resembled nothing so much as a vast Dutch level. It was everywhere alike. What was true of one district of the country was true of all its districts. Ramsay's satire, like the sun and Belinda's eye, fell on all, and on all alike. In his preface (written in verse, too) he tells critics to go 'to Freuchie,' for he was not writing for their behoof—

'Gae gi' your censure freer scope,
An' Congreve satirize, or Pope,
Young's satires, or Swift's merry style—
These, these are writers worth your while.'

And at the end of the poem, in a considerable footnote, he thus speaks of his intentions in writing it: 'Notwithstanding,' says he, 'all my *public-spirited pains* (a distinct avowal that he was writing more for his country's good, than to gratify his own ambition), I am well aware that there are a few heavy heads who will hang down the thicks of their cheeks to the sides of their mouths, and, richly stupid, allege that some things in it have a meaning. Well, I own it, and think it handsomer in a few lines to say something, than talk a great deal and mean nothing.

And I believe I could raise a great many useful hints from every character, which the ingenious will presently find out—

> Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
> And rise to faults true critics could not mend;
> From vulgar bounds with true design to part,
> And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

Thus,' he adds, 'have I penned these comical characters, having the good manners of the vulgar in view.' It was, in our opinion, these frequent allusions to the classical poets of his day that made the circulation of Ramsay's own pieces so serviceable to the common people. Heretofore, with a few exceptions, the youth of Scotland had heard no writings extolled save those of the clergy. Now, however, the youthful swains and shepherds of Caledon began to rub their eyes as if awakening from a dreamy slumber. Stupidity became sufficiently bright to half-laugh at its own profundity. In the towns there was now quite a literary commotion. Mechanics of all classes began to form themselves into small associations for literary purposes. Not only were the English classics, as well as the 'Tatler' and the 'Spectator' read, the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and one or two less known periodicals, not to name newspapers, were commissioned from London. Ramsay, meanwhile, the great enchanter, was himself awake. He saw what his Ariel was doing, and called out in many an ecstatic moment, 'Fine spirit.' Heretofore he had tried his countrymen only with small detached pieces which cost next to nothing. In 1721, he published a quarto volume, being a complete collection of the poems which had been so long circulating. The experiment was successful. The expensive book sold amazingly, and the sum of four hundred pounds, being the profit on the sale, was the author's reward. The volume is dedicated to the most beautiful of the Scots ladies, is accompanied with several copies of panegyrical verses, and with a portrait of the author, painted by his friend Smibert.

The high position to which Ramsay had already raised himself excited envy. He tells us in his preface that he had been honoured with three or four satires. Amongst the number of the detractors of this eminent man, Alexander Penicuik, a versifier of mean talent, has the infamy to take first rank. The volume concludes with the author's address to his book—'a poem,' says Dr Irving, 'in which he speaks of himself with sufficient complacency.' In the poem Ramsay boldly expresses his belief that he had already done enough to immortalise his name—an arrogance which Dr Irving gently censures, adding, 'that though to talk boastingly of their certain immortality might have excited no disgust in the cotemporaries of Horace or Ovid, such a practice was most preposterous on the part of Allan Ramsay.' Now, we do not see that there would have been any great presumption in the matter, even admitting that Allan's anticipations of an immortal name had been deserved solely from the high estimate he had learned to form of his own verses. But he had still surer data from which to calculate. Gifted with a great portion of shrewd sense, and a large share of what has been appropriately termed mother-wit, the enraptured bard could not fail to discover, from the very commencement of his brilliant career, that he was a 'made man.' How, when he perceived from the extensive circulation which on their very first appearance his verses underwent, that the literary torpor which had distinguished the common orders of his country for upwards of a century, had been broken in upon and disturbed; how, when Edinburgh mothers, after extracting from their huge side-pockets the necessary amount of coppers, trooped off their urchins in scores on the day of their almost weekly publication for 'Allan Ramsay's last piece;' when piracy, in addition to the tens of thousands of copies which he issued forth himself, was every day scattering thousands more of them over all the land, imparting to the masses of Caledonia not merely a thirst for his own writings, but an anxious desire to get possession of the works of the many eminent poets whom in almost all of his productions he made a point of extolling—could this illustrious man fail to ascertain that a new era had taken place in the literature of Scotland, which, acknowledging none but himself for its author, must even, though all the productions of his own pen had been forgotten, have carried down his name to the most remote posterity, and that, by consequence, if that name perished, it could only be with the history of his country.

When Ferguson subsequently arose, or, better still, when Burns himself appeared, they found a population already qualified, and prepared to peruse at once and appreciate the productions of their muse; but when Allan first tuned the Doric reed it was vastly different. Whatever the case might be amongst the upper and middle classes of society, one thing is certain that in Allan's time the peasantry and mechanics of Scotland had lost all relish for ordinary reading. The splendid writings of the numerous poets who preceded, and to some extent ushered in the Reformation, had been long forgotten and laid aside, and in order to establish his popularity, Ramsay behoved to go craftily to work; or say that he was actuated by motives purely selfish in all that he did—say that his anxiety to bring before his readers the names of other poets, whose shoe-lachets he declared himself unworthy to unloose, was simply a belief that until the common people of Scotland had learned to appreciate Drummond or Pope, they would be utterly incapable of admiring those still loftier poetic productions which he had already planned in his mind, and intended in the fullness of time to communicate; or take the lowest possible view of the subject, and affirm that his motive for exciting a literary taste was simply to aggrandise himself as a bookseller by creating a host of country readers, who might possibly call at his shop on market-days, like gentle Patie, and purchase his gilded volumes, with blood-money derived from the sale of two or three 'gentle lammies just new come frae their mithers'—account for the barber's conduct, we say, on any conceivable principle of the most abject and most mercenary meanness, still we come back to the precise point from which we started, and confidently affirm that if, at the present day, the Scottish working man occupies an intellectual attitude, which makes him the admired of all nations, even to the limits of civilisation itself; if the common people of these islands are devouring at the present hour pamphlets, tracts, periodicals, volumes, which discourse in a style most delectable of poetry, literature, science, and art; if, we say, they are doing this with more than ancient Athenian voracity, they are doing it simply because Allan Ramsay, upwards of a hundred years ago, took their case, then most deplorable, into his most serious consideration, and giving them, in the first instance, food convenient for their condition, gradually broke the barbaric spell by which for such a weary period of time they had been kept in sleep, and prepared them to be what they have since become, that is to say what *they now are*.

We lose all patience, we must confess, with that class of writers, who, keeping totally out of sight this most important view of the question, are constantly insisting upon the institution of an immediate comparison between Ramsay and Burns. Admit that the ploughman's early productions do greatly excel those of the barber lad at a similar age, the cases are no way parallel. Burns flared out at once, and blazed without being able to help it; he gave full scope to his magnificent powers; the spirit of inspiration was within him, and he had no motive for quenching it—out, therefore, upon the still breeze came the voice of song from the innermost recesses of his heart; in sublime and delicious gushes he warbled his 'woodnotes wild,' and an entranced nation stood spell-bound and captivated. But Allan was at first more chary of his breath, and used his windpipe with greater mercy. He knew the value of poetic pearls, and the nature of the animal before whom it is injudicious to cast them. All that he did at first was to put out his feelers. His first effusions, therefore, were as simple and racy as might be; he put not out half of his strength, but lured the lieges to read by issuing for their perusal only such ditties as they were qualified to appreciate; and after success had

exceeded his most sanguine hopes—after his name had, in every remote valley and sequestered nook of Caledon, become of household familiarity—was there any arrogance in the expressed anticipation of a certain immortality which in the verses referred to Ramsay actually puts forth? We think not; but to return. Having made a large portion of his countrymen readers of verse and refined prose, Ramsay now essayed to make them musical. He accordingly, in 1721, published a volume of songs, under the title of the 'Tea-table Miscellany.' It, too, had instantaneously a wide circulation; and lasses on bleaching greens, lads in workshops, and shepherds on the sloping sides of verdant hills, all fell to singing the songs of Ramsay. The publication about this time of a work entitled the 'Evergreen,' being a collection of poems by various authors previous to 1600, turned out a failure. Not so Allan's next effort. The hour had now come, and the poem. Allan had been heretofore more ambitious of elevating the manners and refining the tastes of his countrymen than of rendering conspicuous his own poetic powers before persons of learning and taste. He now, however, was about to gladden his literary friends, and to settle his calumniators for ever. He looked at envy with a smile, and declared she should soon sing dumb. He therefore put his best foot forward at last, and bequeathed to posterity the 'Gentle Shepherd.' What a contrast to his first effort, 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' not in respect of genius, but of classical elegance of diction, refined purity of sentiment, and good taste! How useful, too; how many thousands of youth have become readers from merely these lines:

'Whene'er he drives out sheep to Edinburgh port
He buys some books o' history, sangs, or sport:
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
And carries aye a pouchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben,
He often speaks, and ca's them best o' men.
How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing,
And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' weel, and gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought he made o'er great a phrase
About fine poems, histories, and plays.
When I reprov'd him ance—a book he brings,
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.'

What times! when to have read Cowley or Pope constituted among shepherds a phenomenon!

Scotland, it should be remembered, had very much altered during the last ten years. Her peasantry could not have relished Patie and Roger then. 'Christ's Kirk on the Green' was intended to paint Scotland as she then was; the 'Gentle Shepherd' was prospective, and Patie especially was intended for a specimen of what, under the influence of 'Schoolmasters' and 'Weekly Instructors,' her peasantry were in the nineteenth century to become. All Ramsay's previous efforts had been successful, but that of the 'Gentle Shepherd' was instantaneous, and without a precedent. The circulation of Dante's poem is the only thing which can be compared to it. It was nothing equal, however. The circulation of the 'Gentle Shepherd' was perfectly astounding. Edition followed edition in close and rapid succession, and it was not long till it became known by every lover of poetry; and, what bespeaks a higher popularity still, till it had taken a place on the shelf of every cottage in Scotland. If 'Christ's Kirk on the Green' injured Scotland's self-esteem, the 'Gentle Shepherd' was balm and oil to the wound. Caledonia wondered at her own refined graces. How much she had improved, not in literature only, but even in cookery, since 1714—that is, only twelve years before!

'For ere yestreen I brew'd a bow o' maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wedders, prime and fat;
A firlot o' good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hangs reesting in the neuk.
I saw mysell, or I cam o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat that scads the whey, put on,
A mutton-bouk to boil, and ane we'll roast;
And on the haggis Elspa spares nae cost;
Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice;
Fat are the puddings—heads and feet weel sung,
And we've invited neighbours auld and young.'

In 1726 Ramsay, who had now realised a considerable fortune, and was then on terms of personal intimacy with the highest nobility of Scotland in Edinburgh, besides conducting a literary correspondence with the most distinguished wits of the age, removed his shop from Niddry Street to the Luckenbooths. His tenement was exactly in front of the Exchange, and it soon became a kind of daily lounge for all the fashionable literateurs about town. A second volume of Ramsay's poems appeared in 1728. His fame was now extended beyond the narrow bounds of Scotland, and both in England and Ireland his works were eagerly read and extensively circulated. In 1736, Ramsay at his own expense erected a theatre for the benefit of the citizens in Carrubbers' Close. The speculation was unfortunate. The act for licensing theatres came out the subsequent year, and after a great pecuniary loss Ramsay was ordered by the magistrates to shut up his. In a house constructed rather whimsically on the north side of the Castlehill this great man spent the latter years of his useful existence. The place is still distinguished by the name of Ramsay Gardens. Much of his time was spent in the society of Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, and Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield. But his social connexions, says Dr Irving, were soon to be dissolved. He had begun to be sorely afflicted with a scurvy in his gums, which, after having deprived him of his teeth, and consumed one of his jaw-bones, put a period to his life, when he had completed the age of seventy-one. He died at Edinburgh on the 7th of January, 1758, and was interred in the Greyfriars' churchyard, where a tablet has been erected to his memory.

## THE EMIGRANT'S LARK.

(In Sir F. B. Head's new work, 'The Emigrant.')

HENRY PATTERSON and his wife Elizabeth sailed from the Tower in the year 1834, as emigrants on board a vessel heavily laden with passengers, and bound to Quebec. Patterson was an intimate friend of a noted bird-catcher in London called Charley Nash. Now Nash had determined to make his friend a present of a good sky-lark to take to Canada with him; but not having what he called 'a real good un' among his collection, he went into the country on purpose to trap one. In this effort he succeeded, but when he returned to London he found that his friend Patterson had embarked, and that the vessel had sailed a few hours before he reached the Tower stairs. He therefore jumped on board a steamer that was starting, and overtook the ship just as she reached Gravesend, where he hired a small boat, and then sculling alongside he was soon recognised by Patterson and his wife, who, with a crowd of other male and female emigrants of all ages, were taking a last farewell of the various objects which the vessel was slowly passing. 'Here's a bird for you, Harry,' said Nash to Patterson, as, standing up in the skiff, he took the frightened captive out of his hat, 'and if it sings as well in a cage as it did just now in the air, it will be the best you have ever heard.' Patterson, descending a few steps from the gangway, stretched out his hand and received the bird, which he immediately called 'Charley,' in remembrance of his faithful friend Nash.

In the Gulf of St Lawrence the vessel was wrecked: almost everything was lost except the lives of the crew and passengers; and accordingly, when Patterson, with his wife hanging heavily on his arm, landed in Canada, he was destitute of everything he had owned on board excepting Charley, whom he had preserved and afterwards kept for three days in the foot of an old stocking.

After some few sorrows, and after some little time, Patterson settled himself at Toronto, in the lower part of a small house in King Street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, where he worked as a shoemaker. His shop had a southern aspect; he drove a nail into the outside of his window, and regularly every morning, just before he sat down upon his stool to commence his daily work, he carefully hung upon this nail a common sky-lark's cage, which had a solid back of dark wood, with a

bow or small wire orchestra in front, upon the bottom of which there was to be seen, whenever it could be procured, a fresh sod of green turf. As Charley's wings were of no use to him in this prison, the only wholesome exercise he could take was by hopping on and off his little stage; and this sometimes he would continue to do most cheerfully for hours, stopping only occasionally to dip his bill into a small square tin box of water suspended on one side, and then to raise it for a second or two towards the sky. As soon, however, as (and only when) his spirit moved him, this feathered captive again hopped upon his stage, and there, standing on a bit of British soil, with his little neck extended, his small head slightly turned, his drooping wings gently fluttering, his bright black eyes intently fixed upon the distant, deep, dark blue Canada sky, he commenced his unpremeditated morning song, his extempore matin prayer. The effect of his thrilling notes, of his shrill joyous song, of his pure, unadulterated English voice upon the people of Canada can probably be imagined by those only who either by adversity have been prematurely weaned from their mother country, or who, from long-continued absence and from hope deferred, have learned in a foreign land to appreciate the inestimable blessings of their fatherland, of their parent home. All sorts of men, riding, driving, walking, propelled by urgent business, or sauntering for appetite or amusement, as if by word of command, stopped, spellbound, to listen for more or less time to the inspired warbling—to the joyful hallelujahs of a common homely dressed English lark! Reformers, as they leaned towards him, heard nothing in his enchanting melody which even *they* could desire to improve. I believe that in the hearts of the most obdurate Radicals he re-animated feelings of youthful attachment to their mother-country; and that even the trading Yankee, in whose country birds of the most gorgeous plumage snuffle rather than sing, must have acknowledged that the heaven-born talent of this little bird unaccountably warmed the Anglo-Saxon blood that flowed in his veins. . . . Three times, as Patterson sat beneath the cage, proud as Lucifer, yet hammering away at a shoe-sole lying on his lapstone, and then, with a waxed thread in each hand, suddenly extending his elbows like a scaramouch, three times was he interrupted in his work by people who each separately offered him one hundred dollars for his lark; an old farmer repeatedly offered him one hundred acres of land for him; and a poor Sussex carter, who had imprudently stopped to hear him sing, was so completely overwhelmed with affection and *maladie du pays*, that, walking into the shop, he offered for him all he possessed in the world—his horse and cart; but Patterson would sell him to no one.

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On a certain evening of October, 1837, the shutters of Patterson's shop-windows were half-closed, on account of his having that morning been accidentally shot dead. The widow's prospects were thus suddenly ruined, her hopes blasted, her goods sold: and I need hardly say that I made myself the owner—the lord and the master—of poor Patterson's lark. It was my earnest desire, if possible, to better his condition, and I certainly felt very proud to possess him; but somehow or other this 'Charley-is-my-darling' sort of feeling evidently was not reciprocal. Whether it was that in the conservatory of Government House at Toronto, Charley missed the sky—whether it was that he disliked the movement, or rather want of movement, in my elbows—or whether, from some mysterious feelings, some strange fancy or misgiving, the chamber of his little mind was hung with black, I can only say that during the three months he remained in my service I could never induce him to open his mouth, and that up to the last hour of my departure he would never sing to me.

On leaving Canada I gave him to Daniel Orris, an honest, faithful, loyal friend, who had accompanied me to the province. His station in life was about equal to that of poor Patterson; and, accordingly, so soon as the bird was hung by him on the outside of his humble dwelling, he began to sing again as exquisitely as ever. He continued to do so all through Sir George Arthur's administration. He sang all the time Lord Durham was at work—he sang after the Legislative Council, the Executive Council, the House of Assembly of the province, had for ever ceased to exist—he sang all the while the Imperial Parliament were framing and agreeing to an act by which even the name of *Upper* Canada was to cease to exist—he sang all the while Lords John Russell and Sydenham were arranging, effecting, and perpetuating upon the United Provinces of Canada the baneful domination of what they called 'responsible government;' and then, feeling that the voice of an English lark could no longer be of any service to that noble portion of her Majesty's dominions—he died.

Orris sent me his skin, his skull, and his legs. I took them to the very best artist in London—the gentleman who stuffs for the British Museum—who told me, to my great joy, that these remains were perfectly uninjured. After listening with great professional interest to the case, he promised me that he would exert his utmost talent; and in about a month Charley returned to me with unruffled plumage, standing again on the little orchestra of his cage, with his mouth open, looking upwards—in short, in the attitude of singing, just as I have described him. I have had the whole covered with a large glass case, and upon the dark wooden back of the cage there is pasted a piece of white paper upon which I have written the following words:—'This lark, taken to Canada by a poor emigrant, was shipwrecked in the St Lawrence, and after singing at Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th of March, 1843, universally regretted.—Home! home! sweet home!'

## SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

THERE are few more curious subjects connected with the economy of the human body, and the chemical changes to which it may become liable, than that indicated in the title we have prefixed to this article. The recorded cases of the spontaneous or preternatural combustion of human beings are both numerous and well-authenticated, and many of them are of very recent occurrence. By some inquirers, indeed, these cases have been treated as in great measure apocryphal; nor is this so much to be wondered at, when we consider the extraordinary nature of the facts themselves, and the extreme difficulty of reducing to ashes recently dead animal substances. But in the present day such incredulity can arise only from ignorance; and there cannot be a doubt of the extraordinary fact, that human beings, while still in life, have in some manner caught fire, and been partially or almost entirely consumed.

As yet, physiologists have not agreed on any satisfactory theory of this singular phenomenon; but it is worthy of remark, that all the subjects of this horrid death have been notorious drunkards, and most of them have been old corpulent women addicted to intoxication. This has led to the pretty general conclusion, that the whole tissues of the body may become so thoroughly saturated with spirituous fluid, as to render it peculiarly liable to combustion, either from the spontaneous ignition of the inflammable gases generated within it, or from the slightest contact with any burning body. Sturmius, in the *German Ephemerides*, says, that in the northern countries flames often burst from the stomachs of persons in a state of intoxication. Three noblemen of Courland, having laid a bet which of them would drink the most spirits, two of them died in consequence of suffocation by the flames which issued in great violence from their mouths. That alcoholic liquors may be very quickly absorbed into the blood, and thus be diffused through every part of the body, is perfectly well known. We are informed that a man took a wager that he could drink a certain enormous quantity of wine and brandy within a given time. He performed the feat, but killed himself by it. MM. Cuvier and Dumeril afterwards examined the body, and were struck with the

strong alcoholic exhalation from every part. M. Breschet, again, mentions that he has repeatedly observed the same phenomenon in the bodies of criminals recently executed: and he adds this important remark, that fat animal substances are much more speedily and completely consumed by fire than those that are lean. M. Marc concludes, from numerous observations, that an animal body may engender and become impregnated with inflammable gaseous matter; and that this may ignite, either on the approach of any lighted body, or by the action of an internal electric current. The theory of alcoholic impregnation becomes the more probable, when we consider that preternatural combustion is a visitation to which human beings are alone subject; there being not the slightest reason to conclude that any of the lower animals ever fell victims to this most dreadful and appalling death.

One of the earliest recorded instances of spontaneous combustion is contained in the *Transactions of the Society of Copenhagen*. It is there recorded that, in 1692, a woman of the lower class, who for three years had used liquors to such excess that she would take no other sustenance, having sat down one evening on a straw chair to sleep, was consumed in the night-time, so that no remains of her body were found but the skull and the extreme joints of her fingers; all the rest of the frame, says Jacobus, 'was reduced to cinders.'

The *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xliii., record a similar case, and more circumstantial in its details. Grace Pitt, the wife of a fishmonger in the parish of St Clement, Ipswich, aged about sixty, had contracted a habit, which she continued for several years, of coming down every night from her bedroom, half-dressed, to smoke a pipe. On the 9th April, 1744, she rose as usual; her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive she was absent till next morning when she awoke. Soon after, she put on her clothes, and going down to the kitchen, found her mother stretched on the right side, with her head near the grate, her body extended on the hearth, with her legs on the floor, which was of deal, having the appearance of a log of wood consumed by fire without any apparent flame. On beholding this fearful spectacle, the girl hastily poured some water over her mother's body, in order to extinguish the fire; while the fetid odour and smoke which exhaled from the body almost suffocated the neighbours who ran to her assistance. The trunk was in some measure incinerated, and resembled a heap of coals covered over with white ashes. The head, legs, arms, and thighs had also participated in the burning. The woman, it is said, had drank a large quantity of spirituous liquor for joy, on learning that one of her daughters had returned from Gibraltar. There was no fire in the grate, and the candle was found entirely burned out in the socket of the candlestick, which was close by her. Besides which there were found, near the consumed body, the clothes of a child and a paper screen, which had sustained no injury by the fire. The dress of the unfortunate woman consisted of a cotton gown.

In the *Annual Register* for 1763 is published a memoir by Bianchini, of which the following is the substance:—The Countess Cornelia Bandini, of Cesena, in Italy, aged sixty-two, and in good health, was accustomed to bathe all her body in camphorated spirits of wine. One evening, having experienced a sort of drowsiness, she retired to bed, and her maid remained with her till she fell asleep. Next morning, when the girl entered to wake her mistress, she found nothing but the remains of her body in the most horrible condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed was a heap of ashes, in which the legs and arms were alone untouched; between the legs lay the head. The brain, together with half the posterior part of the cranium and the whole chin, had been consumed; three fingers were found in the state of charcoal, and the rest of the body was reduced to ashes. A small lamp which stood on the floor was covered with ashes, and contained no oil; the tallow of two candles was melted on a table, but the wicks still remained, and the feet of the candlesticks were covered with moisture. The bed was not deranged; the bedclothes and coverlid were raised up and thrown on one side, as is the case when a person gets up. The furniture and tapestry were covered with a moist kind of soot of the colour of ashes, which had penetrated into the drawers and soiled the linen. This soot, having been conveyed to a neighbouring kitchen, adhered to the walls and the utensils; a piece of bread in the cupboard was covered with it, which no dog would touch. The unpleasant odour had been communicated to the other apartments.

In the same work, anno 1773, is found an account from Mr Willman, a surgeon, of a similar event, which occurred at Coventry. The unfortunate victim was a woman, named Mary Clues, aged fifty, who was much addicted to intoxication. Her husband had been dead for about a year and a half; and her propensity to this vice had so much increased since that event, that for about a twelvemonth scarcely a day elapsed in which she did not swallow half a pint of rum or aniseed. Her health gradually declined, when, about the beginning of February, she was attacked with jaundice, and confined to bed. Though incapable of much action, she still continued her old habit of drinking every day, and smoking a pipe of tobacco. The bed on which she lay stood parallel to the chimney of the apartment, and at a distance from it of about three feet. On the morning of Saturday the 1st of March, she fell upon the floor, and extreme weakness having prevented her from getting up, she remained in that state until some one entered and put her to bed. The following night she desired to be left alone. A woman quitted her at half-past eleven, and, according to custom, shut the door and locked it. She had put on the fire two large pieces of coal, and placed a lighted candle on a chair at the head of the bed. At half-past five in the morning, a smoke was seen issuing from the windows, and the door being burst open, some flames which were in the room were soon extinguished. Between the bed and the chimney were found the remains of the unfortunate inmate. One leg and a thigh were still entire, but there remained nothing of the skin, the muscles, or the viscera; the bones of the cranium, the breast, the spine, and the upper extremities were completely calcined, and covered with a whitish efflorescence. The furniture had sustained but little injury. The side of the bed next the chimney had suffered most; the wood of it was slightly burned, but the feather-bed, the clothes, and the covering were untouched. The walls of the apartment, and everything in it, were blackened, and it was filled with a disagreeable vapour, but nothing except the body exhibited any strong traces of fire.

In this and other cases, it will be seen that we are not entitled to assume that the combustion was properly *spontaneous*, since the flame was probably communicated from the fire or candle burning in the apartment. But this detracts but little from the extraordinary and preternatural character of such occurrences. The accounts of martyrs and others who have been consumed at the stake, represent a large amount of fuel as necessary to effect even the partial destruction of the human body, and the same thing is true of persons who have accidentally lost their lives in burning buildings. When, however, the body itself is alone almost totally consumed, while other substances round about, naturally very inflammable, are comparatively uninjured, the phenomena must be allowed to be very different from those of ordinary combustion, and such as to necessitate the conclusion, that the unhappy sufferers were singularly predisposed to the calamity which befell them. In the *Encyclopedie Methodique*, is given a case on the authority of Vicq. d'Azyr, who states that there have been many other instances of the same kind. A woman about fifty years of age, who indulged to excess in spirituous liquors, and got intoxicated every night before she went to bed, was found entirely burned and reduced to ashes. Some of the osseous parts only were left, but the furniture of the room had sustained very little damage.

Le Cat, a distinguished French pathologist, and author of a memoir on spontaneous combustion, in which many singular instances are recorded, relates the following extraordinary case, which occurred in 1749. Madame de Boiseou, eighty years of age, who had drank nothing but

spirits for several years, was sitting in her elbow-chair before the fire, while her waiting-maid went out of the room for a few moments. On her return, seeing her mistress on fire, she immediately gave the alarm, and some persons having come to her assistance, one of them endeavoured to extinguish the flames with his hand, but they adhered to it as if it had been dipped in burning brandy or oil. Water was brought and thrown on her, yet the fire appeared more violent, and was not extinguished till the whole flesh had been consumed. Her skeleton, exceedingly black, remained entire in the chair, which was only a little scorched; one leg only and the two hands detached themselves from the rest of the bones. It is not known whether her clothes had caught fire by approaching the grate; but she was in the same place in which she sat every day; there was no extraordinary fire, and she had not fallen. The above account is nearly in the words of *Beck's Medical Jurisprudence*, p. 526, where several other cases are quoted.

The *Journal de Medicine*, vol. lix., p. 440, gives the particulars of a case of spontaneous burning, related by M. Muraire, a surgeon, as occurring at the town of Aix, in Provence. This reporter says: 'In the month of February, 1779, Mary Jauffret, widow of Nicholas Gravier, a shoemaker, of a small size, exceedingly corpulent, and addicted to drinking, having been burned in her apartment, M. Rocas, my colleague, who was commissioned to make a report on the state of her body, found only a mass of ashes and a few bones, calcined in such a manner, that at the least pressure they crumbled into dust. The bones of the cranium, one hand, and a foot, had in some measure resisted the action of the fire. Near these remains stood a table untouched, and under the table a small stove, the grating of which having been long burned, afforded an aperture, through which it is probable the fire, which occasioned the melancholy accident, had been communicated: one chair which stood near the flames had the seat and fore feet burned. In other respects there was no appearance of fire either in the chimney or the apartment; so that, except the fore part of the chair, it appears to me that no other combustible matter contributed to this speedy incineration, which was effected in the space of seven or eight hours.'

The town of Caen, in Normandy, was the scene of a corresponding catastrophe, which occurred in 1782, and is thus related by M. Merille, a surgeon of the place, in the journal above quoted. The victim in this instance was a Mdlle. de Thuars, a female of about sixty years of age, extremely corpulent, and, as usual, much addicted to intoxication. On the day of her death she was reported to have drunk three bottles of wine and *one bottle of brandy!* M. Merille, having been desired by the authorities to inquire into the circumstances, found the remains of the unhappy woman lying with the crown of the head resting on one of the irons, at the distance of eighteen inches from the fire; the rest of the body was placed obliquely before the chimney, the whole being nothing but a mass of ashes. Even the most solid bones had lost their forms and consistence; none of them could be distinguished except the coronal, the two parietal bones, the two lumbar vertebræ, and a portion of the tibia, and even these were so calcined that they became dust by the least pressure. The day had been cold, but there was nothing in the grate except a few small pieces of burned wood, and none of the furniture in the apartment was damaged. The chair on which Mdlle. Thuars had been sitting was found at the distance of a foot from her, absolutely untouched. The consumption of the body had taken place within less than seven hours.

The case we have next to relate, one of the most harrowing in this dreadful catalogue, is attended with circumstances of peculiar interest, because the unfortunate victim survived the accident some time, and gave an account of the various phenomena by which it was preceded and followed. The case was published in one of the journals of Florence for October, 1776, by M. Battgalia, the surgeon who attended the sufferer, and the source of the following particulars will be found in the *London Medical Repository*, vol. i. Gio. Maria Bertholi, resident priest at Monte Volere, went on business to a neighbouring fair; and having spent the day in walking about the country, arrived in the evening at Jiernielle, intending to sleep at the house of his brother-in-law. He was, immediately on his arrival, at his own request, conducted to his chamber, when he had a handkerchief placed between his shirt and shoulders, and hereupon commenced his devotions. But a few minutes had elapsed, when an uncommon noise, attended with cries, was heard issuing from his apartment. The people of the house were alarmed, and rushing in, found the priest stretched upon the floor, and enveloped in a light flame, which receded as they approached, and ultimately vanished. He was immediately placed in bed, and on the following morning visited by the surgeon, who, on examination, found the skin of the right arm and fore-arm detached from the muscles, and hanging loose. From the shoulders to the thighs, the integuments were similarly injured. These portions of skin having been removed, and mortification being perceived on the right hand, the parts were scarified. Notwithstanding this precaution, it had fallen next day into the state of gangrene, and on the third day all the other scorched parts were found in the same condition. The unhappy man complained of unquenchable thirst, and was horribly convulsed; the discharges from his mouth were putrid and bilious, and his strength was exhausted by continual vomitings, accompanied with delirium and a burning fever. After lying two hours in a state of insensibility, he expired on the fourth day. While he lay in this lethargic sleep, his attendant observed with astonishment that putrefaction had made rapid progress, so that the body exhaled an intolerable odour, and the nails were spontaneously detached from the fingers of the left hand. In his conversations with the surgeon, the unfortunate man stated, that first of all he had felt a blow, like that inflicted by a cudgel, on the right arm; and that at the same time he saw a light blue flame attach itself to his shirt, which was instantly reduced to ashes, yet his wristbands at the same time remained untouched. The handkerchief across the shoulders was likewise uninjured. The lower part of his dress had escaped, but his cap was entirely consumed, although not a hair of his head had suffered by the flame. All the symptoms of the disease were those of a severe burn. The night of the accident was calm, and the atmosphere very clear; no empyreumatic smell nor appearance of smoke was observed in the chamber; but the lamp, before full of oil, was become dry, and its wick reduced to a cinder. The above case, it may be remarked, seems well accredited, and offers one of the clearest instances of *spontaneous* combustion on record.

We come now to record a few of the more recent cases of this terrible phenomenon; those, namely, which have occurred during the present century, and with regard to the reality of which no degree of doubt can possibly exist. The celebrated Dr Apjohn of Dublin has published the accounts of four cases which have taken place in different parts of Ireland of late years. We find the following extraordinary particulars of one of these thus quoted in *Johnson's Medico-Chirurgical Review* for April, 1837: A woman about sixty years of age, who lived with her brother in the county of Down, retired one evening to bed with her daughter; both being, as was their constant habit, in a state of intoxication. A little before day, some members of the family were awakened by an extremely offensive smoke, which pervaded their apartment; and on going into the chamber where the old woman and her daughter slept, they found the smoke to proceed from the body of the former, which appeared to be burning with an internal fire. It was as black as coal, and the smoke issued from every part of it. The combustion having been arrested, which was effected with difficulty, although there was no flame, life was found completely extinct. The daughter, though sleeping in the same bed, had sustained no injury; nor did the burning extend to the bed or bedclothes, which exhibited no other traces of fire than the stains produced by the smoke. According to the testimony of one of the relatives, there was no fire whatever in the room. The

woman had been grossly intemperate for several days before her decease.

The respectable periodical above mentioned, quoting from a recent French journal, gives a detailed account of another dreadful instance, which occurred in Paris on the 6th September, 1836. In this case there were two victims, an old man seventy-three, and his wife sixty-five years of age, who had both been long immoderately addicted to the use of spirituous liquors. On the above-mentioned day they had indulged in most excessive intoxication, and on the following morning were found dead. The circumstances were investigated by M. Delaville, procureur du Rpi, and M. Soly, who, on entering the apartment, found the windows and some pieces of furniture covered with a greyish soot. There was a strong empyreumatic smell; and on the floor, between a table, on which were some bottles and glasses containing brandy, and the ashes in the fireplace, lay a shapeless carbonised mass, in which four human legs could be recognised. Most of the bones had been calcined in a most extraordinary manner, and hardly any portions of the trunks could be distinguished. The period of time during which this total destruction had taken place could not have exceeded twelve or fourteen hours. As usual, the furniture does not seem to have been in the least degree injured.

The last case with which we consider it necessary to trouble the reader was published in the *Journal des Connaissances Medicales* for May, 1840, and is given nearly as follows in Johnson for January, 1841: Dr Lievin, one of the surgeons of the French army at Algiers, was summoned to visit a Moor who had become suddenly ill. He found his patient, a man between forty and fifty years of age, in a state of insensibility: he was large, very fat, and bore all the traces of a habitual drunkard. He had been missed by his friends for several days, and was at length found lying in the streets in a state of intoxication. He was immediately bled from the arm and leeched very copiously; two days afterwards he was again bled; and on the fifth day he had so far recovered as to be able to go to the mosque to offer up prayers for his convalescence. *He returned drunk.* Next day he again went out, and did not appear for three days. This life of inebriety had continued for a month, when Dr Lievin was again summoned to his house. A horrible spectacle awaited him there: on the ground lay a corpse three-fourths consumed, black, carbonised, and exhaling a most offensive empyreumatic smell. The limbs and a great portion of the trunk were consumed. The account which the attendants gave was, that he had been brought home on the preceding night, drunk as usual, and was put to bed. A smell of burning being perceived in the house some time afterwards, they entered his room, and found him suffering from excruciating pains; he said he was burning all over; he drank freely of water, but found no relief. A bluish-coloured flame was observed playing around his body, which exhibited in different parts some frightful wounds. The attendants left the room in horror, believing that he was a victim to some demon, in consequence of his having disobeyed the commands of the prophet, which enjoin abstinence from intoxicating drinks. The combustion in this case took place by the simple force of the organisation; no body in a state of ignition had been near the patient.

We have now brought our melancholy catalogue to a close. Generally speaking, doubtless, the records of disease and death have their appropriate place in the pages of a medical journal, rather than in those of a popular periodical. But we claim an exception for such narratives as those just detailed, on account of the important lessons they are fitted to teach thousands who never see the medical works in which they are recorded. Their moral far outweighs their pathological interest; nor can we doubt the justice of the conclusion drawn by the Mahometan attendants in the case above detailed, that such occurrences strikingly exhibit the disfavour of Heaven towards a vice which more than all others beside, tends to ruin both soul and body.

## A TALE OF SLAVERY.

(From the 'Christian Advocate and Journal.')

THERE are at Washington city, at Norfolk, at Charleston, and perhaps at some other places in the old States of the South, slave-markets, where slave-dealers purchase upon speculation such slaves as they can obtain, for the purpose of re-sale at a profit in the extreme South.

As I went on board the steamboat at Wilmington, North Carolina, I noticed eight coloured men, handcuffed and chained together in pairs, four women, and eight or ten children, at the apparent ages of from four to ten years, all standing together in the bow of the boat, in charge of a man standing near them. Of the men, one was sixty, one was fifty-two, three of them about thirty, two of them about twenty-five, and one about twenty years of age, as I subsequently learned from them. The first two had children, the next three had wives and children, and the other three were single, but had parents living from them. Coming near them, I perceived they were all greatly agitated; and on inquiring, I found that they were all slaves, who had been born and raised in North Carolina, and had just been sold to a speculator who was now taking them to the Charleston market. Upon the shore there was a number of coloured persons, women and children, waiting the departure of the boat; and my attention was particularly attracted by two coloured females of uncommonly respectable appearance, neatly attired, who stood together, a little distance from the crowd, and upon whose countenances was depicted the keenest sorrow. As the last bell was tolling, I saw the tears gushing from their eyes, and they raised their neat cotton aprons and wiped their faces under the cutting anguish of severed affection. They were the wives of two of the men in chains. There, too, were mothers and sisters, weeping at the departure of their sons and brothers: and there, too, were fathers, taking the last look of their wives and children. My whole attention was directed to those on shore, as they seemed to stand in solemn, submissive silence, occasionally giving utterance to the intensity of their feelings by a sigh or stifled groan. As the boat was loosed from her moorings, they cast a distressed, lingering look towards those on board, and turned away in silence. My eye now turned to those in the boat; and although I tried to control my feelings amidst my sympathies for those on shore, I could conceal them no longer, and found myself literally 'weeping with those that weep.' I stood near them, and when one of the husbands saw his wife upon the shore wave her hand for the last time, in token of her affection, his manly efforts to restrain his feelings gave way, and fixing his watery eyes upon her, he exclaimed, 'This is the most distressing thing of all! My dear wife and children, farewell!' The husband of the other wife stood, weeping in silence, and with his manacled hands raised to his face, he looked upon her for the last time. Of the poor women on board, three of them had husbands whom they left behind. One of them had three children, another had two, and the third had none. These husbands and fathers were among the throng upon the shore, witnessing the departure of their wives and children, and as they took leave of them they were sitting together upon the floor of the boat, sobbing in silence, but giving utterance to no complaint.

But the distressing scene was not yet ended. Sailing down Cape Fear river twenty-five miles, we touched at the little village of Smithport, on the south side of the river. It was at this place that one of these slaves lived, and here was his wife and five children; and while at work on Monday last, his purchaser took him away from his family, carried him in chains to Wilmington, where he had since remained in jail. As we approached the wharf, a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, and anguish seemed to have pierced his heart. The boat stopped but a moment, and as she left, he bade farewell to some of his acquaintances whom he saw upon the shore, exclaiming, 'Boys, I wish you well; tell Molly (meaning his wife) and the children I wish them well, and hope God will bless them.' At the

same moment he espied his wife on the stoop of a house some rods from the shore, and with one hand which was not in the cuffs, he pulled off his old hat, and waving it toward her, exclaimed, 'Farewell!' As he saw by the waving of her apron that she recognised him, he leaned back upon the railing, and with a faltering voice repeated, 'Farewell, for ever.' After a moment's silence, conflicting passions seemed to tear open his heart, and he exclaimed, 'What have I done that I should suffer this doom? Oh, my wife and children, I want to live no longer!' and the big tears rolled down his cheek, which he wiped away with the palm of his unchained hand, looked once more at the mother of his five children, and the turning of the boat hid her face from him for ever.

As I looked around, I saw that mine was not the only heart that was affected by the scene, but that the tears standing in the eyes of many of my fellow-passengers bore testimony to the influence of human sympathy; and I could, as an American citizen, standing within the limits of one of the old thirteen States, but repeat the language of Jefferson in relation to the general subject, 'I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just.' After we left Smithport, I conversed freely with all these persons; and in intelligence and respectability of appearance, the three men who had thus been torn from their families would compare favourably with the respectable portion of the coloured men of the North. This is a specimen of what almost daily occurs in the business of the slave-trade.

### A HINT.

Use not evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

### DURABILITY OF OAK.

The durability of oak may be known from the fact that the throne of Edward the Confessor is 800 years old; one of the oaken coronation chairs has been in its present situation in Westminster Abbey about 540 years; and the oldest wooden bridge of which we have an account is of oak—it is that famous for its defence by Horatius Cocles, and which existed at Rome 500 years before Christ.

### VALUE OF SOUND KNOWLEDGE.

To overcome the evil principles indigenous in the human breast by the force of principles that are antagonistic to them—to neutralise the selfish, corrupt, and sensualising, spontaneous produce of our nature by the sanctifying power of a revealed scheme of faith and duty—to give the mind just views of its moral and religious obligations, of its true interests for time and for eternity—to implant truth, justice, mercy, patience, fidelity, and prudence, forbearance under injury and sympathy with misfortune, as governing sentiments in the soul—to teach man his ever-during relations to man, whether a relative, a neighbour, a stranger, or a sovereign, and his indissoluble subjection to divine rule, whether reconciled or adverse to it—these are the most important topics of instruction for rich and poor, the noblest in their nature and office, ministering soothing and dignity to humanity now, and preparing it for the sanctities of heaven at the close of mortal probation. The true end of learning, as Milton has it, 'is to repair the ruin of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which, being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection.' The ruin may be repaired the most easily in the childhood of human nature; for before evil habits have struck root—before the hardening influences of the world have been experienced, and the dissipations of society been entered—the truths of Scripture may be brought to bear upon the heart and conscience with the greater probability of effect. The principles of religion that are essential to moral elevation, that save and sanctify, are not among the mysterious points of theology, but are far more comprehensible to the opening mind than the commonest truths of natural science. As Augustine finely observes—'The Bible so speaketh, that with the *height* of it, it laughs proud and lofty-spirited men to scorn; with the *depth* of it, it terrifies those who with attention look into it; with the *truth* of it, it feeds men of the greatest knowledge and understanding; and with the *sweetness* of it, it nourishes babes and sucklings.'—*Milner's Elevation of the People.*

### FOR AN ALBUM.

BY MRS G. G. RICHARDSON.

'One verse for remembrance!' so sweetly you ask,
What mortal the verse could deny?
But fancy is bankrupt, so frequent the task
Those souvenirettes to supply.

They have flourish'd in albums so often, so long,
I'm posed to say anything new;
So do you find the moral, if I find the song,
And I'll give you an incident true.

Once a pretty 'forget-me-not' artless and wild,
Look'd so smilingly up in my face,
I drew from the hedgerow the fair floral child,
A border more costly to grace.

I planted it carefully, water'd it oft;
Every year it expanded its flowers;
My garden was fairer, my dews were as soft,
As those of its earlier hours.

But, alas! I perceived, though its clusters increased,
It wax'd paler and paler of hue:
Its fresh look of nature, its loveliness ceased—
Like the town-grafted beauty it grew,

Who loses the charm of her young village-green
When to fashion she opens her smile,
Her bloom and content, yet with languishing mien
Grows taller and vainer the while.

I like not pale faces, I like not forced flowers,
Though on vellum, and gilded, and bound—
Faded blue least of all! Give me back the fresh hours
Ere 'memories' in albums were found!

Your tributes are countless—forget-me-nots many
In pencil and poesy shine:
Dissect and compare, and where will you find any
More truthful and pithy than mine?

### THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

BY JOHN YOUNGER.

(Written on perceiving the little blue flower blooming on a low grave where no stone of remembrance had been set.)

Oh, 'tis a lovely little flower,
That blue 'forget-me-not!'
I see it blooming on the grave
Of one who seems forgot.

And nature's nightly tear has wet
Its pretty orange eye,
But morning's sun again returns
To smile and kiss it dry.

Oh, as in sympathy it seems
To love the grassy tomb,
So even in Paradise it may,
Perhaps, unfading bloom.

So modest the appeal it makes
To fancy's list'ning ear,
I must suppose some gentle heart
Lies lowly mould'ring here.

And though the slumb'ring tenant be
On earth remember'd not,
The fond request in heaven is heard,
Where there is none forgot.

*** In answer to a communication we have received regarding a *sentence* in the sketch of the life of the late Dr Heugh, published in a recent number, being calculated to lead to the impression that we gave an opinion as to the merits of the correspondence between him and a brother in the ministry, we have to state, that we invariably eschew all points of personal or denominational controversy, and that we meant merely to record the matter so far as it was publicly known from the proceedings in the church courts, without stating whether we considered these proceedings right or wrong. We are still of opinion that our statement went no farther than this.—ED.

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## TALKOLOGY, OR POPULAR TOPICS.

Of all the *ologies* that have puzzled pupils and puffed up professors, few if any are more difficult than what we term *talkology*. We do not hereby mean the mere mechanical part of oratory or elocution, but the essential science of speaking; comprehending, as it does, the difficult art of holding your tongue. To know *what* to talk about, and *where* and *when*, is a point of human knowledge hard to be attained; a piece of practical information attained to by the very few, and yet it is one of the highest importance, the greatest utility. Many men, rich in the precious ore of wisdom and knowledge, are utterly destitute of the petty currency of conversation. Some, indeed, cannot condescend to the trivialities of social life; hence they are undervalued, because they can talk no nonsense, by those who can talk nothing else. They are not, however, to be commended for this assumption of a solitary position; they are neither wise nor happy in their choice, for the common compact of society is pleasing and being pleased, and though a man ought not always to be laying himself out to please, good sense and good feeling will dictate his making himself generally agreeable. It is indeed impossible to lay down precise rules for common conversation, which is just one of those things that, when done by rule, will not be done at all. The fugitive spirit of conversation will not be kept in a cage, or, if kept in a cage, it will be like one of those tender birds which pine for their lost liberty. Neither will it be forced. Have you not witnessed the effect of such a saying as 'How dull we are!' in stifling the smouldering embers of conversation altogether; or would you be hardy enough to open your mouth if any one should be impertinent enough to say—'Will no one talk?' No; we can lay down no *particular* rules for talking, and the best general ones are to follow the dictates of common sense and common politeness. Let us cultivate these two admirable qualities as much as possible, while by a simple cheerfulness we cannot fail to please, and with a sensitive carefulness not to wound the feelings of our brethren, we need not fear to offend.

Some men are always studying to say clever things; some pester you with puns. Now we are not going to join the surly rebuke of punning which is so often heard. We think many men who shake their wise heads against punning would often make a pun if they could, and we have known a man who affected to hate puns find an opportunity to make one, one so obvious that he could hardly overlook it, and ever after look most leniently upon the so-called vice of punning. No; we think a pun in proper time and place no bad thing, but for a man to be always looking out for an opportunity to pun is execrable. Again, some men are everlastingly sentimental, they deal in truisms which they dole out in the strain of the melancholy Jacques, or rather in that of the fool met by him in the forest, for they are not so full of matter as the exquisite soliloquiser upon the seven ages; such sentimentalisers say, 'very wisely,'

> 'It is ten o'clock:
> Thus may we see how the world wags,
> 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
> And after an hour more 'twill be eleven;
> And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
> And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
> And thereby hangs a tale.'

This is the inimitable satire of the inimitable Shakspeare upon your ultra sentimentalists, and we have little doubt that the memory of our readers will furnish them with some living specimen of the genus. We, at least, remember such a person, a man who had so completely acquired the tone of voice assumed by your utterers of sentiment, that he told you the most ordinary truths in the most sympathetic manner, informing you that you had dropped your pocket-handkerchief as if he had been breaking to you the death of your first-born.

Another class of persons are your sayers of *wise things*. These are quite as troublesome and almost as impertinent as your sayers of smart things; these wiseacres will only open their mouths in an oracular manner, laying fetters upon the freedom of conversation by their affected contempt of small talk.

> 'They do a wilful stillness entertain;
> With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
> Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
> As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
> And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!''

So writes the same admirable author, exquisitely describing a class. All these, and many others which might be mentioned, put restraints upon conversation by straining after something; their talk is forced and unnatural, and rather than this it is better to let the thing go, and, if you please, to talk about *the weather*. Now this brings us to our point, which is to show that the 'weather' in particular, is a most defensible (not to say commendable) object of debate. The would-be-wise treat this topic with disdain. Foreigners say of us Britons that we do nothing but talk about the weather, and that the weather is a thing not worth talking about. Such is the stigma cast in our teeth, but if we swallow the shame we are unworthy that 'Chatham's language be our mother tongue.' We will at once admit the fact that we do very generally talk about the weather, but we deny the opinion that the weather is a thing not worthy to be talked about. We will admit that among casual companions, fellow-travellers, common acquaintance, nay, often among 'very friends,' the 'weather' is a common introductory subject

of conversation. We do not deny but we defend the fact. And, in the first place, we would inquire, What topic would you substitute for it? When a man finds fault with us for one line of conduct, it becomes his duty to point out a better. Now we do not see what general subject could be advantageously substituted for the 'weather,' and we certainly want a general subject, like a snuff-box, by way of introduction. Imagine a man coming into your drawing-room when your guests are assembling, and after pulling up his collar and drawing down his wristbands, and trying most amiably to dispel the dark cloud of taciturnity which seems to be settling down upon the party, instead of the ordinary observations of 'What a remarkably fine day we have had,' or 'What an extraordinarily dull day it has been,' or something of that sort, giving utterance to such a sentence as this, 'We had a goose for dinner,' would not the company affirm that they heard the goose talking? But when the ice is once broken, you may plunge over head and ears into the stream of conversation.

But to describe the advantages of the weather. In the first place, it is a common and ever available introduction—a topic that you may touch upon with all people and under all circumstances when you wish to be civil. The weather is safe ground among strangers; you alarm nobody, you offend nobody, by announcing the salubrity of the atmosphere. If you unadvisedly open upon the corn-laws, you may bring upon yourself a storm of words from which there is no *protection*. If you utter your sentiments upon the slave-trade, you may find the company unequivocally desirous of your utter *abolition*. Alas! if you express yourself upon some religious point, you may find the conversation sink from religion to religious politics, and discover, when too late, that you have thrown an apple of discord among the party, the bitter core of which is envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

By the 'weather,' however, you may feel your way; and though every man has a right to his opinions, and a right to express them too in a courteous way, still it is worth while to know something of your company lest you throw pearls before swine.

We are alluding, you see, chiefly to casual, accidental, stage-coach, steam-boat acquaintance. It is a very different matter where the language of the heart comes out, or deep interest is in any way excited. We suppose no man ever sprang ashore from a long voyage and exclaimed, 'My dearest wife, my beloved children, what a remarkably wet season it has been!' This would be the bathos indeed. But a remark on the weather among unknown associates, temporary companions, is a key to anything—'a stone to try 'em on.' Let us take a very common remark, and observe the ordinary answers. '*'Tis a very fine day*,' say you. 'Yees,' says the farmer, 'but a leetle more rain wouldn't be amiss for the crops;' and away you go into an agricultural discussion, in which, by the way, you must take care that you do not display all the ignorance, and the rough yeoman whom you have been half-inclined to deride, all the knowledge.—'*'Tis a very fine day*.' 'Yes,' says the philosopheret; 'the glass stands at 75 in the shade, which, by comparison with the mean temperature of the morning, gives a difference of—let me see.' And, then, if you list, you may enter upon a discussion upon degrees.—'*'Tis a very fine day*.' 'Yes,' says the misery-maker, 'but I never like to see it so bright in the morning. It's a great deal too fine to last. I know it was just such a day as this when it turned to that tremendous rain; and if it should come on wet what shall we do?' In this case you have met with one of those who never can enjoy the brightness of the present for thinking of the blackness of the future—who are always anticipating evil, and mourning over imaginary distresses; and the best thing you can do is to hold your tongue.—'*'Tis a very fine day*.' 'Yes; it does one good to be out on such a lovely morning. One ought to be thankful for such seasonable harvest weather; and it makes one glad to think that the poor will be so plentifully provided for.' In this case we advise you to carry on the conversation.—'*'Tis a very fine day*.' 'Yes,' says the youngster, with a cut-away coat, 'splendid weather for the races; there'll be no end of a lot of people at Newmarket.' In which case you may please yourself.

Besides being a sort of universal introduction, the 'weather' is a subject of such *general* interest, that, with the exception of hatters, umbrella-makers, slaters, cab-drivers, street-sweepers, and a few who have a professional interest in the weather—a kind of *ex parte* interest in the state of the sky—it is a point of nearly equal importance to all. Whig and Tory—if such things still exist—Churchman and Dissenter, Jew and Gentile, sailor and marine, have all, *as such*, an equal interest in the weather. The most enthusiastic Chartist is as likely to get wet through as the most servile instrument of the aristocracy. Ben D'Israeli no doubt dislikes the 'pelting of the pitiless storm' as much as Sir Robert Peel; perhaps would endure it with less indifference. For all these, the weather is neutral ground. Like that of Tom Tiddler, where in early youth we used to pick up gold and silver (alas! we have never recovered that ground), it is neutral ground for all sorts of people; and on that neutral ground they may repose in peace. It is, indeed, the debateable land of common conversation, but, unlike the debateable land of old, no necessary scene of strife. The weather is peculiarly a British topic of discourse, because the climate of Britain is so notoriously variable. Not that a variable climate is confined to Britain—we have known the four seasons come round in one day in sunny France; but Britain *has* a variable climate, and pleasure, business, health, and life often depend upon it. Let not a foreigner, then, jeer our common topic until he can understand its paramount importance. As well might you endeavour to translate the idiomatic phraseology of one nation into the vernacular tongue of another as attempt to explain to an Egyptian an Englishman's anxiety about the weather. Let a Frenchman talk about the fashions, or a Dutchman about his dahlias; give the German the merits of his kanaster to make the most of, and allow the Belgian to expatiate upon his 'bierre du pays,' we claim for our favourite topic a pre-eminence above all these.

We well remember that happy age when a summer-holiday was the acmé of our hopes, and a gipsy-party the object of a month's anticipation. Oh, that is the age when the weather becomes an object of intense and overpowering interest—when it may be too wet for a water-party, or a breaking-up may be broken up by a rainy day! *That* is the time when a barometer becomes a tutelary deity, and is worshipped in secret as the sun was by honest, simple-hearted man Friday, that it may prove propitious, and do us no harm. We could have broken the odious weather-glass in our lobby when it put ugly doubts into our father's head, like an inanimate Iago, making him jealous of the skies. We had no notion of causes and consequences then, and thought the barometer disturbed the weather when the weather depressed the barometer. It has given us a hint in after years to hear both sides of a question before we hastily undertake to say who is in fault. Implanted thus early, it is no wonder that our interest in the weather lies so deep, or that we come to talk so often of what we feel so interesting. Why, the man who feels no interest in the state of the sky can possess no eye for the face of creation. Look at the green fields and the glittering streams, hedgerow and hillock, woodland and pasture, fertile and fallow, all basking, as it were, in the broad sunshine; or, more expansive still, mountain, lake, and sea, with the shadows of summer clouds cut out upon the surface of them. Look at the passing shower leaving the thirsty earth a new paradise of freshness and beauty, with myriads of diamond drops twinkling on every spray, and emulating in the intensity of their prismatic colours the beautiful bow which is spanning the mighty arch of the heavens. Look at the sterner features of the stormy sky; the deep purple of the shadowed mountain, whose contour is sharply thrown out by the streak of livid light upon the horizon; the still plate of silver water just dimpled by the rain-drops, which are the prelude to the coming thunder-gust. If you have no eye for all these

things you are not to be envied. Why, the birds care for the weather, and so do the butterflies; and who would not sympathise with those bright, innocent, and happy beings? The bees care for the weather, and so do the ants, and who would not wish well to those interesting little labourers? And if birds *cogitabundi*, as many men have both sung and said, you may depend upon it the weather is a constant topic of debate with the feathered community. Our favourite topic, then, is one connected with all the loveliness of the material world. It is extremely interesting to the inferior animals, and not less so to mannikin-kind. It is peculiarly so to English people. It is neutral ground. It is of *general* interest. It is a common introduction. It leads to any other topic. Pshaw! let foreigners do without the weather, we will talk of the weather whether or not.

## PROFESSOR WILSON'S POEMS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We pass from a discussion of Wilson's genius to examine its many though precious fruits. They are really but the *first-fruits*, which his after-seasons have not increased; for the mass of his poetry was produced in youth and early manhood. We take up two slender volumes, which might easily be 'rolled into one' without oppressing the hand of the reader. A fair 'diamond' edition would go with our watch into our waistcoat pocket. And this is the harvest of one of nature's richest minds! A critic would scarcely have conscience to levy his tithes of quotations from such a stock. The last century was notable for this fact, that its sons of genius, with a few exceptions, after paying their addresses very successfully for a short time to the muses, entirely abandoned them, and became eligible as members of Plato's republic. The grief so deeply felt at the premature death of Byron and Shelley might therefore have been moderated by the consideration that, probably, they also had published their last works. Poetry was treated as if it were a puerile occupation; and when the authors became men they 'put away childish things,' and, with dignity, laboured at prose. Epics and dramas, as well as sonnets, were natural to the teens alone; political or literary essays must task riper years! Poetical luxuriance seems to have been shorn off by the first razor which came upon the chin. Was this suicide committed for the sake of preserving the *physical ideal* of a poet? Did Campbell, Coleridge, and Wilson shrink from investing the fine adolescent image (so fondly cherished by ladies) with the corpulency which they began, alas! to acquire? Did they, feeling themselves 'more fat than bard beseems,' and that such an association would expose them and the muses to ridicule, give place to slim youngsters? Would not some sweating-process have been a better alternative? Or, could they not have kept Lent in some literary garret, for the mortification of the flesh? Wilson might have started periodically on a penitential race through the Highlands, dashing up lofty and difficult mountains until he was as light and thin as the air at their summit; and his two brethren might have abstained from the luxuries of the table, so that after the age of thirty they would not have violated or shocked feminine notions concerning a poet's appearance.

Yet, to leave off jesting, it is a just complaint that Coleridge, Campbell, and Wilson, betook themselves to prose, almost as soon as they reached manhood. The strongest pulse of their souls is not therefore within their verses. When we contemplate them as poets, they fall back through years of development into the faint and soft forms of young men. We must ever regret, even when we think of the splendid papers in 'Blackwood,' that Wilson did not consecrate to song his faculties when matured. If he had, many dumb forms of nature and humanity would have become vocal with their first melody.

We have called Wilson's poetry *sacred* poetry; and so it was from the very first. Unlike Wordsworth's, it was baptised at its origin with Christianity, and it acknowledges redemption as well as creation and providence. It is pervaded throughout by the most distinctive elements of the gospel. It may not reflect the orb of revelation, but it is completely suffused with its divine rays, and the reader cannot fail to become acquainted with the source of light and influence, any more than can he who walks through a moonlit scene resist looking up to the moon in the sky, though that can be no object in the scene nor even in the wide horizon. To Wilson's eye the whole world, animate and inanimate, is under the shadow of the Cross. He delights to exhibit the principle and workings of Christianity in the hearts, and its outgoings within the homes of the Scottish peasantry. Nay, he hesitates not to imbue the gentle nature of blooming and high-born maidens with the same grace, which streams out from every accomplishment as something more rare and enviable, and hallows all their character. He does not stop at the gate of death, as if revelation had never opened it; nor does he view the regions beyond in the light of natural religion, as if revelation had never shed its effulgence there; but his muse has a simple faith which implicitly follows and eagerly watches the sure word of prophecy unfolding the other world. He scruples not to hymn the ascent of the good man's spirit up to the Christian's heaven and the Christian's Saviour; and he turns to the grave and sings a sweet strain of hope over the ashes. He would be ashamed to feel or feign a doubt concerning the great hereafter; or to shade it off into classic vagueness and dimness as the counterpart of the heathen Elysium. The religious quality of his poetry distinguishes Wilson from all his brethren of the lakes. In their works, humanity has much to do with flowers and stars, hills and clouds; but nothing whatever with the spiritual objects disclosed in the Bible. The grand economy of grace might be some vulgar artificiality which these poets were bound to discard as a nuisance. The manger of Bethlehem, into which 'angels desire to look,' must not be mentioned by Wordsworth, who turns in manly rapture to a nest, and says, thrillingly, 'Lo, five blue eggs are gleaming there!' He converts a brutish man, 'Peter Bell,' by means of an ass, and not such an oratorical ass as Balaam's; but it would have been more appropriate if he had adopted the scriptural means of conversion. Of the lake fraternity, Wilson alone is entitled to the name of a sacred poet, and this he deserved from the beginning of his career. The best associations of pure Scottish life were, at that time, those of piety; and this genial Scotsman, who from his boyhood had traversed the quiet glens of his country, sympathising keenly with the patriarchs who sanctified many a cottage far and near, and had drunk in largely the poor man's blessed faith, when he gave utterance to his thoughts and emotions, the song was sacred.

We need not wonder, therefore, that his first attempt should be in honour of a meek preacher and bard of Christianity, against whom the profane, though, in this instance, weak and pointless shafts of Byron had been directed. How paltry and contemptible is his Lordship's attack upon Grahame, the author of the 'Sabbath:'

> 'Lo, the Sabbath-bard,
> Sepulchral Grahame, pours his notes sublime
> In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme;
> Breaks into blank the Gospel of St Luke,
> And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch,
> And, undisturbed by conscientious qualms,
> Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.'

These lines have not even the merit of smartness, and the gall in them is diluted mud. Byron did well to be angry at the clergyman and sacred poet, but he would have done still better to be clever. It is amusing to see him defending the Bible from the treatment of Grahame! With what a tender care does he take the law and the prophets, the psalms and the gospel, under his auspices! Wilson's 'Lines to the Memory of Grahame' are a reverent and affectionate tribute to a gentle genius, and contrast strikingly with Byron's handful of mud. The passion which they breathe is mingled, and each couplet has the rising thrill and then the pensive cadence. The piece is appropriately composed in blank verse, and so the mourn-

unstudied step of grief, as in a funeral procession. The grave by which Wilson stands and chants is that of a saint and poet, and therefore the words of wailing which sound down into it, immediately issue forth in responsive hope and ecstacy, like the first breathing and motion of the glorious resurrection. It is truly a pastoral elegy, instinct with the peace which broods over the waters of sorrow. He expatiates with tender beauty over the character, life, and works of the departed, and views these only as the familiar mantle dropped from the ascending spirit—a mantle still warm. There is no affected anguish in his notes, and there is no tear shed to wrong the precious dust which rests in hope. The swollen sod under which Grahame lies has no heavings; and this monody over him, though charged full with pathos, has no tumult. What a noble mourner over friendship, piety, and genius Wilson makes! His whole soul is shadowed by the image of the dead; yet it is an image reflected as much from the heaven where the spirit is, as it is gathered from the grave which has received the body. This is the most popular of Wilson's poems, and has passed through several separate editions. It is his 'Lycidas,' of which he need not be ashamed. Amid a prodigality of beautiful thoughts, there occurs a characteristic reference to the sacred poet:

> 'How beautiful is genius, when combined
> With holiness! Oh! how divinely sweet
> The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touched
> By the soft hand of piety, and hung
> Upon religion's shrine; there vibrating
> *With solemn music in the ear of God!*'

The reader, if he has ever heard Wilson recite, can readily imagine the slow, deep, tremulous, and softly muffled tones with which he would repeat the concluding line.

Wilson's first poem of any considerable length was the 'Isle of Palms.' It is the very ideal of a dream in all its enchanting properties. The fairy-show might have come from his young head pillowed on 'a wreck of Paradise.' The plot abounds with undisguised improbabilities, yet moves on glidingly and softly, as do incidents framed in sleep. Scenes, events, characters, and sentiments are calmly exhibited in this witch-element. There is a universal change of consciousness, yet not so as to destroy identity. Every object within Wilson's range, on his magic touch, has some old evil extracted or charmed away. The pungency of realities is withdrawn, and the world of this poem is the economy of dream-land. The spiritual is made more visible than the material is palpable; sound becomes dumb, and silence has a tongue. The poem might have been a *myth* formed exquisitely by Ariel from Shakspeare's 'Tempest.' The scene opens on the sea, which is calm and level for the molten silver of the moonbeams; its bubbles slowly rising to be crystallised by the starlight. A gallant ship, in which are two youthful lovers, is pursuing her voyage, as if through tranquil air. The small waves which she causes are 'like playful lambs on a mountain's side.' The description of the subsequent wreck has no rival painting, and its excellence has never been approached. And here any other poet would have consigned the vessel to the monsters of the deep, but Wilson, true to his pastoral character, has given her a different fate:

> 'Her beauteous sides . . . . . .
> To the coral rocks are hurrying down,
> To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Much inferior is his apostrophe to the dread and cruel sea. We may point to a short passage of Scripture which, as involving in one awful though quiet hint the havoc of the sea, is infinitely more sublime than all poetry written upon this subject. 'And the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them.' Here the sea is represented as having some peculiarly fatal power of *its own*; and so much has it destroyed human life that it is recognised as a separate and independent destiny from death—a second king of terrors! We challenge such a bold conception of the sea to be produced by any human genius.

We cannot advert to the manner in which the lovers are saved and drifted on to the fairest island of earth. The machinery would have only looked natural in a dream, and so complete is the triumph of Wilson's genius, in modifying or dispensing with common circumstances, and in making his readers passive to the influence of his fancy, that we are insensible even to the intervention of a miracle. In a dream, lovers can stretch their arms across some wide yawning gulf of the sea on which they are tossing apart in the extremity of separation for ever, and place themselves together upon some floating raft which shall pilot itself and its happy and resigned burden to some blessed isle, beautified by God as if for the home and festival of their love; and this poem is but such another wild and wondrous dream. The spot to which the lovers sail is a secluded paradise of God's own planting and watching, where summer lingers all the year amid undefiled and unfading silvan shades, which are fluttering and musical with birds of every plumage and note, and redolent of every flower into which the sweetness of nature can spring. It is a scene for the genesis of a better than the human race. There Wilson's pastoral genius revels in creations of peace and beauty, and descants in their description. The weight of the pure air, all from the fragrant rose up through the gleaming palm branches, and still upwards through cloudless regions, is upon his spirit. The dove sent out from the ark—the profound desire for ever going forth from his heart to discover a place of untroubled repose—could not have alighted upon a more genial spot, and that, moreover, encircled by the protecting ocean. His intense yearnings after a world of loveliness and quiet must surely have been gratified by his own 'Isle of Palms.' All his soul's deepest and dearest phenomena of ideal contemplation were brought out in sensible forms and states. The visions which had haunted his imagination took a palpable aspect and a settled character. With what profusion and variety of natural graces does he deck out 'the Isle,' and what an ethereal calm does he breathe over it as its atmosphere! Well might its two inhabitants remember their sorrows no more. The rare scene and climate, and the society of each other, soften down into calm contentment all the pains of exile from a mother's presence. The poet describes, with the fullest sympathy, their blissful hours of solitude; a solitude soon invaded by—no Captain Cook, but by a little child who calls them parents. We leave them in their isle, though a few years afterwards they abandon it and return to England.

As we before remarked, this poem is a dream, with the pathos and the joy (as in dreams) more soft, yet more intense and spiritual, than in waking experience. It is no allegory, for a dream is its *soul* and not its *body*. Altogether, it is the only production of its class, and is as original as it is beautiful; and though essentially a dream, it will stand the increasing daylight of posterity.

The 'City of the Plague' is Wilson's longest and most elaborate work. In a strange fit of ability to appreciate, or of candour to be just, it was eulogised by Byron, though the value of the praise was considerably abated by being doled out equally to Milman's 'Fall of Jerusalem.'

The incidents of this dramatic poem are few and homely, though, of course, clothed with terrific interest as the exponents of a national judgment. We have but a verse of obscure names, detached from the chronicles of the plague. There are but one or two of the marked doors in the city opened, though in passing to them through the streets we gain an idea of the general ravages. As we are led into a single infected chamber, we are made to feel that it is in the current of the London atmosphere. We do not say that Wilson has succeeded in representing the range of the plague (for who could dramatise a 'city'?), but he has, from narrow and particular scenes, given us vivid impressions of a vast sweep all around and far beyond. We know that it is night under the whole sky, since it is night under our small roof. The time of the drama dates at the visitation of London by the plague. Two young sailors, returned from a voyage abroad, are proceeding along the banks of the Thames to the city. The river is neither gay with trade nor sport. Well was it that the

poet should let us feel the sullen pulse of London life ere he took us to its slow and silent heart. One of the sailors, Frankfort, a native of the lake district, is distressed with forebodings lest his widowed mother or his little brother, who had come to London, should have been stricken. He learns that the neighbourhood of their house is the very seat of the disease. Trembling with anxiety and terror, he reaches the street, and stands before the door, unwilling to know the present. A venerable priest issues forth with the sad message that the mother and brother are lying within—dead. The scene in which Frankfort gazes upon the faces pale, but not yet so cold as marble, is of inimitable pathos, and hung with the deepest sackcloth of inartificial sorrow. From the priest he also learns that his own betrothed, Magdalene (the sweetest and noblest of all Wilson's female characters), is residing in the doomed city, having left her cottage near the lakes; and his fears become still wilder when he is told that, like an angel of charity, she braves death every hour in the chambers and beside the couches of his victims. The lovers soon meet, but after both have been fatally touched. Magdalene places herself beside Frankfort, that they may die together. He, however, being in a state of delirium, insists upon following his mother to the grave, and in this filial act they both walk to their own. In our rapid sketch we have only glanced along the dark centre-thread of the incidents. That thread should have been stronger—a whole bundle of lives spun together, and blackened by the plague, and drawn in by the impatient grave.

The poem overflows with the purest poetry. Every page might be extracted, as affording a specimen of beauty, tenderness, and horror; and so closely is the subject kept to, that every page is the banner of the plague. In reading it, we are most forcibly impressed with the striking phrase of Scripture—'the grave is the house appointed for the LIVING.' The grave is so sure of its tenants, that it reckons upon them whilst they are living and moving actively about, and calls them *its own* before they are struck by death, or even touched by disease. It looks confidently, not only to the darkened room where the dead man is stretched out, but also to the cradle of the rosy child who is yet to be spared for many years.

The 'City of the Plague,' though it be a drama, with its scene laid in London, is yet essentially of a *pastoral* character. The persons have all been imported from rural districts, and the sentiments have the fresh breath and the quiet murmuring of secluded vales and uncommercial rivers. All the innocence and beauty, natural and moral, which ever grew and bloomed in the country, are gathered to bear the blight of the pestilence. The poet was bound to give the dread power no less wide a range than London, and it was well to introduce a few emigrants from the hills and dales; but in London we expect to find some of its proper inhabitants. Yet Wilson has not given us a single distinct city-character. We have no courtier, no merchant, no beggar. Even in that scene where a crowd of profligate revellers carouse at midnight in the streets, and with uproarious and blasphemous mirth chorus the sound of the heavy death-cart rolling past them, one of the reckless wantons is a poor ruined girl, who cannot forget her native Scotland, and the home and days of her unseduced youth, and she warbles a lengthy Scottish lay, not more plaintive than it is strictly pastoral. The words of Frankfort the sailor are but slightly tinged with the sea air, for they are steeped in the beauty of his old country abode. And sweet Magdalene, though for weeks she has been familiar, in her mission of brave benevolence, with all the lanes and scenes of London, does she not live and die the young and lovely saint of Westmoreland?

The '*city*' could not be dramatised, but it might have been idealised, and thus the plague would have been better exhibited. A compass should have been taken, including the palace and the hovel in one shadowy sketch. We should have been made to see that it was *London itself* that was stricken—the London which had grown up for centuries with all its inveterate peculiarities—the London whose life-blood was the mighty and mingled tide of all human blood, yet beating according to its own vicious temperament. But the great fault of the poem is its irregular structure, and that was almost necessarily incident to the subject. If the *city* cannot be dramatised, neither can the *plague*. You may easily find a proper and grand stage, but how will you conjure up a distinct form to tread it? But Wilson has not done what was quite possible. He could not make the plague a visible agent, but he could have made it an invisible judge. A drama should have an organic fate, with constant, incompressible, and increasing pulse in every scene, and only becoming exhausted and still in awful solemnity at the close of the incidents, and at the fall of the curtain. A religious drama, especially, should enthrone Providence for retribution. What should we think of a drama about the Deluge, merely giving the characters perishing in it without a reference to the presiding law of vengeance? Now, the 'City of the Plague' has no tribunal of fate or providence; it is but an hospital of the dying and a churchyard of the dead. There is no moral in the dire visitation. The poet, indeed, was not bound exactly to view the plague as some of the London preachers then did, yet it should not have been left as a mere occurrence. But the 'plague' is not only without a moral, it is positively and directly *against* a moral, for we see characters chiefly imported from the innocent country to meet the doom of city guilt. Our attention is almost entirely fixed upon stricken purity and loveliness, and how can we therefore be impressed with the idea of divine retribution? The fall of Magdalene and of Frankfort's mother, as victims to the destroyer, is as if the two angels who appeared to Lot had been whelmed in the blazing doom of Sodom. The plague should have been made to take the shape and shadow of vengeance; and though here and there, in conformity with the present inequalities of Providence, it might have smitten many innocents, yet its origin should have been in guilt, and its character should have been at once the dark apotheosis, and the deadly avenger of that guilt. After mentioning this leading defect of the poem, it will suffice for us to say that it is charged with the most potent pathos, and invested with the finest imagery. We may also add that there is a general dramatic power indicated in Wilson's prose which is not to be found here.

Wilson's smaller pieces are more finished and perfect as compositions. Each of them seems to have been thrown off freely in one fervent musing. They are the choice emanations of his genius, when the ecstacy of inspiration was full and high. So exquisite are they, that in the reader's mind they dilate into large poems, with their beauties and graces more and more dispread every further moment of study. The 'Scholar's Funeral' will bear a comparison with any elegy in the English language. We only wish that the Oxford students had either as much sympathy or piety as the author represents. The 'French Exile' is equal to Coleridge's wondrous song of 'Genevieve;' and Wordsworth has no verses upon children to match Wilson's address 'To a Sleeping Child.' People are perpetually quoting Scott's lines upon Melrose Abbey, and 'if thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright' has been repeated to us when we were stepping admiringly to a better place—the dinner-table; nay, it was once recited to us as we were soberly repairing on a Sabbath to the church. For the sake of variety, and, as we judge, of superiority beyond degrees, we recommend a perusal of Wilson's 'Melrose Abbey.' But our special favourite is the 'Address to a Wild Deer.' In it we see the youthful Christopher intoxicated with an animal glee which stirs all his genius. It is a magnificent effusion, and might have been the utterance of a poetical Orson who had passed all his days in the wilderness in exclusive sympathy with its bold and swift child. How enthusiastically he asserts the royalty and glory of his 'idol':

> 'Up! up to yon cliff, like a king to his throne!
> O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
> A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
> Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.'

The poetry is the perfect painting of motion in limbs that bound over chasms like light, and sweep up hills like shadows. The deer is made the very impersonation of liberty, with a free range over the most varied scenery. With what a rapid hand Wilson dashes off a description of glen and mountain, moor and forest, roaring gulf and placid lake, whilst the noble animal is the spirit of all:

'Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow?
Fleet son of the wilderness, where art thou now?
Again o'er yon crag thou return'st to my sight,
Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night;
Serene on thy travel, as soul in a dream,
Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream:
With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd, as with light,
And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright;
Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock,
'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock,
Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,
O'er a pit of grim darkness, that roars like the sea.
His voyage is o'er:—as if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime, entranced of rest,
Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee—
Magnificent prison enclosing the free!
With wide-branching antlers a guard to his breast,
There lies the wild creature, even stately in rest!
'Mid the grandeur of nature, composed and serene,
And proud in his heart of the mountainous scene,
He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven,
At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven,
As if in his soul the bold animal smiled
To his friends of the sky—the joint heirs of the wild!'

The description of the hunt and death of the deer is still more noble, but we have not room to quote it. No merely sedative poet could have written such an address. With Wilson's genius, he must also have had Wilson's physical endowments, and have exercised them as much.

We can only name the 'Children's Dance' as the finest poem ever composed upon a festival of infancy and youth. Independently of its tender passion and imagination, in point of shrewdness and playfulness, it far excels Shenstone's 'Village Schoolmistress.'

We close our critical remarks by expressing our conviction that Wilson's genius has not thrown itself entirely into any one characteristic achievement. It seems a power without a destiny. However earnest its states may be, it has no one earnest purpose. It is a grand and impassioned principle rather at play than at work. It has ever been a fugitive from its own sacred responsibilities. With some definite task which would have drawn forth and held all his energies in fervent and straining action, what wonders could not Wilson have done! What crown of fame would not have been awarded him! Had he but stood still, heedless of temporary impulses, and self-collected and absorbed in a worthy project, he would have gained a distinction which this century has given to no other great man. But we fear that his 'summer is ended, his harvest past,' and his best opportunities gone. His old age shows as imperfect a *public* development of his genius, as if he had been cut off in the spring and flower of manhood. Where is the poem which is the measure of this poet? The last thirty years of his life have been, as Coleridge affirmed, 'a reckless waste of genius in 'Blackwood,'' which, if economised and properly directed, would have produced the poems of the era. At the very time that he ceased to write verse, his whole being was becoming more instinct and intense with poetic spirit. The subsequent period of his full and fierce inspiration has been misimproved. He has treated the *afflatus* as the common atmosphere. He has not embodied the thousand glorious conceptions which his mind, in the tumult of the muse's influence, must have produced. He has intermitted all watching over and concern in the protracted states of his sublime imagination, and has allowed them to pass without copy or note. He might have been caught up to the third heavens, and forbidden to tell what he saw, heard, and felt. He has made a secret of his highest poetical ecstacy, which must often have tormented him to give it fit expression, and avenged itself on his silence. In solitude he must have been vexed and torn by the restless and powerful spirit which he kept dumb within him; and when he descended into prose and general literature, his demeanour was ofttimes frenzied and savage, like that of an angel who had sinfully stooped from the sky to mingle with the sons of clay, and whose beauty and strength became wrathful and demoniac when away from his own sphere. We could point out many articles in 'Blackwood' wild and terrible, which are evidently the productions of the agony of genius—chafed and lawless through the remorse of having abandoned poetry. The 'Nodes,' with all their uproarious fun, occasionally show him in the mood of dire penance. The illustrious 'shade' Christopher, more than once or twice, has Wilson's own spasms of bitter penitence in the chair of glorious humour. Nay, we venture to assert, that but for Wilson's shame, grief, and hatred of himself for ceasing to be a poet, Christopher would have had no existence. It was both punishment and relief to pass into such a personation. Had he remained in his own character, he must have sung or gone mad; but an old man with a crutch, however active and genial his soul might be, was fairly excused from writing poetry; and thus Wilson, by a transmigration, shied his proper functions. Did our space permit, we feel strongly tempted to read genius a solemn lesson upon its responsibilities, and insist upon its having and keeping in all its movements a definite and consistent aim, which may bring out all its divinity. Versatility is a relaxation of ambition; for ambition concentrates every energy in one paramount concern. When genius evades its own calling, it must from that moment be discontented, and sooner or later will be visited with bitter compunctions. With all his fame, Wilson must now feel painfully, that it would have been far greater had he laboured in the highest tendency of his genius. From his actual achievements, posterity will know much less distinctly than we do what he was competent to achieve.

But perhaps the chills of age have not yet touched the current of poetry within him, and that, as in the cases of Milton and Young, may rise up and roll forth in its noblest expanse, and with the sound of many waters, reflecting earth, and vocal with humanity, ere it pass into the ocean of eternity. We hope that he has already set about his last and best work. We miss him from his haunts of prose and criticism. Hitherto, his life has been too much occupied with Titanic sports, and literature to him has only been a congenial game. There is within him a sufficiency of enthusiasm and earnestness, but a stern and straightforward purpose has been awanting. Perhaps the singular vivacity of that enthusiasm, assisted by the romantic air of his history, has kept him from the seizure and fast bondage of a purpose. Placed in other circumstances, and with a temperament less buoyant, he might have gravely and steadily addressed himself to some chosen work. Had he been in Ebenezer Elliott's situation, with what furious might would he have smitten the anvil and the harp alike! Yet, take Wilson and his poems as they are, they are heirs of lasting fame. His ambition (as expressed in the following stanza) is more than gratified:

'Oh that my soul might breathe one touching strain,
By the gracious muses destined not to die,
But murmuring oft o'er valley, hill, and plain,
Enroll'd 'mid Scotia's native minstrelsy.
Oh more than blest the spirit of thy sky,
Its stormy clouds, its depths of slumberous blue;
And gladly would I close my filial eye
In the calm fondness of a last adieu,
Could I but frame one lay to thee and nature true.

## A VISIT TO SNOWDON.

At the beginning of July of the present year, I was enabled to gratify a desire that had long possessed me of visiting North Wales. Often had I feasted in anticipation on the magnificent scenery of that portion of our island; its romantic hills and bright lakes invested many of them with poetical and historical associations of no common character. Leaving London by an early train, I paid a hasty visit to a relative at Burton-on-Trent, in whose company I explored the interesting ruins of Tutbury Castle, the prison of the unhappy Queen of Scots, and the adjacent potteries, finishing with an excursion to

the justly celebrated Dovedale, a scene whose manifold beauties fully justify Byron's glowing eulogium.

This accomplished, with knapsack on shoulder, I started from Wolverhampton, and walked across Shropshire to the Wrekin, and climbing its fir-clad slope to the top, an elevation of more than 1000 feet, enjoyed the splendid view which it commands over the ancient marches of Wales. Descending on the opposite side, I found myself weary and benighted in a lonely part of the country, and the nearest tavern many miles distant. Under these circumstances, I took up my quarters for the night in the cottage of a haymaker, who overtook me on the way, where, although of a homely character, everything was clean and well-ordered. The next day, walking into Shrewsbury, I was struck with its bold peninsulated position on the Severn, and looking up at the antiquated dial face on the tower of the venerable abbey church, could not help thinking of Falstaff and his fight of an hour by Shrewsbury clock. A few hours afterwards I crossed the little rocky river Ceiriog at Chirk, and for the first time set foot in the Principality.

I kept the great Holyhead road, along which a few miles brought me to the noble aqueduct, Pont Cysylltau, across the valley of the Dee, erected by Telford at the beginning of the present century. Another hour found me in far-famed Llangollen, with which I was greatly disappointed; it is not to be compared with Dovedale. At Cerrig-y-Druidion, Snowdon first appeared, looming proudly up in the far-distant landscape. Every step now brought me nearer to this monarch of the Cambrian Alps; the scenery around, too, became grander and wilder; the hills put on the attributes of mountains, and the valleys narrowed themselves into rude and rocky glens, sounding with the voice of the streams that foamed and chafed in the tortuous channels below. I scrambled down to one of these noisy torrents, and stepping from rock to rock sat for a long time at the foot of a roaring fall in the middle of 'old Conway's foaming flood,' made classical by Gray.

At Bettws-y-coed, just after passing that singular structure Pont-y-Pair, a stranger going in the same direction inquired if I was bound for Capel Curig, and offered to bear me company. Close by the road is the glorious Rhaiadr-y-Wenol, or cataract of the swallow, formed by the plunging of the Llugwy down a rocky chasm in fierce and angry leaps, drowning in its roar the wailings of the condemned spirit of a Sir John Wynne, said to be imprisoned in the caverns beneath. My chance companion proved to be a Cantab, out, as he expressed it, 'for the long,' on a piscatorial ramble, armed with rod and flies and Smart's Horace. We differed in our appreciation of the Welsh character; their universal touching of hats, accompanied by sneaking looks, did not prepossess me in their favour; he, however, thought them the most respectful people he had ever seen.

From Capel Curig, which consists of two cottages, two lakes, some trees, and a big hotel, and where it rains diurnally, I walked through the splendid pass of Nant Frangcon to Bangor, setting the pouring rain at defiance, which clothed the frowning summits of Glyder Vawr and Glyder Vach in ragged mist, and, filling every water-course, dashed in stripes of silvery whiteness down the side of every hill. Bangor Cathedral is a quaint unpretending structure, quite in harmony with the inelegant streets around; monks and marauders figure alike in its history, which goes back to the sixth century. The Menai bridge next claims attention, whence I walked by the side of the straits to Caernarvon, where my first visit was to the castle. To my inquiry respecting the charge for admission, the portress replied, that although it depended on circumstances, sixpence would not be refused. On my jocularly remarking that Tintern Abbey was shown for a similar sum, she answered: 'Oh, sir, think how much bigger this ruin is.' I spent two pleasant hours in rambling over these interesting remains (which are undergoing repair, at the instance, it is said, of the king of the Belgians), not forgetting the chamber in which the first prince of Wales saw the light. The accommodation it affords is of the scantiest proportions.

The Dolbadarn Inn, at Llanberis, was my next halting place; it is much frequented, being the principal point of departure for the ascent of the mountain, and commands abundant objects of attraction,—the lakes, the fall of Cennant Mawr, the ruined tower, and the slate quarries. I was greatly interested with a visit to the latter, where the operations of blasting, splitting, and squaring the slabs, the stir and din of a thousand men in active labour, afford a striking contrast to the silence and solitude of the surrounding scenery. I noticed standing by the side of the railway, on which the slates are sent down to the port on the straits, several light iron cars, with cranks and treadles between the rows of seats, constructed for the diversion of the quarrymen after their day's work. Seated in these, they speed rapidly along the level shore of the lakes, disturbing the quiet of the evenings with their shouts and laughter. They have also a good band of music, with which they perambulate the roads, playing marches and popular airs. I observed a similar band afterwards at Ffestiniog, where, as I passed through, the rough-handed musicians were practising the tunes to be sung in chapel the next day.

The following morning the peak of Snowdon was no longer visible, and the falling rain made me apprehensive of a disappointment in the great object of my journey, the ascent of the mountain. I determined therefore on walking to Beddgelert, from whence, if the weather proved favourable, the top might still be reached, and sauntered up the magnificent pass of Llanberis, delighted with the savage scenery on either hand, the aspect of which varied every moment with the windings of the road. By the time I reached the head of the pass the atmosphere had cleared; I therefore struck at once into a rugged wheel track on my right, trusting it would lead me to some point from which a steady climb would bring me to the summit of Snowdon. A miner whom I met, in reply to all my questions, could only shake his head and say, 'dym Sassenach,' *no Saxon*, meaning that he did not understand English. This indeed is the answer more frequently received in this part of the Principality than any other, and makes a visit to Wales more like travelling in a foreign country than would at first be supposed. The round black hats, too, worn by the women, with their short jackets and gay petticoats, have a picturesqueness about them not at all unpleasing to the stranger. There is a great difference between the north and south in respect to dialect and dress; in the latter, the language of the Cymry and the round hats have gradually disappeared; in Radnorshire, where twenty years ago Welsh was universally spoken, it is now scarcely heard. It will be long before these are given up in the north, as the people there are much more tenacious of the inheritance of their ancestors.

But this is a digression. I was soon buried in the deep valley formed by two far-receding flanks of the mountain, following all the ups and downs of the rude road, which soon became nothing more than a sledge track for the conveyance of the ore from the copper mines above, skirting the shores of a lonely lake. Higher up another lake presented itself, where I stepped into the broad flat-bottomed boat in which the sledges are carried across. I endeavoured to extract some information from the ferryman, as he slowly turned the winch that set the boat in motion; but to him also 'Saxon' was an unknown tongue; all that he could say was, 'Bread and cheese and drink on top Snowton;' and 'two pence for one,' when asked his charge. However, I could now see the peak of the mountain clear and distinct before me, and was at no loss for the general direction. The path became at every yard less distinct and more steep, and after an hour's hard climbing, rendered more fatiguing by the weight of my knapsack, I lost all traces of it among the heaps of loose stones rolled down from the precipices above. While looking about for the track, there came on a tremendous storm of wind and mist, through which it was impossible

to distinguish any object beyond the distance of a few yards. It was now hopeless to continue any further search for the path, and after waiting some time for a clearance of the mist, which clung most provokingly to all the upper portion of the mountain, I was reluctantly compelled to retrace my steps. When on the lower ground again, the sun was shining brightly, which made me the more regret my disappointment. Unwilling to abandon the attempt, I secured the only bed at the little inn of Pengwryd, where I arrived towards evening, resolved to make another trial on the morrow.

I started again the next morning, and walking back to the by-road into which I had turned the day before, mounted a green hill near its junction with the high road, from whose top I discovered an upper path running like a narrow shelf along the precipitous face of one of the buttresses of the central peak, which stood out clear and unobscured before me. The crags rose to a towering height above me on the right, and a thousand feet beneath, on the other hand, were the three lakes, their waters tinged with the oxide of copper, gleaming brilliantly green in the bright sunshine. Here I was suddenly startled by a furious whiz, and looking up saw an enormous kite swooping along with outspread wings a few feet above my head. He rose again and disappeared over the crags; but before I had walked ten yards further, down he rushed again still closer than before. So pertinaciously did he repeat these attacks, approaching every time nearer and nearer, that at last I stood still and held my umbrella steadily directed towards him, on which he soared up to an immeasurable height, and after circling for a few seconds dropped with the velocity of an arrow full upon me. Down he came until within a few feet of my outstretched umbrella, when with a sudden check and loud shriek he flew away and was soon out of sight among the crags on the opposite flank of the mountain. I met with no further interruption, and went slowly onwards up 'the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side,' pausing occasionally to contemplate the ever-widening prospect; sometimes losing the track in a piece of sloping bog or in the bed of a torrent that dashed down the declivity, and regained it only by looking forwards where it again became visible on the harder soil, or at the foot of some jutting rock. The higher the elevation the wilder became the scene, and the sense of utter seclusion and loneliness grew more impressive. So insignificant a creature appears man amid the stupendous objects around, that I can compare it only to the feeling experienced on board a solitary ship in a calm midnight ocean. Coleridge knew what it was when he wrote

> 'Alone, alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on a wide wide sea!'

About half way up I came to an untenanted cottage, near which sat a dog, looking the very picture of desolation, belonging probably to some of the miners, who had forgotten him on the hill. In the rude chasms which here intersected the path, bright veins of copper were distinctly visible, shining through the water that trickled down their perpendicular sides. Among the debris thrown out from the excavations the path again disappeared; the climbing, too, became painfully laborious, the loose fragments slipped away from under my feet, and I was compelled to make use of my hands to assist me in the ascent. This difficulty surmounted, the path was again visible, and after a few more toilsome zigzags brought me to the ridge. There was yet a third of a mile to the top; I rested for a few minutes, looking back on the wild valley along which my path lay; from this height it appeared scarcely wide enough for a goat, and the abrupt slopes perpendicular as a wall. The wind blew cold on this unsheltered position, and made me glad to button my coat closely as I made my way along the ridge, and at last stood on the summit, 3571 feet above the level of the Menai Straits. Here the cairn, which from below appears scarcely larger than a sugar-loaf, is found to rise to a height of twelve or fifteen feet; by its side, erected two years ago, stands a small wooden building which may be best described as a 'shanty.' It is tenanted from May till October by an honest Cambrian, who provides accommodation and refreshments for the numerous visiters. From this point the view is at first bewildering; the eye, unaccustomed to regard objects from so great a height, is unconscious of the deception. Places miles away seem as though they could be reached at a single stride. In a short time, however, we begin to form a correct estimate of distances, and reduce the broad panorama to harmony. Westward, like a dim stripe of cloud, the Isle of Man could be seen, remotely shutting in the blue expanse of the Irish Sea, which, on the hither side, rolling its bright waves far into the land, formed the magnificent bays of Caernarvon and Cardigan. Anglesey seems to lie at the spectator's feet, distinctly mapped out; every road and rivulet traceable. The Menai Strait looks like a petty creek, a few sail gliding lazily on its surface, impelled by a gentle breeze, which up here is a stirring gale. Unexpected glens and valleys come into view, revealing more than twenty lakes of various forms and dimensions, some high up among the hills giving birth to noisy torrents, others far down almost beyond reach of the sun. Eastward the scene embraces a very chaos of hills, extending in a clear day to the distant Wrekin. Southwards rise the five peaks of Cader Idris and the solitary cone of Plinlimmon. The majestic features, too, of the whole mountain itself, are fully unveiled, with all the contortions of its four great ridges declining for miles from the central peak ere they subside into the lesser eminences at their base. Sternness is the predominant characteristic, producing an effect on the mind of the most elevating nature. Yet I learned by experience that in many of the descriptions of Welsh scenery there is much of the apocryphal; leading to the inference that travellers go away and describe what they expected to feel, rather than what they actually did feel. While I was gazing, a sudden mist enveloped the peak and hid every object more than a few feet distant; and as it rolled over the crags and spread across from ridge to ridge, imparted a touch of the terrible to the scene, and gave one the idea of the seething of a Titanic caldron. I took refuge in the shanty whilst waiting for the disappearance of the mist, and partook of what the simple-minded host dignified with the name of coffee. I had the curiosity to inquire as to the proportion of the berry, and learned that two spoonfuls to a gallon of water was the standard. The remarks on the pages of the visiters' book betrayed a woful lack of common sense on the part of the writers. Some contented themselves with saying that they 'pitched into the bread and butter;' others have recorded a few sickly sentimentalities; a third wrote down a devout wish that the dispenser of refreshments had been initiated into the art and mystery of coffee-making. The greater part, however, of the entries conclude thus:—'Got to the top; disappointed of the view by the mist.' Mine was better fortune, for it soon cleared again, and gave me ample opportunity to impress the whole scene on my memory; and to store my knapsack with some lumps of the beautiful rock crystal with which the mountain abounds, as *souvenirs* for my far-away friends.

After staying on the top two hours, I descended on the side towards Beddgelert. The ridge in this direction, Clawd Coch, is extremely narrow; at one part the width does not exceed two feet. Many persons have been afraid to cross it; some have passed on all-fours, and others with a sudden rush looking neither to the right nor left. The danger is, however, greatly exaggerated, as the slopes on either side, although sufficiently precipitous, are yet far from perpendicular. While I was standing here the view cleared to seaward, and gave me a glimpse of the Wicklow Mountains. The distance from the top to Beddgelert is seven miles, practicable the whole length for horses, even across the fearful ridge. I met two parties with their guides in my hasty descent by the tortuous and stony path; the circle of vision gradually contracting. One by one the distant lakes disappeared, then the remoter heights sunk below those in the foreground, until the

prospect comprised but little beyond the broad valley skirting the southern base of the mountain.

In a field near the churchyard at Beddgelert is the rude stone which marks the 'grave of Gelert,' the tradition of whose cruel death, by the hand of his master Llywellyn, is preserved in well known rhyme. Leaving Caernarvonshire by the celebrated pass and bridge of Aberglasllyn, I followed a route across Merioneth that led me under the shadow of Cader Idris, and showed me most of its picturesque beauties. On one of the spurs of Plinlimmon a Welsh pedlar overtook me, and we walked on together to Llanidloes. He gave me an account of the popular traditionary origin of the three rivers which derive their sources from this famous mountain. While they were yet below the surface they held a consultation, and mutually agreed to rise early on a given morning and choose their course to the ocean. Each one was emulous of outstripping the other, but Severn woke first, and bubbling merrily forth to the day, took his way rapidly by all the fairest towns and cities to the Bristol Channel. Next woke Wye, who when he saw that Severn had outstripped him, exclaimed, 'the best land for me!' and forthwith dashed along through the richest fields and fattest soil, to unite eventually with his earlier rival. Last of all woke little Rheidiol, in great alarm at having overslept himself, 'Hap what hap,' said he, 'I'll be first at the sea,' and away he went as straight as he could run for Aberystwith.

I next crossed the counties of Montgomery, Radnor, and Hereford; and walked over the beautiful Malvern range on my way to Oxford, whence in brief time a fast-speeding railway train brought me again, an unnoted unit, among the millions of the metropolis.

## SONG OF THE SPADE.*

BY THOMAS R. J. POLSON.

On the brow of a frozen hill,
In a cold December morn,
A poor man dug with a shivering frame,
In garments ragged and torn.
His cheeks, so pale and white,
Proclaim'd his wants extreme:
In fact, he appear'd such a perfect fright,
I fancy 'twas but a dream!

He wrought but by the day,
And by the day was paid;
And still, as he toss'd and turn'd the clay,
He sang this song of the spade:

'Toil—toil—toil!
I must ere break of day;
Toil—toil—toil,
Till I scarce can see the clay
From early morn till night,
In frosty weather and cold,
'Tis work while you see a glimmer of light,
Though poor, infirm, and old.

'Toil—toil—toil
Till the frame grows faint and weak;
Toil—toil—toil
Till your heart is like to break!
If at a Christian's hand
Men thus must work and toil,
'Tis a pity of those in a heathen land
Who cultivate the soil!

'Oh, mothers bless'd with sons!
Oh, mothers with husbands dear!
What can there be in a life like this
That could existence cheer?
With scarce a shred of clothes
To keep out wind or snow—
If this be not misery indeed,
Oh, what is human wo!

'Dig—dig—dig
Till the sun sinks in the sky;
And dig—dig—dig
Till the ground you can't descry.
In weather rough and mild,
'Tis work the livelong day;
Oh! would I had died when I was a child,
Then wo had kept away.

'With scarce a crumb of bread
My weak frame to sustain;
Though exposed from the hour I leave my bed
To sleet, and cold, and rain;
With such a scanty meal,
My days of labour few—
Would it be wonder'd at if I'd steal?
Oh, God! what shall I do?

'But why should I wish to steal
Though I lie on a pallet of straw?
'Twould but add to the misery that I feel
The sin of a broken law.
Over furrow and rig—
Oh, that I ever was born!—
How can I help wondering, while I dig,
That I look like one forlorn?

'Toil—toil—toil
Unceasing through the day;
Toil—toil—toil
For a nominal trifle of pay.
While others through the streets parade
So cheerful and so gay,
'Tis for me, the companion of shovel and spade,
To labour and dig away.

'With frame exhausted and spent
By woes that can't be told,
Withal I must toil, and turn the soil,
Though benumb'd with frost and cold.
Oh, God! in such a state,
Who'd like a long career?
But why do I speak?—such a shocking fate
Must shorten existence here.

'Oh, for to taste the joys
The wealthy daily know—
To breathe the fragrance of the air
Which follows where they go!
The dog, though meaner far
Than a Christian with a soul,
Will frequently ride in their coach or car
And on their carpets roll:

'But the labourer with his spade,
Unseen, may sigh and moan:
Hath he aught of feeling? it may be ask'd;
Or is he but a stone?
Oh, mothers bless'd with sons!
Oh, mothers with husbands dear!
What can there be in a labourer's life
His weary soul to cheer?'

On the brow of a frozen hill,
In poverty array'd,
A poor man was placed the ground to till.
Oh, would you could see him! your heart would fill,
If not harder than his spade!

* This poem, written after the style of Hood's celebrated 'Song of the Shirt,' was suggested to the author upon his seeing a poor man hard at work one wintry morning, on the brow of a sterile-looking eminence in the county of Tyrone.

## FORT ASTOR.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

FAIR ladies, with your ermine victorines and sable boas, your ruffs of 'coon skin, and muffs of opossum! Exquisite gentlemen, with your beaver hats and vests of elk peltry! do you ever think, as ye loll in your britskas and swagger in fashionable promenades, of the toil and danger that are endured, that ye may be shielded from the wind and rendered impervious to the cold? Courage, endurance, danger, war, and voluntary exile, are suggested every time we behold hoary winter, and listen to the blustering north wind as he imperiously orders our proud and fair ones to don their robes of fur. We are wafted away to the boundless prairie and illimitable forests, whose denizens are made subservient to the use of man; and we wonder at the sacrifices made and the heroism displayed in the procurement of a fashionable luxury. The display of any article of manufacture is suggestive of varied and discursive fancies. Skill, talent, accumulation of means, distribution of parts, social order, and advanced civilisation, are the parents of mechanical eminence and artistic grandeur. But the display of a fur robe leads us back to the starting point of society. Savage life, and the world of romance—hunters, warriors, and trappers, lonely forts and lonelier shanties, come before our fancy's eye like a panorama, at the display of nature's unshorn garments. Let it not be supposed, however, that those engaged in the fur trade are necessarily rude and uncultured men. There is a fascination in the adventurous life they lead that often allures the student from the closet to study nature in her pristine aspect, and society and its advantages are often discarded by the scholar and gentleman for a sojourn in the wilds.

The motives that led Dr Ethan Buckly to quit his home in Troy, New York State, his profession and relatives, are inexplicable, unless we take into view a certain restlessness in man, which, like the migratory principle in birds, leads him to explore scenes which have dwelt upon his imagination, unthoughtful of consequences.

Dr Buckly was a widower, and perhaps the attractions of home were less powerful than heretofore; for, when the American Fur Company fitted out an expedition to the country of the Missouri, he accepted the situation of an agent, and removed with his two boys to the prairie, as cheerfully as if Fort Astor had been the capital and the unreclaimed wild were Columbia. The situation of the doctor was less lonely than the remoteness of his home would indicate; for the fort was the rendezvous of the hunters and trappers of the district; and the voyageurs, as they passed up the river on their hazardous journeys to the 'far west,' stopped on their way to taste of his hospitality, and hear his reports relative to the state of the country. In common conversation, 'state of the country' means a widely different thing from what it did at Fort Astor. The temper and feelings of the Indians claimed the concern of the adventurers; and the route of former explorers and the contingencies of river or overland travelling were the principal themes of discussion. Dr Buckly was perfectly fitted for the duties he had undertaken: his temper was firm without being dogmatical; his courage was the offspring of physical activity and strength, and unbending moral energy. His position was one requiring these qualities in an eminent degree; for he had to restrain the impetuosity of the white hunters, and to conciliate the wild and haughty redmen. Without appearing to command, he claimed obedience from the subordinates in the service of the company; and without assuming the superiority which the civilised conquerer always does over the savage, he gained the respect of the aborigines.

Dr Buckly, as already hinted, had two sons—Marcus his first born, and Ethan, in whom the loves of both father and brother were strongly centred. Marcus was fast approaching to man's estate; at least the hunters said so, as they clubbed together in the fort and told their tales of danger past, and prophesied the future doings of the young man. But his father strongly impressed upon the youth that he was only sixteen, as he petitioned to be allowed to join the hunters upon their expeditions. Marcus was a manly lad at all events, although his years were few. No Shienne or Pawnee in the continent had a darker eye; and his hair was as black as Wanheca the interpreter's, although Wanheca was the son of an Iroquois. He was tall of his age; and Mackenzie, the Scotch trapper, was scarcely more cool and collected in the buffalo hunt; while Corrigan, who in his youth was the crack leaper and runner in broad Donegal, which is to say of all Ireland, was hard pushed with the stripling in a mile's race. Seth Greenwood had taught him to shoot, and Seth Greenwood had challenged all Kentucky to bring one of his age to beat him; and although Kentucky was many miles away, and the challenge was of course both unheard and unanswered, yet it showed Seth's faith in the boy's powers, or it may be in his own talent to instruct. Marcus resembled his father in form, features, and temper, and his father was proud of his vigour and courage; but he loved little Ethan, with his blue eyes and golden locks, and his smile that recalled his mother; and Marcus loved him too, for he was a gentle little boy, and looked up to his brother with pride; for his years were only ten. Marcus mingled boldly amongst the Indians, as they came with their furs to exchange for the calicoes, beads, and powder of the white man; and he would sit for hours together with Wanheca, asking questions and acquiring the Indian tongues; and little Ethan would sit beside him, too, and he would gaze eagerly in Wanheca's face as he told of the unexplored beauties that the redman roamed amongst far far away. If an Indian entered the fort dressed in the picturesque robes of his nation, he would gaze upon him with boyish curiosity, and examine his accoutrements with wonder.

There was not a hunter of the wild for many leagues around Fort Astor but respected Dr Buckly. They knew him to be unbendingly just and brave, and as his form was stately, and his conduct unstained by deceit, they named him White Rock. Cold and stoical though they appeared, they were quick to mark each peculiarity of form and character, and through the tribes that sojourned within a long journey of the fort, Marcus and Ethan were known as the Eagle and Antelope. Marcus was named so from his proud carriage and audacity; Ethan from his innocent curiosity.

Of all the independent dealers at the fort, Winged Arrow was the most extensive. When others could swing their peltries on their shoulders Winged Arrow's horse would bend beneath his load. He was a tall and stately Indian, and his frame was very powerful. His head was surmounted by a corona of eagle's feathers, and his long black hair floated over his broad shoulders; his face was marked with many scars, and when it was begrimmed with black and yellow paint it looked almost hideous. He was cold and taciturn, and when he exchanged his furs for the commodities he required, he would mount his steed and ride proudly away. When the Indians were questioned concerning him, they shook their heads and only said he was a 'medicine,' which is to say, he was a very mysterious person. The white hunters did not love him; perhaps because he was more successful than many at their vocation; perhaps because he manifested no affection for them. He often came to Fort Astor, and Dr Buckly treated him with all the respect that an Indian brave could claim. Little Ethan would gaze upon his face, and lay his hand upon his dress; and he would try to converse with him, but Winged Arrow never seemed to notice the boy. Winged Arrow was none of your capricious visiters of the white man's fort; he came as regularly as the sun, and although the periods were distant between his visits, he seemed to know when consignments came from St Louis as well as if he had read the invoice.

How beautiful is summer in the wilds! glowing, gorgeous summer, with its gay and lovely flowers, and its richly blossomed trees! The bison rotims on the prairie, and crops the luxuriant herbage; and the wolves, like cowards, as they are, hover round the buffaloes to seize upon and slay unwary stragglers. The earth is dressed in the bright and lovely hue that nature loves. The trees and plains are green; green bluffs raise their conical forms far in the distant sky; green banks bound the flashing rivers; little green islands are set in lakes, like emeralds in gold, and high hills tower up to heaven enrobed in the universal colour. The skies are cloudless; the sunbeams are unbroken; they dart from the day-star with piercing ardour and brightness, and they scorch the beasts of the field, and man, the chief and weakling of creation. Winged Arrow was brave, and his horse was swift and strong, but his peltries were heavy, and he was a great addition to their weight, so the poor steed was weary as it crossed the prairie beneath the enervating sunbeams and its oppressive load. Winged Arrow had no mercy for his steed, and it was rumoured that he had as little mercy for man. So he urged it onward at its speed, although its eyes were dull and heavy, and its tongue was parched and hung from its foamy mouth. The few hunters who were lounging about the fort, looked listlessly from its walls into the prairie, and when they saw Winged Arrow come ambling along they turned away to avoid him, for his presence was shunned by each bold and hardy hunter. The poor steed had borne its red master in many a wild chase, when the bison had fallen beneath his arrow, and it had saved him from the knives of the Wolf Pawnees when alone he hunted in their grounds. But the toil and want it had undergone for some days had destroyed its strength and spirit, and it fell before the barrier of Fort Astor, the victim of that universal cruelty which Indian warriors manifest to their steeds. Winged Arrow said not a word, nor seemed to notice the loss he had sustained; but lifting his load of furs, he with difficulty carried them into the fort, and laid them before Dr Buckly. The commandant was a man of a widely different cast from

the native. His hair curled round his brown expansive forehead, and his handsome shirt of deer-skin was bound round his waist by a handsomely ornamented belt of wampum; his face was furrowed; his eye dark and thoughtful, yet it was kind, and you could see that feeling was no stranger to the bosom from which the flashings of his dark eye came. He received Winged Arrow with marked urbanity; and as his sons were beside him, he sought by his manner to influence them in their intercourse with the aborigines.

'Will White Rock give me a horse in exchange for my peltries?' said the Indian, touching the pile with the point of his mocassin.

'My hunters have ridden hard in the trail of the elk and buffalo, and the steeds have been scanty for six moons on the prairie,' said Dr Buckly, calmly; 'I am sorry that I have not a steed.'

'Winged Arrow should have been merciful to his black horse,' said Ethan, boldly; 'hard riding on the burning prairie would kill the strongest steed in the settlements.'

His father looked at the boy with a displeased air, which effectually checked and abashed him; but the Indian's nostrils only dilated, and he seemed not to have noticed the remark of the forward child.

'If Winged Arrow pleases he may tarry in Fort Astor till to-morrow,' said Dr Buckly, mildly, 'and if any of my people bring a spare steed, it shall be at the service of Winged Arrow.'

During that day the redman sat upon his skins as immoveably as if he had been stone. He noticed no one, and when food was placed before him he pushed it away. This conduct astonished nobody, for the peculiarities of Indian character were understood in the fort. But Ethan Buckly seemed to labour under a fascination with this man. He forsook his accustomed sports and hung about the spot where Winged Arrow sat, as if he had been drawn thither by magic. The redskin's eye would fall upon him with the keen piercing glare of a wild beast, and then it would be turned to the sky with a haughty defiant expression. The boy was bold, and a complete stranger to fear; yet he was gentle withal, and his spirit could be stirred only through his sympathies. Cruelty he detested; he who applied the lash to a dog or thong to a horse was regarded with no friendly eye by the boy, and Winged Arrow, who was formerly only an object of curiosity, was regarded with an indefinable dislike. The shades of evening gathered over the forest and prairie, and they came creeping in their still progress over the fort; the yelp of the panther and the howl of the wolf came sounding drearily from the broad meadow, and the bullfrog's croak pained the listener's ears; still Winged Arrow sat upon his skins, and still the boy was gazing on him.

Morning broke on Fort Astor, bright, smiling morn. Beauty and fragrance were fresh and balmy, for the dew was glittering on every leaf and stem; the sunbeams were flashing from the far horizon, and as they streamed into the latticed of the dormitory in the fort, the hunters leaped from their couches and prepared for their accustomed excursions. Winged Arrow's steed lay at the gate of the fort, at least the remnants of it, for the wolves had cleaned its bones, and his peltries were still in the area; but the Indian himself was gone—ay, and the best canoe that ever skimmed the broad Missouri, and the fairest little boy beyond the Alleghanies, were away with the stern Indian. Hunters do nothing precipitately; coolness in their vocation is of more importance than hardihood or temerity; and when Dr Buckly heard of the abduction of his child, he neither betrayed any emotion nor exhibited any frantic demonstrations of resentment, but there was a contraction of his brow, and a twitching of his lips, that told of a sad heart braced up to resolute daring. He could not forsake his duties; and those who have experienced the fervency of paternal affection, can tell how much more courage it required to confine him to the fort, than to send him in quest of his boy amongst the unknown regions of nature. 'I cannot go on thy brother's trail, Marcus,' said the sorrowing father to his eldest son; 'but I can make a sacrifice that costs me more—I can send thee, my son. Look in my eyes, Marcus,' continued the father, as he gazed wistfully in the young man's glowing face—'look at me, my boy, and read from the actions of my past life, and from my heart at this moment, the answer you shall make to me. Do you believe that I could send you on an expedition that I would not rather doubly venture myself?'

The young man spake not, but, gazing on his father, he clasped him in his arms, and wept upon his neck.

'If you do not wish to assist in hunting up the Winged Arrow, tell me boldly, Marcus. You know that I will not force you.'

'But you would despise me if I could refuse, father,' said the youth, drawing himself up, and looking proudly on his parent. 'Have I not petitioned you to allow me to go with Mackenzie to the wilderness and woods, and did you not keep me in the fort on account of my youth? Have I not sought to accompany Seth Greenwood to the big flats, and you kept me at home lest the Pawnees might take my scalp? I grieved, father, but I knew that you loved me, or you would not have cared so fondly for me. I will go more proudly in search of Ethan than ever I would have chased the game, and I know and honour the motives that prompt you to send me for him. You think that strangers alone should not adventure for what is linked strongest to your affections, father, and then to mine.'

Dr Buckly seldom gave way to strong emotions, but he felt them nevertheless. Generous sentiments expressed by his sons, delighted him more than feats of agility or physical prowess; and when Marcus had finished talking his father could only wring his hand, and smile with pride as he gazed through his tears on his gallant boy. Shortly after this interview, three men and Marcus Buckly entered a large canoe, and after placing stores of ammunition, food, and bijouterie on board, they pushed silently from the river's bank, and paddled quickly up the mighty stream. They were stern and warlike men who accompanied Marcus, but they were as brave as experience in danger could make them. Their habiliments were strange, partaking of the fashions of white and red men, and their characters, also various, were a compound of civilised sympathies and a licentiousness of action, which their unrestrained passions and untrammelled spheres of life developed. Mackenzie was not a tall man, but his shoulders were like those of Atlas, and toil had so toughened his flesh that it was as hard as oak. His shirt was fashioned of unshaven elk-skin, and a strong belt held his hunting-knife and tomahawk. Corrigan was attired much in the fashion of his Scotch companion; but there was a profusion of fancy-work on his cap and shirt, and the belt that girt his very tall and athletic frame was handsomely ornamented and fringed with hair. Seth Greenwood's muscular form was incased in similar garments to those of his fellow-adventurers, the only distinction being their leggins, Mackenzie having contrived to obtain a pair made of tartan, Corrigan's and Greenwood's being of green cloth. They were rough men, but they could track the redman on his path, and the wild beast to his lair; they were stout of heart, and stout, too, of hand; they could fight with the savage in his own mode, and they could circumvent him in cunning. They loved Cap'in Buckly, as Seth Greenwood called him, and Marcus and Ethan too; and, although the wide continent had been picked, three braver hunters for a perilous adventure could not have been found, nor three who had such ample confidence in each other.

For many weary days and nights the hardy adventurers pushed their bark up the Missouri, and every hunter or Indian from whom they might obtain information was asked concerning little Ethan or Winged Arrow. They had sojourned in the villages of the aborigines, they had palavered with the chiefs, they had distributed trinkets and promises with the same profusion, but they could find no trace of the boy. The greenness of summer departed, and the wind came sighing through the forest, agitating its myriad boughs and shaking the dry leaves from its sapless branches, like a herald of decay and death. De-

spondent and almost hopeless, the hunters and young Marcus turned their canoe in the direction of the settlements. They glided gently with the current, whispering their conjectures and fears, till on the third day of their downward progress they pushed into a creek. It was a dark overshadowed cave, whose waters were black and sluggish, and the rapidity of the outer current only preserved it from stagnation; but it was impervious to the sunbeams, and as a shelter from the rays the voyagers sought its welcome canopy. Mackenzie started when he drew his paddle from the water, for it struck upon a hollow vessel, which, on examination, they discovered to be the canoe Winged Arrow had taken from the creek at Fort Astor. After a hurried consultation, the adventurers pushed deeper into the creek, where the darkness was impenetrable, and placing the stolen canoe in its former position, and laying themselves flat in their own, they determined to await the issue of their discovery. The night had begun to advance, and the evening breeze was moaning through the trees, while the dry leaves fell with a sharp crackling noise. Opposite to the overshaded creek was a wooded island, and beyond the river rose a dark cone-like hill; the island and cave were both in deep shade, and it was almost impossible to see any person on the isle. Suddenly Mackenzie beheld the empty canoe pass like a dark shadow from the cave, and no one seemed to guide or propel it. In a few moments he had muttered injunctions to keep silent, concerted signals, and loosened his knife and tomahawk; then he dropped into the stream, and with the gentlest motion swam in the wake of the bark. The light vessel crossed the waters with a rapid motion, and Mackenzie was convinced that it was fastened to a tug, and drawn by some one on the lonely little isle, towards whose woody shores it was quickly advancing. Fearing that the mysterious Winged Arrow might observe him, as he kept close upon the canoe, he swam gently up the river for some time, then throwing himself upon his back, he was carried by the current like a log of timber to the shores of the lonely isle. Cautiously paddling with his hands, he caused his stiffened form to float with that uneasy vibratory motion given to wood by the rippling waters, and had skirted two sides of the island when the canoe shot from the shade again. This time it was paddled by two athletic men, and the hunter believed that he descried the form of a boy, with his head reclined upon the edge of the bark. In an instant he had thrown himself in a swimming position, and was rapidly following the fast flitting canoe. It landed on the opposite shore of the Missouri, and the white man beheld two Indians leap from the boat. One held a boy in his arms, while the other dragged the bark on shore and concealed it in brushwood close upon the river. The white man was brave, and as wily as any Indian of the woods; he came from a land of streams and mountains, and early habit and his present life had rendered him an adept either in river or land service; he crawled from the water like a snake, and stealthily dogging the steps of the redmen, he saw them seat themselves upon the ground and kindle a fire. Its glaring light streamed through the dark vista of the woods, and illumined the trunks of the trees in its vicinity and the figures that sat around it; two were natives, and one was Ethan Buckly. Cautious as ever Scot could be, the hardy woodsman dragged himself close to the group; the moaning of the trees and the falling of dry leaves favoured his design, and he lay like a panther amongst some dark brush and heard the redmen converse. Their tones were harsh and guttural, and their language the Sioux; but Mackenzie had been long amongst the tribes on the Missouri, and their tones were familiar to his ear: he knew Winged Arrow's voice. The companion of Winged Arrow, as seen by the glare of the light, was a wealthy chief, for his robes were beautiful and his blanket was of scarlet cloth. His name was Stoneyheart, and if ever redman hated the name of Longknife, that swarthy Indian did. He too was a 'medicine,' whose name was synonymous with dark deeds and infamy with the whites, but whose valour and patriotism made him beloved by the people of his nation. Mackenzie felt his heart yearn towards the child, as Ethan sat by the fire in an apathetic manner, and seemed not to listen to the savages; but he knew that to apprise him of his presence would be to endanger his own and the boy's life, while with prudence his rescue was certain. He heard Winged Arrow detail the intended death of his horse, when he knew that the hunters were on the prairie and there was not a hoof in the fort; he heard him boast of stealing the young chief of the palefaces, and calculate with Stoneyheart the advantages of the Sioux destroying the Longknives or taking away their children, before they became powerful and swept the Iroquois away; and he heard Stoneyheart exultingly boast of a conspiracy amongst the tribes to destroy the paleface nation.

Warily, as before, the white man crawled from his hiding place; he gained the river, plunged into its waters, and swam rapidly towards the creek as precisely as if it had been day. It was well he did so, for Marcus and Corrigan, burning with impatience, had emerged from the creek and were about to pull for the island, despite the protestations of Seth. The hunter was quickly dragged into the canoe, and as they swept towards the spot indicated by Mackenzie, he told what he had seen, and the means requisite to rescue the boy. The heart of Marcus Buckly beat quickly, and his cheek flushed with suppressed emotion as he followed Mackenzie and Corrigan upon his hands and knees into the forest and left the canoe behind, in which sat Seth like a sentinel of night. His thoughts were at home picturing the feelings of his father, his hopes and fears at their long absence, and his joy when he should restore his brother; and then his imagination conjured up the sufferings of little Ethan, and the joy that he must feel when clasped to his father's bosom; and then his own bosom thrilled with ecstacy as he thought of the rapture which he must experience from contemplating the joy of those he loved best. There is no saying how long he might have ruminated had he not been brought to a halt by the hand of Mackenzie.

'Now, boy,' said the hunter in the youth's ear, 'be cool; this is your first brush with them Iroquois, so do not be too rash, like a young hound, nor too skeery, like a colt, Let eye, foot, and hand be ready; let them know their duty, and they'll do it. You will not advance from this till you hear the hoot of the owl; keep close till then. Ned Corrigan and I will circumvent yon varmint; and Winged Arrow will hang from the beams of Fort Astor if Dan Mackenzie has the casting vote on the jury.'

A slight rustling was heard on the dark ground, and Marcus Buckly knew from the gleam of light that fell upon him, that he was now alone. It was a wild and picturesque group that met his eye. The light of the fire fell strongly on parts of their persons; and the others were in obscuro, as dark as ever was laid in by Rembrandt's pencil. Ethan was asleep, and as Marcus descried him tears started into his eyes, and a cry almost broke from his bosom. Salvator Rosa, as he roamed amongst the caverned wilds of Abruzzi, never saw warriors more savage or picturesque; and his transcripts from Basilicata were symbolical of artistic capabilities, no more striking than the scene which fell upon the eager vision of the young woodsman. He was alone, and his position was one requiring courage. He saw the robber of his home sitting cross-legged like an eastern fetish, with his back to a tree; his brother slumbering on the leaves of the forest, far away from home, and the enemy of his people sleeping beside him. Marcus was young, and his mind was governed more by impulses than by deductions from mental discussion; he had a rifle in his hand, and it required the strongest effort to restrain his desire to fire; but courage, the courage of forbearance, enabled him to conquer his will. Suddenly he saw the redman incline his head as if he listened, then with a yell he seized the sleeping boy and bounded onward for the river. Winged Arrow was swift and Stoneyheart was strong; but the hunters were on them, and the grasp of Mackenzie, as it twined round the arms of Stoneyheart, was as firm as the old ivy creepers of the oak. The redman felt the powerful arms of his foe

compress his writhing form like some superhuman agent, and ceasing to struggle he yielded to the paleface brave. But onward, through the openings of the forest, bounded Winged Arrow, like the missile from which he drew his name, and hard behind him came the athletic Corrigan. Marcus beheld the dark shadow interrupt the light of the fire, and his rifle was to his shoulder, but then a thought of Ethan flashed across his mind, and laying aside his weapon he sprung to his feet; he was dashed down and trodden over before he had stood a second. Suddenly recovering himself, he followed the footsteps of fugitive and pursuer, and when he reached the water's edge the sounds of strife were ended; the kind-hearted Corrigan was hugging the boy to his breast, while Seth Greenwood swept the waters in a circle with his canoe, for the Winged Arrow had plunged into the river, and in the darkness escaped.

The night was dark and dreary, and the sounds from the forest were doleful and boding. The hoot of the owl came stealing on the ear with its sudden startling echo; and as the brothers wept in each other's arms, Seth Greenwood and his friend longed for the advent of Mackenzie. The air became sultry and close, and the hunters, without knowing why, trembled. They paddled up the stream, and shouted in their impatience for their friend, but no shout gave reply to their signal. They whistled with a clear quick note, that was uttered by men ill at ease, but nothing save the echo of their own warnings gave answer. At last they tried to land, but they found the banks of the river high and broken; and they knew from this that they had lost the bearings of the natural cove, where they first had gone on shore. The heat became more intense, and the hot puffs of air were like stray breathings from the Sicilian sirocco. Gradually the moaning from the forest swelled into a groan, so deep and awful that the earth seemed cramped with agony. Far up in the black sky, a gleam was seen like a falling meteor, and then it was densely dark again; and then a flash like lightning shot heavenward, and, bursting like a thunder-bolt, shed a lurid radiance over the swarthy brow of night. And then the hunters knew that fierce destruction was on its path, armed with its wildest weapon, and careering in its most fearful element; and bowing their heads in terror, they muttered their prayers to God, commended their lost companion to his care, and dashing their paddles into the water, swept onward like the wind. The bark flew over the waters like foam before the gale, but the roar of the conflagration, and the gleam of the blazing forest, companioned it in its speed. The flames tossed their red banners to the sky, and the mighty trees, like giant staffs, bore the streaming webs of fire till they crumbled beneath their volcanic weight. And then came the yell of the beasts from the forest; not the cry of wrath that startles the traveller on his way, but a cry of agony, so wild and loud that the heart might have thrilled to hear it.

And well might Mackenzie's heart quail as he fled for life through the mazes of the wood. Stoneyheart is bounding at his side, but Stoneyheart is no longer his foe. The Indian can defy the thunder-bolt, or, like Ajax, shake his clenched hand at the lightning, but the 'fire spirit' of the prairie or the forest can subdue the boldest of their souls and make them crouch for fear. Passion shrinks within itself when nature rouses herself to Titanic violence, and man forgets the puny angers that stir him when the world trembles to her core and the earthquake engulphs ten thousand mortals in its devouring throat. The white man and savage, no longer struggling for each other's life, rose appalled at the too well known harbingers of desolation; forgetting everything but the horrors behind them, and the faint chance of escape before, they started like competitors in the race of life. High over their heads curled the black smoke, and the birds, roused by the roar of the fiery avalanche, flew screaming and bewildered amongst the stifling atmosphere. The beasts sprung from their lairs, and, snuffing the tainted breeze, dashed onward for their lives. Confusion and despair reigned over animate nature, and every thought was lost in the mad flight save ment crawled amongst the dry leaves like a snake, and then it writhed round the massive trunks of the forest, and darting along the hissing boughs, twined its forked tongue round the twigs till they crumbled into dust, and then with an impetuous sweep it shot aloft, forming ten thousand pyramids of flame. Fainting, weary, and almost stifled, Mackenzie reached the river's bank, and fearlessly dashed into its glaring waters; a shout of joy rung in his ears, he felt himself grasped by a powerful hand, his brain swam, every sound and sight evanished, and the sturdy hunter lay unconscious in the sweeping canoe of his friends. It was a fearful thing to look upon that conflagration, apart from contingent horrors. It swept like a rush of waters over both wood and meadow, and breathed destruction from its burning lungs. But the hunters of Fort Astor, as they grouped round their fires in winter, and recalled the events of the fall, shuddered when Seth Greenwood and Corrigan told of two human figures who stood like statues in a frame of gold and then were swept over by the hungry flames.

Winged Arrow was seen no more in the village of the Sioux; and the Iroquois mourned for him and Stoneyheart, who had gone together on the path of the palefaces, but had never returned since the 'fire spirit' lighted his last flame on the Missouri.

Dr Buckly received his child with a full heart from the hand of his joyous brother; but the boy had imbibed a seriousness of demeanour, during his absence, beyond his years. His father returned once more to civilised life; and the boy, amongst companions of his years, forgot the terrors of his captivity; but whenever that wild conflagration was casually mentioned it brought a cloud across the brow of Ethan Buckly.

## NATURAL MODELS.

### THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE more we examine the works of creation in the physical world, the more disposed are we to admit that they are the works of a Supreme Intelligence. To be cured of atheism, according to Sturmius, we have only to examine the human eye. A perception of the principles of wisdom on which the eye is constructed led primarily, as is well known, to the formation of the telescope. The first telescope, the invention of which is ascribed equally to three individuals, Baptista Porta, Joan of Middleburg, and Galileo, was, however, exceedingly defective, not so much from want of skill in the artists as from the limited knowledge possessed at the time of its invention of the wonderful organ whose powers it was intended to aid and increase. Anatomical science, in the days of Galileo, was in its infancy, and ignorance of a great many minute properties inherent in the eye of man prevented, in the construction of optical instruments, the perfection which they have since attained. The defect of day telescopes or spy-glasses was for a great period of time something like this: In passing through the lenses of simple glass, the sharp beams of light were separated into a variety of colours, which had the effect of tinging at the edges at least the distant object of contemplation in a manner resembling what would have been the case had it been viewed through a prism. Opticians were long sensible of this defect, but it was many years before any one could discover a remedy. A distinguished optician, Father Mercene of Rouen, in France, about the middle of the seventeenth century, ventured at last to question the sufficiency of our knowledge in reference to the organ of vision itself as it exists in the human body. And he soon discovered that that knowledge was, as he suspected, as yet extremely defective. He discovered that in the eye there was not only a combination of lenses, but that the substances which composed these were not one and the same, but that they possessed each of them a different refracting power. No sooner did he make this discovery than he proceeded to act upon the hint which it obviously suggested. In imitation of the variety of humours which he had discovered to exist in the human eye, he combined,

a great variety of different materials, and the result well repaid his exertions and labours. The beams of light passing through the mixed materials of which the glass was constructed, occasioned effects decidedly similar to those produced by their transition through the different humours of the eye. Newton, as is well known, and, since his day, Gregory, Hadley, Short, and the Herschels, have wrought numerous improvements on the telescope. The instrument has improved with the advancement, in short, of anatomical science. 'Could this,' asks Paley, 'be in the eye without purpose, which suggested to the optician the only effectual means of attaining that purpose.' Though the ear is no doubt constructed on mechanical principles as decidedly artificial as the eye, yet our anatomical knowledge of the organ is confessedly less. The consequence is, that though the instruments which are employed to assist the partially deaf are mere imitations, as well as eye-glasses, of the organ they are intended to assist, less success has accompanied attempts to remedy the confessed deficiencies of the ear-trumpet than has been the case in reference to the other instrument to which allusion has just been made. What a daring as well as stupid system is atheism! Here are paltry mortals securing celebrity and immortality to their names from the wisdom of their mechanical inventions; and yet what have they reached but simply the merit of having, at an inconceivable distance, effected a faint imitation of the wonderful works of one who himself proposes the question which must ever inflict dumbness upon scepticism, '*He* who formed the eye, shall he not see? *He* who constructed the ear, shall he not hear?'

The Eddystone rocks, well known to seamen who navigate the English Channel, consist of three principal ridges, and extend six or seven miles in entire length. They lie nearly in the fairway from the Start to the Lizard, and are therefore of the utmost importance to mariners. Hence it is that on the summit of the largest rock a beacon or signal-house has been erected. The swell at these rocks is often tremendous. After a storm, when the sea is to all appearance quite smooth and its surface unruffled by the slightest breeze, the ground-swell or under-current meeting the slope of the rocks, the waves often rise above the lighthouse in a most magnificent manner, overtopping it not unfrequently with a canopy of foam. Such of our readers as have been fortunate enough to witness this lighthouse, situated not far from the famous port of Plymouth, must have been struck with its singular, and, in certain states of the tide, highly sublime appearance. In sailing past this grand building, passengers from London to Dublin cry out in amazement that of all other objects it most of all resembles that giant of the forest the stable and stately oak. Few, however, are aware that the resemblance is more than accidental. Inchkeith, in shape, very much resembles some huge and exquisitely formed monster of the deep, and Arthur Seat, viewed from certain points, is allowed to be very much indeed a fac-simile of some gigantic lion about to make a leap on his prey. And persons fancy that, without intending it, the architect of the Eddystone Lighthouse has merely constructed a circular tower of stone, which, sweeping up with a gentle curve from the base, and gradually diminishing at the top, very much resembles the swelling of the trunk of a tree. Now the resemblance is just as little as possible the fruit of accident. Smeaton, the illustrious contriver and builder of the tapering and magnificent edifice, not only conferred the appearance which it presents upon his famous erection for the purpose of exciting the admiration of visiters or passers by, but he actually took the oak for his model when he reared it, from a persuasion that the capability of such trees for resisting the influence of storms, tempests, and mountain torrents, was consequent upon the formation of the trunk and branches, and the peculiar manner in which their fibrous roots were enabled to strike into and take hold of the soil. Two edifices had before Smeaton's time been erected on that 'small, precipitous, and completely isolated rock, which derives its name from the irregular and impetuous eddies which prevail around it.' The last construction had been destroyed by fire, the materials of which it was composed having been, with the exception of five courses of moor stone on the rocks, wholly of wood. It was the production of Rudyerd, a silk mercer in London, who, when in 1706 an act was passed for rebuilding the lighthouse, had sufficient influence with the lessee to get himself appointed to conduct and superintend the stupendous work. Mr Rudyerd, who was deficient himself in personal experience, amply supplied the deficiency by the employment of two shipwrights from the royal arsenal at Woolwich. It does not appear, however, though Smeaton himself bestowed considerable praise on the principles on which it had been constructed, to have been formed for great durability. It was, however, vastly superior in this respect to the first erection of the kind, which a Mr Winstanley, a gentleman of Essex, attempted. Winstanley had unquestionably a considerable genius for mechanics, but here he utterly failed. He began his work in 1696, and in 1700, that is to say, in four years from its commencement, it was delivered up as finished. In about three years thereafter, certain symptoms of yielding excited, during a stormy night, the alarm of those who kept watch and fed the lanterns. This being reported to the lessee, Winstanley was appointed to put off for the tower and investigate for himself. He pretended not to discover anything particularly amiss, but at the same time remained all day with his workmen on the rock making some unimportant repairs. They continued at work till night suddenly settled down on the deep, and a terrible hurricane arose. This was on the 26th November, 1703. The consequence is well known. Winstanley and all his men perished, the furious tempest having blown down the building, the materials of which were swept away by the infuriated sea so effectually that not a wreck nor a vestige was left behind except a chain and a few iron stanchions.

Warned by the failures of those who had been his predecessors in the undertaking, Smeaton, before he began his stupendous task, made it the subject of profound meditation and study. 'Who,' says Dr Kidd, 'can peruse the journal of Smeaton and not admire the penetration, the resources, and the activity of his genius? Consider the nature of the task which he had engaged to perform, his limited and uncertain opportunities of action, the failures of others who had preceded him in a similar undertaking, the consequent necessity of new principles and new combinations in his plan of operations, the formidable dangers he was continually under the necessity of encountering, and, lastly, the awful responsibility of the undertaking itself. Consider all these points, and it may be safely affirmed that as an instance of personal enterprise, fortitude, and perseverance, the Eddystone Lighthouse stands unrivalled; former experience was here of little avail, and common principles and means had been already tried in vain; the architect was thrown almost entirely on his own resources, and they did not fail him. In order to combat the force of those overpowering elements to which the future structure is to be constantly exposed, he looks about for that *natural* form which is found most permanently to resist a similar conflict; and viewing with a philosophic eye the expanded base of the oak, and the varying proportions of its rising stem, he made the happy selection of this object as the type of the proportions of his intended work. 'On this occasion,' Smeaton himself says, 'the natural figure of the waist or bole of a large spreading oak, presented itself to my imagination. Let us for a moment consider this tree: suppose at twelve or fifteen feet above its base, it branches out in every direction, and forms a large bushy top, as we often observe. This top, when full of leaves, is subject to a very great impulse from the agitation of violent winds; yet partly by its elasticity, and partly by the natural strength arising from its figure, it resists them all, even for ages, till the gradual decay of the material diminishes the coherence of the parts, and they suffer piecemeal by the violence of the storm; but it is very rare that we hear of such a tree being torn up by the roots. Let us now consider its particular figure—connected with its roots, which lie hid below ground, it rises

from the surface thereof with a large swelling base, which at the height of one diameter is generally reduced by an elegant curve, concave to the eye, to a diameter less by at least one-third, and sometimes to half of its original base. From thence its taper diminishing more slow, its sides by degrees come into a perpendicular, and for some height form a cylinder. After that, a preparation of more circumference becomes necessary for the strong insertion and establishment of the principal boughs, which produces a swelling of its diameter. Now we can hardly doubt but that every section of the tree is nearly of an equal strength in proportion to what it has to resist; and were we to lop off its principal boughs, and expose it in that state to a rapid current of water, we should find it as much capable of resisting the action of the heavier fluid, when divested of the greatest part of its clothing, as it was that of the lighter when all its spreading ornaments were exposed to the fury of the winds; and hence we may derive an idea of what the shape of a column of the greatest stability ought to be, to resist the action of external violence, when the quantity of matter is given whereof it is to be composed.' And are we to suppose that the formation of the oak itself, and its power of resisting tempests and floods, is the result of accident. Or do the ten thousand proofs of design which we meet with, not in that tree only but in every fragile flower or fragrant plant, whether of the garden or the field, all bespeak, upon candid examination, an all-designing intelligence—a supreme mind—equally fraught with wisdom and benevolence. The telescope, whose properties we in a recent number endeavoured to describe for the instruction and amusement of our readers, constructed by Lord Rosse, is certainly a wonderful instrument; and were we to compare it with the one which the famous Galileo first employed when he climbed at midnight the Italian hills to trace the course of planets, moons, and stars, we would be filled with amazement at the progress of modern science. And yet it is only the superiority of our anatomical knowledge, it is only because we know more, really more, about optics, nerves, and humours, than did the celebrated Florentine, that we have been able to bring the telescope to its present almost perfect state. But ingenious as Smeaton's erection is, admirable as are the properties of the monster telescope, how inferior in design and execution to those models of beauty, utility, and wisdom, the human eye and the king of the woods! It is imitation, only imitation, when all is done; but even regarded as such, how infinitely inferior to the work of the original artist, of which these are at best mere paltry copies. Having introduced, however, the lighthouse of the celebrated Smeaton to the reader's notice, we may as well, before we conclude, give some short account of its erection and uses.

The present edifice is, as we said, a circular tower of stone. The base of this tower is about 26 feet 9 inches in diameter, taken at the highest part of the rock. The diameter at the top of the solid masonry is about 19 feet 9 inches, and the height of the solid masonry is from the foundation precisely 13 feet. From the centre of the base to the top of the stone staircase the height again is 28 feet 4 inches. The height of the tower from this centre is 61 feet 7 inches; the lantern, the base of which is stone, is 24 feet; and the diameter below the cornice 15 feet. So that the whole height is exactly 85 feet 7 inches. The huge lantern or grand beacon light is placed on the upper extremity of this immense column, and is reached on the part of those who keep watch by a staircase and ladders. It has around it a gallery and a strong balustrade of iron. Moor stone and Portland stone, a hard species of granite, were, we are told, the materials which Smeaton employed in the construction of his gigantic work. On the 3d of August, 1756, he fixed the centre point of the building, and traced out part of the plan on the rock, and on the 6th nearly the whole of the work was set out. It was originally proposed that the time spent in the erection should be four years, but it was finished in less than three. On the principles of the Eddystone Lighthouse, Mr Rennie Bell Rock or Inchcape, situated in the German Ocean, about twelve miles from Arbroath, nearly opposite the mouth of the Tay. This, too, is a huge circular column, the foundation stone of which is nearly on a level with the surface of the sea at low-water of ordinary spring tides, and the building is immersed at high-water to the height of 15 feet. The total height, including the lightroom, is 115 feet. There is not only on this column the precaution of a beacon light, but, as a farther warning to the mariner in foggy weather, two large bells are tolled night and day by the same train of machinery which moves the light. The Bell Rock Lighthouse is now one of those lions which parties of pleasure from Leith and other places visit during summer. The keepers are very obliging in showing the curiosities of the tower. They feel no alarm, though nothing can be conceived more awful than the situation in which the edifice is placed during commotions of the elements. In fine weather these men enjoy themselves by fishing, which they accomplish by walking out upon the reef and then throwing in their lines. In the album which is kept, and in which the names of visiters are inserted, the reader will find the following beautiful lines of Sir Walter Scott:

'PHAROS LOQUITOR.

Far on the bosom of the deep,
O'er those wild shelves my watch I keep,
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
The seaman bids my signal hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.'

The Eddystone for a whole, and the Bell Rock for nearly half a century, have now withstood the war of winds and waves, 'unshaken,' says Dr Kidd, 'in a single point, and if of any human work we dare affirm as much, we might affirm of this, 'manet æternumque manebit''—it stands, and shall stand for ever.

## ORIENTAL SCENES.

(From Titmarsh's Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo.)

### DEATH AT A LAZARETTO.

The Giver of life and death had removed two of our company; one was left behind to die in Egypt, with a mother to bewail his loss; another we buried in the dismal lazaretto cemetery. One is bound to look at this, too, as a part of our journey. Disease and death are knocking perhaps at your next cabin-door. Your kind and cheery companion has riden his last ride and emptied his last glass beside you: and while fond hearts are yearning for him far away, and his own mind, if conscious, is turning eagerly toward the spot of the world whither affection or interest call it, the Great Father summons the anxious spirit from earth to himself, and ordains that the nearest and dearest shall meet here no more. Such an occurrence as a death in a lazaretto, mere selfishness renders striking. We were walking with him but two days ago on deck. One has a sketch of him, another his card, with the address written yesterday, and given with an invitation to come and see him at home in the country, where his children are looking for him. He is dead in a day, and buried in the walls of the prison. A doctor felt his pulse by deputy—a clergyman comes from the town to read the last service over him—and the friends who attend his funeral are marshalled by lazaretto-guardians, so as not to touch each other. Every man goes back to his room and applies the lesson to himself. One would not so depart without seeing again the dear faces. We reckon up those we love; they are but very few, but I think one loves them better than ever now. Should it be your turn next? and why not? Is it pity or comfort to think of that affection which watches and survives you? The Maker has linked together the whole race of man with this chain of love. I like to think that there is no man but has had kindly feelings for some other, and he for his neighbour, until we bind together the whole family of Adam. Nor does it end here. It joins heaven and earth together. For my friend or my child of past days is still my friend or my child to me here, or in [illegible] prepared for us by the Father of all. If identity

survives the grave, as our faith tells us, is it not a consolation to think that there may be one or two souls among the purified and just, whose affection watches us invisible, and follows the poor sinner on earth?

### THE BAZAARS OF SMYRNA.

There sat the merchants in their little shops, quiet and solemn, but with friendly looks. There was no smoking, it was the Ramazan; no eating, the fish and meats fizzing in the enormous pots of the cook-shops are only for the Christians. The children abounded; the law is not so stringent upon them, and many wandering merchants were there selling figs (in the name of the prophet doubtless) for their benefit, and elbowing onward with baskets of grapes and cucumbers. Countrymen passed bristling over with arms, each with a huge bellyful of pistols and daggers in his girdle—fierce, but not the least dangerous. Wild swarthy Arabs, who had come in with the caravans, walked solemnly about, very different in look and demeanour from the sleek inhabitants of the town. Greeks and Jews squatted and smoked; their shops tended by sallow-faced boys with large eyes, who smiled and welcomed you in; negroes bustled about in gaudy colours; and women, with black nose-bags and shuffling yellow slippers, chatted and bargained at the doors of the little shops. There was the rope quarter and the sweetmeat quarter, and the pipe-bazaar and the arm-bazaar, and the little turned-up shoe-quarter, and the shops where ready-made jackets and pelisses were swinging, and the region where, under the ragged awnings, regiments of tailors were at work. The sun peeps through these awnings of mat or canvass, which are hung over the narrow lanes of the bazaar, and ornaments them with a thousand freaks of light and shadow. Cogia Hassan Alhabbal's shop is in a blaze of light; while his neighbour, the barber and coffee-house keeper, has his premises, his low seats and narghiles, his queer pots and basins, in the shade. The cobblers are always good-natured. There was one who, I am sure, has been revealed to me in my dreams, in a dirty old green turban, with a pleasant wrinkled face like an apple, twinkling his little grey eyes as he held them up to talk to the gossips, and smiling under a delightful old grey beard, which did the heart good to see. You divine the conversation between him and the cucumber-man, as the Sultan used to understand the language of the birds. Are any of those cucumbers stuffed with pearls, and is that Armenian with the black square turban Haroun Alraschid in disguise, standing yonder by the fountain where the children are drinking—the gleaming marble fountain, chequered all over with light and shadow, and engraved with delicate arabesques and sentences from the Koran? But the greatest sensation of all is when the camels come. Whole strings of real camels, better even than in the procession of Blue Beard, with soft rolling eyes and bended necks, swaying from one side of the bazaar to the other to and fro, and treading gingerly with their great feet. O, you fairy dreams of boyhood! O, you sweet meditations of half-holidays, here you are realised for half an hour! There was a man sitting in an open room, ornamented with fine long-tailed sentences of the Koran; some in red, some in blue; some written diagonally over the paper; some so shaped as to represent ships, dragons, or mysterious animals. The man squatted on a carpet in the middle of this room, with folded arms, waggling his head to and fro, swaying about, and singing through his nose choice phrases from the sacred work.

### JERUSALEM.

We ascended from a lower floor up to a terrace, on which were several little domed chambers, or pavilions. From this terrace, whence we looked in the morning, a great part of the city spread before us: white domes upon domes, and terraces of the same character as our own. Here and there, from among these whitewashed mounds round about, minaret rose, or a rare date-tree; but the chief part of the vegetation near was that odious tree the prickly pear—one huge green wart growing out of another, armed with spikes as inhospitable as the aloe, without shelter or beauty. To the right the Mosque of Omar rose; the rising sun behind it. Yonder steep tortuous lane before us, flanked by ruined walls on either side, has borne, time out of mind, the title of Via Dolorosa; and tradition has fixed the spots where the Saviour rested, bearing his cross to Calvary. But of the mountain, rising immediately in front of us, a few grey olive trees speckling the yellow side here and there, there can be no question. That is the Mount of Olives. Bethany lies beyond it. The most sacred eyes that ever looked on this world, have gazed on those ridges: it was there he used to walk and teach. With shame and humility one looks toward the spot where that inexpressible Love and Benevolence lived and breathed; where the great yearning heart of the Saviour interceded for all our race; and whence the bigots and traitors of his day led him away to kill him.

### MORNING ON THE NILE.

Hail! O venerable father of crocodiles! We were all lost in sentiments of the profoundest awe and respect; which we proved, by tumbling down into the cabin of the Nile steamer that was waiting to receive us, and fighting and cheating for sleeping berths. At dawn in the morning we were on deck; the character had not altered of the scenery about the river. Vast flat stretches of land were on either side recovering from the subsiding inundations; near the mud villages, a country ship or two was roasting under the date trees; the landscape everywhere stretching away level and lonely. In the sky in the east was a long streak of greenish light, which widened and rose until it grew to be of an opal colour, then orange; then, behold, the round red disk of the sun rose flaming up above the horizon. All the water blushed as he got up; the deck was all red. The steersman gave his helm to another, and prostrated himself on the deck, and bowed his head eastward, and praised the Maker of the sun; it shone on his white turban as he was kneeling, and gilt up his bronzed face, and sent his blue shadow over the glowing deck. The distances which had been grey were now clothed in purple; and the broad stream was illuminated. As the sun rose higher, the morning blush faded away; the sky was cloudless and pale, and the river and the surrounding landscape were dazzlingly clear. Looking a-head in an hour or two, we saw the Pyramids. Fancy my sensations, dear M——; two big ones and a little one! There they lay, rosy and solemn in the distance—those old, majestical, mystical, familiar edifices.

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### CAUSES OF APOPLEXY.

Any thing which is calculated to hurry the circulation and to increase the force of the heart's action, is likely to operate as an exciting cause of apoplexy, simply by augmenting the momentum of the blood against the sides of the cerebral vessels, which in advanced life are so often diseased and weak. Strong bodily exercise therefore is a thing to be avoided by all persons in whom the predisposition to apoplexy has declared itself. It is of much importance to make patients aware of this; for many persons think, when they labour under uncomfortable bodily feelings of any kind, they may get rid of them by a brisk walk, or by galloping some miles over the country on horseback. Another dangerous state for such persons arises whenever the free escape of the blood from the head is suddenly obstructed. Certain diseases, chiefly thoracic, which tend to keep the veins of the head inordinately full, rank among the predisposing causes of apoplexy.—*Medical Gazette.*

### IGNORANCE.

Nothing can be more inglorious than a gentleman only by name, whose soul is ignorant, and life immoral.

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## DR KIDD'S BRIDGEWATER TREATISE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

In the treatise of Dr Chalmers there was presented a manifestation of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God in the adaptation of external nature to the moral and intellectual constitution of man. Dr Kidd's subject is of an opposite description. It is on the adaptation of external nature to the physical condition of man. The sense in which he understands this general proposition is stated in the introduction. We are there informed that an examination will be instituted to inquire 'how far the state of external nature is adapted to that condition, whether we regard the provisions made for the supply of man's wants, either natural or acquired, or those which are made for the exercise of his intellectual faculties.' It appears to us that the learned author has stepped beyond the limits assigned him, when he includes in his subject the provisions made in external nature for the exercise of the mental powers; nor are we inclined to pay him any compliment upon the manner in which he has discussed this important branch of the investigation. It is a digression, and unfortunately it is not a happy one, for he is more at home when describing material phenomena than when giving an account of those that are connected with the operations of the mind. The treatise would have had more unity had it been confined to the two great questions—WHAT IS THE PHYSICAL CONDITION OF MAN? AND HOW FAR IS EXTERNAL NATURE ADAPTED TO THAT CONDITION? Before commencing our analysis of this work, another remark may be allowed us. It is a treatise full of excellent thought, rich in its collection of facts, and pervaded with an amiable and pious spirit, while the language, if never vigorous, is always clear, and at times approaches to elegance. It is, however, deficient in generalisation; the arrangement of the various parts is not so perfect as it might have been, and this has imposed upon us a greater difficulty in the execution of our task. Our object is to give the general reader a correct outline of the train of thought employed, and to furnish him with some specimens of the illustrations.

The field embraced by this treatise is most copious and extensive—the adaptation of external nature to the physical condition of man. Man does not stand alone in creation; he is not a solitary unit upon the face of the earth, having none of his species with whom he can hold communion; he is, besides, surrounded with numerous forms of animal life different from his own; and if it be our desire to exhibit him at the head of the lower creation, the fact must not be overlooked, that animal life is not the only mode of existence in which divine wisdom and omnipotent love have been pleased to manifest themselves. It will thus be seen how immense is the territory over which Dr Kidd is thus left at liberty to roam—the animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, the mineral kingdom, and the atmospheric kingdom. These four great divisions of the external world are at once brought within the range of his subject, with all their wonderful combinations and adaptations to the existence and comfort of man, in every region of the earth, and under every variety of social condition.

Let us now proceed to the consideration of the first question—What is the physical condition of man?

Upon comparing the physical structure of man with that of some of the lower animals, a considerable similarity is found to exist. They have organs of seeing and hearing, of tasting and smelling, like ourselves; they require air, and sleep, and food as we do; the process of digestion is similar, by which food is converted into nourishment and distributed throughout the system; and their instinctive passions and propensities, as well as their external manifestations, are not materially different from what appear in human beings. Man is thus linked with the lower animals, in respect of his bodily organisation; and in certain cases they have senses and properties superior to his own. The horse outstrips him in speed, the elephant excels him in strength, the dog has a finer sense of smell, the eagle has the ascendancy over him in acuteness and power of vision, while he is immeasurably beneath the spider in delicacy of touch. Man is unquestionably the most helpless of all beings at birth; he alone comes naked into the world—a weeping creature, whose feeble frame the least rough usage would immediately blot out of existence, and who is destitute of the preservative instincts which are bestowed upon the inferior creation: and left to his own resources, man must at once and inevitably perish. It is true, indeed, that abundant provision is made by God for the support of this most delicate creature in the strong fount of parental affection, and that this very weakness becomes one of the chief sources of that strength by which he acquires dominion over the lower creation. Well did Pliny describe him, a weeping animal at birth, but born to govern the world.

But even when man has arrived at mature years, if we view him merely as an animal, and suppose him destitute of those intellectual powers which form his glory, he would be less able to supply his wants than the inferior creation. This idea may be put into a form still stronger. 'Let us suppose, for instance, a community of human individuals, who, though not gifted with intellectual powers in a degree sufficient to instruct others or improve themselves, were yet endued with them to a degree sufficient to render them, if the opportunity offered, docile to a certain extent,

and capable of executing many of the common offices of life—(and what town or village does not present to our observation individual instances of such unhappy shadows of human nature?)—how could a community like this exist, in which, though all, by the terms of the supposition, were capable of learning something, yet none would be capable of teaching anything? Of what use under these circumstances would be that 'instrument of instruments' the human hand, where there is no presiding mind to direct its movements?' Still, it must be acknowledged as a general statement that, in physical organisation, man is superior to all other animals. Feeble as he is in infancy, and liable to be destroyed by every wind that blows, yet he alone comes forth from that feeble infancy with an erect form, stamped with the attributes of command, and possessed of that delicate adaptation of structure which is required for the residence of human intelligence.

> 'God-like, erect, with native honour clad,
> In naked majesty.'

Take the most ingenious animals for your illustration, and single out for your observation those of them which are most celebrated for their constructive powers. There is the bee forming its little waxen cells upon the profoundest principles of mathematics, and doing so for thousands of years, while the truth of these principles was not discovered till the time of Newton. There is the bird forming her nest with unerring accuracy, exactly as she built it of old in the bowers of Paradise. There is the beaver building his habitation upon the margin of ponds, or lakes, or rivers, with an ingenuity and sagacity that cannot be excelled. These are doubtless wonderful instincts, but these animals could not be taught to make an instrument to assist them in their labours; it would be found an impossibility to teach them the use of the simplest tool man is in the habit of employing, and still less could they be educated to assist in the management of those complicated movements of machinery which are so common in civilised life. It will not do to assert that this superiority is altogether owing to the rational spirit which acts upon the body. This doctrine must be modified to a considerable extent. Most unquestionably the body would be of little value if destitute of the mind which informs it; but equally true is it, that the mind requires a body correspondent to its powers. Invest man with the noblest attributes of intellect; give him the inventive faculties and mechanical genius of Arkwright and of Watt; but, at the same time, strip him of his hands, and in their stead let him have the hoofs of a horse or the paws of a dog, and what would be the result? Let us make the experiment. How would he do for a weaver?—set him upon a loom and ask him to cast the shuttle across the web. How would he do for a tailor?—give him cloth and thread, a thimble and a needle, and request him to make you a dress-coat, and to lose no time for you happen to be in a hurry. How would he do for a musician?—pray favour me with 'Auld Robin Gray' upon that violin, or if you prefer the piano, here is one at your service. How would he do for a clerk?—present him with a pen and ask him to copy out these invoices that they may be ready for the next mail. How would he do for a ploughman?—place him between the shafts of a plough and ask him to plough up that field. How would he do for a smith, a joiner, an engraver, a printer, a sailor, or a cook? What a wonderful mechanism these ten fingers are! Without them we could neither fabricate nor wield the simplest instrument that has ever come under our observation. Our superiority over the inferior creation is thus owing, in no small degree, to our higher physical organisation; and it may with confidence be declared, that although the intelligence of the beaver, for example, was increased until it became equal to that of man, his mechanical dexterity could not be improved without a complete change in his bodily structure.

Man then stands confessedly at the head of creation, in respect to his body as well as to his mind. So universally is this acknowledged, that it is adopted as the leading principle of classification. Dismissing from our view all lower animals, and confining our thoughts to those that are called vertebrated, that is, fish, reptiles, birds, and quadrupeds, it is ascertained as a general fact, that those which in structure approximate nearest to the human stand highest in the scale of intelligence. Quadrupeds have thus a higher rank than birds; birds are before reptiles; and fishes are placed lowest down. But one consideration must not be lost sight of in this connexion. 'As then, in estimating the moral or intellectual characters of particular men, we are not influenced by the consideration of insulated defects or excellencies, but of the aggregate powers and qualities of the individual; so, in comparing other animals with man, we ought not to affirm that they approach nearer to the standard of his perfection in proportion as they approach nearer to him in the structure of this or that part, or in the development of particular powers or qualities; but in proportion to that approximation which results from the balance of their structure and powers considered collectively. And on this principle, however nearly a few of them may resemble him, they never can approach even the confines of an equality of nature; whatever some speculative individuals have presumptuously supposed, or others in their simplicity have feared. Thus the resemblance to the human form, as well internally as externally, is so remarkable in particular species of the ape, that while some philosophers (who however proceeded without a knowledge or a due consideration of the true principles of the science concerned in their reasonings) have maintained that the ape and man are but varieties of the same species, or at most but different species of the same genus; others, with an unnecessary anxiety, have laboured to vindicate the supposed insult thus offered to the dignity of human nature, by searching for some fixed and invariable difference in the structure of corresponding parts of each. But the question is puerile: for let us even suppose that the whole and every part of the structure of the ape were the same as that of man; let every bone, and every muscle, and every fibre of the one correspond exactly with those of the other, not only in form and situation, but also in size and proportion; let the brain itself, that tangible instrument of the intellectual powers, be in structure the counterpart of the human; yet, unless in its functions it resembled that of man—in other words, unless there were associated with it his intellectual peculiarities and the moral and religious sense—to what dreaded conclusion would the closest resemblances lead? However near the approximation in their form, in their nature there must ever be an immeasurable distance between the two. The ape, compared with man, may indeed be among other animals 'proximus huic' (nearest to him): still however it must be added, 'longo sed proximus intervallo' (nearest but with an immense interval).'

It has already been perceived, that it is to the hand chiefly that the mechanical superiority of man is owing. The hand carries into effect the volitions of the mind. The further consideration of this organ must be abandoned at present, as the hand forms the subject of a separate treatise by Sir Charles Bell. Dr Kidd gives copious extracts from Galen, an ancient heathen physician, on the qualities and properties of the human hand, as evidences of a great designing First Cause, which are truly admirable. Upon this we cannot enter, for the reason now mentioned, but proceed to inquire if any part of the corporeal organisation can be discovered which may be regarded as the organ of the presiding mind, the means through which the spirit communicates with the external universe.

Two things have now been ascertained with respect to the lower animals. Some of their sources of knowledge, such as touch, hearing, and sight, are more exquisite than ours. They have also a wonderful instinct, which in them supplies the place of reason. Not only is this the case, but within certain limitations there is an increase of knowledge and sagacity, for a practised hound will cut off an angle to shorten his distance. They have powers of remembrance and affection. They are susceptible of love and of hatred, of hope and of fear. A dog has died of a broken heart upon the grave of a kind master; and a horse in a state of native freedom, on the vast plains of Central America, has been known to commit deliberate suicide when oppressed by his companions and treated by them as an outcast. Now if these things be correct, it becomes an important question, is there anything in the physical structure of man which makes external agencies act more favourably upon the development of his intellectual faculties than in the case of brutes? Or let us put the proposition in its broadest form. Here is the whole animal kingdom, the human species among the rest. Is it possible to fix upon anything in their corporeal organisation which may be regarded as an indication of the amount of intelligence possessed by each? To this only one reply has been given. It has been universally understood that there is a connection between the structure of the brain and the mental faculties, and this union is considered so intimate that the brain is familiarly spoken of as the instrument of thought and reason. It was thus observed by Shakspeare:

> 'And his pure brain,
> Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
> Doth, by the idle comments which it makes,
> Foretell the ending of mortality.'

The following facts are both curious and valuable. 'On the supposition that the brain is the organ of the intellectual powers, physiologists have been led to compare the proportions of the whole and of its several regions in man and brutes, in order to arrive at a knowledge of such facts as might serve for a basis for ascertaining which are the parts essential to its action as such an organ. It has been supposed by some that the intellectual faculties may be in proportion to the *absolute* size of the brain; such an opinion being grounded on the fact that the human brain is larger than that of the horse or ox. But, on the other hand, the brain of the whale or of the elephant, taken in its whole mass, is larger than that of man; though the intelligence even of the elephant bears no proportion to that of the human mind. Again, the brain of the monkey or of the dog is smaller than that of the ox or the ass; yet with respect to their intellectual faculties the former approximate much more closely to man than the latter. Neither do the dispositions or qualities of animals appear to be connected with the absolute size of their brain: for animals most different and even opposite in disposition may be ranged in the same class with reference to the size of this organ; the tiger and the deer, for instance, among quadrupeds: and among birds, the hawk and the pigeon. It would appear probable from some instances, that the *proportional* size of the brain with reference to the size of the body would give a more uniform result. Thus a crocodile twelve feet in length, a serpent eighteen feet in length, and a turtle that weighs from three hundred to five hundred pounds, have not any of them a quantity of substance in their brain equal to half an ounce; and the slight degree of intellectual power manifested by these animals corresponds with such a proportion. But on examination it appears that the proportional size of the brain is not a more certain criterion than the absolute size. The brain of the elephant, for instance, is smaller in proportion to its body than that of any other quadruped: and yet what quadruped exceeds the elephant in sagacity? and, in comparing many of the inferior animals with man in this respect, it is found that not only do different genera of the same order differ very widely from each other in the proportion of their brain to their body, as the bat and the fox, but that the proportion is sometimes inversely as the degree of intellect of the animal: thus, as far as we are capable of judging, the intellect of the fox is infinitely greater than that of the bat, and yet the brain of the former, proportionally to its body, is only one half the size of the latter. Occasionally the disproportion is still greater in different species of the same genus, and even in different varieties of the same species: thus in some dogs the brain compared with the body is as one to fifty, while in others it is as one to three hundred. Again, it appears that the brain of some of the genera of the lowest orders in a class is proportionally larger than that of some of the genera of the highest orders. Thus, in the mammalia, the brain of the dolphin, which animal is in the lowest order of that class, is in proportion to its body four times as large as the brain of the fox, which is an animal of one of the highest orders; and the brain of the mouse and of the mole are nearly, if not quite as large, in proportion to their body, as that of man. And the same circumstance occurs even in the second class, or birds; for the brain of the sparrow is in proportion to the body as large as, nay even larger, than that of man. Lastly, for it is unnecessary, and would be tedious, to enter further into the detail of this part of the subject, there does not appear to be any connexion between the degree of intellectual faculties and the mutual proportions of the several constituent parts of the brain; or between the degree of the intellectual faculties and the mutual proportions of the brain and nerves. So that it appears, from a review of what has been advanced, that no criterion of the degree of intellect is found in the absolute size of the brain; nor in its relative size, as compared with that of the body of the individual; nor in the relative size of its constituent parts, or of the whole of it, to the nerves.'

Pursuing this investigation, and perceiving that it is through the medium of the brain that mind manifests itself, we are naturally led to another inquiry. Comparing one human brain with another human brain, is there apparent any diversity of structure, and is this peculiarity of organisation an index of the mental and moral qualities of the individual? To a certain extent, this is perhaps admitted by all who have reflected upon the subject; and to its fullest extent it is affirmed by some. According to phrenologists, the brain is not only the medium of communication between the world without and the world within; but its general structure is an exponent of personal character, and any portion of it, however minute, has a specified purpose assigned it, in the various departments of thought, feeling, and passion. It is probable that phrenology has received more injury from its injudicious advocates than from its opponents, and the attempts that have too often been made to push it beyond the limits of a philosophical induction have operated to throw discredit upon its ascertained facts. Its combination, in some eminent cases, with materialism (though we neither perceive nor admit that this is a necessary tendency or inference from phrenology, even supposing all asserted in its favour were true) has done it infinite damage, for no one who has a proper respect for the sacred volume will ever arrive at the conclusion that mind is a function of the brain, and that thought, feeling, emotion, and morality are mere results of the brain and of a portion of the spinal marrow 'The rock on which Dr Gall and his implicit advocates have split, is the attempt to fix the local boundaries of the several faculties of the soul. Had he satisfied himself with developing the structure of the brain in the various classes of animals, and had he been content to show that, in tracing its structure from those animals which manifest the least indications of intelligence to those which exhibit still stronger and stronger, it proportionally advances in its resemblance to the structure of the human; and lastly, had he only drawn from these premises the general probable conclusion, that specific parts had specific uses with respect to the manifestations of the immaterial principle of animal existence (and assuredly brutes are endued with such a principle, though, as being devoid of the moral sense, they are not fitted for a future state, and consequently perish when their bodies die)—had Dr Gall been content to have stopped at this point, without venturing to

rica, are resorted to extensively for the same articles. We in Great Britain turn the most of our animal bones now-a-days into manure, which would probably be held an extravagant waste by the toy-makers of the French metropolis.

But it is time that we should turn our attention to another prominent class of consumers of the relics of the slaughter-house of Montfaucon—namely, the rats, the myriads of which existing there are at once useful and terrible. They are aided in destroying the garbage of the place by innumerable hosts of maggots, many of which emerge from the state of larvæ into that of flies, and in warm summer days darken the very air above the mount, as well by their own presence as by the countless troops of swallows which they attract to the scene. The rats, finding at Montfaucon abundant nourishment, have multiplied during successive years in a manner perfectly prodigious. Their number baffles any attempt at close calculation. If thirty or forty carcasses be left exposed in any portion of the locality for one night, the sun of the ensuing morning will shine only on thoroughly polished bones. Dusaussois, the principal horse-slaughterer at Montfaucon, has frequently attempted to diminish the number of the rats. He has enclosed a small space with high walls, leaving access merely by one or two holes, which can be closed at will. Throwing down a carcass or two, he leaves the rats to enter at pleasure, and, after a time, passes through the apertures with his assistants, closing all behind. The party are armed solely with heavy batons, and commence laying about them lustily. In one night, they have killed 2650 in this way, and, repeating the process at intervals of a night or two, have destroyed 9000 at four attacks, and sometimes about 20,000 in two or three weeks. Notwithstanding such holocausts, the establishment of Dusaussois does not compose a twentieth part of the whole shambles; and the number of rats does but increase, making some persons now compute their amount in six figures, or hundreds of thousands. They have made immense excavations in the eminence of Montfaucon for their lurking-places. It is, in fact, so perforated in all directions, that the ground trembles and bends under the tread, and at times the earth falls in at points, leaving exposed the long galleries where the disagreeable intruders reside. All of them, however, cannot find an abode in the actual soil beneath the courts of the slaughter-house. A large number are located outside, and they have formed on the mount there a variety of winding paths as large as sheep tracks, their numberless footmarks being distinctly visible in wintry weather. It is odd enough how strongly they prefer one part of the horse-carcass to others. In all cases they first assail and devour the eyes, either from the finer taste and quality of the substance of these organs, or from some instinctive impression that they so disable their victims. Birds of prey, it will be remembered, always open their repasts similarly. In the season of hard frosts, the workmen of Montfaucon find it difficult to conduct their dissecting operations as usual, and are often forced to leave carcasses untouched till a thaw comes. The rats, nevertheless, do not pretermit their ravages. They enter the bodies of the dead animals by the wounds or otherwise, and when the workmen find it possible to take up their anatomical knives anew, it is not unfrequently discovered that nothing is left to them but the hides, enveloping bare and well-picked skeletons. Only at one spot on the height have the rats been kept out with some success. To preserve a part of his establishment, M. Dusaussois has built pieces of broken bottles closely and carefully into the walls, so that the paws of the rats are partly cut by the glass, and also find the smooth portions too slippery for a footing to mount by. Yet it is amazing whither they will transport themselves when garbage is in the way.

The fecundity of these rats is extraordinary. The females produce five or six times a-year, and the number of young at each birth varies from fourteen to eighteen. Their voracity is extreme. Taking a dozen rats by way of experiment, and placing them together in a close vessel, M. Magendie found, at the end of no great length of time, that three only remained, the surviving trio, like Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, having devoured the others. As with the Kilkenny cats, moreover, the tails were the chief parts left to tell that the defunct vermin had lived, and were no more. No doubt, the Lepidus of the rat-triumvirate would soon have been disposed of afterwards by the two others, and finally the two last would have attacked one another, leaving an over-gorged unit to live and die alone ultimately.

These observations on the rats of Montfaucon are not to be considered as springing from, and addressed to, mere sentiments of curiosity. It has become necessary for Paris to reflect seriously on the project, often of late proposed, to transport elsewhere this great horse slaughter-house. What, in such a case, would become of the hundred thousand rats or so, when deprived suddenly of their wonted sustenance? What might befal them on quitting their ancient fatherland? Towards what spot would the quadruped exiles betake themselves? Would they enter Paris, or spread among the adjoining villages? And would, or would not, desolation follow in their footsteps? However this may be answered, an attempt at removal, it seems indisputable, must be made sooner or later; and the already-mentioned Dusaussois has suggested practically what appears to be the most feasible scheme. The shambles ought not to be wholly shifted at once; but a limited amount of carcasses should be left for a time, by which means the destructive force of man might be for a period kept continually in operation. It is more than probable, too, that the decrease of the quantity of garbage would call into action the combative and voracious tendencies of the rats, as in Magendie's experiment. They would eat up one another—if we may so speak correctly.

Some classes of readers will no doubt be surprised thus to learn, that, in the immediate suburbs of a city renowned as the centre-seat of all that is tasteful and refined, there should exist so frightful a nuisance as the mound of Montfaucon, scattering noxious effluvia far and wide from its masses of putrid garbage, and swarming with hosts of vermin which it disgusts one to think of, and which are even perilous to the human beings around. But the truth is, that the Parisians are apt to be as much satisfied with gilding as with gold—with the show of comfort and cleanliness as with the reality. They too often allow nuisances, too small at the outset to give annoyance, to swell in magnitude till almost irremediable. This has been strikingly the case in at least two other instances besides that of Montfaucon. What did the French metropolitans discover, does the reader think, at the end of last century? Several houses sank then suddenly into the earth, or fell in ruins; and on examination it was found, that large portions of the finest quarters of the city were completely undermined! Quarries of stone, opened so far back as the middle ages, had been unthinkingly permitted to extend, until chambers and galleries were formed of a height, breadth, and length as enormous as dangerous. The other instance in which the Parisians allowed a serious mischief to go on till nearly incurable, was that of the city churchyards. Century after century, the easy citizens, content with a superficial look of decency, piled bodies upon bodies in these burial-places, until their upper level rose high above the streets and the ground-floors of the neighbouring rows of houses. The result at last was, that the heaps of corrupted bodies united into a semi-fluid mass (called adipocire) which broke into the houses, and spread putrid and malignant vapours all around. The catacombs were here a useful receptacle, but the evil, from the length to which it had gone, was remedied only with great difficulty.

It is to be feared that an incursion of rats alone will awaken the Parisians to effective exertion in this case. Great is the ill even now, and delay will make things worse. If the vermin could be prevailed on, of free will, to take to sea in *sieves*, as one of the witches in Macbeth proposed to do in the guise of a rat, it would be a

comfortable matter for all parties; but it is to be feared that the people of Paris must trust to their own activity to rid them of the nuisance, to the growth of which they have needlessly given too much scope.

## PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

It is an exercise of curious interest, and which cannot be devoid of instruction, to search the causes by the operation of which one beginning life in indigence and obscurity, ends it in affluence and distinction. Even as a matter of speculation, the exercise may lead to valuable results; but its importance lies chiefly in the lessons of practical wisdom which it furnishes, and the well-grounded hopes which it may enable those to cherish who are anxious to lay out their talents to the best advantage, in obedience to the Divine will, and in deference to that ineradicable instinct planted in us, by which we seek to rise above our circumstances, and to realise a higher good than any we have yet enjoyed. But the case of successful application which we select for remark, may often be as fertile in lessons of caution as of advice; the road taken to honours may be too costly, by the depraving effect on the religious and moral sentiments which a passage through it has been found to produce; or the honours themselves may be unworthy of regard as too low or too evanescent, as inconsistent with an elevating self-culture, or as insecure and frivolous. The mere fact, therefore, of ultimate success must not be allowed so to occupy our attention as to blind us to the nature of it, or of the means by which it has been reached. In history and biography we must pick our steps, and always count the cost as well as the object for which the expenditure has been made, before we congratulate ourselves on our having found the true way to happiness, or bend our energies toward its adoption. Success itself signifies really nothing; and even though a given object and the means were right, yet the degree in which it would be right for *us* to adopt them, may often depend upon circumstances which throw the case in hand out of our range of accomplishment, and provide us only with those general views with which each particular case, how remote soever from our own, always furnishes us. In an estimate of Lord Eldon's life, these remarks may serve as a clue to the reader, by which he may thread his way with safety. The character of Lord Eldon is one of singular value as an example; it is strongly marked, and admirably displays the power of talent to weave its own fortune, adroitly availing itself of circumstances rather than being dependent on them. To one class of minds—those practical and concentrative—it will wear a peculiar fascination; to another—the meditative and indirect—it can bring little charm. Both sorts must be upon their guard, lest, on the one hand, they become warped into its orbit by the attractive influence it may exert over them, or, on the other, lose that benefit which every form of life is capable of furnishing.

Lord Chancellor Eldon was the son of Mr John Scott, coal-fitter in Newcastle, and was born on the 4th of June, 1751. He received the elements of education at the Grammar School of Newcastle; and there, even in his boyhood, he gave proofs of great ability and application, and promise of that energy which was destined to achieve the highest civil honours which are eligible to a subject in this country. The occupation of his father was the one originally designed for him; but his brother, afterwards Lord Stowell, at this time in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, knowing the abilities of the boy, rescued him from the intended employment, and wrote from Oxford, 'Send Jack here, I can do better for him.' Accordingly he was sent to Oxford, and entered as a commoner of University College in the year 1766. At this stage of our notice, we cannot withhold a story recorded in an anecdote book which Lord Eldon prepared at a late period of his life, and which brings out a coincidence of character and circumstance between Lord Eldon and Benjamin Franklin, which otherwise might scarcely have struck us. The story relates to his journey to Oxford:

'I have seen it remarked,' says Lord Eldon, 'that something which in early youth captivates attention, influences future life in all its stages. When I left school, in 1766, to go to Oxford, I came up from Newcastle to London in a coach, then denominated, on account of its quick travelling, as travelling was then estimated, a fly; being, as well as I remember, nevertheless three or four days and nights on the road: there was no such velocity as to endanger overturning or other mischief. On the pannels of the carriage were painted the words, '*Sat cito, si sat bene*' *—words which made a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. Upon the journey, a Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Taxford, desired the chamber-maid to come to the coach-door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her that he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, 'Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?' 'No.' 'Then look at it: for I think giving her only sixpence *now* is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*.' After I got to town, my brother, now Lord Stowell, met me at the White Horse, in Fetter Lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford House, as I was told. He took me to see the play at Drury Lane. Love played Jobson in the farce, and Miss Pope played Nell. When we came out of the house, it rained hard. There were then few hackney-coaches, and we got both into one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, there was a sort of contest between our chairmen and some persons who were coming up Fleet Street, whether they should first pass Fleet Street, or we in our chair first get out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane. In the struggle the sedan-chair was overset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*. In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition on the pannels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school. '*Sat cito, si sat bene*.' It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorise me to deny, that whilst I have been thinking '*sat cito, si sat bene*,' I may not have sufficiently recollected whether '*sat bene, si sat cito*' has had its due influence.'—Vol. i. pp. 48-50, Twiss's Memoirs.

At Oxford, Lord Eldon took his bachelor's degree, and designed to prosecute his studies with a view to the church. But his intentions were effectually changed by an event which at first seemed very inauspicious, but was perhaps one secondary cause of his subsequent extraordinary success. Mr Scott (at this time, of course, he was not Lord Eldon), being present at a ball in Newcastle, became enamoured of a Miss Bessy Surtees, the daughter of a townsman of his father's. The attachment being mutual, all impediments to their union were set at naught: and the young couple eloped to Scotland, where they were married on the 18th of November, 1772. This step was viewed with great displeasure by the relations on both sides. To them his hopes of advancement all at once seemed for ever blasted. The church could not now receive him; accordingly, he turned his eye upon the law, and entered in the Middle Temple on the 28th of January, 1773. Still living at Oxford, he devoted himself to legal studies with extraordinary application. With scarcely a sixpence in his pocket, he removed, in 1775, to London. On the 9th of February, 1776, he was called to the bar. Westminster Hall supplied him at first with little employment; but in 1780, a case, put into his single hands against all the eminent counsel of the day, was pleaded and gained by him. Another case, even less hopeful, was soon afterwards won by him; and his success was now

* It is sufficiently *quickly*, if it be sufficiently *well* done.

certain. In 1783, he received, from the Coalition Ministry, a patent of precedence as king's counsel; and in the month of June of the same year, at the age of thirty-two, was elected member of parliament for the borough of Weobly. The solicitor-generalship was, in 1788, conferred on him; and in 1793 he succeeded Sir A. Macdonald, who was promoted to the bench, in the office of attorney-general. Leaving, in 1799, the bar and the House of Commons as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, he was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Eldon. He received the great seal for the first time in 1801; but resigned it on Mr Pitt's death in 1806. On the dismissal of the Grenville ministry, in 1807, he again accepted it, and held it till the breaking up of the Liverpool administration, in 1826—having retained it in all twenty-four years, ten months, and twenty-three days—the longest period it ever was held by any individual since the Norman conquest. After 1826, he ceased to hold office; and in 1838, the eighty-seventh year of his age, he died. Thus gradually and securely had this man risen from the lowest step in the ladder of political preferment to the very highest. By what means? and what was his character? These are questions of great interest, natural to be asked, and worthy of some pains in the answers.

The situations which he was called to hold were successively those of advocate, politician, and judge. The nature of his talents did not fit him to shine with lustre equally great in them all; nor was his character of that make and conformation which help a man to realise a kind of universality in his ability of application. It was as an advocate that he was really most distinguished. The extraordinary activity of his mind, by which, without pain or the slightest confusion, he could master all the details of a case; its wonderful acuteness; the transparency of his thoughts; and the manly grasp with which the prominent points of an argument were held by him, were qualities that could not fail to raise their possessor to the highest dignity in his profession. In the cabinet, his sagacity in judging of business, and his firmness of resolution when once his plans were formed, gave him great influence over his colleagues, and secured the personal favour and public applause of George III. As a judge, Lord Eldon, though accurate and impartial, was unhappily beset by doubts and scrupulosities, which rendered the terrible tediousness of the application of law still more terrible to those whose necessities brought them into official connexion with his lordship. It is difficult to explain this phenomenon in his mental character; it seems quite anomalous, and scarcely consistent with those other qualities for which he was so remarkable. Yet so it was; and no critic of the chancellor, not even the most partial, has hesitated to admit this flaw in his judicial ability.

Withdrawing to a distance, and looking at the character of Lord Eldon when tested by the application of the highest principles, we shall not find much that attracts the eye or awakens the impulses of elevated feeling. The grand fact in his character is the direction of great abilities to a definite object, with a spirit and perseverance very rarely found. It is easy to see that it requires little more than strong purpose united to requisite talents, in order to achieve what Lord Eldon eventually reached. This it does require, however; and if the same resolution and indomitable courage which he displayed, were united to chivalrous feelings in pursuit of the highest objects, apart from self-aggrandisement, no character more splendid could well be conceived. But the life of Lord Eldon was not one of sacrifice. He was consistent, we admit; but consistency, apart from its character, is nothing. It is good or bad, as it is allied to a wise and good cause, or to a foolish and wicked one. This truth needs to be more clearly seen and fully felt. A man is expected to take his side when young; and if he swerve from the line of policy which his party adopt, he is set down either as a fool or as a knave. Consistency in a wrong method, until it be seen to be wrong, may contain one element of moral excellence in it. But the immorality of the sentiment on which we are commenting consists in the exaltation of a mere dogged attachment to a party, wrongfully called consistency, over a consistency in the pursuit of truth and the performance of well-doing. In leaving a party the sacrifice may be great; you break up old acquaintanceships; you are reproached with perfidy; motives which probably you abhor are assigned as the cause of the change; and a feeling of insecurity is attached to everything you profess, and every plan you pursue. If a higher morality were reputable, such consequences would be impossible. In admitting that Lord Eldon was sincerely consistent, we admit as much as can well be said in his favour, and what goes far to explain his wonderful success. He was unwavering in the profession of one set of political principles, and he was rewarded for it. But he was consistent in his opposition to the abolition of slavery, to parliamentary reform, to free trade, to Catholic emancipation, to popular education—in short, to whatever tended to produce a greater equality in social good and the more general extension of happiness in the community. In this he is not to be imitated, and so far as such a course conduced to his advancement, it shows how unsatisfactory a test of noble character is success in gaining honours and station. Of course, Lord Eldon must not for a moment be confounded with that class of low minds who, through mere time-serving, win, no one knows well how, their way to distinction. Infinitely removed from these by the possession of real and great abilities, and by the application of them in a way at least lawful, with a remarkable degree of perseverance, and by the general respectability of his character, Lord Eldon is entitled to be estimated by a higher standard than we should think it worth while to apply to such persons. But when brought into comparison with the benefactors of his age, many of them men of far inferior abilities, he shrinks almost out of view as a very little man, and presents but few features on which the eye can dwell with complacency. It is important that greatness of the highest kind should be signalised by the highest approbation; and when a man wields, as Lord Eldon did, so large an influence over the destinies of his fellow-countrymen, we expect that distinguished talents, such as his, will be exerted towards the advancement, not the retardation, of society. Some allowance, doubtless, must be made for peculiar sympathies and hereditary instincts; and such a consideration must of course modify a general estimate of character. But no man can make a claim upon the remembrance of posterity, unless through the disinterested application of his talents to the progress of the species. The accumulation of honours which are all left behind when a man dies, is the reward of ability directed through channels wisely for one's self. Unfading laurels crown the heads of those only who, according to the number of their talents, be they one, two, or ten, pass their lives in unselfish labours to raise those below them up to their own level, and, if possible, above it.

Lord Eldon appears to have enjoyed the favour of George III. in as great a measure, and during as long and unbroken a period, as perhaps any of his favourites, even the greatest, ever did. This circumstance of itself does not indicate any peculiar merit in Lord Eldon; but neither should it be allowed, apart from circumstances, to bias our opinion against him. The favour of sovereigns is at best a dubious token of character. Born to an office which they may be little capable of filling, they are not in circumstances to form a free and unconstrained creed in politics. By pressure from those around them, or by an ignorant clamour from disaffected parties of influence without, they are often forced to accept the opinions of the times; neither being able nor willing to subject them to a rigid test of right and wrong. Hereditary connexions, it is generally supposed, must be sustained; and whosoever, from one cause or another, can creditably bring the influence of his character in support of the maintenance of these, is, of consequence, accepted to favour, and in the course of time raised to honours. It would be unjust to ascribe the evil influences which follow from such a state of things to the personal character of the sovereign alone; on the contrary, the evil lies chiefly with the

country which necessitates such methods. But the favour of the sovereign is thereby rendered a doubtful mark of merit, to say the least of it; and when accompanied by certain circumstances, it may rather be a badge of disgrace to the favourite. In the case of Lord Eldon, the affection of George III. may be explained without supposing either the presence of any great merit or the lack of it. Lord Eldon, from constitution and education, was a Tory in the extremest sense; and without any compromise, or the use of low arts, of which, indeed, he was quite incapable, he might successfully win the attachment of his sovereign, by sympathies so thoroughly akin to his own in union with abilities so great. The influence thus acquired was not abused. No private ends seem to have been pursued by him under the covert of public duty. On the contrary, it must be recorded, to his distinguished honour, that his legal decisions were severely impartial, even where the interests of his party were opposed; so that, as a judge, he extorted loud and unbroken applause from his political opponents. The worst that can be said of him is, that he did not use his influence to the promotion of any great general good. The character of Lord Eldon might thus be noted to have failed through errors of omission, rather than through errors of commission. We find fault with him rather for what he was not when he ought to have been it, than for what he was. We thus get the lesson which his life was designed to teach us, while we concede to him no claim to remembrance, such as that which we allow to the patriot and the philanthropist.

In the domestic and social circle, Lord Eldon appears to great advantage. The romance of his marriage was not rudely broken by any subsequent estrangement. On the contrary, out of his early matrimonial devotion grew that healthful affection which enabled him to undergo extraordinary labours in order to provide for his young wife. Taking the hint from the parents, one of his daughters, the eldest, resigned her hand without consent to a Mr George Stanley Repton. His second daughter was united to the Rev. Edward Bankes. Among his friends, Lord Eldon seems to have been a considerable favourite; adding to his admirable sense, a kind and affectionate manner. Few men, perhaps, have passed a more equable life than his, or one in which the objects aimed at were more successfully gained; but it is scarcely one through which, with all its honours and gains, a generous spirit would choose to pass.

## THE JOURNEYMAN'S RETURN.

It was evening; the furious wind moaned around the houses and whistled through the door-chinks, whirling clouds of fine and hardened snow against the window-panes; while the sombre twilight of winter darkened the deserted street, along which hurried an occasional passenger, closely enveloped in his cloak. No sound was heard save the noise of the storm, interrupted at intervals by the deadened rumbling of a cart over the snow-covered pavement, as Herman the joiner returned to his home for the evening. After many hours of hard labour, he anticipated the sweets of repose and the pleasures of his family. His children welcomed him with joy and fond caresses; and while, at the request of his wife, he changed his dripping garments for dry and warm clothing, his daughter Catherine ran to push the oaken chair in which her father loved to sit nearer to the stove.

'Now, father,' cried little Franz, 'what shall we do to amuse ourselves while mother gets supper ready? Shall we play at horses or hot-cockles?'

'At horses! Yes, yes, at horses!' exclaimed Wilhelm. 'I will be horse directly; shall I not, father? You are willing, and will swing me at a gallop.' While he spoke, the youngster lifted his little leg, and tried to pass it over his parent's knee; but Herman said, 'No horse to-night, my children; I have worked till I am weary, and want rest.'

'If father would tell us a story,' said Franz; 'a pretty story—that would give him no fatigue at all, would it?'

'Oh yes, father, pray, pray,' exclaimed Catherine and Wilhelm both together, 'a pretty story! Hagar in the desert and her poor child dying of thirst,' added the little girl.

'No, no, interrupted the youngest, 'I should like to hear about Daniel in the lions' den.'

'No, no,' cried Franz quickly, trying to climb on the elbow of his father's chair; 'I want the story of the black hunter and the seven magic bullets; that is the prettiest of all.'

Then, without waiting for an answer, the three little supplicants repeated their requests in louder tones.

'Silence there,' said Herman, in a mild but firm tone; 'silence, I shall not say a word until you are all agreed.'

'Well, whichever you like best,' said Catherine, after a little effort over herself; and the two boys, influenced by her example, repeated also in their turn—'Yes, father, whichever you please.'

'I shall get my stool,' cried Catherine, running to the other end of the room, 'and sit down at your feet;' but, when opposite the window, the little girl stopped, her attention attracted by something passing in the street.

'What are you looking at, sister? Come here,' called Franz, impatiently; 'come quickly, father is going to begin.'

'Oh,' replied Catherine, intent on what she saw without, 'there is a poor man yonder who seems to be in trouble; he carries on his back a knapsack covered with snow, and looks as though he did not know his way, and his face is blue with cold.'

'He is a workman,' said Franz, running to the window, 'a journeyman tinker, just arrived; I see his tools hanging to his knapsack. But why does he stop in the street in such weather?'

'Do you not see,' answered Catherine, 'that he is a stranger, and knows not where to go? Father,' she added, turning to Herman, 'suppose I go down and ask him what he is looking for?'

'Go, my child,' answered the joiner, as he searched in his pocket and drew out a piece of money; 'here, give him this; he is perhaps poor, as I was formerly; that will pay for his night's bed and a soup to warm him. Run, show him the journeymen's tavern at the end of the street.

The little girl waited not to be twice told, and descended the stair four steps at a time, followed by Franz, shouting—'We are coming back; don't begin the story without us.' At the end of some moments the children returned with their arms round each other's neck. 'Oh, father,' said they joyfully, 'he is so happy! He has come far, very far, and did not know whom to speak to, for there is no one in the street.'

'I told him,' said Franz, 'that you were once such a poor journeyman as he; and that perhaps I shall be one in my turn.'

'Yes,' replied Catherine, 'and he shook my brother's hand while he said: 'God bless your father and his good children.' But he could scarcely speak, he was so cold.'

'Oh! it is very cold,' continued Franz, thrusting himself between his father and the stove; 'I am glad that the poor man is going to warm himself and sup as well as we.'

'But the story,' cried suddenly a little voice from between Herman's knees; 'are you not going to tell us the story now, father?'

'Oh, yes, father, if you please,' said Catherine, drawing her stool as close as possible to her parent's chair.

'I wonder,' murmured Franz, in a low voice, 'whether it will be Daniel or the Black Hunter?'

'Neither one nor the other,' answered his father; 'I am going to relate a history which you have not yet heard, although it happened to one of my friends; it is called *The Journeyman's Return*.'

'Oh!' exclaimed all the children at once, opening their eyes widely; 'let us hear it, let us hear it;' and, while they listened in eager expectation, Herman began as follows:—

It was a beautiful morning in spring; the sun already showed his bright face above the peaks of the mountains;

the young birds clamoured with open throats for their accustomed food; sheep were bleating in the fold; villagers and herdsmen were seen beginning their daily labours; while the insects, shaking their benumbed wings, recommenced their buzzing among the foliage. Upon the high road leading to one of the small towns of Switzerland, a young man walked briskly, carrying a heavy knapsack; his dusty boots showed that he had come far without resting, and his face, tanned to a dark brown, seemed to have been long exposed to a hotter sun than that of the mountains; he was a journeyman joiner returning to his native country after seven long years of absence. Impatient to see his home, he had walked all night, and now the brightness of a June sun lit up with a golden tint all the objects that presented themselves to the eyes of the wayfarer; he saw already the spires of his native town, and his Swiss heart beat with gladness.

'Oh!' said the youthful traveller to himself, 'how beautiful the country in which I grew from infancy to boyhood, from boy to citizen. Its waters are limpid, the air pure, the landscape how lovely! My feet have trod the soil of France, where the grape ripens, and of Italy, where grow the fig and the orange; I have reposed under the shelter of bowers of roses, and have seen the branches of the lemon-tree covered with golden fruit, and perfumed flowers bending to meet my hand; during many nights, to the sound of guitar and castanet, have I taken part in the pastimes and dances of those people for whom noon is a season of repose, and the departure of the sun the signal for festivity; whose life passes away in indolence, since with light labour they satisfy all their wants under a sky always bright and warm, upon a soil which nature covers with her richest gifts, unvisited by tempests and icy winds, or gloomy winter with its biting frosts. Yes, I, a working son of Switzerland, have seen all these things, and yet my heart has never said I wish to live and die here. Always have I remembered with a sigh of regret the pale rays of the northern sun, the rocky mountain steeps, the unchanging hue of the pines, the pointed roof of the humble dwelling, where, yet young, I received the blessing of a dying father. While these and many other thoughts ran through the mind of the young traveller, his pace became more rapid, and his feet, wearied by his long journey, appeared to recover their activity. Suddenly a turn in the road revealed to his eyes the roofs of his native town, from which here and there arose slender columns of smoke; then the old walls of the cathedral with gothic spire pointing high into the clouds, as though bearing to heaven the prayers of earth. At this sight the wanderer paused, a tear wetted his sun-burned cheek, he took off his cap, and, joining his hands, spoke with faltering voice: 'I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast permitted me to see these objects once more;' and then, without turning his eyes from the scene before him, resumed his walk. 'There,' he said, 'is the white terrace wall of the public promenade where I played so happily, and yonder is one of the arches of the old bridge, under which my companions and I went fishing on our holidays. Ah! I begin to see the leafy top of the old lime that shelters the church square; twenty paces from that, at the corner of a little street, stands the humble house where I was born, where I grew up, where I lost my father and sister, and go to meet my aged mother. If she were no longer living—if——.' The young man's heart sank at the thought, and his limbs trembled under him; but, hastening his step, he said, 'No, it cannot be; I heard from her scarcely three months ago, and then she was well, and impatiently expecting her son. He comes, good mother—comes to thee full of love and respect. Not in vain has he so long worked far away from thee,' he added, shaking the knapsack on his shoulders with a smile of honest pride; 'he brings what will repair thy cottage—the means of ease and gladness for thy aged days.' As the joiner spoke, a little flower met his eye—it was a daisy that showed its crown of red and white above the green turf that bordered the road. He stooped to pluck it, and, continuing his route, picked off, one after another, the little leaves. 'It was thus,' he said, smiling, 'that on the eve of my departure, Gertrude gathered a daisy like this on the bank of the river, and bending her pretty face over the flower to hide the pain caused by my sorrowing farewell, she stripped it in silence, and in pulling off the last leaf, said to me, with a timid voice, 'Adieu, Herman, I will not marry before your return,' and immediately ran quickly away, as though she feared having said too much.'

'Father,' interrupted suddenly little Wilhelm, raising his head from where he had placed it on his father's knee, 'the stranger, then, was named Herman, and he was a joiner, like you; his maiden's name was Gertrude, and so is our mother's. Is not that droll?'

'Do not interrupt father,' said Catherine, who appeared to listen to the recital with the liveliest interest.

Herman smiled, and continued his narrative without reply. 'When I come to the church square,' said the young traveller to himself, 'I shall hasten to look for a little window trimmed with a blue curtain, facing the old lime-tree, on the side opposite to our house. Oh! if I should see Gertrude seated there at her wheel, as I saw her formerly! If, in passing, I could read the past regret in her eyes, and her pleasure at seeing me again! What a happy moment will that be when I can say to her, 'Gertrude, I have returned faithful to my promise as you have been to yours (for I know she has kept her word). Come and share the competence that I have gained by my work: come and help me to make my old mother happy.' Then when, with a blush, she says, 'I am willing,' I shall take from my knapsack the pretty cross of gold and the silk kerchief which I have brought, and placing them in her lap, delight in her innocent joy.'

Meanwhile the distance diminishes under the feet of the traveller, he is approaching the town, where his eyes already distinguish the public gate. As he advances, his look interrogates the faces of those whom he meets, eager to find a friendly glance—a trace of the past; from each passenger his eye demands a shake of the hand, or some words of welcome. At length, as he passed under the gate, he saw a man walking slowly backwards and forwards, with a pipe in his mouth, and hands crossed on his back: it was the toll-gatherer of the town-gate. Herman looked at him attentively, and at the first glance recognised Rodolph, his former playmate, his school-companion, and oldest friend. What pleasure! Herman was about to run to him, to seize his hand, and say, 'Here I am,' but at that instant the tollman, turning in his walk, passed close to him, measuring him with a look from head to foot with cool indifference, and paced on, leaving behind a cloud of smoke. Poor journeyman! the sun of the south has shone too long on thy face, and made thee a stranger to the eyes of those who love thee—thy best friend would not recognise thee! Herman felt faint at heart; after a few moments' struggle with himself, he recommenced his walk, but not without giving utterance to a sigh. A few paces farther he stopped at the entrance of the first street, where stood a new building, the walls of which were finished, but many workmen were still busy on the woodwork and carpentry, overlooked by an elderly man, who from the street directed the fixing of the window-frames. At the sight of the overlooker, Herman felt again delighted. This man is his old master, whose advice and regard made him a skilful workman—he to whom, in his heart, he refers the success which has crowned his efforts; more than that, he is the father of Gertrude. 'Ah,' said Herman to himself, 'here is one who will know me again without difficulty; youth is little observant; its impressions are lively but fugitive. Rodolph may have forgotten the features of his playmate, but the master will not have lost the remembrance of him to whom he so long showed kindness; he will open his arms to me.' While talking thus to himself, the young workman drew near the old man, stood before him, and taking off his cap, begged him, in a respectful tone, to tell him of a joiner's shop where he might find immediate occupation. The master looked at him for a moment in silence; Herman's heart beat quickly, but he retained his composure. 'Come to my house at noon,' answered the overlooker quietly; 'we will look at your

certificates: there is no lack of work for those who know how to do it;' then turning to his workmen, he resumed his interrupted directions. Alas! the sun of the south has shone too long on the bronzed features of the wanderer, and made him a stranger to his best friends, even the father of his Gertrude knows him not again.

'What!' sighed Herman, sadly, as he left his old master, 'am I then so different from my former self, that my features reveal not the slightest remembrance? If Gertrude—but no, I deceive myself; she who could distinguish me at a hundred paces in a crowd, will easily discover her Herman under the tan which darkens his skin. Besides, should she hesitate an instant, will not her heart exclaim, It is he—it is Herman!'

He strode rapidly along the street which separated him from the square: he was soon near the church, and in sight of the old lime-tree with its rustic bench, and of the great fountain, surrounded as usual by washerwomen; farther is a little house, which the young man examines with eager look. There it is, the window decorated as formerly with the blue curtain, and garnished with pots of pinks. What happiness! A young woman, who appears to be spinning, is seated at the casement. Herman's heart leaped in his bosom: he flew across the square, and stood still at ten paces from the dwelling of his Gertrude. There, full of lively emotions, he remained gazing on the young maiden, admiring the change which seven years of absence had produced. Instead of the light and slender girl of sixteen whom he had formerly left behind, he saw a young woman in all the charm of her beauty—her eyes brighter, her cheek more deeply tinged, than when he went away, while her hair fell in thicker tresses on her rounded shoulders. 'How beautiful she is!' half-murmured the journeyman. Gertrude did not distinguish the words, but the voice which gave them utterance reached her ears; she turned her head quickly to the side whence it came, and saw, opposite the window, in the middle of the street, a traveller poorly clad, with his eyes earnestly fixed upon her. 'It is a foreign workman,' she said, after looking at him for a few moments; 'he is perhaps poor—let us have pity on him. Heaven bless you, young man!' she continued, as, stretching out her arm, she threw a small coin on the pavement; then, without longer delay, she rose, and, laying her distaff aside, closed the window, and disappeared from the eyes of her lover. Alas! the sun of the south has shone too long on the tanned face of the wanderer—his best friends cannot recognise him, his beloved herself calls him a foreigner!

At this point of her father's tale a sigh broke from the lips of little Catherine. Herman smiled, took the child's hand in his own, and continued his narration.

If, instead of fleeing from the gaze of the traveller, Gertrude had remained at the window, she would doubtless have remarked the tokens of his sorrow, and perhaps have discovered under the tanned face and dusty garments the friend whose return she had so long hoped for. The young joiner, however, after remaining some moments as if nailed to the place on which he stood, mastered his emotions, and bent his steps towards the paternal roof. But his whole bearing had undergone a change. He was no longer animated and cheerful, as when, shortly before, he hastened along the streets unconscious of fatigue and of the weight of his knapsack: now, with head bent down, he dragged himself forward at a slow and melancholy pace; the last disappointment appeared to have at once destroyed all his hopes, and sadly he trod the soil which, a few hours before, was the object of his fondest anticipations and wishes. In vain the old lime-tree with its majestic shadow, and the ancient grotesquely-ornamented fountain, recall a host of boyish recollections; Herman was deaf to their voice, his wounded heart sees around him nothing but sorrow and misfortune. Meanwhile he drew near his home: fifty paces at most separate him from the old walls, the scene of his earliest days. While passing the cathedral, he looked with a distracted eye at the antique porch and the steps leading to the venerable pile. At this moment an aged female, leaving the chapel, appeared at the door. She descended the stair with a tottering step, leaning on a staff. It was the mother of Herman, who had just been praying for the safe return of her only son. 'Oh, how she is changed!' said the weary artizan mournfully to himself; 'alas, how could I hope that her feeble eyes would recognise her child, when mine scarcely distinguish my mother in this form worn out with age!' At this instant, the old woman, now but a few paces distant, raised her head and looked at him—'My son, my son,' she cried, 'my Herman!' and fell, with sobs of joy, into the arms of him whom she loved so well. 'Mother,' replied the young man, with a trembling voice, as he pressed her to his breast, 'mother, *you* at least have not forgotten me.'

The effects of travel and exposure, fatigue, increase of years, deceive not the eyes of a mother. In vain has the sun of the south made the features of the wanderer strange to his sincerest friends—even to his beloved; one glance sufficed her from whose breast he drew his nourishment. 'My son!' she said; 'Heaven be praised, my son has come back to me!'

Herman ceased to speak. After a short silence, Wilhelm cried, impatiently, 'And what then, father?'

'Yes, father, what next?' said Franz; 'what became of the poor journeyman?'

'The poor journeyman,' answered Herman, 're-entered his home with his aged mother, when he said, 'Look, mother, this is what I have earned; you will now live with me in comfort and quiet.' And to her latest day the good mother thanked Heaven for the return of her son.'

At these words, Herman raised his moistened eyes to the corner of the apartment, where a distaff, yet covered with flax, hung upon the wall. A wreath of dried amaranths decorated the modest trophy, preserving the cherished memory of a much-loved mother. The children's looks followed those of their father, and for some moments a respectful silence was maintained. At last Franz remarked, in a low tone, 'So poor Gertrude had neither the cross of gold nor the pretty silk kerchief!'

'And it served her right,' cried Wilhelm; 'why did she not take a better look at the journeyman? and why did she shut her window so quickly?'

'Who knows,' half-whispered Catherine, looking timidly at her father, 'who knows whether she did not open it again afterwards?'

Herman seized the little girl in his arms, and kissed her, while he said, 'Yes, my Catherine, you have guessed it; and it was between the young joiner and his Gertrude that the aged parent ended her days, blessing them both with her latest breath.'

At this instant, the door of the kitchen opened; a female, still young and good-looking, entered with the invitation, 'Come to supper.' The two little boys clung playfully to their mother's apron, crying, 'Supper, supper!' Their father followed, carrying Catherine in his arms. As soon as the little girl could reach her mother, she passed an arm round her neck, and, with a merry laugh, the party seated themselves at the table, where, the happiness of the present mingling with his recollections of the past, Herman felt proud and grateful for the lot which had been shared with his Gertrude.

## HEALTH OF TOWNS.

Public attention has, in England at least, been fairly attracted at last to those physical causes of discomfort in our cities and large towns which operate so banefully and once upon the health, morals, and condition of the poorer class of their inhabitants. What Mrs Hamilton, by her 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' did for the country, Mr Smith of Glasgow, by his late work on 'Pauperism and Crime,' and a variety of writers who have taken up the same painful subject, are doing for the towns. The plea 'we canna be fashed' was rejected with indignation and scorn by that benevolent though stern redresser of village and hamlet abuse; and our city philanthropists, profiting by

experience, are up at last and doing. A society, instituted in London, and entitled the 'Health of Towns Association,' can already boast of several branches and ramifications in many of the British provinces. Such institutions propose to themselves, as an object absolutely necessary to the interests of the important cause they have begun to advocate, to diffuse whatever amount of information recent inquiries and the advancement of science may have elicited as to the physical and moral evils that result from the present defective sewerage, drainage, supply of water, and of air and light, and from the faulty construction of streets and dwelling-houses. As when such remedial measures are first proposed or recommended, we may anticipate the objections of startled alarmists in reference to the possibly ruinous expenses to which their adoption may lead, care is to be taken, by a process of rational argumentation, to remove all such misconceptions, and do away with the frivolous apprehensions of those who dread interference with existing pecuniary interests. Another grand object which such associations propose to themselves, is the removal, so far as practicable, not only of existing disease, but of all its known and ascertained causes; and whenever fatal epidemics begin to evince their presence, to make no delay in the adopting of such measures as may tend to their mitigation, if not their removal. It is also regarded as exceedingly desirable that some better means than at present exist should be devised or obtained for investigating the causes of mortality in large towns and their surrounding districts—an investigation which has become more than ever necessary from the report respecting the sanitary state of large towns in England, recently given in by her majesty's commissioners, who have shown:

1. That the annual mortality of large towns is always greater, in some cases to the extent of more than 2 per cent. in the worst-class than in first-class streets. In the latter it is sometimes so low as 1.40 per cent., or 1 in 71; while in the former it is in one instance so great as 4 per cent. or 1 in 25.

2. That the average age at death is considerably less in worst-class streets than in first-class streets. Thus, in York it is 12¾ years less in the former than in the latter.

3. That the average age at death of all who die is in most large towns from 15 to 35 years less among artizans than it is among the better classes. Thus, in Lancaster the average age at death among a certain class of operatives (factory hands) is 14.8, while among the 'gentry, professional persons, and families,' it is 49.94. In Preston, among the operatives, it is 18, and among the gentry 47. In the metropolis it is 22 among the former, and 44 among the latter. In the suburban districts of Sheffield it is 24 among the operatives who are employed in branches of manufacture peculiar to that town, 27 among tradesmen and their families, many of whom are of course employed in peculiarly unhealthy trades, and 70 among the gentry. In the town of Sheffield it is 18 among the operatives who are employed in the descriptions of manufacture peculiar to it, 27 among tradesmen, many of whom are similarly engaged, and 46 among gentry, professional persons, and their families.

4. That the average at death of all who die above 21 years, is generally from 10 to 15 years less among artizans than among the gentry. Among those employed in factories in Lancaster, it is between 22 and 23 years less than among the gentry of the same place. In that town it is 40.65 among the factory hands, 58.62 among artizans, and 63.07 among the gentry.

In addition to this report of her majesty's commissioners, Dr Lyon Playfair has also given in a separate one on the state of large towns in Lancashire, in which he labours to show that 14,000 deaths occur annually in that county which might be prevented, and that every individual in it loses 19 years of his life, and every adult more than 10 years of life, from causes which might be avoided. These reports may, no doubt, appear to have exclusive reference to the sanitary condition of England; but who requires to be informed that in all the cities and large towns of our own part of the island the same evil agencies and influences are at work, and that in all districts of the kingdom similar causes must always go to produce like results? 'Better adopt the means of thriving late, than die without having accomplished any amount of good,' is one of the very best of Ramsay's choice proverbs; and we sincerely hope that the excellent example set by our brethren in the south will not be lost upon our northern populations, but that in all our large towns and fine cities inquiries the most rigid will be immediately instituted for ascertaining at once the amount of evil, the causes in which it has its origin, and the means requisite for its mitigation, and, if possible, complete removal.

In contemplating the mortality which takes place annually among the poorer inhabitants of our large towns, and comparing it with that which among the same class of persons is found to exist in the country, the excess appears enormous. Narrow streets, dirty lanes and closes, defective drainage, a deficient supply of water, &c., may account for it in part; but before a satisfactory reason can be adduced for such a frightful state of things, it is obvious that other than purely physical agencies must be taken into the estimate. Among the moral influences, therefore, that contribute their share to a loss of health and of life so exceedingly to be deplored, that of intemperance in the use of intoxicating drinks must confessedly be allowed the baneful pre-eminence. But though it were to be shown most satisfactorily that more deaths and more sickness are in large towns the result of this than of any other cause, the question is far from being answered—it is, indeed, only removed a single stage back, for the excessive prevalence of intemperance in towns, compared with its existence in country villages, has itself to be accounted for equally with the acknowledged excess of sickness and mortality. How, in short, comes it to pass that artizans and workmen in towns are fonder of spending their evenings and earnings in taverns and beer-shops than the same industrious class in country localities? Much, no doubt, may be attributed to the abundant inducements and facilities for dissipation which large towns afford; but this is by no means the sole, or indeed principal, cause. The country labourer enjoys at all times the invaluable blessings of pure air and water; he inhabits a cottage which a little exertion on his own part can generally render comfortable and commodious; in many districts he possesses a better supply of the necessaries of life than his brother of the town; and his daily labour is mostly of such a nature as to render the comforts of his own fireside peculiarly inviting. But the case is for the most part different in towns. The hard-working man, if unmarried, is of course a lodger; and we all know the character of too many of the houses which proffer accommodation at a cheap weekly rate of pay—cold, smoky, and uncomfortable, the room, which he usually shares with a comrade, has no attractions to induce him, after he has finished his meal, to remain within doors, and he usually looks abroad for something to beguile the hour or two that before bedtime he can claim as his own. Under these circumstances are we to wonder, if, in the majority of cases, he yields to temptations, and as he cannot draw his happiness from legitimate sources, that he seeks it in those which prove ultimately his ruin? Even if the house he occupy be one which with his wife and children he rents, still the same thing will apply, for cheap rents almost always in large towns imply unhealthy, smoky, and almost suffocating tenements; and want of in-door comfort will send a married man away from his family, just as surely as it will induce the unmarried to forsake his lodgings. Now, it is obvious that in all cases where the intemperance, which has ruined health and shortened life, has been induced by such influences as these, want of physical comfort is to be regarded as having been the origin of the whole; and when regarded in this aspect the subject assumes an importance inconceivably momentous. If inadequate ventilation, wretched sewerage, narrow streets, closes, and lanes, together with bad water and worse air, are to be deprecated as assuredly injurious to the health of those workmen who reside in cities; how much more, if they drive hundreds of the same class into vicious practices, by making them prefer a nightly saunter through the streets to a comfortable seat with an amusing or instructive volume at home, are they to be branded

as the greatest of all possible curses, ruinous alike to the best interests of men both in this world and the next.

If, therefore, the present alleged deficiencies of our large towns induce not merely bodily suffering but soul disease, our Christian sympathies, more than our simply philanthropic, should be effectually roused. Now, in all cases where an improvement in the structure of houses, or in drainage or ventilation, has been followed by a marked diminution of mortality in the improved district, it has also turned out that an equally marked improvement has evinced itself in the social and moral habits of the class of persons by whom they are chiefly inhabited; which forces upon us the conclusion that these improvements have a powerful influence not only in the removal of physical but also of moral evil. In reference to those who die in infancy, or in mere boy or girlhood, in the crowded streets to which we refer, it may be said that physical causes, and not moral, are direct agents in the case, and that, therefore, the number of deaths, as compared with the country children, may be taken as a fair criterion by which to form a correct estimate of the subject. But it ought to be remembered, that though in their own persons the young cannot be called the victims of demoralised habits, still, through the medium of their parents, on whose care of them in health and sickness, as regulated by the intensity of their parental feelings, and by their characters and habits, their safety must depend, they, too, may be regarded as among the direct victims of the immorality to which the physical discomforts alluded to have previously led. 'The inevitable effect,' says Dr Young, in an able paper in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, 'of a low sanitary state on the moral and religious character of a community is too forcibly illustrated by the scenes of degradation and vice which every one of our large towns presents to require a single remark. The process of moral deterioration is one which is rapidly advancing, and is raising up in the midst of us a vast heathen population, whose vices are at once the opprobrium of civilisation and a fearful testimony against the apathy that nursed them into existence. Nor does society at large, to whose neglect these evils are mainly owing, go altogether unpunished. A heavy tax is laid upon it, and one which is constantly increasing in the shape of hospitals, charitable institutions, and parochial aid, for the purpose of palliating misery which it has never had the resolution to prevent, and it is ever more or less exposed to those epidemics, whose favourite seats are the homes of poverty and filth, but which every now and then trespass their natural boundaries, as if emphatically to remind it of its neglected duties and forgotten responsibilities.'

That well-conducted sanitary measures might diminish the surplus mortality of large towns to a great extent there can be no doubt. This they would effect by, in the first instance, removing many of the physical causes of disease, and afterwards by elevating the moral state and improving the circumstances of the lower classes. Intemperance and poverty, two great causes, can be easily shown to be in a great measure attributable to a low sanitary condition; the former being the immediate and almost inevitable effect of such a state of things, and the latter being possibly the result of intemperance and partly of the loss and expenditure attendant upon a great amount of preventable sickness and mortality. It is only, then, what we are fairly entitled to expect, that on the establishment of adequate sanitary provisions, intemperance and poverty should diminish to the extent to which they have been induced by a neglect of sanitary laws, and that a corresponding decrease in the amount of mortality arising from these causes should take place; nor is there any reason to doubt that in the course of time, and with the aid of a well-directed moral agency, the circumstances, habits, and physical condition of the poor, may be so much improved as to render their sanitary state in no degree inferior to that of the better classes. Another quotation from the same admirable writer must be allowed us before we proceed to consider the species of improvements which are now allowed on all hands to be requisite in our large towns for the amelioration at once of the physical and moral circumstances of the humbler class of their inhabitants. 'In order,' says he, 'to form an idea of the degree in which the moral and social state of the lower orders would ultimately be benefited by improvements effected in their physical condition, we have only to consider how much it has been deteriorated by the continued operation of physical disadvantages and the neglect of sanitary laws. Few who have come much in contact with the lower orders in our large towns, can entertain a doubt that no moral agency, however vigorously worked, can effect the great object of regenerating the masses of the people unless they be first placed in circumstances of tolerable physical comfort; nor is this opinion inconsistent with the admission forced upon us by numerous examples in our own, and particularly in other countries, that the lowest moral state may co-exist with the most favourable physical condition, since this only shows that the moral element is indispensably requisite to complete the transformation.'

In the recent sanitary inquiry it has been distinctly elicited that the drainage of towns has never been made the subject of comprehensive and enlightened legislation. All acts having reference to this subject are exceedingly imperfect, being limited in their objects and inadequate in their provisions, in consequence of which drainage is in all cases partial and imperfect, and in some towns quite unknown. Besides, want of scientific information, and the limited period in which they hold office, are allowed to disqualify the persons interested in enforcing such provisions as do exist, for the proper discharge of their duty. Hence it appears that drainage has in most towns been executed without any general survey of the area to be drained; the persons employed to construct sewers being oftentimes incompetent, from their ignorance of the very first principles of science, for the task to which they have been set apart. Sewers, consequently, are found to be so formed in the majority of cases, as, instead of accelerating, to retain the flow of their contents, and from this circumstance become the constant source of annoyance and disease, from the fetid emanations which they give forth, and which pass into houses by the ill-constructed house-drains. In referring to the method of supplying large towns with water, the commissioners insist greatly upon the superiority of giving it forth on high pressure to the ordinary mode in which it is furnished. They represent three advantages as certain to result from the adoption of the new plan. In the first place, the expense of introducing it into houses would be one-half diminished; secondly, it would be more readily applicable for the purpose of extinguishing fires; and in the third place, it would afford greater facilities for the general introduction of baths into private houses. This method, it appears, has been adopted at Nottingham, where a constant supply of water is afforded at the rate of one penny a-week to each house, and a dividend of 5 per cent. is paid on the outlay. The next thing insisted on is drainage, in which it is shown, 'that the importance of a good supply of water is not to be estimated by a consideration of its value for domestic purposes only, but as being essential to an efficient system of house-drainage,' and it is consequently of importance to ascertain in what way any water used for culinary and cleansing purposes may be most effectually applied for the removal of refuse. On this important subject a great many valuable hints have been suggested, which only require to be embodied in practice to do away with all the inconveniences and physical evils that are now generally admitted to arise from imperfect drainage in our cities and towns.

A discovery which has recently been made that sewer-water, when applied to agricultural purposes, forms the very best of manure, is likely to hasten the adoption of the plans proposed, by silencing the objections of those alarmists who argue against it on the score of the great expense requisite for its successful accomplishment. Liquid manure is allowed to be more valuable than solid, as it sinks at once into the soil, and comparatively little is lost

by evaporation; and in the opinion of Mr Smith of Deanston, the sewer-water of large towns is capable of producing an annual revenue of £1 for each inhabitant, at which rate it would yield for London alone the large sum of two millions a-year.

Another thing to which the commissioners advert is ventilation, in reference to which in small rooms and workshops the principal object to be attended to is the creation of a current of air sufficiently great to effect the desired change, and yet not to such an extent as to cause a perceptible movement in the atmosphere. The difficulty of effecting this is found to arise chiefly from the opposition which would undoubtedly be offered to it by the poor themselves, who, rather than tolerate any ventilation that would lead to the slightest draught, would prefer breathing the vitiated atmosphere to which they have been accustomed, and whose baneful effects it is difficult to bring them to understand. Further observations on this important topic are, however, rendered unnecessary, as the subject has already been fully discussed in No. 47 of the INSTRUCTOR.

We come now to buildings. While in the construction of houses intended for the residence of the poorer classes, every attention is to be paid to convenience and comfort, it becomes absolutely necessary at the same time to have a regard in their erection to economy and cheapness. If this is not kept in view, matters will soon be as bad as before; rents will be high, and overcrowding the inevitable consequence. It is not deemed necessary, therefore, in such erections to insist on great thickness of wall, nor will party walls to prevent fires be deemed essential; these, as such houses are almost always occupied, seldom or never occurring. By doing away with party walls a sum will be saved sufficient to introduce water into the new domiciles, and to furnish them with all the means and appliances of a most efficient drainage. It is gratifying to know that at a less rent than they pay for their present uncomfortable dwellings, the working-classes may be furnished with houses possessing every requisite necessary for domestic comfort.

It has been proposed by the Health of Towns' Commissioners that all the departments of sanitary improvement should be placed under the control of a local administrative body, to be appointed in every town, and to be subject to the crown. In the event of such a board being formed in every town and district, the powers with which it appears desirable that it should be invested are the following:

'To construct sewers wherever they are wanting and enforce universal house-drainage, by means of duly qualified officers appointed by itself on one general plan, and otherwise in conformity with the principles formerly laid down.

'To enforce the general introduction of water into private dwellings, and to procure a sufficient supply for this and the other purposes formerly mentioned.

'To take measures for the gradual improvement of crowded districts, by opening new thoroughfares and rebuilding and widening streets and courts, and to raise money for this purpose.

'To cause further inquiries to be made as to the cheapest and best means of promoting ventilation; to enforce it, when they shall deem it expedient to do so, upon places of public resort and assemblage, and more particularly upon schools, workshops, and manufactories; to see that all public buildings and private houses yet to be built, shall be provided with such structural arrangements as shall, after due investigation, be considered necessary for effectual ventilation; and by diffusing popular information on the subject, to endeavour to effect the general introduction into the houses of the poor, of such a simple apparatus for ventilation as experience shall have shown to be most economical and efficient.

'To superintend by its own officers the paving and levelling of streets and courts.

'To provide for the daily cleansing of all streets, courts, and alleys; for the removal of all accumulations of refuse, and for the cleansing of cesspools, until they be superseded by properly constructed drains, and to appropriate all such refuse.

'On the occurrence of any epidemic disorder, to require the landlords of all property in the affected districts to white-wash and fumigate their houses; and in the event of their delaying to do so, to cause it to be done, and to recover the expense from them.

'In conclusion, no measure for the sanitary improvement of large towns would be complete which did not make provision against the evils arising from interment in towns; for the substitution of slaughter-houses in the suburbs, similar to those established at Paris, for those now in use; and for the abatement of such nuisances as the smoke of steam-engines and the noxious exhalations of factories.'

We [illegible] pressed by Dr Young, that this inquiry will not be confined to England alone, but that to both Scotland and Ireland, where it is not less urgently necessary, it will be extended with the least possible delay.

## COLERIDGE IN THE ARMY.

MR COLERIDGE now told us of one of his Cambridge eccentricities, which highly amused us. He said he paid his addresses to some young woman, who rejecting his offer, he took it so much in dudgeon, that he ran away from the university to London, when, in a reckless state of mind, he enlisted himself as a common man in a regiment of horse. No objection having been taken to his height or age, and being thus accepted, he was asked his name. He had previously determined to give one that was thoroughly Kamschatkin, but having noticed that morning over a door in Lincoln's Inn Fields the name 'Cumberbatch,' he thought this word sufficiently outlandish, and replied, 'Silas Tomken Cumberbatch,' and such was the entry in the regimental book. Here, in his new capacity, laborious duties devolved on Mr C.; the drill-sergeant, after using his utmost efforts to bring his raw recruit into something like training, expressed his most serious fears, from his unconquerable awkwardness, that he should never be able to make 'a proper soldier of him!' Mr C., it seemed, could not even rub down his own horse, which, however, it should be known, was rather a restive one. He overcame this difficulty by bribing a young man of the regiment to perform the achievement for him, and that on very easy terms, namely, by writing for him some 'love stanzas,' to send to his sweetheart! The inspecting officer of his regiment, on one occasion, was examining the guns of the men, and coming to one piece which was rusty, he called out in an authoritative tone, 'Whose rusty gun is this?' when Mr C. said, 'Is it *very* rusty, sir?' 'Yes, Cumberbatch, it is,' said the officer, sternly. 'Then, sir,' replied Mr C., 'it must be mine!' The oddity of the reply disarmed the officer, and the 'poor scholar' escaped without punishment. Mr Coleridge, in the midst of all his deficiencies, it appeared, was liked by the men, although he was the butt of the whole company. There was no man in the regiment met with so many falls from his horse as Silas Tomken Cumberbatch. He often calculated with so little precision his due equilibrium, that, in mounting on the one side (perhaps the wrong stirrup), the probability was, especially if his horse moved a little, that he lost his balance, and, if he did not fall back on this side, came down ponderously on the other: when the laugh spread amongst the men, 'Silas was off again!' Mr C. had often heard of campaigns, but he never before had so correct an idea of hard service. He was, indeed, a very awkward horseman, so much so, as generally to attract notice. Some years after this, he was riding along the turnpike road, in the county of Durham, when a wag approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and (quite mistaking his man) thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport; when, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr C., 'I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the road?' 'Yes,' replied Mr C. (who was never at a loss for a rejoinder), 'I did; and he told me if I went a little farther on I should meet a *goose!*' The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on. Some mitigation was now in store for Mr. C., arising out of the following whimsical circumstance. He had been placed as a sentinel at the door of a ball-room, or some public place of resort, when two of his officers, passing in, stopped for a moment near Mr C. talking about Euripides, two lines from whom one of them repeated. At the sound of Greek, the sentinel instinctively turned his ear, when he said, with all deference, touching his lofty cap, 'I hope your honour will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not accurately cited. These are the lines' (which he gave in their more correct form). 'Besides,' said Mr C., 'instead of being in Euripides, the lines will be found in the second antistrophe of the Œdipus of Sophocles.' 'Why, who are you?' said the officer, 'old Faustus ground young again?' 'I am only your honour's

icers hastened into the room, and inquired of one another out that 'odd fish' at the door; when one of the mess d them that he had his eyes upon him, but he would ither tell where he came from, nor anything about his nily of the Cumberbatches; but, continued he, 'instead being an odd fish,' I suspect he must be a 'stray bird om the Oxford or Cambridge aviary.' They learned also laughable fact, that he was bruised all over by frequent ls from his horse. 'Ah,' said one of the officers, 'we ve had at different times two or three of these university rds in our regiment.' They, however, kindly took pity the 'poor scholar,' and Mr C. removed to the medical partment, where he was appointed assistant to the regiental hospital.—*From Early Recollections of Coleridge.*

## REVIVAL AND PROGRESS OF NATIONAL LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

### CAUSES WHICH CONTRIBUTED TO ITS SUCCESS.

ABOUT the same time that the poetry of Ramsay was, by s extensive circulation, awaking among the common asses of Scotland a taste for general reading, a new era the literature of the sister country may be distinctly sted as having begun. This was nothing else than the ommencement in London of what are usually termed literary periodicals.' Hitherto those who aspired after lassical fame had no choice in their wish to acquire celerity, except to start as authors on their own account. he 'Tatlers,' 'Guardians,' and 'Spectators,' indeed had fforded a species of opportunity for a few to try their ands as didactic, historical, or comic essayists; but the igh literary tone of these admirable serials rendered opeless the efforts at contribution of any class of writers xcept those whose intellectual culture and general scholarhip were on a par with their mental endowments, or natural genius and talent. Hence none but the wits and cholars of the age could venture to forward their intellecual lucubrations for the critically scrutinising eyes of ddison or Steele. It was different, however, when a nonthly periodical at length appeared, which, from the ndustry and extensive influence of its proprietors, soon net with an encouragement unparalleled heretofore in the nnals of popular patronage. This, we need not inform he reader, was no other than the celebrated 'Gentleman's Magazine,' begun in 1731, and which has now therefore existed for considerably more than a century, under the delectable editorship of the amiable and distinguished Mr Sylvanus Urban. The title-page of the first volume declares indeed that it is chiefly collected from the public papers, and, in advertising its first number, it seems to profess, as its almost exclusive object, the giving a summary of the various articles of importance which were scattered at random over the pages of the public prints; but when, after a year's trial, it was distinctly hinted by the polite editor that original contributions on almost all kinds of subjects that could either edify, interest, or amuse the British public, would be gratefully received, numerous contributions, in the shape of essays, visions, epigrams, odes, lines to young ladies lately carried off by smallpox, epitaphs on Newfoundland mastiffs recently interred, accounts of infants in Shropshire ushered into existence with six toes on each foot and ten fingers on each hand, making thirty-two in all, came pouring in from all parts of the kingdom. Five or six pages were frequently adorned with poetical effusions alone. Many of these being of very inconsiderable length, the number of quills which the opportunity of exhibiting set to work may be in some measure estimated. In one of the numbers for 1734, we counted fifty-three original pieces in verse, besides a great number of essays and moral tales soliciting a candid perusal in simple and not unfrequently sombre prose. If we add to these the hundreds, perhaps thousands of forwarded contributions which, after careful scrutiny through his green spectacles, the accomplished editor thought proper most gratefully to decline, it will appear very obvious that in England, as well as in our own country, an immense class of general readers had started into existence since the days of the Charleses, or the era even of William and Mary. Still in the two countries the case differed widely. In England the reading, and of course contributing population, belonged exclusively to the higher or middle classes. Her peasants and mechanics underwent no literary change. How could they? Reading implies a knowledge of the alphabet, and the faculty of comprehending the power of consonants and vowels when so united and arranged as to form intelligible words; but this faculty the poorer classes of England did not yet possess; and hence the as decidedly national productions of De Foe, though extensively circulated, did not, like those of Ramsay, exercise a general influence over the masses of his fellow-countrymen. Boarding-school misses, and rich merchants' sons, bred at Eton or Westminster, began to exhibit literary tastes, and became capable of appreciating the excellencies of 'Crusoe.' But in reference to the common orders of the 'merrie land,' no change to the better could by possibility be effected, not from anything like natural inaptitude, but simply from the total want of education. Now in Scotland it was different. Parish schools had been long established, and hence, when such books as they cared for came in their way, the humblest of Scotland's peasantry possessed the ability to decipher, even though it should in some instances have been by the aid of spelling, their contents and occult meanings. It was this that rendered Ramsay's success as a national poet at once so speedy and triumphant. Had the education of the common people been previously as much attended to in England, the writings of such men as De Foe would have been productive in that country of a revolution as general and complete as that which, between 1715 and 1840, was, by the efforts of Ramsay, accomplished in our own land. But the shepherds, ploughboys, and milking maids of Kent, Surrey, and all the other counties of the south, could in these times scarce one of them read. What benefit to such persons could therefore accrue from the circulation and issue from the press of ever so many volumes, written in ever so popular and captivating a style? But though, previous to the era of the union, Scotland, except religious, possessed among the peasantry few readers of books, still the gift of reading, should they ever be overtaken by the inclination, was possessed by all, and hence, when large issues of poetical tracts emanated weekly from the shops of the Edinburgh ornamenter of hair, it was not the upper or middle classes that fell to devouring of their contents, it was shepherd lads and shepherd lasses, youths at the plough and braziers at the anvil, who did so, and that too with a gusto that soon, among the more serious portion of the community, excited general alarm. To religious heads of families the avidity with which so many young people, all Scotland over, were now for the first time beginning to turn to account the art of which the schoolmasters had already put them in possession, to store their memories with unedifying and gospelless rhymes, looked absolutely frightful; Ramsay, of course, got all the blame. He was sternly denounced by the well-meaning but somewhat mistaken religionists of the day as a positive agent of the prince of darkness, raised up to corrupt and demoralise the age. The previous apathy and backwardness of their children gave them comparatively little thought. Not to read the religious volumes in which they themselves delighted was no doubt bad enough, but it seemed rather a negative than a positive offence; it was mere neglect of the writings of the good; but when they beheld them in the act of perusing not Ramsay merely, but Pope, Shakspeare, and many other English poets and dramatists, they held up their hands in dismay. Complaints were lodged with the ministers and elders of the kirk, and pulpit rebuke, as well as private censures, were the penalty which the literary peasantry of covenanted Scotland had in these days to pay for the indulgence of propensities, the absence of which, in our times, is regarded as stamping the individual with something which borders upon ignominy itself. Ramsay, therefore, while the idol of one portion of his countrymen, became the object of execration and abhorrence to another. Allan might have done better, and in excluding religious allusion from his works

he certainly erred; but who does not now acknowledge that the spirit he awoke, and the aspirations and tendencies he produced and cherished, have proved incalculably beneficial to his country? The humble peasantry of Scotland were placed on a level, in his time, with the rich and educated of the neighbouring country; and Sylvanus Urban, while he gratefully acknowledged communications from the neighbourhood of London, from Eton, and Oxford, had also to return thanks to his numerous Scottish contributors, who kept pouring in upon him contributions from all quarters of the country. The success of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' brought a rival into the field, the 'London,' namely, which met with an encouragement at least equal to that already bestowed on its illustrious predecessor. Both were extensively circulated in Scotland, and such progress had literature made in the year 1739, that a company of booksellers, Sands, Brymer, Murray, and Cochrane, started in that year the celebrated periodical known for so many years under the title of the 'Scots Magazine.' In our next notice we will trace the further progress of national literature, accompanied with notices of some of the poets who flourished at the time.

### MANUFACTURE OF LEATHER.

The hides are chiefly procured from different parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, those of the British market being quite unequal to the trade requirements. The preparation of cow and ox skins is much more tedious than may, at first sight, be supposed. When brought to the tan-yard, such skins are softened, by being placed in pits filled with water, whence, after remaining a day or two, they are transferred to other pits, filled with lime-water. In the latter they remain for a fortnight. The lime opens the pores of the skin, and the hair being scraped off, with large knives, they are again subjected to the water process, and, instead of lime, a certain kind of animal manure is mixed with the water. In this state they remain from three to ten days, according to the state of the weather. On being taken from the pit, the knife is once more applied, to extract the grease, which easily yields to the chemical action of the manure, and exudes in large quantities. At this stage, the skins are tolerably clean; but they are still liable, like other animal matter, to decomposition, and require another process, and that the most tedious and troublesome of all. They are placed again in immense pits of water, to which the bark of trees (principally English oak) is added profusely. Here a great chemical change takes place. The animal fibre becomes ligneous, and the entire skin, previously liable to decay, is made indestructible. This, however, takes eight or ten months to accomplish, and in some cases much longer. The former periods serve for the leather commonly used for the 'soles,' and about three months for the 'uppers' of shoes; but the stronger sorts, sometimes made for colliery pumps, are kept in the pits for two or three years. After being dried, this description of leather is sent to the merchant. The lighter qualities, such as sheep and goat skins, are another and different department. After being cleaned, in nearly the same manner as the others, the former are taken to an immense hydrostatic press, and subjected to a pressure of about a thousand tons, by which the grease is extracted. They are next sewed together, like sacks, and, being filled with shumac, are placed in large vats of warm liquors, where the tanning process is completed in about twenty-four hours. The dyeing or colouring afterwards takes place. It is done by the aid of cochineal, indigo, and other substances, and is a process of which the English tanners need never have any fear of foreign competition, as nowhere can it be done so cheaply and so well as in this country. The 'shaving,' or taking off the flesh, follows the dyeing; and this is done with a knife of peculiar construction. The last and 'finishing' process consists of rubbing the leather with a wooden ball, to impart a glossy shade and shining appearance. The only difference in dressing the goat and sheep skins is

### MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

The true misery of the world is not so much that there are in it pain and afflictions, as that humanity, the image of God, is defaced, degraded, and trodden under foot.—*The Herbenger.*

### NOTHING.

In vain I shall attempt an ode
On what I nothing have to say:
Oh, Nothing! tell me thine abode,
Or how shall I find out the way?

Art thou a 'will-o'-wisp'—a shade—
Akin to Mr 'Nobody?'
Of nothing, nothing can be made,
And 'tis in vain the task to try.

And after all the trouble that
We take, and turnings round about,
We find ourselves precisely at
The point from which we first set out.

Is nothing in the boundless sea,
'Mongst coral rocks and crystal spars?
Is nothing in the 'milky way,'
'Midst myriads of clust'ring stars?

Could we find *nothing* anywhere—
In any individual place,
We need not then so much despair
That we might *something* find in space.

But both are equally absurd,
And foreign to the human mind;
And we may rest ourselves assured
That neither shall we ever find.

There must be *something* everywhere.
Then where is nothing to be found?
In regions high of upper air,
We ask; or underneath the ground?

Suppose that we embody space,
And cut it (mentally) in twain,
The problem still rests where it was,
For still there must be space between.

This 'nothing' we shall never find—
*No thing* with which the sense to fill,
However far we stretch the mind,
Appears to me impossible!

And to *conceive* there's such a state
(For hope to find it there is none),
Of folly seems the aggregate,
And reason mocks upon her throne.

All other matters we dismiss
At pleasure from the human mind,
Save and except this phantom Space
(Or nothing), which still lags behind.

By nothing we can nothing mean
But contradiction, beyond doubt:
Euler himself had sought in vain
This airy 'nothing' to find out.

Of nothing, nothing can we know,
Of nothing, nothing can we learn;
But round and round about we go,
And on the self-same pivot turn.

I by this sophistry have proved
That *nothing*'s past the art of man:
And must (as I've no doubts removed)
With nothing end—as I began.

HERMIONE.

### SINGULAR MARINE PRODUCTION.

A remarkable marine production was fished up lately in Lochryan, by the oyster dredgers. It has the appearance of a small tree, or rather clump of trees, rooted in sponge. It is quite perfect, notwithstanding the rude process of its discovery. Its branches are of the most delicate, flexible, and beautiful structure, nearly transparent, and so light and feathery as to wave with the utmost grace on the slightest breath. We are told that, on examination with the microscope, apertures or mouths have been discovered in the branches; and we heard it keenly canvassed, whether it belongs to the animal or the vegetable kingdom.—*Galloway Advertiser.*

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### REV. DR BENNIE.

It has frequently, and with great truth, been remarked, that the lives of men devoted to study, and to the active discharge of the duties of the clerical character, do not yield very abundant materials for the pen of the biographer. The history of years passed in the retirement necessary to the pursuit of learning, or spent in the quiet discharge of the pastoral office, cannot but be deficient in those striking incidents which add so great a charm to the history of individuals. But, true as this is, yet the progress and the career of those who have distinguished themselves for any species of excellence, even when barren of incident, can never be devoid of deep and permanent interest in the view of every well-constituted mind. The great heathen moralist and philosopher has beautifully said, 'the wise are friends to the wise, even though unknown to them,' and consistently with the maxim, founded as it is on the constitution of the human mind, the biography of those distinguished for wisdom and worth can never fail to possess abundant charms for all the worthy and the wise. We feel assured that the following memoir of a distinguished clergyman recently deceased, will, although necessarily brief and imperfect, gratify our readers.

The Rev. Dr Archibald Bennie, minister of Lady Yester's parish, in the city of Edinburgh, was, as we believe, born in 1798, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. By the affectionate care and industry of his immediate relatives, the great talents of which he early proved himself the possessor were fostered and directed; and while a student at the university of Glasgow, his great industry and rapid improvement not only gratified and delighted his friends, but convinced them that in any profession to which he should direct his energies he could scarcely fail of attaining eminence. The result has verified this sanguine expectation. Few men have been more distinguished in the quiet sphere in which the clergyman is called to labour in his Master's service, than the lamented subject of this sketch, and few have left behind them a sweeter memorial.

Having directed his views to the ministry, Dr Bennie received license from his presbytery as a preacher of the gospel, soon after attaining the age required by the laws of the church. It was impossible that, with his superior fitness for the sacred office, he could long remain without a cure. Accordingly, after a shorter probation than usual, in 1823 he was ordained as assistant and successor to the Rev. Henry Muschat in the chapel of ease at Shettleston, and in the following year was chosen as assistant and successor to the Rev. John M'Leod, in Cannon Street chapel of ease, Glasgow. In these scenes of his earlier labours, Dr Bennie exhibited the same industry and application in the pursuit of learning, the same zeal in the performance of his pastoral duties, the same care in preparing for his public ministrations, by which he was distinguished in his maturer career. From Glasgow he was promoted, in 1825, to the first charge in the West Church of Stirling; and on a vacancy occurring in Lady Yester's parish in the metropolis, he was, in 1835, appointed to that important charge. In all these spheres of labour, demanding, although they did, the utmost exertion, a course of prosperity and success not often equalled and rarely surpassed attended his ministrations. A few years ago he was appointed one of the deans of the Chapel Royal, Holyrood House.

In Edinburgh, his career was of the most brilliant kind. The position which he was there called to occupy was such as brought his eminent talents into full activity; for, in addition to having a large congregation of hearers of almost all classes, a considerable portion of Lady Yester's church is appropriated to the accommodation of students at the University. He now justified all the high expectations his friends had indulged in regarding him, and proved himself to be in no ordinary degree endowed with those qualities of head and heart, requisite to form a successful herald of the 'glad tidings.' The power and eloquence with which he made known the 'truth as it is in Jesus' will long be remembered. His discourses were all of a high order, and many of them were very fine models of pulpit oratory, remarkable at once for logical accuracy and rhetorical embellishment; enforcing, by arguments the most cogent and unanswerable, the truths of our holy faith; and exhibiting, by means of brilliant and striking illustrations, the nature of those hopes and prospects possessed by the children of God.

It may naturally be expected that the perpetual demand for discourses of a very high order must impede the regular discharge of the other duties of the sacred office. This is very frequently proved to be the case. But to the astonishment of all, save those who best knew the indomitable energy of Dr Bennie's mind, he was to the last as constantly engaged in domiciliary visitation as if it had been the sole business of his ministry. Nothing could exceed the rigid punctuality and affectionate zeal with which he went in and out among his flock, unless it were his remarkable fitness for the duty. He was instant 'in season and out of season;' while his genuine and vital piety, which was within him as a perpetual spring—his ready sagacity—his cheerful disposition—his kindness and benevolence—peculiarly adapted him to the work. He identified himself in a great measure with the hopes, and sympathies, and aspirations of his people, and left no-

thing undone that might promote their growth in divine wisdom.

The life of an active Christian has been beautifully compared with that of a bee which all day long is occupied in flying from the hive to the flower, or from the flower to the hive, in order to promote the interests of the community to which it belongs. The idea is pressed upon our minds in contemplating the career of the subject of our sketch. While no clergyman could be more exemplary in the performance of his clerical duties, no man was more anxious or made more exertion to promote the best interests of his fellow-citizens. The addresses which he delivered to the students of the Edinburgh School of Arts in his character of President of that institution, were a proof of his enlightened zeal in the sacred cause of education; and the parental solicitude with which he regarded the progress and welfare of the youth under training in Heriot's Hospital, of which he was a governor, proved his anxiety to strain every nerve in order to promote, as far as his influence enabled him, the best interests, whether secular or spiritual, of the community. In a word, in every relation in which he was placed, his life formed a beautiful illustration of those blessed truths which he so sincerely believed and so eloquently expounded. The name of Dr Bennie will long remain a household word among the members of his sorrowing flock; but a far nobler memorial of his work and labour of love is inscribed in that book of remembrance, that record on high, which is written for the faithful servants of the King of Zion.

Dr Bennie possessed a most acute and vigorous intellect, a warm and vivid imagination, and a ready and quick apprehension; and his 'natural gifts' were enriched by very considerable learning. He was an excellent classical scholar, a learned theologian, and possessed a large share of scientific and general knowledge. His extreme readiness in reply, and the acuteness and point of his observations when engaged in any controversy, would have enabled him to rise to distinction as a barrister, had he turned his talents in that direction. It is matter of regret that, with the exception of his sermons (some of which are shortly to be given to the public), and some literary pieces, written during his few periods of leisure, he has left nothing really worthy of his talents. A working clergyman, however high his talents and great his learning, has little time to devote to literary pursuits. It is to be deplored that a man of whom it may be truly said that 'he touched nothing without adorning it,' had not leisure enough to prepare any important publication. But he was occupied in what he felt to be more important—in preaching to his flock 'the unsearchable riches of Christ,' and leading them to exemplify in their lives the faith delivered to them, and so enabling them

> 'To read their title clear
> To mansions in the skies.'

There are circumstances of a very striking character connected with the close of the useful life of this 'faithful servant.' How frequently does it happen that the most gifted clergymen outlive their influence and popularity! How often does it occur that, after a bright career in the season of youth and maturity, a minister, even before he is rendered unfit for duty by the advances of old age, is cruelly forsaken and left with a mere handful of his former flock! This must be a very painful trial. Very different was the experience of the lamented subject of this sketch. As his course began so it ended. From year to year, his vigorous mind enabled him to present ever new and ever varying views of the truth to his people, and there was no period when he exercised a greater influence than at that of his decease. He was called to put off his armour and lay down his weapons, not at evening when the labour of the day was over, but at noon—in comparative youth—and in the midst of a most active and useful ministry. There was no farewell from the pulpit; his last discourse possessed all the usual marks of his peculiar style, the same earnestness, the same animation. He felt indeed indisposed; but it seemed as if but a few weeks of rest were required, when, after a sojourn amid the refreshing breezes of the western coast, he would again return to his beloved flock, and his severe but delightful labours. But they were to behold no more the zealous pastor whose friendly smile, and kindly greeting, and ready advice, and cheerful aid, rendered him so justly dear; the voice that encouraged and taught, animated and cheered them, was suddenly silenced for ever. His death took place at Dunoon, Argyllshire, on the 21st of September, 1846. He died as he lived, an active servant of his Lord and Master; the course begun in brilliancy ended in splendour, like that star, to use the beautiful figure of a sacred poet, which, instead of setting at evening among clouds and in the darkening west, is seen at morning to 'melt,' in all its glory, 'into the light of heaven.'

We shall conclude our remarks with the following eloquent passage in reference to the subject of this brief memoir, from the pen of one of his brother clergymen:—'Though dead he yet speaketh; and that not by his pulpit ministrations alone—his life was a living sermon. Let the memory of his example be to you a solemn, heart-touching sermon from the dead. He held forth the word of life to you, not only from the pulpit but in his habitual walk and conversation, proving himself a humble follower as well as a faithful preacher of the Lamb. But his life was not only pure and blameless, it was laborious—I had almost said intensely laborious; and it is only now that we are filling up the various gaps occasioned by his death, in our ecclesiastical machinery, that we are fully aware of the extent of his self-denying toil. You knew in some measure his anxious and faithful preparation for pulpit duty, and the unwearied diligence of his pastoral care in private; but you did not, you could not know, his daily and (alas, too much!) his nightly toil spent in promoting the education of the young, the spread of scientific knowledge, and the advancement of the interests of the Church—toils he persevered in despite of failing strength, almost to the close. He was no monkish sluggard—he was none of those who 'refuse and pull away the shoulder' from the yoke—he had given himself to Jesus and to the Church for Jesus' sake, and he shrunk from no burden his Lord imposed, from no toil the Church required.

And were I now permitted to invite you to enter with me the sanctuary of his home, were I permitted to lift the sacred veil which hid his domestic life, were I permitted to speak as freely of the father in the midst of his family as I have done of the pastor in the midst of his people—but this I may not do—there are sorrows too sacred to be even breathed upon—there are wounds that must not be touched even by the tenderest hand—May the Holy Spirit the Comforter breathe there a holy peace! may the hand of the Great Physician apply a healing balm! But if his life was thus a living sermon, and if by it he yet speaks, what shall we say of his death? The message was sudden—the dark messenger utterly unexpected until within a very short time of his arrival. As soon as his approach was made known to others it was made known to him. He received the tidings as one who had served the Lord of life too long to dread the approach of death. And the Lord dealt mercifully with his dying servant; no pain disturbed the serenity of his mind; no terrors shook the firmness of his soul; life ebbed peacefully away. 'I have fought the battle,' he gently murmured—'I have fought the battle—Lord give me more grace!—I am ready:' and so he fell asleep.'

## THE TEA-PLANT.

The merchants, shipowners, and other members of the City Chambers in Liverpool, have lately formed an association, which professes to have for its exclusive object a reduction of the duties at present levied on tea. The design appears, from the tone of the public papers, to be producing almost universal satisfaction; and no wonder. For a social and refreshing beverage, the shrub in question possesses virtues which, from Cowper's day downwards, are allowed to be peerless. For a long time it was a luxury which few but the rich enjoyed; now, however, it has become even to the poor a species of necessary.

While efforts are making on the one hand to provide the labouring classes with comfortable and healthy abodes, it becomes equally on the other a duty, by cheapening an article so much calculated to promote social comfort, to put the means of procuring it within the reach of all. Now this is at once accomplished when you reduce the tax on tea. Its original price is very moderate—a pound of bohea when purchased in China scarcely amounts to 10d. To this, however, before it can be sold in Britain, a duty of 2s. 1d. is superadded. It is proposed, therefore, to get up throughout the country as many associations similar to the Liverpool one as possible, for the purpose of applying to parliament for a reduction of this impost to the rate of at least a shilling per pound. The only objection which our legislative assembly can urge, is the injury, of course, which may possibly accrue to the revenue were such petitions granted. It is questionable, however, whether the revenue would suffer or not. A considerable number of those who would be disposed to drink tea, cannot afford to do so at the price to which it is raised by the tax. Now were this duty reduced, the amount lost on each separate pound of tea would be made up by the aggregate impost on a much larger quantity consumed. British tea-drinkers, were the article cheapened, would probably be multiplied 50 per cent. This enlarged consumption of tea supposes also an equally extended use of another exciseable and similarly taxed article—namely, sugar. It is proper also to consider the question in a purely commercial light. China might, under a different system, become a market for British goods to a far greater extent than it is at present. No European nation stands on such a friendly footing with China as our own. This friendship has, ever since the peace, gone on ripening, and becomes yearly more and more evident. But it does appear somewhat hard that while, without any serious fiscal restriction, they are at last receiving goods of British manufacture, we still continue to impose upon their staple produce a tax by which its exportation and consumpt are equally impeded.

That the tea trade is capable of vast extension is rendered obvious by the increased exportation which has of late years taken place both to America and Britain; and were still greater demands to pour in upon the Chinese, thus giving encouragement to the cultivation of their valuable shrub, there can be no doubt that this would occasion an instant reciprocal demand for our manufactures. As it is, something should immediately be done. The advocates of temperance are urging the poor man to eschew the use of ale; now, if this is to be left off, surely it is proper to provide at as cheap a rate as may be a preferable substitute. The increase of population obviously requires a cheap and abundant supply of the beverage which shall prove itself the most economical and wholesome; and a regard for the practical civilisation of the people suggests that every encouragement should be afforded to the use of such refreshments as are conducive to the cultivation of social habits and the promotion of domestic enjoyment. As the entire population of Britain are interested in the present movement, it may not be uninteresting, for the information of the reader, to give a short account of the history, preparation, and qualities of the shrub in question.

In the transportation of tea from Canton in China to Europe alone, no less than fifty thousand tons of shipping are said to be annually employed; and yet, strange as it may sound, the article itself was unheard of in that quarter of the globe before the middle of the seventeenth century. About the year 1636, tea was for the first time tasted as a luxury in the court of the first Charles. After this we hear no more mention of it till the year 1660, when there was passed an act of parliament, charging it with a duty of 1s. 6d. per gallon when drunk in public-houses. In the following year, Pepys, in his diary, alludes to it in this manner: 'Sept. 25. I sent for a cup of tea (a Chinese drink), of which I had never drunk before.' In 1664, after the strictest and most diligent search, all the tea that the East India Company could procure in London, was the surprisingly small quantity of two pounds, of which, as in duty bound, they made an immediate present to his most gracious Majesty, Charles II. Its price was in those days enormous; for a single pound no less than three guineas was charged—a sum not much inferior to £12 of our present money. At that time the company had not entered upon the direct importation of tea from the country in which it is grown, England being then supplied from the Continent. At last, however, an importation from China was announced. Two canisters, each containing 75 pounds, making 150 lbs. in all, arrived by the Gladiator, Captain J. Somers. The order which occasioned this superb arrival is couched in language so singular, that, for the reader's amusement, we shall stay to quote it: 'In regard tea is grown to be a commodity here, and we have occasion to make presents thereof to our great friends at court, we would have you send us two canisters of the very freshest and best. That which colours the water in which it is infused most of a greenish complexion is most esteemed.' Many of our large London shops will sell more tea in a single day than was imported into Britain during the year 1678, the whole quantity falling under 5000 pounds. Even this limited importation appears to have completely overstocked the market, as the whole that arrived in Britain for the six subsequent years amounted only to 510 pounds. Gradually, however, a considerable number of the English people began to discover that, as a healthy and social beverage, tea was decidedly preferable to the 'heady nut-brown' which their ancestors had for so many generations set the example of quaffing; and in the year 1699, 20,000 pounds of tea were demanded for the supply of England alone. In 1720, the demand for Britain amounted to above a million of pounds; and from that time, almost without fluctuation, the consumption of tea has increased to its present enormous amount—the quantity imported into Britain during the last twelve months exceeding, we are told, forty millions of pounds.

The French are not by any means remarkable for their tea-drinking propensities, coffee being mostly preferred; and in the whole of that vast and populous region, not more than 230,000 pounds are requisite to supply the annual demand. The largest demand upon the Chinese for the luxury in question is, next to Britain, that made by the United States of America, whose inhabitants appear to consume annually the amount of eight millions of pounds. In Russia, tea is in considerable demand. It is carried overland from Kiatska to Tomsk, and thence to Novogorod, partly by land and partly by the rivers. The quantity imported annually is said to exceed five millions of pounds, double that which Holland demands as her supply, which last year amounted only to 2,700,000. The amount of importation to Hamburgh, which may be termed the German demand, seldom exceeds two million pounds, and two hundredweight is sufficient to supply all Italy with the delightful beverage.

The *thea* or tea-tree is a very beautiful shrub, attaining usually the height of five or six feet. It is an evergreen, and has wide spreading branches. The colour of its leaves is a dark, glossy green. By the Japanese, as well as the nation which supplies the demands of America and Europe, the tea-plant has been cultivated from a very remote antiquity. The author of Hochelaga tells us, that, though St Johns, the capital of Newfoundland, is the fishiest town in existence, its inhabitants never eat cod themselves. Not so, however, the Chinese. They set a good example, and are to a man hearty tea-drinkers. So extensively, indeed, is the article used in China, that, it is confidently affirmed, even were Europe altogether to discontinue its use, the price would not be greatly diminished. In all parts of China the tea-plant is in cultivation. Even at Pekin, whose climate is little dissimilar to that of Philadelphia, and lies in the same degree of latitude, it is seen to thrive. It succeeds best in southern exposures, and in the neighbourhood of running waters. 'As the seeds,' says an eminent botanist, 'are very apt to spoil, and scarcely one in five will germinate, it is usual to plant several in the same hole, at

the depth of four or five inches. The plants require little further care than that of removing the buds till the third year, when the leaves may be gathered. In seven years the plants have usually attained the height of six feet; but as they bear few leaves they are trimmed down, which produces a great number of new ones. The leaves are plucked off one by one with many precautions, and only from four to fifteen pounds are collected in a day.' The finest kind of tea is never imported into Europe, being reserved almost exclusively for the use of the nobility, who pay an enormous price to obtain it. The blacker teas are named bohea, congou, campou, souchong, pouchong, pekoe. The green ones are termed twankay, hyson skin, young hyson, hyson, imperial, and gunpowder. The Chinese province most renowned for the excellence of its teas is the very beautiful and very luxuriant and fertile one called Kiangnan, of which Nankin is the capital, but Fokien is the district from which the majority of the black teas exported into Europe actually come. The Russians, whose trade in tea is exclusively overland, derive the commodity from an entirely opposite province.

Attempts have been made in a variety of foreign parts to cultivate the tea-plant, but comparatively no success has hitherto rewarded the effort. The Dutch government, however, having recently employed a few Chinese cultivators to rear the plant for them in the island of Java, speak favourably of the success which has recompensed their toils; and with the aid, too, of Chinese labourers, the experiment of propagating the shrub is said to have proved successful in Brazil.

It has been said that the use of tea among the Chinese is not of ancient date, from the character representing tea not being found in any ancient Chinese work. If this be true it is but negative evidence, and it would require vast research, and a close acquaintance with Chinese literature to prove that it is really so. We have, however, positive evidence of its being used as early as the eighth and ninth centuries. A tax on tea is mentioned in the annals of the dynasty of Tang; and in the journal of an Arabian merchant who traded with the Chinese at that early period, mention is made of the infusion of an herb named *Sah*, much drunk by the inhabitants. This herb is evidently tea; and its name sah is as near an approximation to the Chinese name chah as the Arabic alphabet is capable of expressing. Tea, as a plant, was, until the last few years, regarded as being exclusively indigenous to China and Japan. We need not inform the reader that the discoveries of Captain Jenkins, Lieutenant Charlton, and especially of W. C. Bruce, have completely dissipated this erroneous impression. Assam, a magnificent valley stretching between Bengal and Thibet, seven hundred miles long by seventy in breadth, has been found to produce in abundance in many of its districts the plant in question. This, a few years ago, was hailed all over Britain with great enthusiasm, as an almost invaluable discovery, from its appearing that, in the event of the war on which we were then entering with China not terminating in our favour, we could supply ourselves with the article in question independently altogether of the Chinese tea. It is as well, however, that matters took the turn they did. The Assam tea may be wholesome enough as a beverage, but, although stronger, it is generally allowed to be coarser and more unpalatable than that which we continue to import from China itself.

'The effects of tea,' says a good medical authority, 'on the human system are those of a very mild narcotic, and like those of any other narcotic taken in small quantities exhilarating. The green varieties of the plant possess this quality in a much higher degree than the black, and a strong infusion of the former will in most constitutions produce considerable excitement and wakefulness. Of all narcotics, however, tea is the least pernicious—if, indeed, it be so in any degree. It acts, likewise, as a diuretic and diaphoretic, and assists digestion.' The following is the account, then, of the mode of preparing the leaves of the tea-plant for general use:—The tea-leaves being gathered, are cured in houses which contain from five to ten or twenty small furnaces, about three feet high, each having at the top a large flat iron pan. There is also a long low table covered with mats, on which the leaves are laid and rolled by workmen who sit round it. The iron pan being heated to a certain degree by a little fire made in the furnace underneath, a few pounds of the fresh-gathered leaves are put upon the pan. The fresh and juicy leaves crack when they touch the pan, and it is the business of the operator to shift them as often as possible with his bare hand, till they become too hot to be endured. At this instant he takes off the leaves with a kind of shovel resembling a fan, and pours them on the mats. Other operators now taking small quantities at a time roll them in the palm of their hands in one direction, while a third set are fanning them, that they may cool the more speedily, and retain their curl the longer. This process is repeated two or three times, or oftener, before the tea is put into the stores, in order that the moisture may be thoroughly dissipated and their curl more completely preserved. On every repetition, the pan is less heated, and the operation performed more closely and cautiously. The tea is then separated into the different kinds and deposited in the store for domestic use or exportation.

It has been always found that high duties have led to adulteration, and it is well known to those engaged in the tea trade that the low-priced or damaged sorts are bought up for the purpose of being mixed with the better descriptions. As the various qualities are all securely packed before being imported to this country, such a mixture can only be palmed upon the public through the agency of what are called 'tea factories.' A case was reported lately where tea was sent in bond from Liverpool to Ireland, and in one chest was found a brush, in another a hammer, in a third a chisel, and a scoop in a fourth, none of which articles were of the kind used by the Chinese. There have been proofs in London as well as Liverpool that bonded tea can be repacked at a railway pace, and when parties in their speed leave their tools in the middle of a chest, there is unfortunately too much reason for suspicion.

## DR KIDD'S BRIDGEWATER TREATISE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In our former article, an attempt was made to answer the question—What is the physical condition of man? His corporeal organisation was compared and contrasted with that of other animals, and even in this so 'fearfully and wonderfully made' structure, his vast superiority over them is clearly and firmly established. He is indisputably the lord of this world. Two members of the body were chiefly considered—the hand, which Aristotle declared to be the organ of organs, and the brain, as the organ of the intellectual faculties, the medium of communication between the material world and the spiritual. These, however, are merely the instruments of intelligence—the adaptations of the body to the will of the mind within. And with these, how much does man subject all things to his sway! See dead matter acting under his influence, and in civilised life becoming every year more obedient to his commands. Compare a simple canoe with that superb monument of scientific genius a ship of war—compare the wigwam of an Indian with 'the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples' that have been constructed in ancient and modern times—compare the spindle and distaff of our mothers with the spinning machines of Glasgow and of Manchester—compare the slow process by which this manuscript is written with the rapid movements of the steam-press, which prints thousands of copies in an hour, and we are struck with wonder at the achievements of human power and skill. The same train of thought may be pur-

ned as to the command which man has over the inferior reation, and also to the influence which one human mind equires over other human minds, such as that possessed y Napoleon for a considerable period.

Let us now proceed to the consideration of the second uestion, HOW FAR IS EXTERNAL NATURE ADAPTED TO THIS HYSICAL CONDITION OF MAN? This subject must be viewed omewhat in detail; and if the learned author has difficulty n selecting topics and illustrations from the wide field of ature lying before him, we have to encounter a greater rho are attempting, within the limits of a short article, to bbreviate his arguments and condense his illustrations. o give greater distinctness, let us take up the four kingloms of nature in the order now mentioned—the atmopheric, the mineral, the vegetable, the animal.

It is foreign to our present object to make any reference o the complex constitution of the atmosphere, that 'circumambient ocean of air,' into whose bosom are poured all xhalations, pleasant and offensive, the vapours ascending rom earth, and those terrible effluvia and miasmata which arry fever and pestilence and death in their train. With he exception of the aqueous vapours, these may be considered as foreign to the constitution of the air, and we ccordingly dismiss them from our view. Air is also harged with light and heat and electricity. The relation f electricity to man has not yet been so fully developed s to demand our separate attention. But there is light.

'Hail! holy light, offspring of heaven, first-born!

Such is the language of our great religious poet, and it as met with a response in every bosom. In all languages, light has been regarded as a symbol of purity and joy, of ctivity and usefulness. Light is so congenial to our mental nature, that a child cries with terror when it awakes n darkness. It is so much in harmony with our sense of beauty, that inanimate objects are counted more or less pleasing, as their hues approximate to light; the gold and ilver among the metals are preferable for ornament to the dead iron and lead, and the lily and the rose to the lurid henbane and belladonna. It is so natural to our physical constitution, that this stimulus to the senses requires to be removed before we can enjoy that refreshing sleep which, by a temporary cessation of the energies, gives a renewed activity to the frame and sends a fresh impulse into all the powers of life. The importance of light is best seen by supposing an extreme case. If light were permanently banished from the earth, and all things else in the economy of nature were to remain as they are, what would be the condition of man? Involve us all in darkness, and what employment could be followed? No mechanical art could be pursued—no wool could be spun—no cloth could be woven—no field could be ploughed—no seed could be cast into the ground—no harvest could be reaped. Indeed, without light, there would be neither seedtime nor harvest; or even if sustenance and clothing could be supplied in some miraculous manner, what a dull, cheerless world would this become! It would be a community of men blind from their birth with no one to guide them; the sources of knowledge and happiness would be dried up, and we would either be reduced to the condition of animals or die in despair. 'In the vegetable world, upon the products of which animal existence ultimately depends, light is the prime mover of every change that takes place, from the moment the germ emerges from the soil. Exclude the agency of light, and in a short time the most experienced botanist might possibly be at a loss to know the plant with which he is otherwise most familiar; so completely obliterated are all its natural characters, whether of colour, form, taste, or odour. Thus the faded colour of the interior leaves of the lettuce and other culinary vegetables is the result of such a degree of compression of the body of the plant as excludes the admission of light beyond the exterior leaves. And, again, if a branch of ivy or of any spreading plant happen to penetrate during the progress of its vegetation into a dark cellar, or any similar subterraneous situation, it is observable, that, with the total loss of colour, its growth advances with great rapidity, but its proportions alter to such a degree as often to mask its original form. And, lastly, which in a practical point of view is of the greatest importance, if a plant which has grown without the influence of light be chemically examined, its juices, it might almost be said its whole substance, would be found to consist of little else than mere water; and, whatever odour it may have, is characteristic, not of its original nature, but of its unnatural mode of growth; becoming, in short, very like that of a common fungus. The total result is, that all the native beauties and uses of a vegetable growing under these circumstances are lost: the eye is neither delighted by any variety or brightness of colour, nor is the sense of smell gratified by any fragrance; the degeneracy of its fibre into a mere pulp renders it unfit for any mechanical purpose, and the resinous and other principles on which its nutritive and medicinal virtues depend, cease to be developed. In some instances, however, the bleaching or *etiolation* of plants is useful in correcting the acrid taste which belongs to them in their natural state; as in the case of endive and of celery.'

Heat is generally associated with light. It has this property in common with light, that the finest instruments cannot detect its weight, and it differs from it in this respect that it is absolutely essential to life. Diminish the heat much below that which is natural to the species, and the vital functions are destroyed. It would require a volume to describe the uses of heat to man. Without heat, there would be no bricks for building, or quicklime for cement. Without extreme heat, no metals could be reduced from their ores, or, when reduced, wrought out into suitable forms. Without it glass would have no existence, and how much are we dependent upon this alone! Without this beautiful and interesting compound, there would be no panes for our windows, no thermometer to measure the heat, and no barometer to estimate the density of the atmosphere; no spectacles to aid impaired vision, no microscope to bring under our view, by its magnifying power, the wondrous mysteries of the minute creation; and no telescope to place within our grasp the immense number and magnitude of the celestial bodies that lie far back in the depths of space. And as heat is thus required for the comforts and conveniences of life, for improvements in the arts and sciences, for the cultivation of our nature, and the production of lofty conceptions of the greatness and wisdom of Him who has made the entire universe a reflection of his character; so it is easily excited, and adequate provision is made for its support. Think upon the early condition of this country. It was once covered with extensive forests; these were cut down for fuel until they gradually disappeared as population increased in density. The morass supplies a temporary aid; and when this is becoming exhausted, another vegetable production is found in the bowels of the earth, which had been accumulating and preparing for ages, that it might supply us with proper warmth when the indigenous forests had been all swept away. Who does not see in this the finger of Almighty Love and Wisdom? 'It is not intended here to enter into the general consideration of those geological formations called *coal fields*, which are the repositories of this useful mineral: but there is one circumstance in their history so evidently calculated to facilitate the labour of man in obtaining this substance, and to extend its supply, and so remarkably though not exclusively characteristic of those particular formations, that, though not obvious to a general observer, it cannot fail to arrest the attention of those to whom it is pointed out. A coal field may be represented, in a popular description, as consisting of a succession of alternating strata of coal and sandstone, &c.; which, having been originally deposited in a basin-shaped cavity, in such a manner as to be at the same time parallel to the concave surface of the basin and to each other, have been subsequently broken up by some force that has thrown the planes of the ruptured masses into various directions. Now, had the strata remained undisturbed, a very considerable proportion of the coal which is now quarried would most probably never have been obtained by human

industry; for, the strata dipping down from the circumference towards the centre of the basin, that perpendicular depth, beyond which it is practically impossible to work the coal, would soon have been reached in the operation of mining. But, in consequence of the rupture and consequent dislocation of the strata, many of those portions which were originally deposited at such a depth beneath the surface as would have rendered the working of them impossible, have been thrown up to the very surface; and thus have become available to the miner.'

Water has its manifold uses. What person living in our moist climate can describe aright the value of water, or the misery occasioned by its want? Ask the shipwrecked sailor, who has endured the agonies of thirst for several days under a burning sun. Ask the Persian criminal, who, shut up in masonry, the head excepted, is left to perish with hunger and thirst, and who so long as strength permits, shrieks for water. Ask the British who were shut up that awful night in the Blackhole of Calcutta; and ask the traveller in a wilderness of sand, when his supplies have ceased, and who would cheerfully relinquish all his wealth for a single cup of water. The necessity of a free supply of this fluid might be argued, prior to experience. On an examination of the animal constitution, 'more than three-fourths of the whole weight are due to the presence of water. This water of composition may be easily separated by the application of a moderate degree of heat, or even by spontaneous evaporation at a common temperature, without any further decomposition of the body; the muscles and skin consequently shrinking to such an extent as to give the whole frame the appearance of a skeleton, enveloped, as it were, in parchment.' The presence of water admits of being ascertained by a simple experiment. Take a piece of cartilage, or gristle as it is called, expose it to the action of heat; its weight is now diminished, it loses its elasticity, and becomes transparent; let it then be dipped in water, and by degrees it assumes its former weight, appearance, and character.

It is not an unprofitable subject of meditation how much a person is indebted to water for his convenience and support during a single day. Let him suppose himself rising in the morning and see not a drop of water in the bedroom. Let him think of a breakfast without coffee or any similar infusion, without bread or any other kind of food for the preparation of which water is required. Let him enjoy a dinner at which nothing appears that was in any degree and at any time connected with the agency of this fluid. Let him make an imaginary supper of this kind, and then retire to rest; and intellectually blind and morally depraved he must be if he does not experience a new sentiment of gratitude to the Giver of all good for the abundant supply with which we are favoured. 'So far the use of water is directly and immediately necessary to his comfort and subsistence; but its indirect and remote necessity is equally observable in all that surrounds him. There is scarcely an article of his apparel, in some part of the preparation of which water has not been necessarily employed; in the tanning of the leather of his shoes; in the dressing of the flax of which his linen is made; in the dyeing of the wool of his coat, or of the materials of his hat. Without water, the china or earthen cups out of which he drinks could not have been turned on the lathe; nor the bricks of which his house is constructed, nor the mortar by which they are cemented, have been formed. The ink with which he writes, and the paper which receives it, could not have been made without the use of water. The knife with which he divides his solid food, and the spoon with which he conveys it when in a liquid form to his mouth, could not have been, or at least have not probably been formed, without the application of water during some part of the process of making them. By water the medicinal principles of various vegetable and mineral substances are extracted, and rendered potable, which could not be introduced into the animal system in a solid state; and this element itself becomes occasionally a most powerful medicinal instrument by its external application, in every one of its forms; whether as a liquid, under the name of the cold or warm bath; or in the form of ice, in restraining inflammation and hemorrhage; or, lastly, in the state of steam, as in the application of the vapour bath.'

The fluidity of water is an important fact in any argument the object of which is to show the adaptation of the external world to the physical condition of man. This element, as is well known, exists in the forms of vapour and ice, as well as in that fluid form to which the name of water is properly confined. The advantages of water are chiefly owing to its fluid form, to its existence in that condition in which the particles move freely among themselves. Provision is therefore made against its rapid conversion into vapour or ice, and the process is marvellous in both cases.

The air of the atmosphere, as connected with respiration, has an importance that cannot be estimated. If withdrawn for a few minutes, existence becomes insufferable; and if the suspension be continued for a few moments more life is extinct. It is one of the most beautiful and exquisite contrivances in the animal system, how the air, through the agency of the lungs, discharges from the body daily about two-thirds of a pound weight of carbon, a noxious principle which could not be retained without the destruction of life. But we are afraid that it would not be in our power to explain the process by which this is done without occupying more space than we can afford. Leaving this branch of the subject, look at the effects of the motion of the air as connected with human health. How oppressive is a stagnant atmosphere upon a sultry day, even in our northern latitudes, and how much more dreadful would it be in a tropical clime! Without the refreshing alternations of what are called the land and sea breezes, existence in some regions of the world, would scarcely be endurable. And it is to this close and confined atmosphere chiefly, though combined with other causes, that medical men ascribe that physical, mental, and moral degradation which is found among those who dwell in the deep gorges of the Alpine mountains, and which is commonly known by the name of cretinism and goitre. At the foot of the valleys, the inhabitants are scarcely human beings, either in body or in mind; as you ascend the sides of the mountains, the mental malady vanishes, and the physical deformity is less hideous; at last, when you arrive at that height where the air of heaven is blowing freely around you, both forms of the evil have disappeared. Consider next the effects of the air as connected with the acts and operations of civilised society. It would be easy to show how beneficent is the motion of air, since it has the effect of extracting sensible moisture from bodies which, without this separation, would be comparatively of little service. We might adduce as instances the hay harvest, the grain harvest, the reduction of corn to meal, the drying of linen, the seasoning of wood, and the absorption of moisture from the atmosphere after a long-continued frost. It is upon the free currents of air that all the maritime commerce of nations is dependent: and in some parts of the world, at certain seasons, they blow in the same direction, and with such regularity, that the merchant can calculate upon them with the utmost security. From the benefit they thus confer upon commerce they receive the name of the trade-winds. A curious story is told in connexion with the trade-winds, in Bayley's Four Years' Residence in the West Indies. It is a singular illustration of Scottish enterprise. One day a small sloop came into the harbour of St Vincent, which was utterly unknown to any of the merchants, and which excited universal astonishment. What was its history? Here it is: 'Every one has heard of the little fishing smacks employed in cruising along the coast of Scotland, which carry herrings and other fish to Leith, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, worked by three or four hardy sailors, and generally commanded by an individual having no other knowledge of navigation than that which enables him to keep his dead reckoning, and to take the sun with his quadrant at noonday. It appears that a man who owned and commanded one of these coasting vessels had been in the habit of seeing the West India ships load and unload in the several

ports of Scotland; and, having learned that sugar was a very profitable cargo, he determined, by way of speculation, on making a trip to St Vincent, and returning to the Scottish market with a few hogsheads of that commodity. The natives were perfectly astonished—they had never heard of such a feat before; and they deemed it quite impossible that a mere fishing smack, worked by only four men, and commanded by an ignorant master, should plough the boisterous billows of the Atlantic, and reach the West Indies in safety; yet so it was. The hardy Scotchman freighted his vessel; made sail; crossed the bay of Biscay in a gale; got into the *trades;* and scudded along before the wind, at the rate of seven knots an hour, trusting to his dead reckoning all the way. He spoke no vessel during the whole voyage, and never once saw land until the morning of the thirty-fifth day, when he descried St Vincent's right a-head; and setting his gaft-topsail, he ran down, under a light breeze, along the windward coast of the island; and came to anchor about eleven o'clock under the circumstances before mentioned.'

So long time in comparison has been spent upon the atmosphere; upon the light, and heat, and water with which it is charged; and upon its various uses for life and health, for arts and commerce, that we can do little more than mention the various points in the argument and illustration. The mineral kingdom is next passed under review. 'It is a department of nature which consists of objects characterised by properties very different from those we have been lately considering, remarkable as a class for the mathematical precision of their form, the brilliancy and variety of their colour, and for their great weight; most of them being many times heavier than the heaviest element of the atmosphere. Few mineral substances, however, exist in such a state of purity as to exhibit the simple characters of their individual properties; the class consisting of a great variety of species, which are capable of entering into union with each other, and of which the natural combinations are extremely numerous. But, as might be anticipated from the general analogy of nature, the advantages arising to mankind from this mixture of character are infinitely greater than if the individual minerals had existed in a state of purity, and uncombined with each other. Thus, to take the most familiar, and perhaps the most important instance, almost all natural soils consist principally of mixtures of the three earths called *silex, lime,* and *alumine;* none of which, unmixed with either of the other two, or at least with some equivalent substance, would serve the purposes of agriculture. Again, all the common forms of clay consist principally of various combinations of the two earths called *silex* and *alumine;* and although many of those properties which make clay valuable are communicated by the alumine, the silex contributes very considerably towards the general utility of the compound.'

The application of minerals to architecture and sculpture might here be considered. Gems and precious stones form an interesting and brilliant subject, though our native black diamond, the coal, is worth them all. The geological arrangement, and the physical character of some of those strata of earth which are most useful to man, invite remark. Metals, too, form a most important branch of investigation, for though they can be dispensed with in a state of barbarism, they are indispensable to civilised and refined life. No substances have proved of such signal service in increasing the comforts and conveniences of man as the metallic, and they have proved mainly instrumental in raising Britain to that eminence of intellectual and commercial glory which she possesses. Hardness is a quality which belongs to all mineral substances, whether metallic or not; but, in addition to this, metals have peculiar properties which considerably increase their value. Many of them can be beaten out thin by hammers or compressed by rollers; this is called malleability. Some can be drawn out into a wire so small as scarce to be seen by the common eye; this is called ductility. All expand or contract in every direction, according to the increase or decrease of the temperature; this is called expansibility. And all, under different degrees of heat, can pass from a solid to a fluid state; this is called their fusibility. Let us now select a common instance, and the more familiar the better, as these are thus in greater danger of passing unnoticed. Here are tin, copper, and iron. Tin, from its fusible qualities, is extensively used as a superficial coating to vessels of copper and iron. 'Consider only the respective degree of abundance of each of the three metals just mentioned, and the difference in some of their qualities with respect to external agents, and we shall have ample reason for being assured that, on this as on every other occasion, we may say of the Creator of material things—'In wisdom hast Thou made them all.' And not only is it true that 'the world by difference is in order found;' but the difference is so adjusted in every instance, that, if it were varied, the value of the substances in which the difference is observable would be destroyed. Thus, of the three metals now under consideration, iron and copper, from the degree of their malleability, are easily formed into those various vessels which are of daily use for culinary and other purposes; while tin possesses the property of malleability in comparatively a slight degree: and, correspondently with the extent of their use, iron and copper are found in great abundance and in almost every part of the world, while tin is of very rare occurrence. Again, the two former metals are easily rusted; and, from the poisonous quality of the rust of copper, fatal effects on human health and life would be frequently occurring, used so extensively as that metal is for the construction of vessels in which our food is prepared, were it not defended by that superficial coating of tin, which is commonly applied to the inner surface of such vessels; tin being neither easily rusted, nor capable of communicating any poisonous quality to substances brought into contact with it. Let us then suppose that the respective degree of malleability, or of fusibility, were reversed in these metals; and observe the inconvenience that would ensue. Let the tin have that degree of malleability, for instance, which would render it capable of supplying the place of the iron or the copper in the construction of various economical vessels and instruments; yet, from the small quantity in which it occurs in the world, the supply of it would soon be either exhausted or its price would be so enhanced that it could not be purchased except by the rich. And, even if the supply were inexhaustible, yet, from the softness of the metal, the vessels made of it would be comparatively of little use; and from the low temperature at which it melts, it could not be readily used for the generality of those purposes to which copper and iron are commonly applied. On the other hand, let the copper or the iron be as fusible as tin; and let the tin be as refractory under the action of heat as iron and copper are; in that case, how could the tin be applied with any degree of economy to the surface of either of the other two, while they themselves would be unfit, from their easy fusibility, to withstand that degree of heat to which they are necessarily exposed in many of the economical uses to which they are applied?'

The adaptations both of the vegetable and the animal kingdom to the condition of our race are subjects rich in interest. In the former department of nature, we have vegetables as applicable for food, for medicine, and for the arts. In the latter department, animals might be studied under their geographical distribution. The camel for the burning sands of the desert, and the reindeer for the regions of frost and of snow. We might consider the alterations which take place in these, when domesticated, and how beneficial these are to their owners. Animals supply us with food, they furnish us with clothing, and, in the arts and sciences and economical purposes of life, they confer upon us innumerable advantages. In thus reviewing the whole field of nature and its marvellous adaptations for intelligent and immortal beings, such as we are, may we not ask with Cicero, and with an emphasis more sublime, for he was destitute of revelation—'For what purpose was the great fabric of the universe constructed? Was it merely for the purpose of perpetuating the various species of trees and herbs, which are not endued even with sensation? The

supposition is absurd. Or was it for the exclusive use of the inferior animals? It is not at all more probable that the Deity would have produced so magnificent a structure for the scale of beings, which, although endued with sensation, possess neither speech nor intelligence. For whom then was the world produced? Doubtless for those beings who are alone endued with reason.'

## POPULAR AND CHEAP LITERATURE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

'A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again.'

SELDOM do we find more falsehood condensed than in these celebrated lines of Pope's. As well might it be said, a little truth is a dangerous thing, a little temperance, a little honesty, a little principle, are in themselves dangerous things. It is surely better to have a little modesty than to have none. It is better to have a little conscience than to be a thorough scoundrel. Because you had only a few shillings would you throw them away? Because you had only a few grains of intellect would you prefer idiocy? Because you are short-sighted would you prefer being blind? Because you could not write copperplate, would you wax desperate, and wish, like Nero, that you had never learned to write at all? Would you shut up the panes in your windows because the glass in them had not the magnifying power of a telescope? Is a little learning, then, in no case a dangerous thing? Yes, it is dangerous when it is mistaken for a great quantity; when it poisons a man with self-conceit it is dangerous; when it acts as a turnpike to his farther progress, in such cases learning changes its nature, and becomes, instead of a blessing, a bane—instead of a wholesome food, a deadly poison.

No learning is little when compared to nescience, and no learning is large when compared to the infinity of truth. And what proportion is there between the knowledge which every rational spirit acquires in the first five—in the first two—years of existence, and all that is learned afterwards, during the longest and most successful prosecution of truth? *That* is the ocean—an Encyclopædia added to the mind is the drop. Who shall tell us over again a second tale like that we heard upon our mother's knee, when we first named the names, and believed the existence, and had the vague but vast ideas of time, eternity, an external world, an immensity, night, and God? Not the learning of the peasant only, but that of our proudest philosophers, dwindles in comparison with that almost aboriginal information given when, in Wordsworth's language, 'the dark foundations of the mind were laid;' and thus, between the pressure of infinite ignorance on the one side, and infinite knowledge on the other, perishes the prejudice against a little learning, and the pretty couplet may perish too. In defiance of this has arisen in our day one of the most remarkable of all its phenomena, viz., that of cheap literature; which we will now shortly consider under the various aspects of a political, of an intellectual, of a moral, and of a religious power.

As a political engine its use and influence are not of yesterday. So early as the Freeholder and the Old Whig of Addison, we find political questions discussed, the popular passions raised, and ministries pelted, in penny and twopenny sheets. But by far the most perfect manifestation of the cheap periodical as a political power was unquestionably in Cobbett's Register. The editor of the twopenny trash was in all points one of the most remarkable men of his day. The power of many writers lies in their disease; the beauty of their writings is the hectic flush; but the power of Cobbett lay in his robust health. He was not a great, but he was a strong and a healthy man. His intellect was clear and vigorous; his laughter had the cheerful ringing note of a farmer's; his very abuse was not black and bilious—it was hearty, honest, refreshing, and in all his writings you feel the smell of the fields. 'He is,' says one, 'the pattern John Bull of his century: strong as the rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialities shining through his thick skin.' And next to greatness stands health. Indeed, the two qualities approximate. A healthy nature may or may not be great, but there is no really great nature but is healthy. Cobbett, as a political writer, stands close to Junius and to Paine, and yet differs essentially from both. In Junius the genial nature is entirely wanting; in Cobbett you find it very strong. Cobbett hates, Junius loathes; Cobbett strikes down his foes, Junius tramples them in the mire; the arrows of Cobbett are sharp and barbed, those of Junius are poisoned; the malice of Cobbett is that of a man, Junius has the malignity of a fiend; Cobbett's wish is to gain an end over the bodies of his opponents, the sole object of Junius is to destroy or blacken their persons; Cobbett is a broad and brawny pugilist, Junius is an assassin. Cobbett, as a writer, is diffuse, homely, picturesque; Junius close, condensed, his sentences sharp and short, as a dagger; he is, as Othello calls Iago, a Spartan dog; in his terrible laconicisms his words are few, his accent low, but though few they are fateful, and his whisper is that of an executioner. Cobbett excels in flinging nicknames, which stick but do not scorch; such toys are beneath the deep, slow hate of Junius, who scatters firebrands, arrows, and death. From Paine, again, Cobbett differs in the cast of thought, which in the one is more original, in the other more commonplace and common sense; in their style, which in the one is curt and aphoristic, in the other loose and verbose; in purpose, which in the one is stern and single, in the other uncertain and changeful; in genius, which in the one is aspiring, in the other red, rich, and level, as a clover field. Whenever we are disposed to think or speak harshly of Cobbett, whenever we are reminded of his inconsistencies and his coarseness, we are invariably softened by remembering his wish on his death-bed, to be carried round his beloved farm, that he might see once more the green of its waving corn, and feel on his dying brow the cool breeze of that country which he loved so dearly, and which now can afford to love him.

Cobbett, in one view, was the parent of modern cheap literature. He first proved fully what power there lay in small weekly sheets, swarming statedly from the press. What has been done since has been chiefly to change the direction and the object of this stream of discovered power; and it is remarkable that since Cobbett's death cheap literature has almost entirely spurned the paths of politics, and applied itself to the intellectual instruction of the community. This is owing partly to the reduction in the price of newspapers, and partly to a growing desire in the public mind that entertainment and information should as much as possible be severed from the bickerings and heart-burning, and intensely one-sided views of political discussion.

As an intellectual engine, cheap literature, need we say, is exerting a wide and increasing influence: it is causing knowledge to run down our streets like a mighty stream: it is diffusing not only information, but taste; it has become an interpreter, with myriad tongues, between genius and the public. Let but a whisper of truth be uttered, and it, with a thousand echoes, repeats and reverberates the sound. It diffuses not only information and taste, but happiness. De Quincey says, that after first tasting opium he thought happiness might now be carried in one's waistcoat-pocket, and peace of mind sent down in gallons by the mail-coach. This is true of cheap literature. It sells peace in pennyworths; it bundles up genuine joy, and sends it throughout the length and breadth of the land. A good cheap journal is a weekly and year-long valentine, welcome as it wherever it goes. It creates smiles on thousands of countenances, where till it came smiles were seldom seen. We have observed the rugged face of the day-labourer, as he leant at his midday meal, or sat down at his fireside, after having borne the burden and heat of the day, relax over the mirth of its stories. We have seen the spectacles of the poor, old, lonely widow bedim with quiet tears, over its pictures of real or ideal wo. In visiting the houses of the poor, the sight of a cheap journal, now almost universal, lying on

the mantel-piece, or in the window, always seems to us like a bit of stationary sunshine—a spot of brightness, which all the poverty and meanness of the dwelling cannot efface. We have sat in a company of mechanics, and, while amazed at their minute and accurate information, their literary enthusiasm, their manly and cordial manners, knew that they had derived them to a great extent from a diligent perusal of periodicals of the most unpretending class, and could not but internally say, 'blessings on cheap literature.' All this is true, but only a part of the truth. There are certain drawbacks and deductions which must in justice be made. The great good done by cheap literature is when it stimulates and sustains a desire for a higher order of works. In stooping to conquer, which is the praiseworthy principle of cheap literature, it has sometimes stooped too far. It has conformed to, instead of creating a taste. Literature on its knees, praying the public to become wiser and better, is a noble picture; but it is otherwise when she licks the dust from off its feet. Literature lisping that she may teach, is a condescension worthy of a god; but literature lisping and stammering, that she may amuse a spoiled, and capricious, and overgrown child, is a degradation; it profanes the god-given strength, it mars the lofty line. Cheapen literature, we say, as much as you please—come down from your threehalfpenny sheets, if you like, to farthings and to mites; but while you reduce price, on your peril do not lower tone, or dilute excellence, or pander in the least degree to the caprices of a taste which you have a right to rule. Light as your sheets are, if ballasted with strong sincerity, you can get them to sail against the wind, instead of floating down in helpless obedience, or in a mere make-believe resistance to the current; and once, especially, that you have gained the ear of the public, see that you use the privilege for other than mere popular objects; that you expose delusions, however general; that you produce and reveal merit, however deeply sunk in the cold shade of neglect; that you try to right the wrongs of the victims of society—a class, generally, of whom the world is not worthy; that you tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, even though subscribers should melt away like snow-flakes from your side. Much, in truth, as we love and respect cheap literature so far as it goes, we must avow our honest conviction, that it does not go far enough. It does not go far enough intellectually. It supplies much useful information, much amusing excitement; it in general shuns, or approaches timidly, and turns back in haste from those high metaphysical questions which lie on the threshold of the upper rooms in man's mysterious nature, as well as the deeper principles of art. It does not go far enough morally. It in general looks to utility or expediency as the basis of praise or blame. It is, in this respect, too much of the world worldly, and therefore, perhaps, is so successful, for the world loveth its own. Seldom are to be seen in its mirror the true foundations of the *might* of right unalterable, of justice eternal—foundations deep as the heart of man, nay, as the heart of God. This at once limits and weakens its moral influence, which otherwise might have moved the world. But our grand quarrel with cheap literature is that it, with one or two exceptions, avoids allusion to those immensely important relations in which man stands to God and to the future. It is not that it does not assume a sectarian tone, or hang out a sectarian flag; it is not that it does not statedly and seriously discuss such questions; it is not that it does not assume the appearance and the tone of a piety of which it is in reality destitute; it is not that it is distinguished by a mild and charitable spirit; it is not that it introduces any indecent or profane allusions to such themes; but it is—and it is a matter of wonder as well of regret—that it can preserve a neutrality so cold, and strict, and stern; that it can retain a silence so perfect and profound; that it can, throughout myriads of issues and long years, so dexterously avoid all reference to a topic so interesting; that it is never even tempted, as toward a marvellous moral phenomenon, to approach and see this great sight. As it is, you might turn over its pages for years, and never distinctly gather from them the fact that there exists on this earth a certain some thing—call it a sunshine, or call it a shadow; but if a sun shine, one as wide, if a shadow, one as profound, as th universe—call it a reality or delusion; but if a reality surely the most impressive and tremendous of all truths if a delusion, surely in this world of dreams a delusion th most strange—which men name Religion, in the belief c which have lived the bravest, and have died the best of men which is present everywhere else, in day and night, in lif and death; which touches us at every point, tips every great thought, blends with every pure emotion, but whicl is not here, is shunned, as if its presence were poison, and t breathe its name were a crime. This is our principal quar rel, not with one particular journal, but with a very larg proportion of the lighter and smaller literature of the day

The power which cheap literature has obtained, anc which has made it almost a fourth estate in the empire renders our regrets on such subjects only the more poignant Were but the element of earnestness introduced into thei teeming sheets, it would change them into sheets of flame Then would we have the very ideal, the poetry, of periodi cal writing realised; then should we have a tuned philo sophy, winged science, fact on fire, 'truth springing from earth,' high and holy thought, voluntarily moving harmonious numbers.

## MY FIRST HAT.

GENTLE reader, skip not my story because its cognomen is uninteresting. Read it carefully, and let your tender feelings sympathise with one who, through a hat, lost a sweetheart, and besides got himself thoroughly laughed at. The recollection of the feelings I then experienced has so embittered my after life that I have often wished hats and hat-manufacturers were at the bottom of the sea. As a relief to my feelings, I have determined to let the world know my wrongs, and now proceed with my tale.

I was exactly eighteen years of age when I attained the apex of my ambition—the possession of a genuine beaver hat. It was very cheap, in fact, a decided bargain, at least the worthy vender averred so, and I believed him. Being a singularly modest youth, I had not sufficient moral courage to carry home my purchase, and the precious parcel was consigned to one of the hatter's imps, who safely left it at my domicile. Well do I remember the exquisite pleasure I felt, after I had carefully, from its tissue covering, removed the hat, in surveying my own proper person, adorned with the beaver covering, in the looking-glass. I could not sufficiently admire myself. I fancied that through the aid of my beaver my conquests among the gentler sex would be innumerable—that like Cæsar I would be able to say, *Veni vidi vici*. Fancy, while thus conjuring up before me delightful visions of anticipated triumphs, singled out one, a lovely creature, whose soubriquet was Fanny Thomson. Fanny was a charming girl, whose beauty had completely captivated my young fancy. She was not tall, but rather *petite*. Her cheeks were rosy; her eyes, ay, they were as lovely a couple as could be imagined, and there was in them a fascination which transfixed you; as for their colour, I cannot for the life of me tell what was the shade—they seemed to my dazzled vision to combine in them all the colours of the rainbow; her nose was a trifle Romish; and her mouth so very beautiful—but I forbear, I cannot trust myself to delineate sweet Fanny Thomson. Is it to be wondered at, then, that I left no stratagem untried to captivate Fanny? But she was obdurate. At this stage of my history I wore a bonnet; and I overheard her one day speaking very slightingly of the impertinence of boys wearing bonnets presuming to love. This was enough. I resolved on having a HAT—not a shabby *four-and-nine*, but a real *bona-fide* beaver.

This, then, reader, is the secret of my strong desire to possess a hat. Love cost Priam a kingdom; love cost me a hat. Comparisons, you will say, are odious. It may be so; still the principle is the same, though less in the degree. Ladies pride themselves, and with reason, that were it not for them man would be a perfect sloven. It is through

their influence and example, and to please them, that the male part of the creation attend to their externals; and it was to please them that I procured a hat.

The day after the receipt of my hat was Sabbath, and for its dawn I waited with the utmost impatience. I will not take credit to myself by saying that I was anxious to hear the lucubrations of my worthy pastor; in candour, I am bound to own I was anxious to display my exterior before my *chere amie*, who luckily sat in the same church as myself. The day was very windy, and a heavy fall of rain having taken place in the morning, the streets were full of dirty puddles. This rather damped my spirits. The rain, however, soon ceased, though, as if for amends, the wind blew with redoubled fury. On my way to church I had to keep my hand constantly on my hat, to prevent its being blown off, and this tended considerably to impair the gracefulness of my walk, which I intended on this day should be more than usually dignified. The streets were crowded. On nearing the church my eye alighted on Fanny walking slowly along. I halted, and in my very best manner gave her a bow, intending afterwards to express my conviction that the morning was rather windy, when—puff, off flew my hat, conveying to her practically by illustration the intelligence I meant to convey orally. I stood thunderstruck, while off rolled my hat in manifold gyrations. Was it possible my beaver—my wonder-working hat—should thus desert me in the hour of trial? Ocular demonstration showed that it was too true. Recover the hat, however, I must, and after it I ran in a state of desperation, no ways mollified by the grinning faces on either side of me, or the recollection that one of the eye-witnesses was my inamorata. At a little distance before me was the flying truant, which by this time (a temporary lull occurring) had quietly located itself in the centre of a very dirty pool in the middle of the street. My nether garments were close fitting, and, being rather shortish, were tightly strapped down. This by no means tended to accelerate my speed; and what between chagrin, confusion, and all the other concomitants, I ran heedlessly, omitted to observe a large stone in my path, and tripping over it, fell plump into the centre of the dirty puddle in the middle of the street, in sight of Fanny Thomson, with my darling *chapeau* under me. When I scrambled up, my countenance, and, in fact, whole figure, presented a most sad and at the same time a most comical appearance. My nasal promontory, from the violence of the blow it had received, shed tears of blood, which, coursing down my muddy cheeks, insinuated themselves in many winding rivulets upon my snowy linen, already thickly bespattered with mud. My trousers were rent from the knee upwards and downwards; the straps got loose on either side, carrying along with them the button; and my beaver—alas! my precious beaver—on the influence of which, Alnaschar-like, I had richly speculated, was squeezed as flat as a pancake. How I got home I cannot tell; suffice it to say, I *did* get home, and throwing myself on my bed (which I kept for the whole day) vowed unutterable vengeance against wind, rain, stones, and the whole of man and womankind. Frightful dreams disturbed my rest, and the whole scene of hat-hunting was re-enacted times without number in my sleep, and always with an accumulation of frightful accessaries.

The first object that erected my gaze when I awoke next morning was my beaver; and, oh, what a shocking appearance it had! Its pristine gloss was gone; its elegant shape was nowhere discernible; instead of the upright straight appearance of the body, it was 'bashed, an' dunkelt, an' no worth a button,' as my mother felicitously expressed it; and the crown, disdaining to be in bondage to the sides, erected the standard of rebellion in many an opening round its brim. My first impulse was to kick out of my sight so disreputable a headpiece, but second thoughts, and a reference to my exchequer, soon suggested the propriety of hesitating ere I consigned to destruction an article, the replacing of which was by no means an easy task, considering my very limited finances. With a sigh, I picked it up, and holding it at arms-length by the brim, I steadily surveyed it. There was no mistaking it; it was a *shocking bad hat*. I had heard of hat-manufacturers who pierced holes in the centre of the crown to admit the air, and thenceforth dubbed such ventilators; but my beaver required no such piercing, the apertures round the brim affording ample scope and verge enough for the admission of these three great necessaries of nature, light, air, and water.

To wear it in its present condition was out of the question, to procure a new one equally so; and so there was no choice left but to get it furbished up in some way or other. Clever as my hatter states himself to be, he could not in this matter 'mak auld things look amaist as weel as new:' nor would he, like the far-famed magician, exchange old hats for new ones; still he contrived to make the beaver, to say the least of it, passable—passable! 'Oh, what a fall was there!'

But how was I to face Miss Fanny? Ay, there was the rub. How would she receive me? Something within whispered, in accents not loud but clear, and in terms not very elegant but expressive, 'You're done up for in that quarter.' I thought and felt so. Love, however, whispered, 'Don't give up hope; if you do, you're a chicken-hearted knave.' Stirred up in this fashion, I determined to make an attempt still to secure my object. I resolved to visit Miss Fanny. I brushed and rebrushed my hat, daubing the white spots thereof with ink. So, next evening, screwing my courage to the sticking point, I proceeded to her residence; and though the rat-a-tat I gave was pretty distinct, it could not drown the much louder rat-a-tatting that was going on within my breast. The door was opened by Miss Fanny herself, who received me with a smile—a smile of rather suspicious import.

'How do you do, Fanny—I hope you are very well?'

'Thank you, Mr Aitken; I hope *you* are quite well also?'

Now, there was nothing in these few words that would have appeared more than usual, were it not for the predisposition of my thoughts. I looked at my hat and felt my nose, and in the seediness of the one and the lump on the other I felt convinced lay the cause of that smile. From that moment I was sure 'all was lost.' I knew, and experience has since confirmed me, that nothing tends to induce a lady to give up her affection for a gentleman more than seeing him in a ludicrous position, especially it in a public manner. My position, supremely ridiculous, was sufficiently public on that eventful Sabbath, and the thermometer of my hope, gradually sinking on the previous days, sunk below zero on beholding her smile. I was roused by Fanny exclaiming—

'Wont *you* come in? there is nobody here but Tom Morton and Mary Young, who will, I have no doubt, be transported to see you.'

'Transported!' ejaculated I, *sotto voce*, 'and be hanged to them.' I would as soon have faced an army. Tom was a wag, and, moreover, a rival with me in the affections of Fanny; and Mary was a lively spirited girl, fond of fun and diversion, and particularly remarkable for viewing all matters in a ridiculously comical light. There was no help for it, go in I must, and, on entering, my nonchalance was no way increased by observing Tom's hat, a splendid beaver, black and glossy, placed on a table, on which I was politely requested to deposit mine, which all this time I had concealed behind my back.

'Rather windy weather,' quoth Tom.

'Rather,' I briefly replied.

'Very difficult keeping on *terra firma*, the wind is so boisterous,' continued Tom. 'Caution is highly requisite lest either you or your hat be puffed into the air.'

'I haven't,' said I, with an effort to be calm, 'been studying the theories of the wind's force, and therefore cannot say that I am particularly well versant with its peculiarities.'

'How could you suppose,' said Mary Young, 'that Mr Aitken would trouble his brains theorising about the wind's influence, when recent experience has given him a practical acquaintance with its power? Mr Aitken could 'a tale unfold' on that point, if his feelings would permit him. What say you, Fanny?'

'Why, really, on this matter,' said Fanny, 'Mr Aitken is the best authority to apply to. Besides, I presume, Mr A. is well versed in the laws of gravitation, and could prove, that in running, the tripping of the feet on stones is apt to bring the whole corpus into rather unpleasant contact with mother earth.'

'It was decidedly interesting,' said Tom, 'to see the working out of the gravitating principle in the case of our friend Aitken. His introduction, through this principle, last Sabbath, to mother earth, as you term it, Fanny, was, however, rather abrupt, and, as if to punish him for his rudeness, she copiously bespattered him with a part of herself; although I think she carried her resentment too far in farther taxing him to the extent of a few drops of blood.'

'The most interesting part,' chimed in Mary, 'to me of the whole scene was the strong affection which Mr Aitken manifested for his beaver, now standing in striking contrast to its neighbour on the table there. He clasped it to his bosom, and looked as if he had said, 'My faithful friend, I'll save thee or perish in the attempt.' Oh, it was indeed touching!'

'If he but show you, Fanny, half the love he manifested towards his hat, you must be indeed a happy girl,' said Tom, looking unutterable things at Fanny.

'Whew!' said Fanny, scornfully, 'a young man who is so fond of inanimate objects can have but little sympathy with animate.'

'Fy,' interposed Mary, 'don't you recollect the saying, 'love me love my dog?' Now Mr Aitken merely takes the liberty of altering one of the words, making it read 'love me, love my hat.''

'He takes an unwarrantable liberty if he does,' sung in Tom; 'for surely he cannot recommend any person to love that article there, which is certainly not entitled to the name of hat; why, for all the world it resembles those nondescript articles which *drawboys* carry over their arms by a string for the conveyance of *pirns* from the winder to the weaver. Pray Mr Aitken, where did you get that article?'

During the preceding colloquy I had remained silent, though with an effort but this last question brought down the pent-up waters of my wrath, and I exclaimed, 'You impertinent scoundrel, were it not for the presence of the ladies, I would tweak your nose and kick you down stairs.'

'Come, now, don't be in such a passion, my dear fellow,' said Tom; 'you must be aware that I am stating the truth 'in all soberness.' The fact is, I rather insult the weaver by comparing his useful pirn-carrier to your hat, the crown of which, I strongly suspect, could not bear the weight of Miss Mary's thimble. As for the application of the term scoundrel, I will be charitable enough to suppose you have used it without having a due appreciation of its meaning. So that if you, in the presence of these ladies, apologise for what you have said, I will refrain from chastising you as otherwise I would feel strongly inclined to do.'

At these words I fairly lost command of myself, and shouted, 'You base nincompoop, stand up if you are a man!' and here I started up and aimed a blow at Tom, which the latter eluded, while the force I used made me lose my equilibrium, and down I tumbled, overturning, with all its contents, the ladies' work-table.

Seeing affairs assuming rather a serious aspect, the ladies began to interfere.

'Oh, never mind, ladies,' coolly said Tom, 'I perceive Aitken is in heroics. Perhaps you will have the goodness to put your hat on; I can assure you it will add considerably to the dignity of your manner.'

'I shall stay no longer here to be insulted,' said I, starting to my feet and seizing my beaver; 'and, Miss Fanny, before I leave, allow me to say, that I think it reflects but little credit on you to allow one of your——' At this moment, as I convulsively grasped my hat and stuck it on my head, the brim gave way, and while the cylindrical part remained in its right position, the brim sunk over the head till it rested on my nose and ears.

This was the climax of my misfortune. A loud chorus of laughter saluted my ears at the ludicrous appearance I now presented. Rage, chagrin, and all the other concomitant passions took possession of me; but to make these apparent by oral expression would, I knew, render me more ludicrous. I rushed out, and slammed the door after me, the faint echo of the laughter still ringing in my ears. When I got home I kicked my beaver about, desirous of wreaking my vengeance on something, and thus ease somewhat of my pain. It would not do. I was doomed to suffer, and suffer I did. I never did since, and I hope I never will, feel one tithe of the mental pain I endured that night.

Next morning I sold the hat to an itinerant bowl vender for a box of lucifer matches and the smallest piece of her Majesty's coinage.

## GOETHE'S HOUSE.

(From the German.)

In the beautiful little city of Weimar, capital of the small Saxon principality of that name, in a square enlivened by the murmur of a fountain, stands a two-storeyed house, painted reddish-grey, the windows enclosed by a black border. Although apparently of spacious dimensions, it in no way exceeds the size of the dwelling of a respectable commoner. We pass the threshold and enter a hall, the colouring of which, resembling yellowish stone, renders it of a light and cheerful appearance. We now ascend the staircase, surrounded by a masonic entablature, which leads us, by its broad steps, almost imperceptibly upwards. Its breadth may astonish any one, being disproportionate to the other dimensions of the building, occupying, nay, absorbing, the whole lower part of the structure. It is interesting to know how it came to be such. During Goethe's stay at Rome, the house presented to him by the Grand Duke being nearly finished, and a principal staircase ready to be put up, the poet saw one at Rome, which enraptured him. Having procured a drawing, he sent it to Weimar, with orders to make a similar one in his house. Vain were all remonstrances sent over the Alps; there was nothing for it but to obey him. When he returned he saw, not without surprise, this large structure, which deprived him of the lower part of his house, ascended it shaking his head, and never spoke of it afterwards. In the upper vestibule the figures of Sleep, Death, and the colossal head of Juno, gaze at the visiter from their mural arches. Roman landscapes and views also remind us of that land, after the leaving of which he said he never enjoyed perfect happiness. A small yellowish saloon is now opened. Meyer's drawings of antiquities, and some heads by Poussin, cover the walls. A string of historical associations seizes us—that delightful feeling of sympathy with departed genius—because nothing is here that has not been touched by him during the period of his life-apprenticeship; and to everything new or different, the access was hereafter rigorously prohibited. It is with a deep emotion that we survey those trifles and minor things in which this great man found such high edification. To the right of the saloon we see the so-called ceiling-room. It is not known why Goethe thus called it, as all the rooms have ceilings made of stucco. To the left is his blue receiving-room; and behind it is the Urbino-room, this being called after a picture of the Duke of Urbino, which Goethe had brought with him from Italy. On the threshold of his receiving-room, greets us his friendly 'salve.' When he received strangers, he never came the way he passed from the staircase, but went from his study to a passage by the Urbino-room, and thence he stepped forth prepared and composed. These therefore were the rooms accessible in the main during his lifetime. To his study he admitted no one, with the exception of a few of his most intimate friends, Coudray, Müller, Riemer, Eockerman. When the King of Bavaria paid to Goethe his famous birthday visit, he asked the poet also to allow him a view of the laboratory of his mind. Goethe looked perplexed, and intimated that his study was not adequately fitted up for the gaze of majesty. The king seemed resigned, but feigned soon afterwards a bleeding

at the nose, debarred any one from following him, and ordered the servant to conduct him to Goethe's washing-basin. The man, surprised and perplexed, brought him into Goethe's bedroom, which is behind the study, and left him according to the king's desire. He remained long absent. Goethe himself went at last to look after the king, and found him in his study, absorbed in the observation of its contents. The descriptions which I had found in memoirs and travels of these rooms had all given me but an incorrect idea. I expected a certain splendour, as it might well be met with now in the houses of those who have the talent and the means of ornamenting their *alen-tours*. It was to that supposition that the flimsy words of visiters had led me. They saw Zeus, and therefore the walls surrounding him became, in their eyes, like to temple halls. I should have found myself in the same position then. Now, as we pass through the widowed rooms, illusion vanishes to give place to modest truth. It is a dwelling, comfortable, cheerful, but thoroughly simple, in the fashion of a time rather passed away, and in some places rather the worse for wear. It is the dwelling of a patriarch, whose best recollections are attracted to some piece of painting or colour, and which he therefore wished to be preserved around him, even if they have begun to be unseemly, and are fading into a duller hue. The death of Goethe has now broken the spell. We pass freely through small closets of continuity, right through the house, to his parlour and study. In one of the rooms we stopped a moment. It was that in which he dined when alone with his children. A blind threw a green shade around. With one step we were in the garden, in which the poet was accustomed in time of leisure to enjoy every clear glimpse of the sun. In the corner is a little garden-house, where he used to keep his physical apparatus. In the foreroom of the museum, we saw, in little presses and window-glass frame cells around the walls, small pieces of granite-rock, shells, limestone, and everything, in short, which had become the subjects of his studies in natural history. Everything was kept very clean, and arranged with good taste. A door to the right entered into the library. For such means as were here available, it may appear small; but Goethe purposely did not collect many books, as the libraries of Weimar and Jena were at his disposal. Nay, to avoid the accumulation of such treasure, which appeared superfluous to him, he gave away most of what had been presented to him from far and near, after having perused them. Krauter, clerk to Goethe before he took John as a copyist, and now the faithful guardian of this sanctuary, opened the door of the master's study. I recollected from Eckkerman's conversation, the occasional allusions of Goethe, which prepared me to find here high simplicity. Still even here reality was somewhat different. This small, low, unornamented, green cabinet closet, with the dark blinds of serge, the worn-out silk, the nearly-decayed frames, was therefore the space from which such an abundance of light has poured forth. Nothing is moved from its place. Krauter adheres with pious rigour to his charge; every leaf of paper, every worn-out pen, remains on the spot where it was when the poet fell asleep. The clock yet shows the dial hour, half-past eleven! It stopped then, an accident almost miraculous. Near to it, to the right of the window, stands the small writing-desk which the grandfather had made for his grandchildren, whom, after the death of their father, he took under his care and immediate protection. Wolfgang was his favourite; next to him, Walter; Alma, for the sake of learning to sit still, was obliged to pull pieces of silk next to her brothers, at the little desk. There they are yet in the envelope of a letter. Here every spot is holy ground; and a variety of objects, of which the room is full, bespeak the being and activity of such a mind. Around the walls run rather low presses, in which MSS. and other papers are kept. Above are shelves, in which Goethe placed the objects with which he chanced to be occupied. The wood is browned by age, and presents a strong contrast to a chest of drawers of well polished cherry-wood. It was Goethe's daughter-in-law who gave this piece of furniture to him, but he could not long suffer its brilliant appearance, saying that it distracted his thoughts. On that account, also, there is no object of art in the room, and the visiter seeks in vain for either a looking-glass or a sofa. The latter he was not in need of, since he either stood or moved about the whole day. He read standing, wrote standing, and even took his breakfast on a high table. A similar conduct he recommended to every one in whose welfare he took any interest, designing it as 'life preserving,' as well as the keeping of the hands behind the back, by which, he added, any narrowing or compressing of the chest is avoided. Let us look a little more around this renowned workshop of mind. There, at the left of the door, hang a sort of historical testimonials of character. Goethe had, at a certain period, written out one column, in which was a list of celebrated men in public bodies, who, according to his opinion, promised to yield some political fruit, and, in the next column, was remarked whether and how far they had produced in subsequent years the result which had been anticipated. Of General Jackson, Goethe had great hopes. His behaviour, however, towards the Indians was subsequently marked in black. A triangle of pasteboard, which he had himself made, and which occupied the next position, is interesting as a sort of physiological *jeu-d'esprit*. Goethe wanted to illustrate to himself the action of the powers of soul. The senses appeared to him the basis of all. To it, therefore, the lower part of the triangle was devoted, and he painted it green. Imagination received a dark red; intellect, a yellow; reason, a blue colour; and each occupied one of the sides. Next to it is a black hemisphere, also of pasteboard, on which, by the aid of a glass ball filled with water, Goethe used to deflect all colours of the rainbow in moments of clear sunshine. With this he could pass his time for hours, especially after the death of his son, and he enjoyed great pleasure when the solar glare was developed right powerfully. And thus he found happiness, whenever a phenomenon of nature came within his reach. Thus stands Goethe's house; tasteful, simple, as it behoves the man of mind and letters, a monument of his life and being.

## THE SICK WIDOW.

SWEET at every time is a benefit, but still more sweet when it is accompanied with surprise. Whilst a person of exalted rank was passing one morning, early, unknown and quite alone, through one of the suburbs of Vienna, a youth, apparently about twelve years of age, accosted him, who, with downcast and tearful eyes, and with a timid and desponding voice, began to ask some relief. The genteel air, the composed bearing, the blush which coloured his face, the suppressed tears which bedimmed his eyes, and the faltering and broken accents of his voice, made on the mind of this gentleman a very lively impression.

'You have not,' said he, 'been born to ask alms; what is it that has brought you to this?'

'Ah! I was not certainly born,' replied the youth, with a sigh accompanied with tears, 'in this miserable condition. The misfortunes of my father, and the present unhappy state of my mother, forced me to it.'

'Who is your father?'

'He was a merchant who had already acquired some credit, and had begun to make his fortune, when the failure of one of his correspondents entirely ruined him at one blow. To heighten our misfortunes, he was unable to survive his disgrace, and in consequence, died a month after of a broken heart. My mother, a younger brother, and I, are left in extreme misery. I have found shelter with a friend of my father. My mother has struggled hitherto by her labours to support herself and my little brother, but this night she has been suddenly seized by a violent malady, which makes me fear for her life. I am destitute of everything. I am totally unprovided with money, and I cannot succour her. Unaccustomed to beg, I have not courage to present myself to any one who can recognise me. You, signor, seem to me a stranger; before you, for the first time, I have taken courage to overcome the

shame which I feel. Oh, have pity on my unhappy mother! and enable me, I entreat thee, to obtain the means of relieving her.' Having thus spoken, he burst into a flood of tears, at which the unknown personage felt himself greatly moved.

'Does your mother,' said he, 'live far from this?'

'She is,' answered the youth, 'at the end of the street, in the furthest house to the left, on the third storey.'

'Has any physician as yet visited her?'

'I was just going in search of one, but I know neither how to recompense him, nor how to provide what he shall have ordered.'

The unknown gentleman drew from his purse some florins, and offering them to him, 'Go quickly,' said he, 'and procure medical aid.'

The youth having rendered thanks in the most simple, but at the same time most energetic, expressions of a grateful heart, departed immediately.

The gentleman, meantime, whilst he was away in another direction, resolved to go himself, and see the afflicted widow. Having ascended the stair, he entered a small room where he saw nothing but a few chairs of straw; a few kitchen utensils; a table, rough, and ill put together; an old chest of drawers; a bed, on which lay the sick widow; and a small couch beside it. She was in the most profound dejection, and the little son at the foot of the bed was dissolved in tears. The mother strove to comfort him, but she had herself need of comfort. The personage approached softly, and, as a physician, questioned her regarding her distress. She stated briefly the symptoms; then, with a sigh and with tears, 'Ah! signor,' said she, 'my malady arises from too deep a cause; the medical art has no remedy for it. I am the mother, alas! the unhappy mother of two miserable children. My misfortunes and those of my children have already pierced this heart too deeply. Death alone can put an end to my affliction, but this even makes me tremble for the desolation in which my poor children will be left.' Here her weeping increased; she related her own misfortunes, which the supposed physician, notwithstanding the information which he had already obtained, feigned not to know, and which anew drew tears from his eyes.

'Come, cheer up,' said he at last; 'do not yet despair; Heaven will not be unmindful of you. I pity your calamity, but Heaven is provident; you will not be abandoned. Think, in the mean time, on preserving a life which is too precious to your children. Have you any writing paper?'

She tore a leaf from a small book on which she exercised the child of about seven years of age, which was at the foot of the bed.

The unknown, after having written, said, 'This remedy will begin to comfort you; we will proceed by and by to another better when necessary, and by degrees I hope you will become well.' He left the note on the table, and went away.

A few minutes after, the elder son returned. 'Dear mother,' said he, 'take courage, Heaven has had pity on us. Look at the money which a gentleman has generously given me this morning; this will be sufficient for a few days. I have been for a physician, who will be here immediately. Calm your grief and console yourself.'

'Ah, my son!' said the mother, 'come that I may embrace you. Heaven assists thy innocence—may it ever protect it. A physician whom I know not has been here, and has just now left. Behold the receipt on the table: go, dear, and bring what he prescribes.'

The son took the billet, read it, and made a motion of extreme astonishment; he looked at it again, read it over once more; then raised a cry, 'Ah, mother! what can this be?'

The mother, amazed and perplexed, took the paper and read it impatiently: 'Oh, Heavens! the Emperor!'

Whilst she uttered these words, the leaf dropped from her hands, and she remained speechless, and without a breath. The note was an order from Augustus Joseph II., in which he assigned from his own private treasury a generous assistance. The doctor arrived opportunely to recover the mother from the swoon into which the surprise had thrown her. The remedies applied soon recovered her from the sickness which drew its principal cause from the afflictions of her mind. The generous monarch, loaded with praises and benedictions, had the pleasure of restoring health and life, and of forming the happiness of an honest family, harshly persecuted by fortune.

## GEOLOGICAL RESEARCHES IN RUSSIA.

FIRST NOTICE.

A VALUABLE contribution has been made to the science of geology by the publication of two handsome volumes* containing the result of the investigations recently carried on by Sir Roderick Murchison, and a party of continental geologists over a large portion of the Russian empire. Although of a professedly scientific character, the work contains some general information and interesting details, which relieve the dry descriptions, and enable us to give a slight sketch of the objects and labours of the expedition.

Various travellers, from Pallas to Humboldt, have described the geology of Russia, at least of such parts as came under their notice, yet nothing had been attempted as a connected whole, and the immense level regions of the country were scarcely noticed. The first geological map was made by Strangways, an Englishman, in 1822; after which time the geological school of St Petersburg began to take greater interest in the science, and various works appeared on the fossils of the Baltic and adjacent provinces: questions were asked as to mineral resources, comparisons instituted with the formations of other countries, anomalies were discovered; and at last it became evident that Russia stood in need of correct internal exploration; and to no country can the revelations of the geologist be of higher importance. Covered as she has been with magnificent forests, which have hitherto supplied her inhabitants alike with shelter and with fuel, the time is fast approaching (and in some large tracts has already arrived) when these resources will no longer meet the exigencies of an increasing population, daily advancing in their acquaintance with the comforts, arts, and manufactures of civilised life. Under these circumstances a prudent government naturally asks, Where are we to seek for the best building stones and limestones for constructing new edifices and public works? Does not the level surface of our land naturally suggest to us the advantage of railroads to connect our chief cities? And is it not an important inquiry how these great national objects can be best effected? Where, in a word, can we look for coal to further our enterprises, and where can we never find it?

One of the great objects which geologists have of late years been striving to attain, is a knowledge of the order of the older sedimentary strata and of the organic remains they respectively contain. The questions were, whether these older formations could be distinguished from each other by the fossils which they contained, and if a downward succession could be traced from these to 'undescribed beds of far higher antiquity,' and thus arriving at the 'earliest vestiges of animal life,' distinguish and separate those 'deposited ere life had been breathed into the waters?' These are some of the problems which have occupied the attention of scientific men during the past fourteen years; their solution has been attempted by researches in all quarters of the world: identities and analogies have been discovered in countries the most remote from each other. The earliest remains of animal life have been found in the lower silurian rocks: in Scandinavia, of 133 silurian fossils, 84 are British, and 27 North American species. Masses of imbedded shells at Antipofka are not to be distinguished from the Bognor rocks of this country, which contain shells of the very same species.

The publication of Sir R. Murchison's work on the silurian system first threw light on the apparent anomalies

* The Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains. 2 vols. 4to. London: Murray.

that existed in Russian geology; and after communicating with some scientific gentlemen abroad, he resolved on visiting Russia in their company, to test the British classification by comparison with a vast area containing but few igneous rocks, and where the history of succession might, he hoped, be read off in a very perfect and unbroken manner. Many difficulties have been cleared away by the use of the microscope. Professor Owen first used it in distinguishing mammalia and saurians, and discovered the identity between fossil teeth found in Scotland and others brought from Riga; while the labours of Professor Agassiz promise to throw yet greater light on the subject, as he has commenced a series of researches, not only into the teeth, but also into the structure of all the hard enamelled bones of the Russian fossil fishes.

A party arrived in the Neva in the summer of 1840. To invade Russia, however, as unassisted geologists, would have proved but a fruitless mission, had not the countenance of the imperial government been obtained. This was afforded in the most ample manner. The first researches were commenced in the environs of St Petersburg, and on the banks of the rivers Volkoff and Slass; and they were followed by others on the banks of the Lake Onega, and the environs of Petrozavodsk. Here a separation took place. The author, accompanied by M. de Verneuil, travelled to Archangel, the edges of the White Sea, Pinega, &c., whence they ascended the banks of the great river Dwina to Usting-Veliki, in the heart of the government of Vologda, and made a wide sweep round the latter district; while the remainder of the party were equally busy in other places, including the deep recesses of the Valdai hills, the southern edges of Lake Ilmen, and the banks of small rivers between Novogorod and St Petersburg, and succeeded in determining the chief physical relations of the palæozoic rocks of the northern and central provinces.

A second expedition, under the authority of the Emperor, was undertaken in the spring of 1841, with a view to the examination of the Ural Mountains and the southern provinces of Russia, particularly the coal-field of the Donetz. A few explorations were first made in the vicinity of Moscow, when the party, desirous of extending their observations, again separated and arrived by different routes at Kazan, thus concentrating the labour of two summers into one. The vast cupriferous region to the east of Kazan and around Perm being first explored, the Urals were crossed and recrossed on seven different parallels, between 60 deg. and 54 deg. north latitude; the one party examining the European, the other the Asiatic flanks of the chain —the latter occasionally advancing into the flat regions of Siberia.

The expedition again separated into three divisions. Sir R. Murchison and M. de Verneuil studied the strata of the great copper district in the vicinity of Orenburg, which they classified and connected with the inferior systems. Others, under Count Keyserling, journeyed over the steppes of the Kirghis between Orenburg and Astrakhan, visiting by the way the isolated Mount Bogdo; whilst the northern division were travelling over the banks of the Volga from Samara to Sarepta, there tracing the relations of the carboniferous, jurassic, cretaceous, and tertiary deposits. The steppes of the Kalmucks, the mouth of the Don, and the edges of the Sea of Azof being skirted, with a view of examining the peculiar tertiary limestone of the southern steppes, a month was devoted to the exploration of the carboniferous region of the Donetz, from whence the expedition returned to Moscow, again moving on two lines of observation, the one by Kharkof, Kursk, and Orel, the other by the valley of the Don and Voronetz.

A report of the journey, accompanied by maps, was prepared and laid before the Emperor, who rewarded the party by special marks of favour; the name 'Permian' was proposed for the peculiar formations which had been the subject of investigation, consisting of a copious series of deposits which form the true termination of the long palæozoic periods, and this term will now take its place by the side of 'silurian' in geological nomenclature.

In 1843, Count Keyserling explored the almost untrodden regions of North-Eastern Russia, watered by the great river Petchora, where the previously unknown Timan range was found, stretching to the icy sea through a region inhabited only by Samoyedes, and a great portion of it beyond the limits of arboreal vegetation. At the same time Sir Roderick revisited Germany, to define with greater accuracy the equivalents of the Permian system, and at the same time to become acquainted with the structure of Poland and those edges of the Carpathians which border upon the Russian empire.

The year 1844 was employed in a survey of the Scandinavian rocks which form the north-western girdle of Russia; from this more valuable results were obtained than had been anticipated, as the oldest crystalline formation was discovered, and adopted as a base line for the calculation of the superior deposits. These rocks show a close agreement of the older palæozoic or protozoic strata of Norway and Sweden with the cotemporaneous group in England and Wales.

The richest and most extensive coal-field of Russia lies between the Don-Dnieper and the Donetz, covering a space of 230 miles in length by 100 miles in breadth. The coal, which is generally of inferior quality when compared with that of England, presents itself under different circumstances, and the anthracite and bituminous appear to be mingled without any definite line between them. In common with other countries, these coal measures abound with *fauna* and organic remains, some of them being entirely new species. The whole district is watered by numerous small streams, which afford easy means of transport. In some parts the miners are Cossacks; and in others, where the coal crops out to the surface, the peasantry employ their spare hours after the labours of the field are terminated in collecting fuel for the winter. The towns on the sea of Azof are supplied from the anthracite works of Popofskoe, from whence the coal is conveyed in light country carts. Wood is very scarce and dear in the district, and the governor, Count Woronzow, has encouraged the natives to build fire-places and make use of the cheaper fuel.

'In approaching the higher limits of the Kalmiuss, as we did in dry autumnal weather, a geologist might almost be led into an error, and suppose that the limestone series of which he had seen so much was at an end, and that he had at length reached the true equivalents of the coal-fields of western Europe; for the surface of the whole region is then densely covered with the finest black dust. At the period of our visit, this substance rose up everywhere from beneath the withered grass of the steppes, and looked exactly like the coal-dust near productive collieries. This appearance was, however, entirely due to the dessication of the superficial deposit called tchornozem, or black earth, which covers this portion of the tract, as well as many other countries in Central and Southern Russia. At Alexandrofsk, on the left bank of the stream, the only spot in this district where coal is worked by the government, the mineral is found to lie on sandstones and flagstones: it is about seven feet thick, and is composed of a number of fine laminæ of brittle, bituminous coal, which is used in the imperial steamers on the Black Sea.' These workings are made by shallow shafts; and we read that the mines are often flooded with water, for 'steam-engines are unknown, and with the exception of the imperial mines, Lissitchia-Balka and Uspensk, pits are never sunk, except in those situations where a natural drainage and open adits will keep them dry.'

The first shafts were sunk about forty years ago by the Scottish miner Gascoigne, whose name has acquired a permanent place in Russian history, as having explored some of their earliest sites of iron-ore and coal, and established many of their great iron-foundries. Employing a small company of his countrymen, Gascoigne first opened the coal-pits of Uspensk, and next those of Lissitchia-Balka: and though no English workman now remains, it is worthy of remark that the insular names of *main, splent, cherry*, &c., by which the different seams were first distinguished from their resemblance to certain English coals, are still preserved, and now form part of the vocabulary of the

Russian miners. The coal in this place is dug from the sides of the hills above the drainage level; no steam-engines have consequently been used, but as the seams run deeper mechanical power will be required; at present there is only one engine of twelve horse-power on the works.

The best coal is dug from the mines of Lissitchia-Balka, or Fox-Dingle, where there are large and flourishing works, on which much labour and industry are constantly expended. In a vertical depth of 900 feet, the thickness of the coal is not more than 30 feet. The attention of the government has been chiefly directed to the coal-field at Uspensk, where the use of machinery is more frequent than at other places; the produce of these mines constitutes the principal supply to the adjacent foundries of Lugan.

In the Permian region, copper ore is met with, disseminated through various beds, in which at least twenty different species of plants are found. Concretions, often cupriferous, six to eight inches long, occur here and there, and they have been generally found around carbonised stems of plants. In these districts, 108 cubic feet of wood are consumed to extract a *pood*, or about 37½ lb. English, of copper ore, and the cutting and converting the wood into charcoal cost 2½ roubles. The *pood* of copper sells for from 32 to 34 roubles, and costs the government 23. The profit to the authorities of the establishments near Perm, is 160,000 roubles, or about £800 sterling per annum.

The intimate connexion of copper ore with the fossil vegetation, similar to that described at Perm, is most instructively displayed, particularly at the mines of Klutchefski near Bielebei, and at Kargala in the steppes north of Orenburg. So general, in fact, is the connexion of fossil wood and copper ore, that the discovery of the outcrop of the silicified trunk of a tree often leads the mining agent to follow it into the rock, and thereby to detect valuable cupriferous masses. Sometimes the copper ore interlaces with all the fibres of the silicified wood; at other times it is continuous through a mass of leaves, matted in sand, grit, or marl; and thus a small nucleus of vegetable matter has often proved a source of considerable wealth. In some peat-bogs in Wales there are instances of the formation of copper on, or but slightly below, the surface of the soil; but Sir R. Murchison considers the Russian deposits to have been formed beneath a sea fed by numerous mineral streams flowing from the Urals.

As the party approach the mountains, the dry scientific detail is interrupted by an interesting account of a visit to the great mine or quarry of rock-salt at Illetzkaya-Zastchita in the steppes of the Kirghis. 'It was in the early days of an unusually hot and parching month of August that we travelled from Orenburg to visit these famous salt-works, and were driven at a furious pace over the parched up and undulating steppe to the south of that city. Passing through caravans of Bukharians and Chivans, journeying to and from the great Russian entrepôt, the pretty little green oasis of Illetzkaya-Zastchita at length broke upon the sight. Its groves of trees, its fort, and well arranged buildings, announced the most remote of the imperial establishments in this wilderness.'

The original inhabitants had for many years made use of the salt which rose above the surface, under which it extends for a length of two versts and a mile in width. Selecting one of the most favourable situations within this space, the Russian miners have now exposed a broad surface of salt and have cut into the rock to the depth of about seventy feet. This mass is crystalline, of white colour, without a stain, and so pure that the salt is at once pounded for use without any cleansing or recrystallising process. Upon first viewing this bright white mass from above, we were impressed with the notion that it was composed of horizontal beds; but on descending into the quarry, we found that this appearance was caused by the method employed to extract the salt. Long lozenge-shaped pieces in process of extraction at different levels are seen to be divided from the mass by lateral, vertical joints, which have been cut open with the hatchet. The block, thus squared, is then completely separated from the body of the rock beneath, by heaving against its free end a huge beam of wood, which swings upon a triangle, and is worked to and fro by a company of the miners. Owing to the crystalline and brittle nature of the substance, a few violent jars only of this battering-ram are required to sever the mass from the parent rock, and thus a vast amount of labour is saved, which, at Wieliczka and other salt mines, is employed in the extraction of the mineral. This process of side-cutting and horizontal battering necessarily produces in the body of the salt a direct resemblance to many stone quarries, with their natural joints and floors.

'Other external circumstances, resulting from existing causes, are worthy of notice in this great salt quarry. The upper surface of the salt having been corroded by long-continued atmospheric action of the rain-water and melted snow, which percolates through the thin cover of red sand and marl, the result has been the formation of a number of needles, which are good miniature representatives of the snowy 'aiguilles' of the Alps. Again, on that side of the quarry which has been worked to the greatest depth and is now abandoned, the atmospheric action, smoothing away every irregularity, has left a vertical glassy cliff fifty to sixty feet high; and, lastly, the water lodged against its base during the spring period of Russian debâcle, has excavated and dissolved the salt to the height of the spring-floods, leaving a dark cavern, over which the saline mirror seems suspended, and hanging from the bottom of which are stalactitic crystals of salt.

'Besides the floor of salt, this spot is marked by two or three gypseous hillocks, one of which, on its south side, assisted by artificial excavation, is employed by the inhabitants as a cellar. This cavern has the very remarkable property of being so intensely cold during the hottest summers as to be then filled with ice, which, disappearing with cold weather, is entirely gone in the winter, when all the country is clad with snow.

'Standing on the heated ground (the thermometer in the shade being then at 90 deg. Fahr.) we can never forget our sensations, when the poor woman to whom the cave belonged unlocked a frail door, and let loose a volume of such piercing cold air, that we could not avoid removing our feet from the influence of its range. We afterwards, however, subjected our whole bodies to the cooling process by entering the cave, which, it must be recollected, is on the same level as the roadway or street of the village. At three or four paces from the door, on which shone the glaring sun, we were surrounded by the half-frozen quass and provisions of the natives; and a little further on, the chasm (bending slightly) opened into a natural vault about twelve to fifteen feet high, ten or twelve paces long, by seven or eight feet in width. The roof of the cavern was hung with undripping solid icicles, and the floor might be called a stalagmite of ice and frozen earth. As we had no expectation of meeting with such a phenomenon, we had left our thermometers at Orenburg, and could not, therefore, observe the exact degree of cold below the freezing point. The proofs of intense cold around us were, however, abundantly decisive for our general purpose, and we were glad to escape in a few minutes from this ice-bound prison, so long had our frames been accustomed to a powerful heat.'

Some attempts have been made by scientific men in this country, to account for this remarkable phenomenon, but unsatisfactorily: the effect, however, appears to be constant, the cold being greatest in the hottest and driest weather, while the peasants asserted that 'in winter they could sleep in the cave without their sheepskins.' The most natural explanation is that offered in connexion with surrounding circumstances: the climate, extremely wet in winter and spring, is succeeded by the very dry Asiatic summer, which produces rapid refrigerating effects.

### THE FROZEN DEAD AT THE HOSPICE OF THE GRAND ST BERNARD.

The scene of the greatest interest at the Hospice—a solemn, extraordinary interest indeed—is that of the Morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost travellers are deposited. There they are, some of them as when the

breath of life departed, and the Death Angel, with his instruments of frost and snow, stiffened and embalmed them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls, and bones, and human dust heaped in confusion. But around the walls are groups of poor sufferers in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and in this air, by the preserving element of an eternal frost, almost as uncrumbling. There is a mother and her child, a most affecting image of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arms, careful in vain, affectionate in vain, to shield her offspring from the elemental wrath of the tempest. The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound them both up in one white shroud and buried them. There is also a tall, strong man, standing alone, the face dried and black, but the white, unbroken teeth firmly set and closed, grinning from the fleshless jaws—it is a most awful spectacle. The face seems to look at you, from the recesses of the sepulchre, as if it would tell you the story of a fearful death-struggle in the storm. There are other groups more indistinct, but these two are never to be forgotten, and the whole of these dried and frozen remnants of humanity are a terrific demonstration of the fearfulness of this mountain pass, when the elements, let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy traveller. You look at all this through the grated window; there is just light enough to make it solemnly and distinctly visible, and to read in it a powerful record of mental and physical agony, and of maternal love in death. That little child, hiding its face in its mother's bosom, and both frozen to death: one can never forget the group, nor the *memento mori*, nor the token of deathless love.—*Dr Cheever's Wandering of a Pilgrim.*

### PUNCTUATION.

Caxton had the merit of introducing the Roman pointing, as used in Italy; and his successor, Pinson, triumphed by domiciliating the Roman letter. The dash, or perpendicular line, thus | , was the only punctuation they used. It was, however, discovered that the 'craft of poynting well used makes the sentence very light.' The more elegant comma supplanted the long uncouth | ; the colon was a refinement, 'showing that there is more to come;' but the semicolon was a Latin delicacy, which the obtuse English typographer resisted. The Bible of 1592, though printed with appropriate accuracy, is without a semicolon; but in 1633 its full rights are established by Charles Butler's English Grammar. In this chronology of the four points of punctuation, it is evident that Shakspeare could never have used the semicolon; a circumstance which the profound George Chalmers mourns over, opining that semicolons would often have saved the poet from his commentators. —*D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature.*

### FOOD OF HEDGEHOGS.

In the beginning of June (says a correspondent of the Gardener's Chronicle) I procured a hedgehog, which I placed in my garden, with a view to its destroying insects, &c., which abounded there; it proved with young, and about a month after produced three, having made a snug nest amongst the artichokes. Three weeks afterwards I observed the young ones in different parts of the garden in a very weak state, and one morning I found the skin of one in the nest, the mother having eaten the body. In two days I found another nearly eaten up, and two mornings ago the third was found dead, but untouched, except one hind leg, which had been bitten off a day or two before. Since this, it has eaten a kitten every night, which I had placed for its repast. It has eaten three of these. It also eats a good lump of bullock's lights, and I have several times put twenty or thirty shell snails near its abode; these are devoured, as I find the shells left strewed about. I offered one of the young ones both snails and lights, which it attacked eagerly; and I have repeatedly seen a half-grown hedgehog crack the shell of a large snail, and devour the body with great relish. Though the hedgehog eats flesh when it can get it, it is too sluggish in its motion to be able to procure a subsistence by hunting. I believe it to subsist chiefly on snails and insects, and perhaps earth-worms.

## LINES AMONGST THE LEAVES.

BY M. C. COOKE.

Why do they fall, those yellow leaves,
And on the ground decay?
Why does the spell that nature weaves
So quickly pass away?
Few days are fled since trees were green,
And life spread over all;
Now scarce an emerald leaf is seen—
Why did those bright ones fall?

Why do they fall, and on the earth
Surround their parent tree?
Why have they ceased their rustling mirth,
And hush'd their harmony?
Birds lately hid amongst those leaves
Where now the earthworms crawl;
The lonely sparrow twittering grieves,
And asks—why did they fall?

Why do they fall? The winter comes,
With step resolved and bold;
Down from the icy north he roams,
And brings his snow and cold.
This nature knows, and so provides
For earth a leafy pall:
Beneath the leaves the roots she hides,
And bids them thickly fall.

Why do they fall? and why runs down
The sap to fill the root,
Save that in spring, with vigour grown
Increasing buds may shoot?
So man, like leaves, must droop and die
Beneath death's wintry pall;
He gathers strength to spring on high,
Improving by the fall.

## THE STARS.

BY JAMES HEDDERWICK.

The weary day has folded up its wing,
And closed its lid beneath night's curtaining,
Nought stirs the landscape, drowsing by degree,
Save a soft lullaby among the trees.

Ye little stars! do you not need repose
That you should ope your eyes when others close—
That you should court our gaze when stealthy sleep,
In poppy-juice, lays sense and soul asleep?

It may be when the sky is fill'd with day
Your infant beams can find no room to play;
It may be you have soft and tender eyes
And veil them when the sun is in the skies.

So now shine out, fair children of the night!
The sky is free wherein to sport your light:
No haughty king forbids you to advance,
Or turns you pale beneath his fiery glance!

I know not if to you our spirits flee,
Or if you rule our earthly destiny,
But in your silent gazing from above
I read a language of divinest love.

To soothe the sick, to solace those who mourn,
In night's dull chamber your small tapers burn—
A light too mild man's needful rest to break,
And yet a light to cheer him if he wake.

All may not slumber when the night comes on,
And these the stars look kindly down upon,
Like sweet religion speaking silently
To many a watchful, many a weeping eye.

The maid lovelorn—the stars were made for her;
A gift, God gave them to the mariner;
The houseless poor—to them the stars were given,
To show, when earth is dark, there's light in heaven.

### AMBITION.

The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, too dark for science.

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## POPULAR PHILOSOPHY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

WHAT a busy workshop is the human mind! ever receiving, by the inlets of the senses, impressions from the outward world, and again sending them forth in action, modified by its own character and dispositions. Secluded from the view of the bodily eye, and inaccessible but to God and its own consciousness, it yet so manifests itself in what it causes to be done, as to reveal its presence and mode of activity. Silently it plans and regulates; but its power is seen in the ever-shifting events of the race. Generations come and go, under its administration; each advancing or receding, and one shooting beyond or falling behind the rest, as it toils for one class of ends or for another. Even the most unobservant pause at intervals, and mark this world which lives within us. Thoughts, feelings, glimpses of imagination, weave themselves into a web, of which the threads are gathered from every quarter and age, and together furnish ths fabric which we call human life. In a single mind, even the humblest, what germs of future greatness! What an apparatus for eternal evolution! What capacities of joy and sorrow, of uprising towards the infinite God or of downfalling in the abysm of sin and folly! Nothing that takes place, on however large a scale, is interesting, except as it may be brought into a relation to this mind, into the possession of which each individual has partially entered. The revolutions of the beautiful world which ministers to our senses, are subordinate in grandeur and moral intention to those of the invisible spirit which constitutes man the image of his Maker. And yet these changes are conducted according to law; they are daily becoming more calculable; they are yielding to the mind of which they are the servants; and most if not all of them may yet be subdued as time rolls on with the freight of humanity on its bosom. Does the spirit itself, then, act without law? Or are its laws incapable of determination? The whole analogy of nature forbids the former supposition, and the familiar experience of men, if they observe it, refutes the latter. Considering the importance of mind, its unspeakable interest, and the vast issues which hang upon its prosperous activity, we might have hoped that all men would at least recognise the position of mental philosophy as a science; and since the materials for the successful prosecution of inquiry lie within the easy and permanent reach of every man, we might have expected that a theory of philosophy would oftentimes ere this have emerged from out of the popular heart. All men might be philosophers; and in proportion to our love of everything really popular, is our disappointment that the laws of mind are so often discredited as a subject of inquiry for the general capacity. Why does this anomaly of self-ignorance exist amidst so much acquaintance with outward nature? The answer is interesting, and, if successful, may perhaps stimulate a few minds to the better pursuit of mental science. Dearly do we love a community of knowledge. Let us see whether there be any good reason for discouraging the approach of the multitude to the streams of philosophy.

It is impossible to deny that the suspicion with which a theory of mind is so generally received arises, in great part, from the unhappy pride which of old led philosophers to place themselves as if upon pedestals above the common level of human kind. Venerated as beings possessed of something not possible of communication to the masses, a distinction, sharp and undeviating, was drawn between the cultivators of mental science and those whom providence had more scantily endowed or put in less favourable circumstances. From this lofty eminence philosophers uttered their oracles, scorning anything more than mere enunciation; while far below, scarcely within reach of the faintest sounds, stood the race itself, pursuing its heedless way, and only pausing as for a moment to yield its ignorant wonder at what it could not understand. Christianity broke in upon this state of things, and preached the most spiritual truths of the soul to the wayfaring and the uninitiated. But its kindly aspect towards the whole family could not at first be relished by philosophers, as it offered nothing sufficiently flattering to that desire of power and superiority which lodges essentially in the mind as long as it remains unimbued by the Christian spirit. The reception of Paul at Athens was characteristic of the old condition of matters; and it would have been scarcely necessary even thus briefly to have alluded to the philosophers of the pagan world, if it were not certain that a good deal of the existing misapprehension respecting philosophy is to be traced to notions inherited from the past, and not yet felt to have been equally foolish and sinful. The identity of the human mind, however various in its individual capacity and circumstances, is a truth unutterably dear to every friend of human progress. With this fact, what may we not hope of the future! No single man is excluded from any thought or emotion which is possessed by any other; if he be void of it, he excludes himself. Not that all men are equal; but, since they are sprung from one parent, it is not possible to assign a limit to a community of knowledge and emotion. A more universal language, better habits of observation, holier aspirations after truth, and profounder sympathies with one another, may yet so simplify the relations of men as that the philosopher may find his disciples among those who now minister only to his bodily wants. We must not

despond, or suffer the early history of philosophy to prescribe bounds to its future progress and diffusion.

Still, however, it is easy to see that other causes have conduced to produce the neglect of philosophy among the people. Heretofore, the only occasions on which the generality of men have come at all into acquaintance with it have been the most unpropitious for recommending it as either real or useful. These have usually been the disputes of philosophers, or when some theory, more quaint and startling in its expression than common, has incidentally been brought before the public mind as a curiosity to be looked at and then laughed at. Moreover, nothing seems to be agreed upon by all; one school rises on the ruins of another; the belief of one epoch is the byword of the next. Philosophy is supposed to be, not a venerable pile to which each generation has added one or more stones, but a column of sand, which, though care and elaborate skill may raise it a little way, must, on the hands which reared it being removed, return into its primitive elements. So long as notions of this sort prevail, it is impossible that mental science should be viewed with any feeling but suspicion or contempt. Either it is an instrument of scepticism, by which the firm faith of men is shifted off its base, or it is a flimsy, aërial, cloudy, vague, intangible hobgoblin, fit for a nursery story when decked out in suitable garb from the wardrobe of imagination. But that it should have a real existence in nature, or be capable of ministering to the noble stock of human knowledge, is not for a moment supposed by many men. To such nothing seems more fanciful than the hope of realising any general good from a science which deals with abstractions, as the subject-matter is called, and has hitherto brought forth, it is said, only strife and dire chimeras.

If, indeed, there were no tendencies in the mind itself to repel the advances of philosophy, the traditional sentiment and other circumstances alluded to would scarcely have availed to prevent just opinions on this subject. But a few considerations will satisfy us that many obstacles to the general prosecution of mental study lie within ourselves. What, for instance, is more likely to deter men from the exercise than the conscious confusion in which they find everything in the mind when first, and by intermittent glances, they attempt to trace variety to law, and educe lessons for their future guidance? Action is seen to emerge rather from instinct and feeling than from principles the result of inquiry; and, accordingly, it wants the explanation of itself which we are sensible that it ought to be possessed of. Impulse drives us into this or the other course of action. Custom may have led us by the hand, prompting us now to act one way and now another, even although on both occasions the same reason for action existed and should have dictated a uniform mode of effort. In short, each separate attempt seems to originate from a different source, having no proper connexion with any other, nor capable of accounting for itself on any principle of design. And thus the language of mind, instead of spreading out like a tree, resting on roots, shooting up into a trunk, dividing into boughs, and again multiplying itself into branches and twigs with a rich foliage for a clothing, is kindred to the Chinese symbol, requiring a new type for each idea that realises itself in action. Details possess the mind in such vast numbers, and seemingly in so inextricable confusion, that we quit the subject with the same speed that we should use in closing a book of advanced mathematics which, knowing nothing of the matter, we had opened at the middle.

Another internal cause of repulsion from philosophy is the felt difficulty of introverting the mind upon itself, fixing its fleeting forms, and tracing the resemblances and differences of these among one another. This difficulty has, indeed, been overstated as well as misstated, as it will be our object to show afterwards. Meanwhile, it must be admitted that indolence, aversion in particular to efforts of abstraction, and the seductive force of the senses as they ever tend to fly after their several objects floating past us in nature and society, are formidable hindrances to the

of this study. Immersed in the forms of matter from our infancy, the effort of reflection is at first to all a new one; one, indeed, which, except in its ruder attempts, is often left unperformed by whole tribes and nations. Even among a civilised people, the great body of men are, unless in a very limited measure, unused to mental analysis. It is not undertaken by such for its own sake, because its utility is neither so obvious nor so immediate as that of other pursuits. Individual efforts, so long as they stand in a state of isolation, are incapable of application, and scarcely possible of retention. Progress and gain are seen rather in retrospect than by instant acquisition. Looking over the past, and comparing the point on which we now stand with that which we formerly occupied, we observe an improved elevation of view and a general renovation of the faculties. Our estimates of things have varied. Now we despise what we formerly esteemed, and respect what once we considered below contempt. But, before we are in a condition to look thus pleasantly back and count our gains, we must first prosecute inquiry in the faith of ultimate success; and this few men are willing to do so long as the prizes of the senses, however inferior, appear more sure and closer at hand. No wonder, then, that multitudes stop short with a knowledge of matter, and decline to advance towards the possession of mind.

But the greatest, perhaps, of those inward causes of detention from the study of philosophy, is the restraint which the knowledge of law would impose on desultory and irregular activity. So long as everything internal appears to result from chance, or law can be imagined incapable of discovery, the indulgence of each predominant desire seems at least innocent if not commendable. If, however, law be discovered, it implies the subordination of inferior to superior tendencies; the selection of means according to spiritual intellect, and not as will or fancy dictates; the pursuit of objects allowed and recommended by our higher nature, the avoidance of those which the lower only enjoins. Such a system of checks and pauses, now remonstrating against one impulse and now against another, while it ever called on us to submit our lives to the judgment of an impartial judge, would impose restraint where formerly license existed. Instead of pursuit following close behind desire, law would step in between them, and either authorise or forbid the sequence. Truly, indeed, as we exchange law for license, we are taking liberty in the room of bondage; for law puts us in possession of ourselves, whereas, in its absence, we are the mere sport of every whiff of passion which blows by us as we journey on the way of life. But the mind is naturally incredulous of this truth, being preoccupied by the senses, which, like all tyrants, use every means, whether good or bad, whereby they can keep rule over their slaves. It is easy to see how a consciousness of this result of law, if known, will dissuade in many cases from the attempt to discover it. The conclusion is anticipated, and men refuse to investigate the premises.

Meantime, however, a truce to these remarks. Having in the present paper directed our readers to the subject, and illustrated a few preliminary obstructions in the way of a popular philosophy, we shall, in another article, unfold more amply the topic, and endeavour to show both what a popular philosophy is, and what are the most available means of realising it.

## THE CHILD-SLAYER'S STORY.

THERE are few miseries in this world more dreadful than that which it has been my lot to endure throughout a brief period of my existence—brief in point of absolute duration, but unutterably long in apparent extension of time. The misery of which I speak is, happily, seldom endured by any one, and, therefore, can scarcely be appreciated except in imagination. It is the knowledge that you are the object of another's deadly vengeance—that there is one of your fellow-creatures living for no other earthly purpose than to consummate your destruction—one who has registered

for your blood—whose eyes are upon you wherever you turn, in the gay morning, in the sunny noon, in the quiet evening, in your most secret retirement, in the festive scene—one who, at one time, lurks in your shadow, and at another meets you face to face—your evil genius—your destiny! This is wretchedness enough; to have the rosy colour of your life blanched into the ashy hue of fear; to find the sparkling nectar of the cup of youth and hope made turbid and bitter with the wormwood of perpetual apprehension. But what if you have given your enemy *cause* for the entertainment of this deadly malice? What if you have yourself planted in his breast the poisoned arrow which goads him to revenge—the inextinguishable fire in which he longs to consume yourself? What if, in addition to your fear, you are also the victim of *remorse*, and compelled in some degree to justify the wrath which pursues you? Find me out in the great catalogue of woes, a compound misery so terrible as this.

About twenty years ago, my father, who was an opulent London merchant, took us to Hamburgh to spend the summer months at a residence which he possessed in that city, for the convenience of meeting his numerous correspondents at certain periods—a very large branch of his business being carried on there. We spent a very gay summer in Hamburgh, either giving or accepting all kinds of amusements evening after evening; and at length autumn came on, and the sky was reflected in a redder flame upon the basin of the Alster, and the trees which overshadowed the 'Lady's Walk' assumed the melancholy brown of decay. These indications warned *us* that the time was rapidly approaching for our return to England; but my father had a warning of a different kind; for he had received a circular from the British consul to the effect that it was thought the French were about to occupy Hanover, and prevent English ships from ascending the Elbe. This was in the commencement of the present century. My father at once caught the alarm, and no time was lost by him in taking the necessary steps to secure both his property and his liberty before the trouble came on. It was the very evening before our intended departure, and we were entertaining some kind friends who had called to take leave of us, perhaps for ever, longing in vain to escape with us the wretchedness which they knew was about to invade their happy and prosperous city under the domination of a French garrison. To cheer their spirits we had some music and dancing, which commenced while the yellow sunshine still flowed on the antique wooden gables opposite. At this time I was about fourteen years of age—a shy, silent lad, avoiding observation, and not much observed or caressed in consequence. There were but few boys of my own age or country in Hamburgh with whom I could associate in the common sports of youth, and as I could speak the language of the place but indifferently, I could not enjoy the company of the young Hamburghers who assembled occasionally at our house. I was sitting in a little balcony outside one of the drawing-room windows, pitying the passers-by beneath, whose anxious faces, foretelling the coming disasters, contrasted somewhat ludicrously, it must be confessed, with their cupolas of hats and plethoric nether garments. The company inside were forgetting their concern in the waltz and *contre danse*, when suddenly I heard the sounds of tumult in the lower end of the street. I leaned further out to catch a view of the place whence the sounds proceeded, and I saw a wild mob rushing on, with three or four angry-looking and apparently drunken men in front, dragging along a poor Jew with the utmost violence, kicking and cuffing him at every step, and insulting him with every kind of word and gesture calculated to give pain and annoyance. It is well known that, at this period, in no part of the world were the Jews more persecuted than in Hamburgh. The blood rose to my cheeks when I saw the brutality of the poor Jew's tormentors, and, as they passed by, I cried out, 'For shame! for shame!' at the top of my voice. I was heard above the din of the crowd, and the ruffians stopped short before our windows. Our guests were all by this time looking out from the balconies, and endeavouring by their wretched man whom they were so mercilessly buffeting. Presently one of the ringleaders let go his hold of the Jew, and stooping down, lifted a heavy stone, which he threw with all his force into the window before which I stood. The stone was evidently aimed at me, but it struck in the mouth my little sister Rachel, who was peeping out from behind me. I heard her cry out and fall. I turned round for an instant, and saw the girl's open mouth streaming with blood as she lay on the carpet. I looked hastily round the room for something which I could use as a missile, and my hand unluckily lighted upon a small Indian bronze figure, exceedingly heavy, and angular at all its surfaces. Before any one could prevent me, I hurled this piece of metal towards the head of the villain who had wounded Rachel. It struck him not, but to my horror I saw it fall upon the innocent, golden-haired head of a lovely child, whom a somewhat wild-looking man was hurrying across the street to get out of the way of the rioters. I think that, even in the stupifying anguish of the moment, I heard the dull, crushing stroke of the fatal weapon as it sank into the soft skull of the little creature—I think, in that instant, I saw the white brain spurting out upon the breast of the man who bore her—I think I had a glimpse of a broad crimson blotch in the midst of the clustering ringlets, which drooped, as the head drooped also, back from the plump and waxen shoulders. Ah! ah! I have that horrid picture before my eyes even now!

The man at first seemed scarcely to know the full extent of the mischief which had been done to his child, or from what quarter it had proceeded. But immediately he raised his burden high in his arms, and satisfying himself that he held in them nothing more than a dead body, he laid it at the feet of a shrieking woman who stood on the footway, and, with the eyes of a madman, looked from one to another amid the appalled and darkening crowd, as if among them he could discover the killer of his little girl. I perceived his perplexity; but as the crowd were directing their gestures towards me as I still leant against the rail of the balcony, fearful of meeting his gaze, I shrunk down to avoid it, and attempted to steal inside the window without being seen by him. I had nearly succeeded, when, with a desire to certify myself whether I was really safe from his observation, as the American antelope turns round to gaze after her baffled hunters, I turned my face towards the crowd. That instant I felt the fire of his ardent eyes shot upward upon mine. Again I attempted to creep in amongst my friends. But it was too late. My prophetic heart told me that ages could not obliterate from his memory the image which the steely point of his agony had graven upon it. I felt I was doomed to be the victim of his revenge.

I remember nothing of what immediately followed. I learned afterwards that a desperate attack had been made upon our house, which was not repulsed until a strong military party had come to our aid. That party guarded us during the remainder of our stay in Hamburgh, which, much to the loss of my father, was necessarily extended to another week, to enable the authorities to hold an investigation into the unhappy circumstance. I have a feeble recollection of being brought before a magistrate in a solemn court, and of once more meeting the wild eyes of the father of the slaughtered girl, as he proved to be—but the fire of those eyes again made my brain giddy, and memory again failed me.

At the close of that week, and the night before we were at length to set sail for England, I first awoke wholly from my lethargy. I found myself lying in bed in the back-room of the second floor. A taper, just expiring, revealed to me the figure of a nurse-tender, fast asleep in an easy chair beside my couch. I shuddered at the recollection of what had befallen me, and, in a state far worse than that from which I had recovered, I watched the flickering wax-light flash more and more faintly until it went out altogether. At intervals I heard a wailing sound of the wind in the trees in the garden behind the house, one of which obtruded its crisping branches against the window-sash of the apartment. In the pauses of these sounds, I could

sharpened by the clank of sabres and the ringing of spurs against the stones. Suddenly I heard an unusual sort of sound against the glass of the window, as if some very hard substance had accidentally struck it. I waited for a repetition of the noise, but not hearing it, I rose to ascertain if the window were well fastened. A very faint moonlight, through the clouds, enabled me to trace a dim outline of objects outside, and I was looking through the panes, when, to my amazement, I perceived the figure of a man within a foot of the window, supporting himself upon the nearest branch of the tall tree I have alluded to. The man raised his hand the moment he observed me near the window, and in that hand was held, as I thought, a large pistol. One glance at his face! It was *he!* the father of the child slain by *my* hand! He aimed the deadly weapon—fired—and the loud report was heard throughout the house. I was not touched. The guard was alarmed. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters, were soon about me. A search was made in the garden, but the midnight visitant had fled.

The vessel in which we were to sail for London was not to start until late on the following day, and it was thought proper to give me a little of the fresh air previous to my undergoing the usual sufferings of a voyage. Accompanied by my mother and one or two English officers and merchants who were to sail with us, I spent the most of the morning among the scenes which, but for the late dreadful misfortune, would have retained none but the most delightful associations. We walked along the ramparts, visited the church of St Nicholas, and ascended the interior of its magnificent spire, four hundred feet in height, and thence strolled out upon the open roads towards the beautiful country watered by the Elbe. We were returning home by a lovely shaded lane, where the trees still kept up the very greenness of early summer, when we saw a party of people entering the gate of a small graveyard on the left side of the road. Four small maidens, dressed in white, bore between them, by loops of white satin, a diminutive coffin, in front of the mournful procession, which consisted of about a dozen staid and decently dressed people of the humble class of both sexes, including one young woman whose utter distraction of grief would have made the tears start to the eyes of the most casual beholder, and who seemed to be the mother of the dead. Partly from curiosity, partly through sympathy, and partly from some unaccountable interest which urged me, I followed the slow-pacing troop into the graveyard, and my friends entered with me. The maidens laid the coffin down upon the fresh-heaped mould beside the tiny grave, while the party made a ring around it, and I stole a glance at the inscription upon the lid, which consisted of the following words: 'Gertraud Weisshaupt. Ætatis v.' The tears rushed to my eyes while I thought of the hopes and joys which lay coffined along with the corpse beneath those words—the same hopes and joys which were killed by my unhappy hand but a few days since. Faster still flowed those tears when two of the party lifted the coffin by the white loops and began to lower it slowly into the grave. Scarcely had they begun to do so, however, when they were arrested in their purpose by the approach of a man, who came bounding over the graves, as rapidly as a ball from a bowler's hand would cross a green. With a savage arm he clove the crowd, and stooping down, snatched the coffin from its bearers' hand. Ere a foot could be stirred to prevent him, he had wrenched off the lid, and was gazing at the face of the dead infant. *I* was gazing at it too. I knew the face as if by intuition, though the shining ringlets had been shorn away, and the grave-cap bound the brow which they had once so exquisitely shadowed, and the rosy, dimpled cheek had become livid and hollow by the touch of the spoiler! The man threw himself upon his knees in the mould, and wound his arms about the narrow coffin, glueing his lips to the lips of his dead child, and moaning like the wind in a winter tree at midnight. I writhed and screamed in the agony of my feelings, and my friends, beginning to see the danger of my position, were hurrying me away from the spot, when the woman, of whom I have spoken, sprang to my side, looked at me fixedly for a second or two, and then said—'You are he who has broken my heart and driven my husband mad by what you have done. You—you did not surely mean to kill my baby—our only one! I know it. You need not tell me so. I will not curse, nor harm you; but fly, lest *he* see you—fly, fly!'

Her voice, though she spoke in hoarse and hurried whispers, nevertheless caught the ear of her husband.

'What is that, Wilhelmine? have you caught him? Yes, that is he! Now, now!'

'Bernhard! Bernhard!' said the wife, 'why did you come hither? I tried to spare you this scene.'

But he was out of her hearing, and on our track. Seeing, however, that I was well protected, he slunk away, and, perhaps, returned to bury his child.

. . . . . .

'Aurelius,' said my father, as he stepped out on the quay from the vessel, 'thank God! we are again safe in London. You have nothing now to fear. Cheer up, lad, and try to forget your unlucky adventure in Hamburgh.'

Ere the words had well escaped his lips, I heard a low bitter laugh not six yards from us. I turned round and saw a man dogging us as we walked along.

It was my enemy, who, without our knowledge, had been our fellow-passenger from Hamburgh.

From that day, for a whole year, not a week elapsed in which I did not see my tormentor, and in which I had not a narrow escape of my life from his deadly aim. Vain were all my attempts to rid me of this hateful persecution. In vain did the authority of the magistrate—the vigilance of the police—interfere. At public worship—in the theatre—in the ball-room—in the lecture-room—on the promenade—in the very precincts of my home—did the glare of his eyes make my flesh to creep, and my nerves to tingle. I was obliged to wear arms—a dagger and loaded pistols—wherever I went, and seldom did I venture forth without the protection of servants or friends. I had shrunk to such a mere skeleton, that had not all pity been dead in my enemy, he must have forgone his fiendish purpose at the sight. Frequently, while sharpening my dirk, or priming my pistols, I have thought it might be better for me to use them against my wretched self, than to abide the knife of the assassin; but I checked these impious thoughts, and prayed on my knees for strength to overcome the temptation, and for deliverance from the evils which beset me. Once, in a struggle with Bernhard in a remote street at night, I had him fairly in my power, disarmed! My heel was upon his breast, and my dagger at his throat. The impulse to kill him was violent within me, when I looked down upon his withered cheeks and sunken eyes, and *then* knew why it was I had so easily mastered him. The wretched man was as weakly and wo-worn as myself.

'Go,' said I, 'perhaps you will now cease to haunt me. I slew your child unwittingly. I am ready to make you any satisfaction you please short of my life. I cannot do you injury. The blood of your child is already too—too heavy upon me!'

I left him as I spoke, and when I had been twenty paces or so distant from him, I turned round to watch his motions. He had risen to his feet, and was preparing to follow me, but he suddenly stopped short, threw up both his arms, but rather, as I thought, in a sorrowful than a menacing manner, and walked slowly away.

After this, trusting that I had overcome his enmity, I walked abroad with less suspicion of danger and less care, the more so, as, for at least three weeks, I saw nothing of Bernhard Weisshaupt. It was, however, just three weeks after the last mentioned occurrence, when I entered my chamber at bedtime to seek my troubled couch. Having locked my door, I knelt down at my bedside to pray. Amongst other petitions, I put up one which I had not omitted any night for the past year, which was, that the blood of the innocent child might not be charged to my account at the last day, and that comfort and peace might yet reach the unhappy father whose grief had maddened him to seek my destruction. I rose from my knees, and,

to my consternation, beheld Bernhard himself removing the curtains of my bed, which concealed him. Strange as it may appear, when the immediate fright was over, I had no fear of him. The unhappy man spread out his hands to show me that he carried no weapon, and so attenuated were those hands, and so inexpressibly sad was the face which he turned to me, that so far from preparing for defence, I was rather moved to extend my help to his undeniable debility.

'What brings you before me once again?' said I.

'I came hither to—to—— Do you not guess the reason of my visit? Why should I tell you? Does not your fear—your conscience whisper it to you?'

'Poor creature!' said I, 'how can I convince you that I do not deserve your hostility—that the act for which you pursue me is the one only drop of poison in the chalice of my life? But even were I deserving of your hate, you have not the power to injure me—it is you who are now in *my* power—see!' and I seized hold of both his withered arms with a suddenness which made him nearly swoon under my grasp. He looked upon me gloomily for a moment with eyes so darkly hollow, that I could fancy they stared at me through the sockets of a graveyard skull. I felt the tears springing to my own at the sight.

'Ha! you would rid yourself of me thus, would you? Let me go. Let me go!' cried he, hoarse with impatience. I had not the heart to hold my grasp any longer. He leaped aside, and looked round the chamber, as I thought, vacantly.

'You would ask me now to forgive you, I suppose?' he said in a peculiar tone.

'Oh, yes, forgive me,' said I, imploringly, and making an ineffectual attempt to catch his hand.

'Touch me not! my Gertraud's blood is on your hand. Forgive *you!* forgive *you!*'

He repeated the words again and again, in a chuckling laugh, which rang horribly in my ears.

'Forgive the butcher, who scattered the brains of my darling about the streets of Hamburgh! who snapped my heart-strings with his bloody hand—flecked my fairest vision with stains of infant gore—set my brain on fire! Oh, that I could tear thee to pieces! Oh, that I could set the dogs to lap *thy* blood as I saw them lapping *hers!* I might—I might have the strength left me yet!'

He rushed towards me as he said this, and contrived to place himself between me and the bed, towards which his eye had been frequently bent since his entrance into the room. This sally being over, he grew somewhat calmer.

'I must have you at once secured,' said I, 'if you act thus any longer. Beware how you force me to do what I would fain leave undone. An hour would suffice to have you fettered and laced—the inmate of a madhouse cell.'

He sat down on the coverlet, and in an abstracted manner said—'I could have choked this wretched boy, one year ago, with one gripe of my fingers, and now to hear him taunt me thus! He—a miserable, sickly lad—the ghost of the ruddy young ruffian who slew my baby! And he affects to look compassionately upon *me!* He would seem a kind lad. He looks—Heaven help us!—like a lad who might be fond of children. He would doubtless have loved my little Gertraud, had he known her. Had he visited our lodging one hour before he hurled that hell-forged bolt upon her head, he would have had her upon his knee, and patted her cheek, and kissed her rosy mouth, and danced her up and down in the air, tossing her tangled ringlets round and round as I used to do, till she crowed and laughed with delight! And to think that *he* should kill her! it makes the pangs I feel a thousand times harder to be borne. It makes *his* pangs harder also. It were well—it *must* be well—to put an end to both.'

I had my hands before my gushing eyes as he was thus speaking, and did not perceive his motions just at that moment. He had gradually drawn his arm towards the head of the bed, where a sharp stout dagger was stuck in a sheath attached to the post of the canopy. This dagger, without my perceiving it, he drew forth, and leaping up with a sudden bound, plunged it in my side to the very haft. He instantly plucked it back, and with a loud exulting shout, again sheathed it twice in his bosom, and fell back on the coverlet a corpse.

It was long before I recovered of my wound. When I did, my first country walk was to the place where Bernhard Weisshaupt slept his last sleep—and where, if I felt at length relieved of a terror which haunted me for many months before, I could not try to escape from the gloom which thenceforward overcast my life, never to be dissipated in this world.

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## THE MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER SON ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY THOMAS R. J. POLSON.

(Written for the Instructor.)

Come, Bob, sit down, and Bessy too,
Leave off your childish play;
And as you've nothing else to do,
Come, list to what I say
About events which we have seen,
And in which we have actors been.

The day, though short, seem'd long and drear,
And everything quite dull;
And as the shades of night drew near,
The widow's heart got full;
And other scenes and brighter days
Appear'd before her mental gaze.

My boy, draw o'er that old armchair
And fill the vacant space;
Where father used to sit o'er there,
Now occupy his place.
Thou wert, indeed, his only joy—
Thou'rt now a mother's hope, my boy!

Thou smilest to hear thyself thus named,
And seem'st more pleased and gay;
Was ever innocence proclaim'd
Before in such a way?
Would that I also could the while,
With thee, my boy, look round and smile!

But, ah! I cannot, for in vain
I look thy sire to see;
And ne'er, my boy, wilt thou again
Sit on a father's knee;
Or get the tender, kind embrace
Thou usedst when smiling in his face.

Twelve months ago, this very night,
How merry we all seem'd—
Thy father's face with deep delight
And roseate flushes beam'd;
And all was hope and joyous mirth
Around our humble Christmas hearth!

Thou wert his hope, thou wert his joy,
And Bess was such to me;
But death hath since transferr'd, my boy,
My future hopes to thee.
May, therefore, He, the widow's friend,
My boy from every ill defend!

Twelve months ago, who would have said
(We all appear'd so strong)
That father would to-night be dead,
And in his grave so long?
Yet, in a shorter time, alas!
Events more strange may come to pass!

Such is th' uncertainty which time
Hath stamp'd upon all things;
And every hour's succeeding chime,
And knell which sadly rings,
Would tell us that 'twere vain to gild
Hopes which may never be fulfill'd.

Twelve months ago, who would, my dear
(As 'twere this Christmas night),
Have thought that death was hov'ring near,
A mother's hopes to blight!
And yet around thy little form
Perchance is gath'ring now a storm.

Could we but see the future now,
And glance at coming years,
What sorrow would begloom our brow;
And, oh! what doubts and fears
Would in the human breast arise,
To heighten present miseries!

Last Christmas night we number'd four,
We number now but three;
And ere twelve months again are o'er,
We still may fewer be:
Next Christmas night, with all its cheer,
May find our places vacant here!

Or it may be thy mother will
The absent member me;
Then little Bess my place must fill—
A substitute for me;
And He who hears the orphan's call
Will father and befriend you all.

This day commemorates His birth—
His gracious advent here;
And though he dwells not now on earth
His Spirit still is near,
To guide his chosen people in
Their journeyings through this vale of sin.

Make him your hope, make him your guide,
He'll lead you by his love:
No matter then what ills betide,
We all shall meet above,
To celebrate with holy mirth
The blessings of Immanuel's birth.

## REVIVAL AND PROGRESS OF NATIONAL LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

THE general circulation over Scotland of the poetry of Ramsay, could not fail of creating a host of imitators. Few of the poetical effusions, however, which then made their appearance in Scottish verse, seem to have borne the stamp and impress of superior merit; the unmerciful severity with which Allan himself treated the versifiers his own writings had called into existence, was certainly ill calculated to encourage, in that peculiar walk, aspirations after poetic renown; and we accordingly find the youth of education and genius, who arose in various districts of Scotland between the era of the union and the middle of the eighteenth century, eschewing, in their published poetical productions, the language of their country, and taking for their models the numerous bards of the sister land, who then flourished and blossomed in all the freshness of the second Augustan age. In order to dignify, in Scottish verse, the streams and rivers of his native district, poor Burns asks the assistance of Lapraik, a brother poet—

'But Willie, set your foot to mine,
And cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.'

Now, had the Scottish cotemporaries of Ramsay, who received their first poetic inspirations from the circulation of his writings, entered into a like confederation to revive the old poetic renown of Scotland, by doing nothing themselves in the 'English,' but all in the 'Scotch' way, there can be little doubt that they would have carried the national poetry of their country to a more commanding height than it has ever yet attained. But though Thomson, Mallet, Armstrong, and we may add Blacklock, seem to have versified considerably in the Scottish language during the season of boyhood or extreme youth, they left off the practice after attaining to riper years. The brilliant success of Dr Arbuthnot in England, the intimate terms on which he lived with Swift, Gay, Pope, and Prior, at once excited a predilection for English poetry, and awoke in the bosoms of these Scottish poets a laudable ambition to gain the same eminence and distinction, by as assiduously cultivating, as Arbuthnot had done, the literature of the south. Had these talented youths, two of whom were born in the south and one in the north of Scotland, entered the lists with Ramsay, they would no doubt have proved formidable rivals, and it would be a nice point to determine whether, had this been the case, the latter would not, from the influence of rivalry, have been roused to efforts greater still, and still more decidedly successful, than those which, even without this influence, he actually put forth. But Ramsay had all the field to himself, and as he entered it with prudent deliberation, so he quitted it when he chose. Now, had a few really talented poets appeared during the progress of his career, whose songs, pastorals, fables, and translations, all written in Scotch, were bidding fair to rival if not to excel his own, it is far from likely, we think, that Ramsay would at such an early period of his life have left off writing. It is nonsense to allow him, when retiring from the field of literature, to claim the enfeebling influence of age as his excuse. He was, by nearly six years, younger at the period when he laid aside the poetic pen, than Cowper, the bard of Olney, was when he took it up and fell manfully to 'Retirement' and the 'Task.' Hector Macneil, who gained a renown little inferior to Ramsay's own, did not begin to write till turned of fifty-two. For how many years after he was forty-six blazed brightly the genius of Scott! The fact is, Ramsay left off writing partly because, in reference to the peasantry of Scotland, he had accomplished all he ever intended to perform, partly because he got sick of having had for so long a time all the say to himself. Strange, that from 1733, when Ramsay forbore to publish, on to 1758, when he died, it is scarcely possible to specify a single ode or ballad, written in Scotch, which makes an approach to excellence, we had almost said to mediocrity. Whether the conductor of the 'Scots Magazine' refused to publish verses written in Doric rhyme, or whether his many poetic contributors did not put him to the trouble of rejection, by transmitting for insertion nothing but English sonnets, odes, and stanzas, we cannot say, but certainly, judging from appearances, the Scottish muse had for a long time an easy life of it. Many excellent verses, dated from all parts of Scotland, made their monthly appearance, but scarcely one of them in Scotch. This requires explanation; nor do we think the task of accounting for it a difficult one. The poetry of Ramsay had become too popular. Every milkmaid, ploughboy, and artisan in Scotland could repeat his rhymes and lilt away at his songs. This, in reference to the better educated portion of the community, produced the usual effect. College lads and fine misses began to disdain attempting what hobnailed peasants and tall young weavers with long lanky hair were in the daily habit of achieving with comparative ease. The classical writers of England carried all before them; and just as in subsequent years the universal popularity of Hervey, and the host of unsuccessful imitators which the circulation of his matchless writings raised up, brought in the Blair school of pulpit oratory, and caused all our young divines who cared anything for their intellectual reputation, to eschew reference to dewdrops, tulips, carnations, and roses, as scrupulously as they would the pestilence, so the educated youth of Scotland thought it their duty, at the period in question, to avoid the contaminating influence of the example set them by the 'million.' They would, therefore, do nothing in the Ramsay but all in the Pope and Prior style. Yet as the efforts of our classical clergy to undervalue Hervey failed to diminish by one iota his deserved popularity with the common readers of the religious community, so Thomson, Mallet, and Armstrong, though they fled to London and devoted their genius to 'English verse,' could not prevent the relish for Scottish song, sonnet, and pastoral, from spreading among the masses of their countrymen. Every district, every town, every village of Scotland, produced in these times its quota of bards, men who made no figure in magazines, but gained all the celebrity their ambition coveted from the praise and adulation of their private friends.

In the north of Scotland there lived in these days an individual who, had he appeared as an author, as he might have done, about 1725, would have been no inconsiderable rival to Ramsay. The poems of Alexander Ross were not published till 1768, but the majority of them had been composed more than forty years sooner. He was born in 1699, and at the time of his first appearance as an author was turned of seventy. His father, a small farmer in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, though far from opulent, was yet possessed of sufficient means to gratify the ambition he had to see his son a scholar, and therefore, after enjoying the advantage of a parochial school, under a teacher of considerable local celebrity, he proposed sending him at his own cost to the University of Aberdeen. Ross, however, did not require much assistance during his college career from the old man's purse. He became competitor for a bursary in

Marischal College, in November, 1714, the year in which he left the school of his native parish, and having succeeded in obtaining it, he spent the subsequent years of his curriculum in comparative affluence and ease. Having finished his college studies, and obtained, in 1718, the degree of master of arts, he became tutor to the family of Sir William Forbes of Fintray, who, possessing himself a considerable share of taste and learning, seems to have taken a deep interest in the fortunes of Ross. This, however, was rendered comparatively unserviceable to its object, in consequence of a modesty which had fallen to his share in a most excessive and overwhelming degree. In vain Sir William urged upon him the propriety of immediately connecting himself (now that his college career was so honourably finished) with the divinity hall, adding, that should he succeed, as would unquestionably be the case, in obtaining from the Church of Scotland a license to preach the gospel, all the interest Sir William possessed, to procure for him a comfortable settlement, would be at his service. Both intellectually and morally, Ross was assuredly one of the most diffident of men. He had at this time in his possession poems, which have since rendered his name immortal, that no one had read but himself; and such was the low estimate he formed of his own piety and virtue, that though Sir William had no fewer than fourteen patronages in his gift, he declined the honour, stating, as his reason, that he could never entertain such an opinion of his own goodness or capacity as to think himself worthy of the office of a clergyman. Renouncing the comparatively brilliant prospects held out to him by Sir William, we find this gifted being, after leaving his family, engaging himself as assistant to the schoolmaster of Aboyne, a town in his native county. From this he removed to Laurencekirk, where, likewise as assistant, he was daily employed in the parochial school. This was about 1723, when Ramsay's poetry was producing over Scotland the influences we have so often noticed.

Among others whose poetic tastes had been thus called out was the father of the celebrated author of the 'Minstrel.' James Beattie, senior, was at that time a small shopkeeper in the village of Laurencekirk, renting, besides, a little farm in the neighbourhood. He was a man who, in the opinion of Ross, wanted only education to have made him perhaps as much distinguished in the literary world as his son afterwards was. He knew something of natural philosophy, and particularly of astronomy, and used to amuse himself in calculating eclipses. He was likewise a poetical genius, and showed our author some rhymes of considerable merit. This was ten years before the birth of his illustrious son, who, as will be seen, was subsequently the means, after attaining eminence and distinction as a poet and philosopher himself, of introducing Ross, then an old man of threescore and ten, to the notice of the public; so that Ross's intimacy with the Laurencekirk grocer was productive ultimately of very important benefits to himself. We have said that, in reference to his intellectual and moral attainments, the modesty and diffidence of Ross were a great bar to his preferment. If, for example, instead of keeping, while a young man, his numerous meritorious verses under lock and key in a writing-desk, he had got some printer or bookseller to risk the publication of them, there cannot be a doubt that he would have divided the popular suffrage, and carried off a great share of that admiration which was exclusively lavished on Ramsay. But it was not till forty-five years thereafter that the aged schoolmaster put into Dr Beattie's hands a great number of manuscripts in verse. 'I believe,' says the doctor, writing to Blacklock, the blind poet, 'Sir Richard Blackmore is not a more voluminous author. Ross told me that he had never written a single line with a view to publication, but only to amuse a solitary hour.' We have already, in like manner, recorded his answer when Sir William Forbes urged him to become a clergyman, and promised to procure him a charge; and we have only now to add, that fortunately this humble estimate did not extend to his physical properties. Ross, we believe, was rather good-looking, and is said to have known it as well. He was, while at Laurencekirk, a great favourite with the fair, and succeeded, after his removal to Birse, in gaining the heart and hand of Jane Callenach, a farmer's daughter in the neighbourhood, and claiming descent by the mother's side from the Duguids of Auchenhouse. About seven years after this event, mainly, we are told, through the influence of Mr Garden of Troop, Ross received the superintendency of the parochial school of Lochlee, in the county of Angus. He was now thirty-three, and the subsequent fifty years of his happy though uneventful life were spent in a conscientious and successful discharge of the duties of this humble office.

The scenery amongst which his lot was cast is about the wildest and most poetical in Scotland. Lochlee is situated in the very centre of the Grampians. It is a thinly peopled parish, and lies at the head of the valley of the North Esk. The remains of Ross's house (says a recent biographer) still exist, situated near the eastern extremity of the loch which gives the parish its name, and only a few feet from the water's edge. It is now occupied as a sheepfold; and the garden, on which it is said he bestowed much of his time, can still be traced by the rank luxuriance of the weeds and grass, and the fragments of a rude wall. It is impossible to look on the ruins of this humble hut without interest. Its dimensions are thirty feet in length and twelve in breadth; and this narrow space was all that was allotted to the schoolroom and the residence of its master! The walls seem to have contained but two apartments, each about twelve feet square; and the eastern one was that occupied by Ross, from whom one of the windows now built up was named 'the poet's window.' He had trained to cluster around it honeysuckle and sweetbriar; and there, looking forth on the waters of the loch, is said to have been the poet's favourite seat when engaged in composition. So deep and confined is the glen at this spot, that, for thirty days of the winter the sun never shines on the poet's dwelling. What a pity that, from his secluded retreat, he did not, while comparatively young, send forth his melodious strains to greet the ears of his applauding country! Can it have been diffidence alone that prevented this? or had Ross the scholar caught the general contagion, and was he ashamed to figure in Scotch verse? We suspect there may have been something of this. A Scotch rhymster was not esteemed about this time a very scholarly personage; and therefore Alexander, though he did not cease to cultivate the good graces of the national muse, performed his courtship secretly, and as it were by stealth. This, however, is mere conjecture. We regret, were it for no other reason than to have seen how Allan would have stared had Ross, in the year 1734, sent to the press his 'Rock and wee pickle tow,' 'Woo'd and married an' a',' and 'To the begging we will go,' that this did not take place. Yet, though we esteem it a misfortune, since it cannot now be remedied, it must just be submitted to with resignation. But to return.

Ross, as we have said, led a very happy life at Lochlee. His poverty has been talked of; but we are assured by his grandson, the Rev. Mr Thomson of Lentrathan, Forfar, in a life of Ross, prefixed to an edition of the 'Fortunate Shepherdess,' printed at Dundee in the year 1812, that no person in his, or perhaps in any station, enjoyed a greater share of personal or domestic happiness. His income was indeed but small, not exceeding twenty pounds a-year, exclusive of the profits of the glebe; but he had no desire beyond what was necessary to support himself and family in a way suitable to his station, and considering the strict economy observed in his house, and the simple mode of living to which he was accustomed, the emoluments of his office, along with the profits arising from his publications, rendered him in some degree comfortable and independent.

Dr Beattie, who had now been appointed to the chair of moral philosophy in Aberdeen, from an immense mass of material, undertook the difficult task of selecting for Ross the verses which he considered most worthy of being published. In addition to the three pieces already no-

ticed, he advised the publication of a beautiful pastoral entitled 'Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess,' and a number of sonnets and songs. The profits which the sale of the volume speedily realised exceeded greatly the most sanguine expectation of the venerable instructor of the young. He netted twenty pounds; 'a sum,' says Dr Beattie, 'which appeared to him surprisingly large, for I believe he would thankfully have sold his whole works for five.' It took ten long years to get the first edition of this excellent man's publication disposed of; and while a second, under the superintendence of Dr Beattie, was preparing, the hoary bard, or 'wild warlock,' as Burns jocularly calls him, at the advanced age of eighty-two, had a card forwarded to him by his friend, dated Fochabers Castle, and presenting the Duke and Duchess of Gordon's kind regards, with a wish that he would speedily favour them with a visit. He accepted the invitation, and took the opportunity of presenting the duchess with a copy of the last edition of his poems. He remained, as his grandson assures us, some days at the castle, and was honoured with much attention and kindness, both by the duke and duchess, and was presented by the latter with an elegant pocket-book, containing a handsome present, with which he returned to Lochlee.

Ross's last poetical effort was an excellent epitaph, written in tears, and engraven on the tombstone of his wife, who died towards the close of 1783, at the advanced age of eighty-two. In the subsequent March he took ill himself; and on the 20th of May, 1784, being in his eighty-sixth year, he breathed his last.

Ross led upon the whole a cheerful life; and we do not know whether, had he given in early youth such proofs of his poetic talent as would have assuredly secured public approbation, he would thereby have advanced his real comfort. That he would have attained far greater excellence in the poetic art had he, at the age of twenty-six, entered the lists with Ramsay, it is scarcely possible to doubt. Allan, too, would have been roused, and consequences equally beneficial and important to Scottish poetry must have followed. If not on his own, we do on his country's account, however, exceedingly regret that Ross did not come forward in Ramsay's time as a national bard. Ramsay systematically excluded from his poetry all reference to the Christian faith; Ross, on the contrary, was a decidedly religious man; and had Allan and he got friendly, as very likely they would (for envy or petty jealousy was the besetting sin of neither), Ross, in all likelihood, would have exercised a sufficient amount of influence over the mind of Ramsay to have convinced him of the fatal error he had all along committed in the exclusion of all reference in his numerous poems to the subject of Christianity. For though in his published poems little of this may be discovered, we know assuredly that Ross left behind him large masses of manuscript poetry, all of a religious cast. Paraphrases on the Song of Solomon, a view of King David's Afflictions, the Shunamite, from 2d Kings, are spoken of by Campbell in his introduction to the history of poetry in Scotland, in the most flattering and eulogistic strains. Besides these, the bard of Lochlee left many pieces of an exceedingly humorous kind; and in common with Dr Irvine we take the liberty of regretting that, unless its blemishes and faults are all the more conspicuous, a dramatic poem of his, founded on an incident which occurred in Montrose, and entitled 'The Shaver,' should not have seen the light.

Of Ross's published pieces, the 'Fortunate Shepherdess' is the one on which his fame chiefly rests. His songs, indeed, still continue great favourites with the public; but in Angus, Mearns, and Moray, the 'Fortunate Shepherdess' disputes, we are told, popularity with the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or the 'Gentle Shepherd' itself. Many years have elapsed since Dr Beattie, in the only Scotch verses he ever published, and which made their first appearance in the *Aberdeen Journal*, ventured to prophesy in reference to Ross—

> That ilka Mearn and Angus bairn
> His tales and sangs by heart shall learn.

And Ross himself, diffident as he was, expresses in one of his poems a hope

> That lang, perhaps lang hence, may quoted be
> His hamely proverbs lined wi' blithesome glee:
> When aiblins he'll be lang, lang dead and gane,
> And few remember there was sic a ane.

Both these predictions and hopes, in reference to the north of Scotland at least, have been long since verified and realised.

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## THE WEB OF LIFE.

(Written for the Instructor.)

I.

Warp and woof
For web of life,
Warp of peace
And woof of strife
Weave away the web of life.
Rest and toil,
Mood and moil,
Make the motley web of life.

Shifts the thread
From black to white,
As the day
Succeeds the night:
That gives pain,
And this delight—
Mix the black up with the white.
Warp of peace
And woof of strife
Weave away the web of life.

Now the passions
Plunge and play:
Dive the treddles,
Dance the heddles,
Spins the shuttle,
Clanks the lay;
While below,
To and fro,
Heavily swing the weights of wo.
Now awhile
In beauty blending,
Like the bow
From waves ascending,
Then again in fragments rending
And in blank confusion ending.
Bliss and bale,
Weal and wo,
Through the warp commingling go.
Transient peace and lasting strife
Weave away the web of life.

Fortune flings
Her fitful thread:
Now 'tis black,
Or green, or red,
Waving like an adder's head.
Here 'tis ravell'd,
There 'tis knotted;
Now 'tis white,
And then 'tis spotted.
Silk and tow
Together roll'd,
Thread of wire
And thread of gold,
Through the various texture's told.
Peace and plenty, want and strife,
Weave away the web of life.

Raven youth
And hoary age,
In their turns
The loom engage;
Rosy health
And pale disease
Come and go,
To pain or please;
Loss and gain,
Smiles and tears,
Blight and blessing,
Hopes and fears,
Tints of gladness,
Shades of sadness,
Mixing, mingling, on they go,
And nor pause nor lull they know.
Endless colours, ceaseless strife,
Weave away the web of life.

Whence has all
This uproar grown—
Why such things
Together thrown?
Beauty and deformity,
Discord wild and harmony—
Infant's cry and drunkard's yell,
Bridal-song and burial-bell,
Wedding-robe and winding-sheet,
Meeting in the crowded street—
Why is this, and whence?
Ah, full well
Vice can tell;
For from hell
Brings she hence
Shout and yell,
Frantic wo and revelry.
Yet, amidst the shock and strife,
Weave away the web of life.

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II.

Pause awhile,
Survey the past!
See that web,
As ocean vast,
Stretching backward to the fall!
'Tis the web
Of bygone time,
Wrought by men
Of every clime,
And tongue, and tribe, and caste,
And gather'd into one, and blent
As is the midnight firmament.
'But what import
Those figures dread
Upon that web magnificent,
All pictured
By the limning thread,
And fasten'd to their woven bed?'
Lions rampant,
Eagles spread,
Chains and stakes,
And countless dead—
These be they, those figures dread
And the web's still wet and red
With the blood ambition shed,
And the tears it caused to flow
And oppression yet shall know
(Though it does not reckon so)
Why those whips,
And whence these thongs,
And to whom
Each one belongs,
Historians of unnumber'd wrongs,
By countless thousands borne.
Ah! tyrants yet
That web will meet
On judgment morn,
At judgment-seat,
And dreadful will the meeting be.
Then fear not ye
Who look on high
For other home
Above the sky,
For fire one day
Will all things try,
And justice hear
Th' oppressed's cry,
Which comes from blood that will not dry.
Then patient be
And seek for power
To help you in
The trying hour;
And nathless all this sturt and strife,
Work away your web of life.
For 'tis short,
Short at longest,
Strait at broadest,
Weak at strongest,
And 'twill be thy winding-sheet,
And rise with thee at judgment morn,
As surely as the butterfly
From out its mummy case is born.
Then weave away, 'midst tears and strife,
In faith and hope, your web of life.

## SCOTTISH CORPORATIONS.

A MEASURE of great practical importance in regard to Scottish incorporations has, during the past summer, received the sanction of the British legislature. We allude to the bill introduced by Sir Robert Peel's government to abolish the exclusive privileges of trade, which, from the earliest origin of commercial enterprise, had been uninterruptedly enjoyed by these bodies.

The time has been when such a sweeping enactment would have produced a general rebellion among the privileged classes, and arrayed the enterprising merchant and the sturdy craftsman in hostile front against a government which could prove such traitors to their cherished immunities; and though there is no fear in these degenerate days that the Blue Blanket—the metropolitan banner, which erstwhile has made kings to tremble—will ever again be unfurled, to summon the stalwart sons of toil to vindicate their privileges by force of arms, there are yet enough of historical associations and matters of great social interest and importance connected with the subject to justify us in presenting to our readers some particulars of the nature and history of these corporations, the effects which their exclusive rights had on the prosperity of their districts, and some account of the efforts which have been successfully made to procure their abolition. We also think that, by calling attention to the subject, we may benefit some of our more remote readers, as it is possible, from the extreme silence with which the measure was carried through parliament, they may not yet be aware that they are now entirely free.

The precise origin of these bodies is lost in the mist of antiquity; but an admirable sketch of the history of Scottish burghs, drawn up by the commissioners appointed to investigate their condition, in 1835, contains some interesting facts, drawn from original records and charters, which throw some light on the early condition of burghs, and on the first establishment of exclusive privileges within them. From this sketch it appears, that at a period not long before the establishment of a firm and vigorous government, the inhabitants of the hamlets or villages, who were drawn together under the immediate protection of a royal or baronial castle, were at first probably in a state of absolute villanage, similar to the serfs of Russia at the present day—without property in the soil, and enjoying no other rights or advantages than might have been conceded to them by the arbitrary will or tolerance of their overlord. As far as their condition can be traced, it would appear that the little traffic which their scanty means enabled them to carry on was subjected to heavy burdens and impositions, for the benefit of the sovereign or chief whose protection they shared. Inconsiderable, however, as the revenue they extorted must have been, and severely as it must have been felt by such infant traders, this system of oppression appears to have led directly to their ultimate emancipation. In the view of improving their own revenues, the sovereign, and, in imitation of him, the more powerful military barons, became gradually more and more interested in the prosperity of their vassals; and in order at once to secure this prosperity and to facilitate the collection of revenue, they were endowed with the exclusive monopoly of trading within their limits. In this respect the towns belonging in property to the crown appear to have taken the lead. In these, associations of traders, which at first may have been spontaneous, received the sanction of royal authority, were fostered by especial protection from extraneous injury and oppression, were recognised as alone entitled to trade within certain territorial boundaries, and in return became willingly liable to a regulated imposition of tolls, duties, or customs.

It thus appears that, however injudicious exclusive privileges may be at the present day, they were of great importance at their origin in promoting and consolidating the growth of those infant communities which afterwards assumed the form of regularly constituted burghs, and of generating that spirit of freedom and independence the feudal lords of the soil, was yet destined in a great degree to overthrow the system of arbitrary power and lordly domination, and to establish in its stead the principle of responsible and popular government.

The class of corporations above referred to were those called Guilds, or Merchant Companies, for as yet neither burghs nor incorporations of craftsmen had existence; but about the beginning of the twelfth century, and during the reign of David I., which terminated in 1153, the more ancient of the burghs began to be formed; and it was not till after the lapse of ages, when their population had greatly increased, and considerable numbers of the burgesses following the same mechanical occupation had been drawn together, that these separate trades were formed into chartered corporations, the most ancient of which do not date earlier than the middle of the fifteenth century, and many of them not till the sixteenth.

In establishing burghs-royal throughout all parts of the kingdom, it would seem to have been the general policy of the government to subdivide the whole surface of the country into certain privileged districts, within each of which was placed a burgh with exclusive privileges of trade over its whole bounds. The districts thus assigned to some of the more ancient burghs, when, of course, their number was comparatively small, are of an extent which contrasts almost ludicrously with the insignificant state into which they have since fallen. Of this the very ancient burghs of Inverkeithing and Rutherglen are appropriate examples. The boundaries of the former extended over a country which now comprehends the recent burghs of Kinross, Burntisland, Kinghorn, Kirkaldy, and Dysart; while those of Rutherglen were not less considerable, and certainly comprehended the city of Glasgow, then an episcopal town, or village of comparative insignificance.

These extensive privileges were enjoyed by the merchant-guilds for a long period of time, and were guarded by the most rigorous enactments, which extended so far as to inflict penalties on those who purchased commodities from such as were not freemen, as well as on the unfreemen who sold them. They were bound, however, to reside within the burgh, in order that they might the more easily be made subject to the burdens and services to which they were liable as burgesses.

It does not appear that those who followed mechanical trades possessed privileges extending over so wide a range as the merchant-guilds; but at any rate it was necessary for such persons, even before they were separately incorporated, to become burgesses before they could be permitted to exercise their crafts within the immediate limits of the burgh. There are still many such burghs in Scotland, in which neither guilds nor incorporated trades exist, but in which it was necessary, previous to the passing of the recent enactment, to enter burgess, before they could either sell goods or exercise a craft.

In return for these privileges, the burgesses, besides the pecuniary impositions above referred to, and the expense of maintaining their local government, &c., were bound to give suit and service to their overlord, to follow him to his wars, and to watch and ward the city—that is, to defend it from external and internal enemies; and to do these duties effectively, they were bound to provide themselves with sufficient offensive and defensive armour, and, by exercise and training, to become expert in their use. As a curious specimen of ancient legislation on this subject, we transcribe an extract from an act of the reign of the first James: 'It is ordenit that ilk burgess havand fiftie punds in gudes sall be hail enarmed as a gentleman aucht to be; and the zeaman (yeoman) of lower degree, and burgess of twenty punds in gudes, shall be bodin with iron hat, a gud doublet of fence or habirgeon, sword and buckler, bow, schaif, and knife; and that hee that is na bowman have a gud axe, and sic weapons as is foresaid;' and the bailies are enjoined to inflict heavy penalties for every day they remain unarmed.

Trained to arms in this manner, animated by the spirit

tion from servitude engendered, and being often called into action by the frequent English invasions and internal convulsions which at that period afflicted our country, the burgesses of Scotland became sufficiently powerful to make them respected in the state, were courted by kings to lend their influence in checking the power of the nobles, and contributed, in many a hard fought field, to repel foreign aggression and maintain the independence of their country. During the long war of independence, which, with scarcely any exception but the reign of Bruce, may be said to have extended from the death of Alexander III. till the coronation of James I., the inhabitants of the burghs are believed to have been the most steady and valorous defenders of our native land; and while the more servile vassals of the great barons followed the fortunes of their traitorous lords who swore fealty to England's king, they were the men who, in the darkest period of our nation's history, filled the ranks of Wallace, of Bruce, of Andrew Moray, of Ramsay, and of the Regent Stuart, who was the founder of the Stuart dynasty. Many instances might be adduced of the devoted patriotism of the burghers and of their equally valuable services to the cause of civil freedom, but the attempt would be foreign to our purpose, which is to show that, however necessary their exclusive privileges may have been in raising them from a state of serfdom, and in consolidating the burghs and promoting the burghal spirit, they were altogether inapplicable to an advanced state of society.

Giving, therefore, every credit to the burgesses for their patriotism and public spirit at this early period, it yet became very soon manifest that there was an evident tendency in these monopolies to encourage extortion and fraud among their members; and, accordingly, we find that, even before the trades were separately incorporated, it became necessary to make provisions to obviate this tendency. By the second parliament of that enlightened prince, James I., it was 'ordeinit that in ilk town, of ilk sindrie craft used thairin, there sall be chosen a wise man of that craft, quha sall be haldin dekin or maisterman over the laife for the time, to govern and assay all warkes that beis maid, swa that the kingis leiges be not defrauded and skaithed in tyme to cum, as they have beene in time bygane throw untrew men of crafts.' Many subsequent enactments, with a similar purpose, were made in the succeeding reigns, evidently with an unsuccessful result, for we find that frequently the attempt would be followed by a rebellious appeal to arms, and we find James VI. remarking, in an advice to his son, Henry Prince of Wales, 'that the craftsmen think we should be content with their work, how bad soever it be; and if in any thing they be controlled, up goes the blue blanket.'

But perhaps the worst fault that can be laid to the charge of the corporations is that of their most unjust and arbitrary increase of the terms of entrance. The original intention appears to have been to include all those who belonged to the particular trade incorporated, and the entrance-fees were fixed at such rates as could easily be paid by an industrious workman without materially curtailing his capital. The highest rate of entrance fee to a freeman's apprentice in Edinburgh, Stirling, St Johnstone, Leith, and other gude towns, was five pounds Scots and a dinner to the members, while to many of the trades the entrance was only half that sum. These funds, in Roman Catholic times, were devoted to the uphold of an altar, presided over by the patron saint of the craft, and situated in their parish church; they were, besides, under an obligation to maintain a chaplain to officiate at it, and to pay him either by weekly payments or by giving him *meal about* at their houses. After the Reformation, however, a different destination and mode of collecting these funds, in the burgh of Edinburgh, was made by James VI. By the decreet arbitral of that monarch, dated 22d April, 1588, it was determined that 'the prenteis to an skynner, chirurgian, goldsmith, flesher, cordiner, tailyeour, baxter, and hammerman sall pay at their buiking twenty shillings, and for their upsett or entrance-fee fyve pund. The prenteis to ane mason or wright, at his entrie threttеen shillings and four pennies, and his upsett three pund six shilling and eight pennies. The prenties to a wabster, waker, bonnetmaker, and furriour, at his entrie ten shillings and for his upset fiftie shillings; and thir dewties to be taxe foreby their owkly pennies and dewties of their burgesships.' It is further decreed, 'that when any persone sall happen to be maid burgess, wha was na prenteis to ane merchant or craftsman or free burgess, he sall pay the double of the haill prenteis or entres siller, upset, and buiking,' as his dues of admission. And it was ordained 'that all these dewties, from merchants and craftsmen indifferently, sall be put in ane common purse, and employit for the support and releif of the failyiett and decayit burgesses, merchants, and craftsmen, their wyfes, bairns, and auld servants, and uther poor indwelleres of the toun.' The highest entrance-fee then, to any of these incorporations, did not exceed twelve pound Scots, which is equal to one pound sterling; a very different rate of entrance, certainly, from that which has been exacted in latter times, these in some cases amounting to above £200, besides the dinner, and the previous necessity of paying the burgess-fees.

It appears curious that this apparently illegal and unjust course of action should not have attracted more attention, and been made the groundwork of the defence of some of those cases of litigation which have from time to time been instituted by the corporations against those unfreemen who infringed their privileges. The real culprits in such cases were the freemen; they were empowered by their charters, and by the authority above cited, to exclude those who were unable to pay ten or twenty shillings, and they illegally usurped the power of excluding that much larger class of tradesmen who could not pay £100 or £200.

The powers with which they were invested to enforce their privileges were of the most rigorous nature. From a charter granted to the tailors' corporation of Edinburgh by the magistrates and council, on the 11th November, 1584, and ratified ten years thereafter by James VI., it appears they were empowered to apprehend any unfreeman found violating their monopoly, to confiscate the work found in his possession, whether executed within the burgh or imported from without, to levy a fine of forty shillings (Scots) for every offence, and to lodge the offender in jail till the fine be paid. The produce of these fines and confiscations, however, was to be devoted, not to the corporation, but partly to the officers whose duty it was to apprehend the criminal and partly to the public charities of the city. It may well be supposed that such a rigid monopoly as this would have frightened the other inhabitants into the apprehension that the price of their clothes might be indefinitely increased; but the council, of whom George Heriot, the deacon of the goldsmiths, was one, were sufficiently intelligent to provide a remedy for this anticipated evil, for by a subsequent clause it is provided that the members of the incorporation shall hold themselves in readiness, within twenty-four hours' notice from any of the lieges, to send 'a man perfectly competent to cut and to sew,' to their houses, that he is to work from five o'clock in the morning 'ungangand out till aught o'clock at e'en, and to get thairfor his meit and tywal pennies (Scots) per day.'

These powers were long held *in terrorem* over the vile unfreemen and interlopers, as they were called by the freemen. It was one of the most galling circumstances in the lot of the tradesman who ventured within their precincts, to find himself threatened from time to time with the terrors of the magistrate and the jail; and it is not above twelve or thirteen years since an old shoemaker, who occupied a small cellar in the Lawnmarket, was incarcerated by the corporation of cordiners and lodged for weeks in the Canongate jail.

The advancing tide of commercial enterprise, however, rendered it necessary for the corporations in many burghs to mitigate the severity of their restrictions, by admitting unfreemen to practise their respective callings within their bounds, either by the payment of an annual sum of money, which varied from one to ten and fifteen pounds, or by a per centage on the amount of the job, under the name of

fine, if the infraction was only occasional and temporary. The adoption of this expedient is understood to have produced no inconsiderable revenue to the corporations. Notwithstanding this fact, however, the general effect of the excessive power of exclusion from membership on the corporations themselves, has been to reduce them, even when possessed of great wealth, from large flourishing communities to the veriest wrecks and shadows of their former selves. Many of them have died out and become extinct. One corporation in Edinburgh, with wealth enough to be a small fortune to each of its eight or nine members, seems tottering to its fall; and others give unfailing indications, unless some new infusion of life be imparted, of a similar inglorious termination.

Their effects upon the welfare of the burghs were also much to be deplored, and were particularly hurtful, as cannot but be obvious, to many an industrious young man, who discovered that after his entry-money had been paid, and the members of the body corporate who sat in judgment upon some specimen he was ordered to adduce of his skill as a craftsman treated to an expensive dinner, that after all fees and exactions had been met and fairly settled, a very small amount of capital—the remains of what he had saved by years of rigorous economy from his previous earnings—remained to start with. Hundreds were in this manner kept from attempting what was above their reach, and of the others who did so, hundreds, from the causes we have specified, were first disheartened and then ruined at the very commencement of their career. So exclusive were they in some instances, that no one, except the sons of members, or parties who had served a long apprenticeship to one of themselves, and had paid a considerable sum as an apprentice fee, was permitted to join them, thus making it all but impossible for families in the humbler ranks of life to send their sons to learn those trades, and secure for them anything like a chance of succeeding in after life, within the precincts of the burgh. The consequence was, that property within the burgh was deserted, and places in the suburbs grew into importance. Individuals living there, suffered to carry on their business unmolested, generally excelled their neighbours in the burgh, as, relying on their own exertions rather than on monopoly, their ingenuity was called out, and improvements effected that their privileged brethren never thought of. In this manner, to the great loss of the holders of property, and even of the incorporations themselves, business deserted the burgh. Nor was this the worst of the matter. Haunts of profligacy and vice, by which cities and large burgh towns are disgraced, might have been occupied by virtuous and industrious tradesmen, but for the exactions of these monopolists, by which they were driven forth to seek workshops in situations beyond the reach of their baneful interference.

Some curious instances of recent oppression will serve still further to illustrate the nature of the system. The Messrs Cameron of Cupar employed George Lyall, one of their own men, to mend their horses' harness. Lyall carried on no trade; he wrought for wages only. His masters did not carry on the trade of saddlers; they did not sell anything within the burgh; they sold no saddles nor saddlery work of any kind anywhere; the harness which they used was not in itself a source of profit, but subordinate to the business of carriers; and yet the corporation of hammermen prevented the Camerons by an interdict, which was afterwards set aside by a judgment of the Court of Session, from acting any longer *such a grossly illegal part*. A printing-machine was sent to Cupar from Edinburgh, and the same incorporation actually menaced with an interdict the parties employed to put it up. It was discovered that, from poor old women in Kirkaldy, fines had been exacted for knitting or mending carpet shoes, by the corporation of cordwainers. The incorporation of wrights and masons in our own ancient royalty would usually neither compete for the erection of buildings themselves, nor allow others to do so without the most vexatious interference and the most oppressive penalties. For example, they exacted heavy fines from the builders who erected the additional offices pertaining to the courts of law in Parliament Square, the normal school in Castle Terrace, and the Assembly Hall—all of which were erected either wholly or partly with public money. But perhaps the case of greatest hardship, and which exhibits the power of relentless persecution which the old system occasionally allowed the members of corporate bodies to indulge in, was that of Mr Wight, who, some twelve years ago, occupied an old house in the Black Bull Close as a slaughterhouse. After he had held it for some time for this purpose, it became ruinous and he was compelled to leave it. Nine months after this he was summoned by the Canongate Incorporation of Fleshers, before the sheriff, for £20, alleged to be due to them for his encroachment on their rights. The arguments which Mr Wight brought forward in his own vindication appeared to the sheriff so unanswerable that a judgment was recorded in his favour. The relentless incorporation, however, appealed, and took the gentleman before the Court of Session, where the judge, impressed with the great injustice of the claim, also resisted it; but, influenced by the law and practice in cases of this sort, he amerced the unfortunate victim in the expenses of the prosecution, which, together with those of his own agent, amounted to about £200. Aggravated by what he considered great injustice, and perhaps unable to spare so large a sum out of his business capital, he resisted payment and was thrown into jail, from which he was only eventually released by compromising the matter for a considerable sum. The brother of the same individual underwent, we believe, a similar persecution, only two years thereafter, for a like alleged offence.

Abundant proofs might be adduced of a strong feeling of opposition to these oppressive monopolies having been exhibited in former days, which the political influence of corporations under the close burgh system was always sufficient to hold in check; but after the passing of the Reform Bill this opposition could no longer be subdued: powerful representations, both in England and Scotland, were made against the continuance of these privileged abuses; committees of parliament in England, and royal commissioners in Scotland, were appointed to probe the seat of the disease, and in both cases did they pronounce them incurable evils, which could only be eradicated by the knife. The English municipal bill, accordingly, of 1835–6 swept the obnoxious grievance from the burghs of that kingdom, and in the following year a similar bill was introduced for Scotland. The fate of this measure was, however, not so fortunate. It contained a number of provisions which were obnoxious to the feelings and interests of many of the burghs, and it was ultimately withdrawn. An attempt was made to resuscitate it in 1838, with a similar result; and in 1840 it was again brought to light, but without the clauses which were to emancipate labour. An energetic remonstrance from certain parties in Edinburgh, however, secured a promise from the government that the clauses would be re-inserted. The bill —the result of two years' labour of a dozen law commissioners, and elaborated from a careful study of four large folio volumes in which their investigations were engrossed, was again rejected, and again frustrated the hopes of the friends of industrial freedom.

The exactions of the corporations still continuing with unabated rigour, symptoms of restiveness began to be manifested in the summer of 1844, and a case of peculiar hardship having occurred in Leith, in which a respectable tradesman, after having been harassed with litigation for four years, and mulcted in heavy expenses by one of the incorporations, was compelled by an interdict to relinquish his business and take down his name from his shop, a spirit of indignation was roused up in that burgh, which would not be repressed. An association was formed, which immediately set to work, by presenting a numerously signed memorial of their grievances to government, by addressing letters to public men, by inviting the co-operation of other burghs and influential bodies, and by disseminating their views extensively through the press. At the end of a twelvemonth's active agitation, they had the satisfaction of having submitted the subject to the notice of two

departments of government; of receiving the promise of its being attended to from Sir Robert Peel; of getting a public pledge from the lord advocate, in his place in the House of Commons, through the medium of Joseph Hume, that he would investigate the subject during the recess with a view to a remedy; and they were cheered by the co-operation of the newspapers, some of the principal town councils, and by the establishment of associations with a similar purpose to their own.

The most active and indefatigable of these was the Non-Freemen's Association of Edinburgh. Acting in conjunction with the Leith Association, they issued an address to the Scottish burghs; they sent memorials to government; they appealed to the provincial press to join in the agitation; and they took the bold step of applying directly to the whole corporations throughout Scotland, whose monopoly they wished to destroy, and requested to know whether they were willing to surrender their privileges, and if not, why not. The effect of this proceeding was most beneficial. Actuated, most probably, by the thoroughly indefensible character of their exclusive rights, and ashamed to urge a reason for their being maintained, the majority of those who replied gave in their assent. Of this important correspondence, the report of the committee gives the following information:—'The circulars were addressed to the chief magistrates of upwards of one hundred towns or burghs, to forty-two deans of guild, and to the deacons of about two hundred and fifty incorporated trades. The data from which these addresses were obtained has been since ascertained to be imperfect, as in many burghs, to which letters were addressed, exclusive privileges are unknown; in others the guildries are amalgamated with the town councils, and many of the incorporated trades have become extinct. Answers, however, have been received from forty-six burghs, from eighteen guilds, and from one hundred and eight incorporated trades. The answers from the burghs are, with four qualified exceptions, in favour of abolition; they include most of the largest and most populous towns—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dumfries, Cupar, and Leith are among the number. Those from the guilds are all favourable, with the exception of the Merchant House, Glasgow; and of the hundred and eight replies from incorporated trades, ninety-eight are favourable, and only ten state objections.'

The association communicated this important information to government, and after they had succeeded in getting most of the leading corporations also to memoralise, the lord advocate received instructions to prepare a bill, which obtained the royal assent on the 14th of May, 1846. It is entitled 'Anno Nono, Victoria Regina, cap. xviii,' and contains a complete remedy for the grievance to which we have directed the attention of our readers.

## THE CAVE OF DEATH.

In the early part of the French Revolution, the prisons of Lyons were filled with thousands of unhappy victims. Seventy-two prisoners who were condemned, were thrown into the Cave of Death, on the 9th of December, there to wait the execution of their sentence. This could not be the next day, because it was the Decadi. One of the prisoners, of the name of Porral, only twenty-two years of age, of a bold and ardent spirit, profited by this interval to devise a plan of escape. His sisters having, by means of a very large bribe, obtained access to this abode of horror, began to weep around him. 'It is not now a time to weep,' said he, 'it is the moment to arm ourselves with resolution and activity, and endeavour to find some way by which we can elude our menaced fate. Bring me files, a chisel, a turnscrew, and other instruments; bring wine in abundance; bring a poignard, that, if reduced to extremity, we may not perish without the means of defence. By this grate, which looks into the *Rue Lafond*, you can give me these things; I will be in waiting there the whole day to receive them. The sisters retired, and, in the course of the day, at different visits, brought a variety of tools, twelve fowls, and about sixty bottles of wine. Porral communicated his project to four others, bold and active like himself, and the whole business was arranged. The evening arrived; a general supper was proposed; the last they should ever eat. The prisoners supped well, and exhorted each other to meet their fate next morning with heroism. The wine was briskly circulated, till the company were laid fast asleep. At eleven o'clock the associates began their labours: one of them was placed as a sentinel near the door of the cave, armed with a poignard, ready to despatch the turnkey, if at his visit, at two o'clock in the morning, he should appear to suspect anything; the others, pulling off their coats, began to make their researches. At the extremity of the second cave they found a huge door, and on this they began their operations. It was of oak, and double barred; by degrees the hinges gave way to the file, and the door was no longer held by them; but still they could not force it open; it was held by something on the other side. A hole was made in it with a chisel, and, looking through, they perceived it was tied by a very strong rope to a post at a distance. This was a terrible moment! They endeavoured in vain to cut the rope with the chisel or file, but they could not reach it. A piece of wax candle, however, was procured; and, being lighted, and tied to the end of a stick, they thrust it through the hole in the door, and burned the cord asunder. The door was then opened, and the adventurers proceeded forward. They now found themselves in another vault, in the midst of which was a large slab of stone, which seemed laid there for some particular purpose. They struck upon it, and found it was hollow. This gave them hopes that it was placed to cover the entrance of some subterraneous passage; perhaps it might be one that led to the Rhone. They succeeded in removing the stone, and found to their inexpressible transport that it was indeed a subterraneous passage, and they doubted not that here they should find an issue. They then tied their handkerchiefs together, and one of them, named Labatre, taking hold of the end with one hand, and carrying a light in the other, descended to explore the place. Alas! their hopes were in a moment blasted; instead of finding any passage by which they could escape, he found this was an old well, dried up, and heaped with rubbish. Labatre returned with a heavy heart: some other means must be sought. A door at the extremity of the cave now appeared their only resource. On this they set to work with the same ardour, and succeeded in forcing it open. But this led only to another vault, which served as a depot for confiscated effects and merchandise. Among other things was a large trunk full of shirts. They profited by this discovery to make an exchange of linen; and, instead of the clean ones which they took, they left their own, which they had worn for many weeks. Two doors beside that at which they had entered now offered themselves to their choice. They began to attack one; but they had scarcely applied the file when they were alarmed by the barking of a dog behind. A general consternation seized the party: the work was stopped in an instant: perhaps the door led into the apartments of the jailer. This idea recalled to their minds that it was now near two o'clock, the time of his visit. One of the party returned towards the Cave of Death, to see whether all was safe; and it was agreed to suspend their labours till his return. They had need of some moments of rest, and they took advantage of them to fortify themselves for the rest of their work by taking some wine. When the scout returned, he said that on his arrival at the Cave of Death, he shuddered with horror to find the turnkey there already. The man, however, who had been left as sentinel, had engaged him to drink with him, and the scout joining the party, they plied him so well, that he at last reeled off without much examining the cave, and was in all probability laid fast asleep for the rest of the night. This was very consolatory news. Quitting the door at which they heard the dog bark, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding doors, one of which they opened, and found themselves in a long dark passage. At the end they perceived another door; but listening, they heard voices; it in fact led to the guard-

house, where several soldiers in the national uniform were assembled. This was indeed a terrible stroke; had they then got so far, only to meet with a worse obstacle than any they had yet encountered? Must all their labours prove then at length fruitless? Only one resource now remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they had not attempted, because they conceived it must lead to the great court of the Hotel de Ville, and they would rather have found some other exit; but,

> 'All desperate hazards courage do create,
> As he plays frankly who has least estate;
> Presence of mind and courage in distress,
> Are more than armies to procure success.'

In fact, having forced the door, it appeared they were not mistaken; that they were at the bottom of a staircase which led into the court. It was now half-past four o'clock; the morning was dark and cold, while rain and snow were falling in abundance. The associates embraced each other with transport, and were preparing to mount the staircase, when Porral cried out, 'What are you about? if we attempt to go out at present, all is over with us! The gate is now shut, and if any one should be perceived in the court, the alarm would instantly be given, and all would be discovered. After having had the courage to penetrate thus far, let us have resolution still to wait awhile. At eight o'clock the gate will be opened, and the passage through the court free. We can then steal out by degrees, and, mingling with the numbers that are constantly passing and repassing, we can go away without being perceived. It is not till ten o'clock the prisoners are summoned to execution; between eight and ten there will be time enough for all of us to get away. We will return to the cave; and, when the time of departure arrives, each of us five will inform two others of the means of escape offered. We shall then be fifteen, and going out three at a time, we shall pass unobserved. Let the last three, as they set off, inform fifteen others, and thus in succession we may all escape.' This plan appeared judicious and safe: it was unanimously agreed to, and the associates, returning to the cave, made choice of those who should first be informed of what they had done. Montellier, a notary, and Baron de Chaffoy, to whom the means of escape were offered, refused to avail themselves of them; the former from a confidence of a pardon, as he had been mistaken for his brother; and the latter, though in the flower of his age, declared all his ties in the world were broken, and that life had nothing now to offer which could make him desirous of prolonging it. They were both guillotined the next morning. The fate of the fifteen who fled was very dissimilar, and the escape of the rest was prevented by the imprudence of one of them. The last of the fifteen who, on quitting the cave, was, according to the plan arranged, privately to apprise fifteen others, instead of doing so, cried aloud, 'The passage is open; let him that can, escape.' This excited a great movement among the prisoners. They arose in an instant, doubting whether what they heard could be true, or whether he who uttered these words was not mad. The noise they made alarmed the sentinel without; he called to the turnkeys; they hastened immediately to the cave, perceived what had been done, and, closing up the door by which the prisoners had escaped, placed a strong guard before it. Nesple, who had excited this movement, was, with three others, taken and executed. Another of the fugitives took refuge in the house of a friend, in an obscure street, but he was discovered, brought back, and guillotined. It was not thus with Porral, the original author of the plan. He was the first that came forth from the cave. As he passed the sentinel in the court, he addressed him, 'My good friend, it rains and snows very hard; were I in your place, I would not remain out of doors in such villanous weather, but would go to the fire in the guard-room.' The sentinel thanked him, and following his advice, the coast was left more clear for the prisoners. Porral took refuge in the house of one who was considered a good patriot, and who entered the house. As soon as they were gone, he began to think of making his way out of the city as fast as possible. When he arrived at the Place Belle Cour, he found parties of the gen-d'armerie dispersed everywhere. Porral went into a house, and, making known who he was, entreated an asylum. The inhabitants were women, timid to excess; but the desire of saving an innocent person rendered them courageous. They conducted him into a garret, and concealed him behind some planks standing up in a corner. The gens-d'armes arrived; they searched the house; they came into the garret where Porral was concealed. Here they found a large cask, the top of which was fastened down by a padlock. They asked for the key; the women went down stairs for it. While they were gone, one of the gens-d'armes leaned against the planks, while a second said, ''Twould be droll enough if we were to find one of the fugitives in this cask.'—'More likely plate or money,' says a third, 'for it seems very heavy.' The key at length arrived; the cask was unlocked, and was found to be full of salt. The gens-d'armes swore at the disappointment, visited the roof of the house, and then retired. In the evening, Porral, dressed in women's clothes, with a basket on his head and another under his arm, passed the bridge of La Guillotiere, and quitted the city. Gabriel, another of the fugitives, concealed himself among the bushes in the marshes of the Trevaux Perrache, where he was nearly frozen to death, but he got away to a place of safety. The young Couchoux, who was one of the five that had opened the way for his escape, made choice of his father, who was nearly eighty years of age, as one of the fifteen; but the poor old man's legs were swollen, and he was scarcely able to walk. 'Fly, fly, my son!' said he, 'if thou hast the opportunity; fly this instant! I command it as an act of duty; but it is impossible that I should fly with thee. I have lived long enough—my troubles will soon be finished; and death will be deprived of its sting if I can know that thou art in safety.' His son assured him that he would not quit the prison without him, and that his persisting in his refusal would only end in the destruction of both. The father, overcome by his dutiful affections, yielded, and, supported by his son, made his way to the bottom of the staircase; but to ascend it was out of his power; he could just drag his legs along the ground, but to lift them up was impossible. His son, though low in stature, and not strong, took him up in his arms; the desire of saving his father gave him strength, and he carried him to the top of the stairs. His filial piety was rewarded, and both escaped.

## GEOLOGICAL RESEARCHES IN RUSSIA.

SECOND NOTICE.

In resuming our notice of Sir R. Murchison's work, we may remind the reader that we found a new term introduced into geological nomenclature, namely, 'Permian,' used to distinguish the peculiar formation of a region extending from the Ural Mountains to the great river Volga, twice as large as the kingdom of France. Among the deposits of this vast district, comprising lower red sandstone, some of the conglomerates and magnesian limestone are found, the rich veins of copper constituting the chief mineral wealth of this portion of the imperial dominions. The characteristic features of the coal-fields of other European countries and of America find no parallel in Russia; in the latter country the beds of coal lie in the calcareous strata. Other discrepancies may likewise be detected, yet there is in general a great similarity of the fossilized remains of animal and vegetable life with those of the western divisions of the continent.

The great mountain ranges of Europe were long supposed to consist of the primitive rocks; later geologists, however, endeavoured to prove that they were thrown up in 'the tertiary epoch.' Undeterred by this, Sir Roderick shows that we have in them some of the most ancient known portions of the earth's crust, the base, in fact, on which the earlier fossiliferous deposits repose. Taking

of the globe, the work before us demonstrates the upheaval of the Ural range to have been through the transition strata, and consequently from a lower position than the rocks which have been generally considered the oldest of the system.

In this portion of the work we are carried over a bewildering extent of country, from the White Sea to the frontiers of Tartary. In the mountain districts, as they are called, though the heights rarely exceed those of the Scottish hills, we meet with much that is valuable and interesting.

One of the passages of the party across the Urals was by Mount Katchkanar, a hill whose general outline and geological character render it somewhat similar to Cader Idris, in Merionethshire. The ascent is so gradual, that the water which falls finds its way down but verys lowly to the level country, and the road passes through dense foliage, obstructing all lateral view; nothing is seen beneath the feet of the traveller save bog and marsh plants, and no vista whatever can be obtained through the dark and gloomy forest, in which his horse flounders, amid half-rotten and broken logs, occasionally sinking to the saddle-flaps in mire. The travellers, however, had scarcely commenced the descent on the opposite side than a new scene presented itself:—'A large chaotic assemblage of loose angular blocks lay around us, from amid which rose the magnificent *Pinus cembra*, towering above all its associates of the forest, the rocks being overgrown with peonies, roses, and geraniums.' They were at the foot of the Katchkanar, a confused mass of stratified igneous rocks, with veins of hard and pure magnetic iron, of several inches thick, running through in a general direction from north-west to south-east, and scattered through the mountain in such quantities as to neutralise the action of their compasses, which vibrated indifferently in any direction. This is the great mineral region of Russia. Around the base of the Katchkanar itself great quantities of that valuable mineral, platina, and gold alluvia, have been found. The attempts hitherto made to work the magnetic iron have proved unsuccessful from its hardness and brittleness.

On leaving this district the party met with a remarkable instance of identity between a portion of the Uralian formations and those of England. 'As soon, however,' says Sir R. Murchison, 'as we reached the banks of the Is, an east-flowing tributary of the Tura, and emerged from the dark forest into the first reclaimed ground, we were rejoiced by the sight of a group of our oldest fossil friends. The banks of this little river are in fact composed, for a considerable distance, of white limestone thickly tenanted by large pentameri, some trilobites, and shells which we hailed as true silurians, and worthy of the very region of Caractacus. Remembering the pleasure with which we first cast our eyes over analogous beautiful forms of the Ludlow formation in England, we were enchanted when we discovered myriads of them undistinguishable from the *Pentamerus Knightii*, so that, seated on the grassy banks of the Is, we might for a moment have fancied ourselves in the meadows of the Lug at Aymestry.'

In the western flank of the range the travellers ascended the mountain called by the natives Petchora-ill-is, with the assistance of the Mantchi, a branch of the Ostiaks, who feed large herds of rein-deer on the heights during the summer season. From the summit of Petchora-ill-is (about 3600 feet above the sea) the spectator casts his view eastwards into the wide and deep valley of the Sosva, occupied by dense dark forests, beyond which are ranges of heights called Telbunniar by the natives. Still further to the east are green dark-wooded plains, in which a few lakes appear, and in the distance are the boundless yellowish steppes of Siberia.

The exploration of this region has opened quite a new field for geologists; one, however, from the nature of the country and its inhabitants, little likely to be visited by travellers less enterprising, or under less favourable auspices, than the author and his associates. The survey has led to the exact determination of the north-eastern extremity of the great basin of Permian deposits; and to the proof that certain groups of animals have not always been obliterated by the powerful local changes which have separated one deposit from another.

At the Zavod mining and forging establishment of Zlataùst, General Anosoff, the director, entertained the party with true Russian hospitality. The town is situated in a pleasant valley in the western slope of the Ural, and bids fair to rise to great importance in the manufacture of iron and steel. The damasked sword-blades fabricated there are said to be unrivalled. Our traveller remarks, 'the great fault of European sword-blades is, that being forged of shear-steel, for the sake of elasticity, they are scarcely susceptible of the keen edge which cast-steel will assume. The genius of Anosoff has triumphed over this objection, not in hardening the soft steel, but in giving elasticity to the hard; and it may be doubted whether any fabric in the world can compete with that of Zlataùst in the production of weapons combining in an equal degree edge and elasticity.' The mineral lands of the southern Urals belong to the wandering Bashkirs, who, however, readily sell the metalliferous tracts to their Russian neighbours, and like the redmen of America, retire with their herds of horses into continually-narrowing limits.

It is worthy of note, that while the eastern flank of the Urals abounds in upheaved igneous rocks, so is it almost exclusively the seat of the mineral productions; only one instance occurring in which metalliferous ores have been found on the western slope of the range. Sir R. Murchison confirms the views of the celebrated Humboldt, who considers that the veins of gold found in various parts of the region were formed by some convulsion but little farther back than the great change which destroyed the mammoths once so numerous in the country, whose bones and carcasses are still frequently discovered imbedded deeply in the soil. It would appear that the great Permian district, with its extensive beds of copper ore, was deposited prior to the upheaval of the present ridge of the Urals. In other words, what we now call the Ural Mountains, then formed the rocky shore of a very ancient and probably low continent, from which powerful streams descended into a western sea, bearing with them in great abundance the cupriferous material, but not a trace of the metals, gold and platina, now so abundantly distributed among the hills.

Unlike the sand of the rivers of South America, the gold alluvia of the Urals consists of coarse gravel and shingle, which the process of time has eroded from the surrounding rocks. The only mines in which subterranean excavations are carried on are at Berezovsk; and here, owing to the absence of a steam-engine for pumping out the water, they are not worked to a greater depth than sixteen feet. At the other mining establishments, Nijny, Tagilsk, and Blagodat, the mineral is collected by washing the detritus accumulated in the valleys and on the slopes of the hills. The eastern gold-bearing district extends over a space of 100 versts in width, whose produce, at no distant date, will probably effect a considerable abatement in the value of the precious metals. The valley of the Miask is the most productive in large-sized lumps of gold. At the Zavod of Zarevo-Alexandrofsk, during the travellers' visit, a lump was found weighing twenty-four pounds sixty-eight zolotniks,* and subsequently another, of three times the weight, has been discovered at the same works. Of far more importance, however, to the cause of science, is the invaluable mineral platina, met with wherever the auriferous deposits occur. Without the aid of this metal, the progress of analytical chemistry would be brought to a close; the gold and other crucibles formerly in use melted and disappeared before the substances placed within them to be tested were affected by the action of the fire. But by the infusibility of platina, the chemist is again enabled to continue his

* The Russian pound contains 96 zolotniks and is equal to 14 oz 7 dr. English.

researches, and it is gratifying to learn that, as well as South America, Russia furnishes it in considerable quantities. The principal works for this metal are in the territories of the Demidoff family, where it has been found in fragments varying in weight from a zolotnik to upwards of eight pounds.†

The work goes on to discuss the question of the former existence of large herds of mammoths in this portion of the Russian empire. It had been for a long time supposed that their destruction was attributable to a sudden change of temperature throughout the region, from torrid heat to arctic cold. But many facts have lately come to light which warrant the belief that the mammoth, with its thick skin, covered by short wool and shaggy hair, was adapted to live in a cold climate. Three known specimens of the entire animal have at various times been disinterred from the frozen soil, and enormous quantities of their bones have been met with in every quarter, but more particularly in connexion with the gold detritus of the extensive district here referred to. Mr Lyell was the first to suggest that the nature and habits of the mammoth were not, as many eminent naturalists, and among them Cuvier, had believed, the same as those of the elephant of Asia. He showed that the elevation of large portions of Siberia, and the consequent drying up of wide estuaries, would render the climate more intensely cold, and, at the same time, account for the preservation of their remains. The conservative powers of the Siberian climate were shown on the accidental disinterment of the body of Prince Menzikoff, which had lain in the ground above a century; it appeared to have undergone no change, even the skin and mustachios were perfect. Professor Owen likewise, by his microscopical investigation of mammoths' teeth, has proved them to be different in structure from those of the elephant; such, in fact, as were adapted to the mastication of bark of trees and shrubs common to Siberia at the present day. The mammoth, however, is not the only animal whose bones have been discovered; among others are those of the *Bos urus* or primeval ox, long supposed to be extinct, yet of which, as we learn from a note, individuals are still to be met with in the great forest of Bialawieza in Lithuania.

Here we see a striking example of the relation of various branches of science to each other. The geologist not only reads the physical history of a country in its strata, but, with the aid of the naturalist and physiologist, he restores to life its once animated races, and places them before us in their original nature and habits with surprising fidelity. Many other illustrations might be given did our limits permit. The other phenomena noticed in the volumes are the drift of blocks and boulders, covering a broad region of the country from Hamburgh to Archangel, in the discussion of which we light on a curious instance of Russian superstition. 'The shrine of St Procopius,' writes the author, 'in the cathedral church of Usting, is in high reputation with the natives, because about 300 years ago that holy man is said to have saved Usting from being destroyed by a shower of *aërolites* which fell from heaven. Our mineralogical curiosity was roused, and, unseen, we contrived to chip off a small fragment from the block, which, from its blackened and polished external aspect (due to long adoration and the smoke of incense), might really have passed for an aërolite, when it proved to be a true granitic northern boulder. So much for the legend and St Procopius.'

Some able remarks follow on the action of powerful fluid currents in transporting heavy materials to great distances; and on the disturbances and oscillations of the earth's surface in that region. A remarkable peculiarity occurs in the 'tchornozem' or black earth which overspreads portions of the country equal in extent to an ordinary empire. It is described as being unquestionably the finest soil in Russia, whether for the production of wheat or grass. It is so fertile, as arable land, that the farmers never apply manure; and after taking many crops in succession, leave it fallow for a year or two, and then resume their scourging treatment. The formation of the 'tchornozem' is ascribed to the action of water, and there is ample evidence that the greater part of Russia in Europe was once the bed of a vast ocean, since which period the surface has undergone a variety of changes. The hands of man have also produced and are still effecting changes in large tracts of Russia, by the destruction of her forests and the conversion of her northern marshes into arable lands. A few centuries only have elapsed since northern Russia was a dense virgin forest, with vast intervening marshes and lakes, but now her gigantic pine trees are felled, lakes and marshes are drained, and the culture of corn is extended to the latitude of the White Sea.

We cannot do better than close our notice of this great work—great in what it has accomplished as in what it foreshadows—in the words of the author:—We have, he says, faithfully and impartially 'unfolded the leaves of fossil records,' and, 'may we not say, that every effort made by man to read new lessons in the ancient book of nature has augmented his admiration of the works of the Creator? and when it is seen that the true history of the changes which he has successively ordained in our planet, from the earliest days of animated nature to the present period, has been evolved by the comparatively recent labours of a few men of science, we may be permitted to rejoice in having formed a part of the zealous band whose researches after truth have developed so many new sources of natural knowledge.'

† At the present time, platina, in ingots or bars, is worth from 30s. to 35s. per oz., wholesale; virgin silver, per oz., 5s. 8d.; and sterling

## ORIGIN OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

It was late in the year 1802, when the Rev. Thomas Charles was walking through the streets of Bala, a small town in Wales. He had not gone far when he met a little girl whom he knew. He asked her if she could tell him the text from which he had preached on the last Sunday. Instead of giving a ready answer, as she had been in the habit of doing to his questions, she hung down her head in silence. 'Can you not tell me the text, my little girl?' said the minister. Still she was silent, and burst into tears. At last she said, 'The weather, sir, has been so bad, that I could not get to read the Bible.' 'Could not get to read the Bible! how was that?' He soon learned the cause: there was no copy of the Word of God to which she could get access, either at her own home or among her friends; and she used to travel seven miles, over the hills, every week, to a place where she could get a Welsh Bible, to read the chapter from which the minister took his text on the Sunday. But, during that week, the cold and stormy weather had kept her from her usual journey. No doubt Mr Charles was much pleased with the girl, though she could not tell him the text. Nor did he meet her in vain; for it led, as will be seen, to very important results. After she had gone, he began to reflect how many were without the sacred Scriptures. He next inquired among the people in the town and villages, in how many houses the Bible was to be met with; and you may suppose how great his sorrow when he found there was only one copy to about every eighty families! What was to be done? He was not a rich man, so he could not supply them; and, even if he could get the money, he well knew they were not to be bought, as there were very few printed in those days. After he had thought much on the subject, he resolved to go to London, to seek for help in giving the word of God to his beloved Welsh people. A journey from Wales to the great city was then a serious matter: there were no railroads in those days; it cost a good sum of money, and took up much time; and besides, it was winter, when travelling was not pleasant. But to London he went, and made many inquiries for Welsh Bibles, and obtained only a small number. He now thought he would seek for some pious persons who might assist him; he had heard that

morning, to consult about the circulation of tracts, so he resolved to call on them, hoping that they would help him. Early on the morning of the 7th of December, 1802, the Welsh minister paid a visit to the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, and made known his errand. They talked together about the state of the people without the word of God; and they soon resolved to make an effort to circulate the Bible more largely. They first consulted how they could procure a supply of Bibles for Wales, and then for England; when a minister present, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, said, 'A Bible Society for Wales! A Bible Society for England! Why not a Bible Society for the world?' After the Committee of the Tract Society had carefully talked over the matter for several months, these gentlemen, along with some others, invited by them, formed the British and Foreign Bible Society. 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!' Who would have thought that the fact of the little Welsh girl not being able to remember the text, would have led the minister to London? and that his visit to the Committee of the Religious Tract Society would have ended in forming a separate society, which, in forty years, has sent out about sixteen millions of copies of the Scriptures?—*From 'The Bible in Christian and Pagan Lands.'*

### AN INDUSTRIOUS CLERGYMAN.

Robert Walker was born in 1709, at Under Crag, in the valley of Seathwaite. He became curate of Seathwaite in his twenty-sixth year, and continued curate until the day of his death, when he attained the great age of ninety-three. His curacy was of the yearly value of £5 only; and he had no fortune whatever. He married a wife in his twenty-seventh year, who brought him a 'fortune' of £40, and in due time a family of twelve children, of whom eight survived. The wonder of his history is, that he educated all his children respectably; made one of them a clergyman; was hospitable to all, and generous to his poor neighbours; and at his death left a sum of £2000 behind him. It is true the income of his curacy was by degrees increased to £50 per annum; but as this would not account for the accumulation of such a sum, we are led to inquire how he could have managed it, with so many claims upon him, and all so well attended to. It appears that he was as expert at various trades as Robinson Crusoe himself. He spun with his own hands all the wool needed for the clothes of himself, his wife, and his family; and, while spinning, taught the children of his parishioners spelling and reading. He assisted, for hire, in hay-making and sheep-shearing; and, for hire, acted as scrivener to the simple people who were not initiated in the sublime mysteries of the pen. He had, moreover, a couple of acres of land, which he cultivated by his own labour, and that of his sons; kept and bred cattle; and brewed ale, and sold it for twopence a-quart if drunk in the adjoining field, and fourpence if drunk in the parsonage. The wonder very sensibly diminishes when we learn those facts; as, in a similar manner, did that of the inquirer into the history of St Saviour's Church, Southwark, which was built by a poet. The wonder in this case was, that a poet could have possessed money enough to erect a church; but when it was explained that he was a lawyer as well as a poet, there was no wonder in the business. The fortune of the poor curate would have been equally marvellous; but the profits upon the ale, and the other *et ceteras*, made the story intelligible.—*Dr Mackay's Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes.*

### THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

Self-abandonment is the misery nearest to self-murder. Our nature must be selfish until taught by sympathy the loveliness and delights of generous affections, and these we must witness in others before we can feel to the full in ourselves. Why then should we wonder to see children of the shrewdest intellect and most susceptible forms, beautiful even in depravity, the readiest and deepest in guilt when left only to the sympathies of incarnate demons? Men and women, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, your hearts are demanded by the outcast and the abandoned. And if you feel as you ought the necessities of sensitive childhood and youth, not merely in your homes and among yourselves, but in vile places, where the messengers of heaven should visit, much of the now prevalent depravity of the social system would be cured, more would be prevented, and many a determined, manly heart, many a sweetly feminine bosom would be opened, and governed by the inspiring truths which Jesus taught. If you would be mighty, be kind. Why is kindness full of power? Because it is happy, and makes happy. It assures us that we are not alone; it takes possession of the body with all its springs of nervous energy, heals the wounds of the spirit, and thereby imparts new vigour and warmth to the current of life. It reanimates innocent dead hopes, and draws us from selfish purposes to a high kind of self-abandonment, by causing us to prefer the disposition we see in others to what we experience in ourselves, and puts us in felt bodily relationship with those who are governed by a fine faith in the goodness of Omnipotence. The old word, kindness, means something like family feeling, kin, kindred, kindness; the home spirit is in it, and brings back to our memory the mother's heart and the infant's truthfulness. Let all the angels of heaven go out to reclaim a degraded man; they will avail nothing unless they can approach him in the human form of kindness, visibly embodied in like nature to his own. They must draw him from solitude by manifest sympathy, not that of sorrow only, but of fellow feeling, even to the evidence of having also been tempted like himself. He can respond only to one who knows experimentally the urgent demands of the body, and in it has felt the struggle and the strife with Satan, sin, and death, and in it conquered them. He must learn by looking on an example that it is God and not man that triumphs over evil. He must know how the Father pities the prodigal, weary of his lusts; and God himself must meet man as man before he reveals his divinity by bidding men believe in love, and sin no more. Therefore be kind. —*Dr Moore.*

### COST OF SOLDIERS AND OF SEAMEN.

The daily pay of a foot-soldier is 1s., with 1d. for beer; the daily pay of a life-guardsman is 1s. 11½d., and the annual cost is £74 : 4 : 11d. per man, besides horse and allowances, or £1 : 8 : 6d. per week; dragoons, £56 : 11 : 5d. per annum, or £1 : 1 : 9d. per week; foot-guards, £34 : 6s. or 13s. 6d. per week; artillery, £31 per annum, or 11s. 10d. per week. A regiment of horse-soldiers, of about 360 officers and men, cost £25,030 per annum. The wages of seamen in the royal navy are £2 : 12s. per month, or 13s. per week; and £1 : 12s., or 8s. per week more, are allowed for provisions.

### WOMAN.

'I have always remarked,' says the celebrated traveller Ledyard, 'that women in all countries are civil, obliging, tender, and humane. To a woman, whether civilised or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man, it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark; through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland; rude and churlish Finland; unprincipled Russia; and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue (so worthy the appellation of benevolence), these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish.'

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## SKIMMERS.

THE government of communities and nations has so long and frequently engaged the attention of the philanthropist and the politician, that the attempt to throw new light on the agencies at work in the management of our mundane affairs, will by many be set down as one of those hobbies which man is so fond of mounting. Yet, chimerical as the idea may seem, we are of opinion that there is a numerous propelling class whose influence has never been perceived, or, if perceived, never acknowledged. Although much has been written to show that a large portion of mankind, if not absolutely idealess, are still possessed of only one, which, phantom though it oftentimes is, they nevertheless pursue with a diligence which shows that they at least are convinced of its reality, yet justice has never been meted out to that large class who are bungfull of ideas from crown to toe. That we may place our heroes in that position which we are of opinion they can only safely occupy, is the object of the present sketch.

Skimmers are to be found in every walk in society. The genus ramify and shoot out into so many and such various directions, that it will be impossible in our limits to do more than enumerate a few of the class, and, as a type of the whole, illustrate a particular character. The genuine Skimmer is distinguished by an inordinate share of vanity, indeed without this he can have no claim to the title. He is one who in his own opinion is competent to do every thing, understand every thing, and as a matter of course he has a hand in every thing. In virtue of his chameleon-like character, he has at one time or other come into contact with, and, according to his own account, is on terms of intimacy with all the leading characters of the day. Amid avocations so multifarious as those in which the Skimmer is engaged, it of course sometimes turns out that he is the propeller of some useful scheme; indeed it cannot be otherwise, since he thrusts himself into every movement, good, bad, or indifferent, which agitates society —he begins every thing, but finishes nothing. He may be compared to the steam-boiler without the safety-valve—the vessel without the rudder. An extensive field being necessary for the full development of the character of the Skimmer, we have often pitied those belonging to the class who are forced to vegetate in quiet and retired districts. Although seldom to be found in such localities in the full perfection of their character, it must not be supposed they are indigenous to large towns, or that the peculiarity for which they are distinguishable is acquired by habit. On the contrary, the principal features are hereditary and wholly ineradicable, and where it is not shown forth in all its perfection, rely on it, it is not the fault of the Skimmer.

It is truly bewildering to reflect on the eel-like properties of the Skimmer. You get notice from a neighbour that a requisition is in course of signature to get up a public meeting for the establishment of a new gas company. You make inquiry as to who are the originators of the affair, when your neighbour informs you that Mr A. had just called on him with the paper, stating that the scheme had the support of the most influential parties, and that the majority of the inhabitants were so much dissatisfied with the quality and price of the gas, that it was only necessary to get up a public meeting to rouse the whole of the town in favour of the new company. You at first feel somewhat puzzled what to do, having no fault to find with the quality of the gas; but then the price. If it be possible to effect a saving here, why should it not be done. Your friend and yourself set out with the yet almost spotless paper to obtain names, and being pretty well known in the quarter, you succeed in getting a respectable number. A. again calls, informs you that the inhabitants are in perfect raptures at the proposal—that once the company was fairly formed, it would be found an excellent speculation, and while according to his own account he is busy in organising parties, you are left to get ready handbills, and otherwise advertise the meeting. In due course this takes place. At the appointed hour you find the Skimmer in the entrance lobby to the hall where the important assemblage is to be held. He seems in the highest spirits, congratulating each one that enters on the importance and ultimate success of the undertaking—that Professor Simple, or Dr Doeverything will be present to take the chair—and requests you to go up to the platform to keep those assembled in countenance till the great ones arrive. There you sit, surrounded by some three or four individuals whom you know have been brought there through your own instrumentality. The meeting gets impatient; you send notice to the Skimmer that something must be done, when you get information that he has disappeared and left you to make the best of the matter you can. Ten to one but you are called on to take the chair, and explain the objects and the supposed benefits of the proposed company, regarding which you know nothing. If the affair is at all feasible, you are elected one of a Committee who are left to struggle on with the difficulties into which the Skimmer has entrapped you. At your next meeting with the important personage, he apologizes for his absence by informing you that he had on the same evening other three meetings to look after—one for the purpose of getting up a new joint stock bank, a second for the opening of a new cemetery, and a third regarding an opposition railway. As these are all points involving a considerable expenditure of both money and time, the Skimmer, so soon as he sees others involved,

gives himself no further trouble in the matter. So far as these are concerned, he has done his part. Like the mole-hill, you frequently see the terminus of the burrow through which he has passed, but while others are left to defend the mound which has been upraised, the Skimmer is off with renewed energy to a fresh field.

But these are not always the tactics of the Skimmer. We have already said that his vanity is unbounded, and where this can be gratified without trenching too deeply on his pocket, or occupying so much of his time as to prevent him from devoting his volatile services to fresh pursuits, he is sure to be in at the death. Let a meeting be called by a parliamentary representative to give an account of his stewardship, on entering the room you find the Skimmer planted at the door in the most prominent position, and with outstretched hand welcoming all whom he considers worthy of notice. We have often wished to come under his approving glance, and to be favoured with one of those hearty shakes of his condescending hand, in order that we might ascertain whether it were possible (merely by accident) to wrench his arm out of the socket, and thus rid society of this tormenting portion of the Skimmer's person. At the door he stands till the room is literally packed, and you suppose that as it will be impossible for him to make his way in, you sit down comforted at the idea that his presence will not annoy you for that night, when, on looking again at the platform, you see the wretch planted at the right hand of the chairman. When a contested election takes place, the Skimmer acts a far more important part than either the returning sheriff or the candidates. Poll clerks and every one else seem for the time to be under his entire surveillance. He adds up the numbers, decides on the claims of those who are entitled to vote, and for the time seems to be deeply interested in the result. After all the exertion, however, which he has made, should the election turn out in favour of his candidate, he immediately perceives some fault which he has not hitherto discovered, and forthwith enters into correspondence with some two or three individuals whom he wishes to come forward on the next occasion.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the life of the Skimmer is one continued round of opposition and co-operation. This hour he is taking the lead in the getting up of a testimonial, the next he is abusing the person to whom it is given, provided this can be turned into a means of organizing a new movement. We have stated that he is chary about being involved in pecuniary liability, and this is the only point on which we can give him any claim to prudence. How persons of such versatile genius, and with such self-imposed avocations, could find time to look after their own affairs, has frequently puzzled us, for it must be remembered that Skimmers are seldom people who are what is called well-to-do in the world. It has sometimes flashed across our mind that the law on the statute-book which declares that persons having no visible means of subsistence are liable to be apprehended as rogues and vagabonds, ought to be put in operation here; but fortunately, ere encountering the odium of becoming common informers, we set about inquiring into the ways and means of Skimmers; the result of which inquiry has convinced us more than ever that they are as nearly allied to the rogue as the fool. The public Skimmer, then, will frequently be recognised as one who has a partner in business, and while, by talking and plotting, he is keeping all with whom he may come into contact in a continued whirl of excitement and confusion, his docile, hard wrought partner has nothing for it but to plod on; and should he at any time muster courage to remonstrate, he is immediately silenced by his erratic sharer of profits reminding him, that but for his exertions they might at that moment have been paying five shillings a-year more for gas than they are doing; and if the bill for the opposition line of railway should be carried through, they might in five years hence save two shillings each half year in the expenses of their traveller. We might go on to illustrate the character; but although we were to fill our present sheet with examples, the subject would still remain unexhausted. The Skimmer will be found in the various walks of theology, medicine, literature, science, law, commerce, and in the workshop he is an expanded type of the character long known as Jack-of-all trades and master of none.

From our knowledge of the class, we feel thoroughly convinced that there is not the smallest hope of amendment to be expected from any of the modes which have hitherto been adopted for the improvement of mankind. That Skimmers are a social pest, there cannot be a doubt, and were it not that advantage is taken of their aid to carry out party objects by those who utterly despise them, they would ere this have been shorn of half their power to do mischief. We hope that the time is not far distant when, however useful in certain cases the services of the Skimmer may be considered, it will be unanimously agreed that his co-operation can only be received when he consents to keep in the background, and then, mayhap, an extinguisher will be put upon the race.

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## THE KALENDAR.

The return of the New Year naturally calls our thoughts to the measurement of time and the many careful observations which must have occupied the growing mind of man before he could determine with accuracy the length of the solar year. We do not believe with the Jewish rabbins that Adam in paradise was endowed with a remarkable knowledge of the nature, influence, and uses of the heavenly bodies; or with Josephus, that longevity was given to the antediluvians for the express purpose of studying geometry and astronomy. We would compare the mind of man in the acquisition of knowledge to a diverging series, the incipient terms of which are scarcely appreciable, but which, being governed by an unerring law of increase, swell with the transit of generations, discovery succeeding discovery, apparently without end, and proving to the astonished world that the point is unassignable at which Omnipotence has said to the human mind, 'Hitherto shalt thou come but no further.' Accordingly we find that the earlier attempts at measuring time were far from being correct; but, improving in accuracy as they came down, they have reached our own day in a state scarcely short of perfection.

Romulus made the year consist of 304 days; consequently he had six kalendar years for every five solar ones. Numa Pompilius increased the days to 354; he likewise divided the year into 12 months of 30 and 29 days alternately, and made it begin on the 1st January. But as Numa's year was still deficient by nearly 11 days, the power of making intercalations to keep it in harmony with the seasons was conferred on the priests, who abused their authority by omitting, inserting, or transposing the intercalary days to accommodate those governments to which they were friendly, or from which they received the best pay, until they had involved the civil year and civil matters in a mass of confusion, which it required the besom of a Cæsar to sweep away. In the

year B.C. 47, Julius Cæsar, assisted by Sosigenes, an Egyptian mathematician, brought the kalendar and the sun into correspondence by adding 90 days to that year—a circumstance which procured for it the name of the year of confusion. He made the year consist of 365 days, 6 hours, but left the six hours to form a day every fourth year, the day to be added to the month of February. This was called the Julian or old style, which, through the ignorance or cunning of the priests, became confused after the death of Julius; but the blunders being corrected by Augustus, it proceeded without interruption till the year of Christ 1582. Had the solar year consisted of precisely 365¼ days, the Julian method would have been faultless; but as it is less by nearly eleven minutes, the difference in the course of centuries became days; and had no check been given, the seasons would, in process of time, have revolved completely round the year. In 1582, when Pope Gregory XIII. corrected the old style, these differences amounted to ten days, and he struck out ten from the month of October in that year, declaring the fifth of the month to be the fifteenth. In the old style every fourth year had 366 days, and was called bissextile or leap year. To prevent the sun and kalendar from disagreeing afterwards, Gregory directed that every centennial year not divisible by four after striking off the ciphers should be reckoned a common year. This was called the Gregorian or new style, which will err a day only in about 4000 years.

We have thus glanced at the gradual approaches made by the Romans to the true year, and we will merely add that the measure of the year adopted by Julius Cæsar was understood in some of the ancient monarchies long before the time in which he lived. The Persians made the year consist of 365 days, intercalating a month of 30 days at the close of every 120 years, making the intercalated month the first of the first period, the second of the second, &c., thus causing it to perform a complete revolution in 1440 years; the mean length of each being exactly 365¼ days. In ancient Egypt, the golden circle which encompassed the tomb of Osymandyas, and was carried away by Cambyses, B.C. 525, was divided into 365 parts, which are said to have shown the rising and setting of the sun, moon, and planets for every day in the year.

In the sixth century the method of Dionysius Exignus, a Scythian by birth, and an abbot in the Romish church, began to be used in Christendom. He made the year begin on the 25th March, being what is called the annunciation or ladyday, the imaginary date of the message brought by the angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary. This method was followed in Scotland till the year 1600, which, by act of parliament, began on 1st January. In England, the Dionysian commencement of the year was continued till 1752, when the parliament of Great Britain adopted the Gregorian kalendar, and reconciled the sun and seasons by cutting out eleven days from the month of September. Within the present half century a most remarkable chronological anomaly was exhibited in France. The revolutionary kalendar of that country began on 22d September, 1792. The year was made to begin at midnight, in the morning of that day on which falls the true autumnal equinox for the observatory of Paris, and was divided into twelve months of thirty days each, other five days being added to make up 365, but these five days belonged to no month. Each month was divided into three decades of ten days each; and new names were bestowed on the days and months. This kalendar, by making the week consist of ten days instead of seven, outraged the simplest indications of nature, as well as the plainest requirements of revelation. This decimating absurdity was abolished on 1st January, 1806.

In the sequel of this paper, we intend nothing higher than directing the attention of our younger readers to a few chronological terms which, though much used, are little understood. And we may begin by observing what a nice little book is a threepenny almanac! Even a penny one, where the purse is light, becomes an interesting companion for twelve months. But at the very outset hard to be understood. We refer to such entries as the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| Golden number.....4 | Dominical letter.....D |
| Epact.....3 | Roman indiction.....4 |
| Solar cycle.....7 | Julian period.....6559 |

To explain some of these terms is the object of our present undertaking; and should we succeed in rendering the first page of even a Belfast almanac intelligible, we shall not reckon our labour lost.

The solar cycle is a period of 28 years, during which the dominical letters are varied in every possible manner, and then repeated in exactly the same order. The lunar or Metonic cycle is a period of 19 years, at the end of which the moon occupies very nearly the same position in respect to the earth that it occupied 19 years before, and the new moons, eclipses, &c., begin to repeat. The indiction instituted by Constantine the Great is defined to be properly a cycle of tributes regularly disposed for 15 years, and by it accounts of that kind were kept. Afterwards, in memory of the great victory obtained by Constantine over Maxentius, A.D. 312, by which an entire freedom was given to Christianity, the Council of Nice, for the honour of Constantine, ordained that the accounts of years should be no longer kept by the Olympiads, which till that time had been done; but that, instead thereof, the indiction should be used for reckoning and dating their years. This reckoning by indiction had its epocha January 1, A.D. 313. The Julian period is a fictitious era, contrived by Joseph Scaliger, to reduce the years of one epoch or era to those of another; it is the continued product of the solar, lunar, and indiction cycles, consequently it consists of 7980 years; therefore it is greater than any other era, and being supposed to commence 706 years before the creation, it includes all epochs, and furnishes a ready means of determining the years of any given era in terms of its own. Accordingly all epochs are reduced to this period; but as it would be inconsistent with the nature of a popular work to enter minutely into all the modes of reckoning time adopted throughout the world, we shall make no further use of the last definition than is necessary to explain a few points in our own kalendar.

*The Cycle of the Sun.*—The Christian epoch is fixed in the 4713th year of the Julian period; and 4713, divided by 28, leaves 9, that is, the first year of our era was the tenth of the solar cycle; hence we derive an easy rule for finding this cycle for any year of Christ, namely, adding 9 to the given year, and dividing the sum by 28, when the remainder, if there be one, or the divisor when there is no remainder, is the year of the cycle. In strict propriety, however, this rule is universally applicable only to the old style, because in the new, every centennial year not divisible by 4 after striking off the ciphers is reckoned a common year, and the cycle of the sun, when near any of these years, as will be afterwards explained, is affected by the loss of a leap year. When the series of leap years is uninterrupted, it is easy to see that the solar cycle consists of precisely 28 years; for since every 4 years contain 208 weeks and 5 days, the days of the year cannot fall again on the same days of the week, until these periodical excesses of 5 days become eqnal to an integral number of weeks; in other words, 35 days must be gained, because 35 is the least common multiple of 5 and 7. Then since five days are gained in four years, the duration of the solar cycle may be ascertained by simple proportion, for, 5 : 35 :: 4 : 28. If, therefore, the solar year had consisted of exactly 365¼ days, the cycle of the sun would have been repeated every 28 years to the end of time. But as already hinted, this order is interrupted at the close of three centuries out of every four; for example, the year 1784 began on Thursday, and being leap year, February had five Sabbaths—a phenomenon which did not occur again till 1824, an interval of 40 years. This was caused by the year 1800 being reckoned a common year; and a similar effect will be produced by the year 1900, the month of February having five Sabbaths in the years 1852, 1880, and 1920. In order to find a year subsequent and similar to 1784, 1880, or to any year si-

the 18th, 19th, 21st, &c., we must take such a multiple of 5 as, diminished by unity, will also be a multiple of 7; and the years corresponding to this multiple of 5, if sufficient to carry us fairly into the succeeding century, will indicate the time when the cycle of the sun begins to repeat. Those among our young readers who are acquainted with algebra, will have no difficulty in constructing a general formula for this purpose. It may be done by assuming any character $x$ to represent the number of fives in the multiple, and then putting $\frac{5x-1}{7}$ equal to a whole number; whence multiplying by 3, and rejecting the 7's, we obtain $\frac{x-3}{7}$ equal to a whole number. Put $\frac{x-3}{7}=p$; then $x=7p+3$; substitute such numbers for $p$ as will give the lowest integral and affirmative value to $x$, and $x$ will become 3, 10, 17, &c., a series which may be extended to any length by the continued addition of 7; but 3 and 10, which give 15 and 50 for the multiples of 5, and consequently 14 and 49 for those of 7, are the only useful cases, and correspond respectively to 12 and 40 years; for 5 : 15 :: 4 : 12, and 5 : 50 :: 4 : 40; and 40 added to 1784 gives 1824, the next year exactly similar to 1784.

*Dominical Letters.*—These belong to the cycle of the sun, and derive their name from being used in almanacs and other works to represent the Sundays in the year. They are seven in number, beginning with A and ending with G, and having numerical values according to their position in the alphabet. These letters move in a retrograde order, going backwards one place in a common, and two in a leap year; thus, the dominical letter for 1845 is E; for 1846, D; 1847, C; and 1848, B A. Since, in the old style, every fourth year is a leap year, and the vulgar reckoning in the Christian era is four years deficient, it follows from what has been already stated, that if to any year of the old style a fourth of itself and the number 5 be added, the sum will be the whole number of odd days from the birth of Christ to that year; and if the sum thus obtained be divided by 7, and the remainder subtracted from 8, the last excess will be the dominical letter; but when the division by 7 leaves no remainder, 8 or A is the dominical letter. This rule is universal for the old style, observing only, that in leap years the letter found belongs to the last ten months of the year, and the one immediately preceding it must be taken for the first two. Historians generally content themselves with giving the year and the day of the month on which a remarkable event happened; but curiosity, the desire of connecting facts, or testing the accuracy of dates, often renders it desirable for the reader to know the day of the week, which can be found only by means of the dominical letters. Sometimes, although the day of the week is also given, doubts may arise respecting the chronological correctness of the author, whilst the fault may lie wholly with the reader. Aikman, in his continuation of Buchanan, vol iii., page 137, when describing the murder of Queen Mary, says, 'On Tuesday, 7th February, 1586, the two earls (Shrewsbury and Kent) came to Fotheringay Castle,' &c. Now, the first time we read the paragraph, we thought the historian was wrong, for, on calculating the dominical letter, we found it to be 2 or B; therefore, we reasoned, January began on Saturday, and February on Tuesday; consequently, the 7th of the latter month was a Monday: we forgot, for the moment, that the year in question began on the 25th March, and that February was the twelfth month—not the second. In reading Scottish history prior to the year 1600, it is always necessary to remember that the year began on the 25th March, and that the dominical letters must be accommodated to that mode of reckoning. Nor will the young student of history find this a difficult task, when he reflects that in leap years the 25th of March falls on the same day of the week with the 1st of January, and in common years with the 31st of December. The dominical letter therefore for 1586 is C, that is, the year began on Friday, and reckoning forward he will find that February began on Wednesday, and consequently that the date in the paragraph referred to is correct. The same plan must be followed with the history of France prior to 1564, and with that of England before 1752. A single example will suffice to show the historical importance of these distinctions: thus, the English convention of Lords and Commons made a solemn offer of the crown of that kingdom to the prince and princess of Orange, 13th February, 1688; but 33 days before, on the 10th January, 1689, the Duke of Hamilton, at the head of 80 Scottish gentlemen, presented an address to the same prince, requesting him to assume the government of Scotland, and summon a convention of estates.

We have treated the old style with its dominical letters at some length, because, considered retrospectively, it possesses many claims to our attention. Through its means we can tell, though history were silent, that the the dominical letter for the glorious year 1314 was G, the solar cycle 7, the lunar 4; that the 24th of June, therefore, when 'tyrants fell in every foe' was Monday; and few Scotchmen, we believe, will reckon this too trifling to be known. But the old style has ceased to exist in civilised nations. We shall turn to the new, which is destined to live for ever, and which, for references to the recent past, and speculations in the coming future, is universally important. The Gregorian kalendar differs from the Julian in having three leap years less every four centuries, consequently the number of days gained by the former in 400 years is 497 or 71 weeks exactly, so that in four centuries the new style, so far as the cycle of the sun is concerned, performs a complete revolution, and then repeats the same as before. Hence, if the dominical letters are known for 400 years they are known for ever. To show how to find these letters without the aid of scientific formula, let us go back to the year 1600, which, as formerly mentioned, began on the 1st January. The old style dominical letters for that year are F E, therefore it began on Tuesday; hence by deducting the ten days immediately preceding, we get Saturday for the commencement of that year in the Gregorian method; but 1600 was a leap year, and ended on Sunday, therefore 1601 began on Monday. Again, the 17th century contained 24 leap years; in other words, 124 days, or 17 weeks and 5 days, were gained in the course of that century; and 1701 began on Saturday, 5 days later than 1601, but Saturday being included in 1701, there are just 4 days to carry from the 17th century to the 18th. Also, in the 17th and 18th centuries together there are 248 odd days, or 35 weeks and 3 days, which, reasoning as before, gives 2 days to carry from the 18th century to the 19th; and if these three centuries are considered, we will have 372 days, or 53 weeks and 1 day, so that the carriage from the 19th century to the 20th is nothing; and four centuries, as already shown, gain 497 days or 71 weeks; but as the last of these days is included in the following year, there are 6 days to carry from the 20th to the 21st century; and the same results will be obtained from any four centuries in the Gregorian reckoning. To what has just been said, let it be premised that the new style, commencing at a recent date, is not encumbered with the four years of deficit belonging to the old; therefore, if to the excess of any number of years above any number of centuries, its fourth part, together with the carriage from the preceding century, be added, the sum will be the whole number of odd days up to that year; and in this sum, too, the first day of the given year will be always included. The carriages from the centuries are 4, 2, 0, 6, which may be written 6—2, 6—4, 6—6, and 6—0. Now, if 17 be divided by 4, the remainder multiplied by 2, and subtracted from 6, the second remainder will be 4; and proceeding with 18 in the same manner the result will be 2; with 19 it will be 0, and with 20 it will be 6. From these properties the following easy rule for finding the dominical letter for any year of any century of the Gregorian kalendar is readily gathered, viz., divide the centuries by 4, take twice what remains from 6, add this difference to the years above the centuries and their fourth part, divide the sum by 7, take what remains from 7, and the remainder is the number of the dominical

letter; but when the division by 7 leaves 0, 7 or G is the dominical letter; and it must be observed, as in the Julian kalendar, that in leap years the letter found by the rule corresponds to March, and the one immediately preceding it to January. To exemplify the rule, let any such question as the following be proposed:—The battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th June, 1815, on what day of the week did it happen? Here 18, divided by 4, the remainder doubled and taken from 6, leaves 2, which, added to 15 and its fourth part 3, makes 20, which divided by 7, and the remainder 6 subtracted from 7, leaves 1, or A for the dominical letter; therefore the year 1815 began on Sabbath, and reckoning forward we find that the 18th June was also a Sabbath. To save trouble in such calculations, it is usual to group the months of the year with the corresponding dominical letters and Sunday figures, as in the following table:—

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| January, October | A | B | C | D | E | F | G |
| May | B | C | D | E | F | G | A |
| August | C | D | E | F | G | A | B |
| February, March, November | D | E | F | G | A | B | C |
| June | E | F | G | A | B | C | D |
| September, December | F | G | A | B | C | D | E |
| April, July | G | A | B | C | D | E | F |
| Sunday Figures | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | |

The grouping of the months is not difficult, for let January be fixed on A, then, since that month contains 4 weeks and 3 days, it is evident that February begins 3 days later, therefore February is said to begin on D; and reasoning in the same manner through all the twelve months, it will be found that January and October begin on A; February, March, and November on D; and so forth, as in the margin of the table. In leap years the order is different, but the usefulness of the table is not affected. One example to show the application of the table will conclude our remarks on the cycle of the sun. On what day of the week will the centennial anniversary of the battle of Waterloo fall in the year 1915? The dominical letter for 1915 is C. Look in the table for June, then in a line towards the right you will find C, under which, among the Sunday figures, you will see 13 for the second Sunday of June, consequently the 18th will fall on a Friday.

*The Cycle of the Moon.*—This cycle was invented about 430 years before Christ, by Meton, a philosopher of Athens, and, from its supposed accuracy, excited such enthusiasm among the Greeks, that the order of it was engraved in letters of gold, and thence called the golden number—a name which is still retained in all our almanacs, from the Belfast penny sheet to the excellent works which issue annually from Tweeddale Court. The exact coincidence of the sun and moon is perhaps an indeterminable problem—at least no cycle hitherto invented, and confined within convenient limits, can give more than a loose approximation to accuracy; hence the best of them is much inferior to astronomical calculations, which ought always to be prefered where great nicety is required. Besides the Metonic cycle, several others have been contrived and used at different times; and as each of these may be considered as some relation of a synodic month to a solar year, expressed with greater or less correctness, the most of them may be easily educed by throwing the original ratio into a continued fraction, and taking the value of the series to as many terms as may be deemed necessary. Thus, the decimal expression for a synodic month is 29 ·· 5305 ··· days; and for a solar year 365 ·· 2422··· days; therefore the former is to the latter as 29 · 5305 : 365 · 2422; and the continued fraction arising from these numbers, is

$$\frac{12}{1}+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{1}+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{2}\cdots$$

which, valued from one to five places, gives the following relations, or lunar cyles:—

| *Years.* | *Lunations.* |
|---|---|
| 1 | 12 |
| 2 | 25 |
| 3 | 37 |
| 8 | 99 |
| 19 | 235 |

The last we have given is the celebrated Metonic cycle or golden number. But they do not end there; for, were the fractional series sufficiently extended, several more intermediate relations might be found, and the last result would be the identical ratio with which we began. The arithmetical rule for finding the order of the golden number for any year of the Christian era, is to add 1 to the given year, and divide the amount by 19; the remainder is the order of the cycle, or 19 when there is no remainder. To see the rationale of this process we must, as was done with the cycle of the sun, go back to the Julian period, and on dividing the 4713th year of that period by 19, there will be 1 over, that is, the first of our era was the second of the lunar cycle, which sufficiently explains the rule.

*Epacts.*—These form an important part of the lunar cycle, and are defined to be the excess of the solar month above the lunar synodical month, or of the solar year above the year of twelve synodical months, or of several solar years above as many dozen synodical months. From these definitions, it follows that epacts are either menstrual or annual, the former being the excesses of the civil kalendar month above the lunar month, and the latter the excesses of the solar year above the lunar year. The method of finding epacts both menstrual and annual is evident from the definition, thus: from 31—the days in January—substract 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 3 seconds, the length of the lunar month, and the remainder will be the epact for January. Again, from the Julian year of 365 days, 6 hours, take the lunar year of 354 days, 8 hours, 48 minutes, 38 seconds, and the difference, 10 days, 21 hours, 11 minutes, 22 seconds, is the annual epact. But the annual epact is just the moon's age on 1st January; therefore, when the solar and lunar years begin together, it is new moon on that day, and the epact for that year is 0; in the second year of the cycle, the moon is nearly 11 days old on the first, and the epact is reckoned 11; in the third year the epact is 22; in the fourth 33, or rather 3, because 30 days make a month; and going over the whole cycle in like manner, it will be found that the epacts circulate for ever in the following order:—0, 11, 22, 3, 14, 25, 6, 17, 28, 9, 20, 1, 12, 23, 4, 15, 26, 7, 18. And it is manifest that if 1 be taken from the golden number, and the remainder multiplied by 11, the product, rejecting the 30's contained in it, will always be the epact. By means of the epacts, the mean age of the moon may be found for any day of any year, the common rule being to add together the epact of the year, the epact of the month, and the day of the year. But in using the menstrual epacts, it must be remembered that the excess of January above a lunar month is carried to February, and that of January and February together above two lunar months to March, &c.

Among the varied and beautiful phenomena of the heavens, those of eclipses are perhaps the most sublime, imposing, and useful. Eclipses, like golden numbers and epacts, run in cycles of nineteen years; the first, however, are not governed by the solar year, but by a revolution of the sun relatively to the nodes of the moon, a year of 346·61963 days. In making these cursory remarks on a few hard words in the kalender, the doctrine of eclipses falls not in our way, and we shall close this article with showing merely the arithmetical formula from which the cycles of eclipses are derived. The relation of the synodic month of 29·53058 days to 346·61963 days converted into a continued fraction, is

$$\frac{11}{1}+\frac{1}{1}+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{1}+\frac{1}{4}\cdots$$

which valued to five places gives 19 years to 223 lunations,

so that at the end of 19 of these years the eclipses return in the same order. This is the cycle in common use: it affords an easy method of predicting eclipses; but the return of the sun and moon to the same point relatively to the nodes not being strictly true, together with the inequalities in the motions of both luminaries, alter at last the order in one of these periods.

## THE SONG OF INSANITY.

(Lines suggested by the story of 'Wandering Menie,' in Nos. 91 and 92 of the INSTRUCTOR.)

Poor worm, thou art my brother, and I would not take thy life,
But this is now the grave of him who loved me as his wife;
And, though I would not hurt thee, I must bear thee thus away,
For I cannot brook the thought that *he* should ever be thy prey.

Although in his hill grave he lies, wrapp'd in his winding sheet,
And the brown moorhen, with her brood, may nestle at his feet,
Oh, can I love him less, or think him farther from me now,
When number'd with the silent dead, amid such things as thou?

Bring flowers, and plant them on the bed in which my Roderic sleeps,
And where each brave and gentle heart with me, his Menie, weeps!
Bring flowers, bright flowers, and plant them here upon his lowly bed,
That he may sweetly dream while they their perfume o'er him shed!

I love the flowers—the early flowers: they are the spring's soft eyes
Through them my frenzied vision sees the glorious summer rise—
I see it all in verdure clad, and hear the warblers sing:
Oh, flowers are to this blighted heart the living eyes of spring!

I love the flowers, the sweet spring flowers, and Him who made them so,
Who never broke the bruised reed or quench'd the smoking tow.
A beauteous wedding garment to the maniac he has given,
And he will heal her broken heart, though now by sorrow riven.

In summer's sultry time I hear his voice of majesty,
When in the thunder loud he speaks to angels and to me.
Is not the lightning's gleam the glance of his eternal eye,
Or the twinkling of his glorious feet as o'er the clouds they fly?

I love the summer in its pride, I love the leaves that fall
In autumn on the woodland grass around the trees so tall;
Among them, in the summer time, the wild bird builds its nest,
And now a bright sunbeam, and now an angel lies at rest.

I love the very winter, though it is a gloomy time,
And God is angry when he speaks amid its mists and rime—
Although the flickering streamers dance before the icy moon,
And like the dim procession'd dead foretell of evil soon.

It was in winter's chilly hour I slept and took my rest
Below a wreath of white snow, with my baby at my breast:
And then I dream'd—Oh, how that blessed dream can I forget,
And all the bright and blessed things my vision'd fancy met?

A rainbow bridge of glory spann'd the space from heaven to me,
And o'er it came a company of angels fair to see:
They call'd poor Menie by her name, and in a cloud of gold
They bore her far amid the skies where suns and starlets rolled.

Far up above the place in which is heard the lark's sweet lay
I went, and saw the pearly gates of heaven far, far away;
And out and in at these bright doors a people seem'd to go,
All clad in blessed robes of white, far purer than the snow.

They say I'm sinning when I sing—but *why* I cannot tell—
My frenzied lay gives pleasure aye to those I love so well:
The birds and angels sing, and we, in heaven, must join the choir,
And how can souls for heaven attuned on earth no song desire?

J. B. B.

## THE TALE OF A GRAVESTONE.

A too close application to the duties of my profession having, in the summer of 18—, somewhat impaired my health, I set off, by the advice of my physician, one fine morning in June, by the stage-coach for H——, a romantic village in the centre of the North Highlands. After a pleasant drive of nearly twelve hours, I was set down at the village specified; and having selected out of half-a-dozen white-headed urchins, whom the arrival of the coach at the inn-door, where it was accustomed to change horses, had collected around, one whose ingenuous expression of countenance best pleased my fancy, I employed him to carry my small portmanteau and conduct me to the house to which I had been directed as a suitable lodging-place. It was a neat cottage, with a little, well-kept garden in front; and on entering I was courteously received by my landlady, and shown into a small but commodious parlour with a bed-closet adjacent. It was eight in the evening; and as the declining sun shone cheerfully in through the small panes of my casement, and my hostess, a nice-looking, elderly woman, brought in the refreshing beverage of tea and all its customary appendages, I fancied I already found a decided improvement wrought upon my physical system. My spirits became buoyant and elastic; and before retiring to my repose, I determined to be early astir, that I might have a saunter before breakfast to witness the species of locality which, for a week or two, I anticipated as the scene of my retired enjoyments.

About six on the following morning I accordingly arose, and, without paying very minute attention to my toilet, got myself put into dress and 'walked abroad.' A slight shower had fallen during the night, but the morning was still lovelier than the preceding; and, in gazing around me, I felt quite enraptured with the picturesque and romantic scenery amid which I had come for a season to reside. At breakfast I expressed my satisfaction to the kind woman who served me, by which she appeared to be greatly pleased, assuring me, however, that there were many scenes in the neighbourhood still lovelier and more enticing than the one that I had that morning surveyed. Inchmora, in the adjoining parish, she especially selected for the purpose of eulogising its merits. It had a fine old abbey and a most interesting churchyard. All strangers paid it a visit. There needed no more to be said. Inchmora—the name was quite enough; and as it was only a mile distant, I determined to visit it before sunset. After spending a pleasant enough day, therefore, I set out to the glen specified about six in the evening, having previously refreshed myself with tea—a beverage of which, above all others, I am fond.

On reaching the spot I found the honest woman had good reason for her praise. It was a lovely valley, hemmed in by hills of considerable size, and beautified by a clear stream which meandered through its centre. There, too, sure enough, I found the majestic ruins of what had obviously, at one time, been an abbey of considerable importance, and the identical churchyard which, not without reason, all strangers went to see. Entering its hallowed precincts, I endeavoured to feel as sentimental as possible, and perpetrating, of course, the usual amount of moralisation, I stumbled on from gravestone to gravestone, reading the various epitaphs, and attempting the often difficult task of deciphering dates. While I was thus busied, the small wicket-gate by which I had myself entered was heard to open, and a venerable sort of personage, whom I guessed by instinct to be the village sexton, made his approach. Nor was I mistaken; for after mutual salutation, I discerned that he was just the man I had guessed him to be—the hoary-headed chronicle of Blair. Acquaintanceships with such public functionaries are, of course, soon formed, and we, therefore, got speedily into what is called talking terms. I was, no doubt, very inquisitive, but my wish to get information was greatly exceeded by the sexton's communicative desire. He told me much that I have forgotten; but chancing to point to a gravestone enclosed within a small iron palisade, he gave me its history, which I shall lay before the reader, and then make my exit. I may add, that if some portions of the story appear somewhat perplexed and misty, and others barely intelligible, they must be set down to the score of my bad memory, for I believe my friend the sexton told me the affair intelligibly enough.

About thirty years ago, a lady with her two boys, the one five and the other about seven years old, came to reside in the neighbouring town of Elmville. Little was known, however, of her, more than that she was the widow of a Captain Malcolm, whose father, Hector Malcolm, had come to reside in Inchmora many years before; and though

no one knew anything about his previous history, he had succeeded in marrying the daughter of the parish minister. By her he had Douglas, the East India captain we have just referred to. Douglas had been many years abroad, and had married in Calcutta his present widow, by whom he had the two fine boys, Frank and Edward, who now accompanied her. All he had been able to do in the way of providing for her maintenance and that of his two sons was the purchase of a small annuity, by depositing into the hands of a wealthy London merchant upwards of £750 sterling.

Mrs Malcolm took a pretty cottage in the centre of the village. She lived very much retired, and seemed to have had her trials, for though still young, her pale face and anxious brow had deep lines of care engraven on them. Her chief occupation was the educating of her boys, and so years passed away. As the youths grew up and prospered in health and virtue, Mrs Malcolm became apparently more reconciled to the world, and though she did not court, neither did she now, as had been the case at first, shun society. But a cruel reverse of fortune awaited her. The person in whose hands her little all was placed failed, and she was left without a penny in the world. Out of the wreck of the merchant's fortune not as much had been saved as would have gone to pay sixpence in the pound. She was therefore a friendless, ruined woman. Yet not being destitute of decision, she was just forming the resolution of setting out for Edinburgh, or, if necessary, London, where she imagined that her talent for music or drawing might be turned to better account than in the village where she had come to reside, when a sudden disease seized her, and at the close of four days she lay on her deathbed. Edward Malcolm was now a fine boy of seventeen, and as he hung over the couch of his dying mother his grief was boundless. Frank, too, was inconsolable. Mrs Malcolm beckoned them both to her side, and after bestowing her blessing, intimated to Frank her wish that he should for a time leave her chamber, as she had something to communicate to his brother that she did not care that even her darling Frank should know. When her youngest boy had most sorrowfully retired, Mrs Malcolm, taking an affectionate hold of the hand of her oldest, addressed him as follows: 'Edward, I feel very ill, and that I cannot remain longer with you; I have more to say, however, than I fear I have strength for. Do you know the Laird of Woodville—the haughty old man that is so ill-liked? He is not the rightful proprietor of the property—you are the heir-at-law. On his deathbed your father put a packet into my hands which, on the event of my death, I was to deliver up to you. Observe, you were not to be initiated into it till you had reached your twenty-first year. It will explain all. Open, and you will find it in my escritoire. Read it after I am gone.'

Mrs Malcolm died that very night; and after all the other inmates of the house had retired to rest, Edward went to the place she had indicated, and finding the packet, proceeded to break the seal, and peruse the contents. They were as follows: 'My dear boy—By the time you receive this note you will have possibly forgot me. I write on my deathbed. Disease cramps my faculties, but I cannot die in peace till I have told the secrets of the family to you. You have known me only by the name of Malcolm; that is not my real name. It is Mackenzie. Your great-grandfather was Hector Mackenzie of Woodville. His son, my father, joined the rebels in 1745, and was, in consequence, disgraced and disowned by his parents. Old Woodville, his father, died shortly after without leaving a will, and his estate was claimed by his factor, Angus Stewart, who happened to be heir-at-law. After much wandering, my father, Hector, came to settle at Inchmora. He took the name of Malcolm, and married the daughter of the parish minister. Here I was born; and in my fifteenth year was sent to the East Indies, where I became a cadet in the service of the Company; and, in the course of years, married your mother, and rose to my present rank. A little while after my departure, Angus Stewart, who was an honest man, died, leaving a will, in which he bequeathed the whole estate to the rightful heirs, if they should ever appear to claim it. This will, of which a copy is enclosed, was burned by the present proprietor, his son, who has, in consequence, retained the estate in his own family. The copy was secretly transmitted to me by the lawyer who drew out the original will. My father, an easy and rather indolent man, never felt any inclination to go to law with him, and I never had the opportunity; but I leave deeds (how they came into my possession I have not time to state) in your hands, which I hope you will put to their proper use.—Farewell, my dear boy. Your father, DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.'

Edward's tears dropped fast as he perused the letter. Hastily seizing it and putting it, along with the other contents of the packet, into his bosom, he stole gently to his mother's bedside, and that night, over her cold remains, swore to be revenged on the persecutor of his family—Angus Stewart. After the burial of Mrs Malcolm nothing remained to the poor boys. The sale of her property brought scarcely as much as satisfied the landlord's demands. Edward, however, had a manly heart. He scorned to ask assistance from any one, but procuring from a kind friend a letter of introduction to a merchant in Glasgow, he determined on the following morning, taking Frank with him, to set out in quest of employment to that city. With a few shillings in their pockets, therefore, the two brothers, on a raw, cold morning in October, set out from what had once been their happy home. Edward was a tall, handsome lad, with a fine, frank, open countenance. Frank was a frail, tender creature—one of those beings who require some guardian, some protector, some one, in short, to help them to weather the storms of life. Both were neatly and plainly dressed, and each carried in his hand a little bundle tied up in a coloured cotton handkerchief. By Frank's red and swollen eyes it was evident he had been weeping long and bitterly. His brother tried to comfort him, but in vain. He had lost his mother whom he loved so tenderly, and to whom was he to look for comfort now? The first four miles of the road were traversed in silence. Edward was occupied with his own thoughts, and there was an air of stern resolve in his countenance unusual for a boy of his age. At length, as if starting from a dream, he exclaimed, 'See, Frank, there is Woodville; I am going to see Mr Stewart.'

'See Mr Stewart!' said Frank, in a tone of alarm; 'are you mad, or what can you do to him now?'

'I *will* go,' said Edward, and his compressed lips and resolute countenance showed his determination to fulfil his words. I will go and tell him that though Edward Mackenzie is a beggar now, he will not be so always; but that he will have revenge, deep, bitter revenge, for all that he has done to us. Walk you on, Frank, and I will be after you presently.' So saying, he leaped a boundary dyke.

'Edward! Edward!' shouted Frank; but his brother had vanished among the plantations, and Frank was obliged to pursue his way with very gloomy forebodings of the consequences. Once or twice it occurred to Edward, as he hurried impetuously on, that he was scarce acting wisely—that he was, in short, running a hazard; but he had already gone too far to retreat. Mustering resolution, therefore, he walked up to the door, and, craving admission, was speedily shown into the great man's presence. There he sat in his huge elbow-chair, the very personification of pompous vulgarity. It was some time before he deigned to notice the presence of the boy; and when he did so, it was with an insolent look and interrogation of 'What, child, is your business here?'

'My business, Mr Stewart?' said Edward, his face colouring with rage, 'you may guess what is my business when I tell you that my name is Edward Mackenzie.' Stewart started and turned pale. 'I came to tell you,' Edward proceeded, 'that though the last of the Mackenzies is now a homeless wanderer, it shall not always be so; he leaves his home, but not for ever, and when he comes back it will be a heavy day for you.'

'What!' shouted Stewart, starting to his feet; 'this from a boy, and in my own house, too.'

'Yes, Mr Stewart,' said Edward in a rage, 'you will have to endure this and much more, for I will be bitterly revenged on you for all you have done to me. There,' said he, producing the packet from his bosom, 'are the proofs of my rights and your guilt.'

Stewart's face assumed an expression of demoniac sarcasm, as he rose and walked towards the bell-rope. 'We shall see if you crow as loudly when you leave, my boy, as when you entered.' Edward in an instant perceived his danger. To rush from the room, shut and lock the door, was to him the work of a moment. He got safely out, and darting among the trees was on the highroad again before Woodville could explain to any of his domestics what he meant they should do. In his haste, however, he had dropped one of his documents, which, being found by Stewart, was, of course, committed instantly to the flames. It was an important one, too, for it proved the relationship of Evan Mackenzie and Hector Malcolm. Meanwhile, unconscious of his loss, Edward ran on till he came up to his brother.

'Run, Frank!' shouted he; 'run for your life!'

Frank needed no second bidding, but darted forward like a greyhound. When fairly exhausted, Edward sat down by the roadside, and burst into a fit of laughing.

'Have you seen him?' Frank asked eagerly.

'Seen him,' rejoined Edward, 'yes; and he has seen me too, and will not forget me in a hurry. I ought not to have gone; but no matter now, there is no danger here.'

Towards evening they reached the glen of Inchmora, and cold and wet as it was, both went into the churchyard to see their grandfather's grave. The weather had become worse since morning; the wind was howling through the trees and moaning among the ivy-covered ruins; clouds in heavy masses were flitting across the sky, and the rain was falling in torrents. The gravestone was difficult to find, being covered with the long dank dripping grass; and when found both boys seated themselves upon it to consult about their future plans. It was here that Edward first thought of looking if his packet was safe, and, to his grief, found one of the deeds amissing. He was sure he had lost it in Stewart's, and as sure that it was worse than useless to seek it there. He was in agony, and upbraided himself bitterly with having taken his own way contrary to his brother's advice. In this state his eye lighted on the inscription on the gravestone, and with considerable difficulty he deciphered it. It ran thus:—'Here lies Hector Malcolm Mackenzie, only son of Evan Mackenzie of Woodville, who died at Inchmora, 16th June, 1767.' A gleam of hope crossed the boy's mind. It was possible that this might fill up the missing link, and witnesses could easily be found to corroborate its testimony. So far comforted, Edward and Frank made their way to a neighbouring farm-house to ask shelter for the night.

It is needless to follow the details of their journey. Suffice it to say that they reached Glasgow in safety, and on Edward presenting his letter of introduction to the merchant, he was received into his counting-house. It did not fare so well with Frank; the journey had been too much for him, and he had a wretched cough, brought on by cold caught on the day they left home. In a very short time Frank was confined to bed through weakness; all his brother's spare time was spent by his bedside, and he was happy in being able, from his small salary, to afford some little comforts to his poor Frank; often would he sit sketching a brilliant future, when Frank should be a little better, and able to work for himself. Alas! Edward's hopes were doomed to be deceived. Weeks and months passed away, and still no return of health came to Frank Mackenzie. There was a bright hectic flush on his cheek, but he was getting weaker every day, and even Edward, unwilling as he was to confess it to himself, saw that Frank could not be long with him. One evening, when sitting by him reading from the Bible, while the dying boy's eyes glowed with affection, Frank laid his hand on Edward's arm and said, 'Edward, stop; I want to speak to you.' He stopped, but scarcely dared to turn round, fearing the confirmation of his own terrors from Frank's lips. 'Edward,' said Frank, 'I feel myself weaker; I am sure I am dying, and it is best you should know it. Don't cry, Edward; I am going to heaven to join my mother, and to be happy for ever. I have sought God here, and he is going to take me to himself. You have been very kind to me, Edward, and I should have liked to live a little longer for your sake; but *his* will be done. Will you promise me one thing, Edward, before I die?'

'I will, I will, Frank,' sobbed Edward.

'I heard you, Edward,' returned Frank, 'on that night when my mother died, go in and kneel by her bedside; I heard you then give vent to your feelings and vow to be revenged on Angus Stewart. Promise me that you will forgive him.'

'Forgive *him!*' cried Edward, starting from his seat: 'him, through whose means my father and mother were ruined—through whose ill-treatment I am now going to lose you. Oh, Frank, you know not what you ask! It is impossible.'

'Impossible, Edward!' said Frank, gravely; 'God says that vengeance belongs to him. Christ bids us love our enemies and do good to them that hate us. Take the Bible plan, Edward. I know it may be hard to do, but you will never repent it, and it is always the best plan. Promise me, my dear brother, that you will forgive him, or if you do take revenge, let it be by putting coals of fire on his head—by returning blessing for cursing. Promise, Edward.'

There was a pause. Edward seemed to endure an internal conflict between his evil passions and his conscience, which told him he was doing wrong in persisting in his own way; at length the latter gained the victory. 'If you can forgive him, Frank, I must and will.'

'God bless you, Edward; you will never repent it.'

That night Frank Mackenzie died. It was long ere a smile crossed the countenance of Edward; but he had no ties now to bind him to home, and his attention to his duties gaining him the esteem of his master, on a vacancy occurring in the house, he was sent out to fill a confidential situation in South America, and made junior partner of the firm. Years rolled on, and Edward Mackenzie was almost forgotten by Woodville, but Woodville was not forgotten by Edward Mackenzie. He did return, and his first step was to put some old musty-looking parchments into the hands of a man of business. It is not difficult to guess what they were. Woodville was roused from his lethargy to defend his ill-gotten wealth; he employed the first men of the profession in his cause, and never had he such need. But why enlarge? The old gravestone was removed from its resting-place, and told its story to admiration in a court of justice. The necessary witnesses were procured; and Mr Stewart found himself, instead of being victor, something above five thousand pounds in debt after all expenses were paid.

'Now for my revenge,' said Edward; 'now is my time to make him feel.'

Shortly after Angus Stewart was summoned to meet his creditors. He was punctual for once; but how changed from former times! His face was care-worn, his dress neglected, and he himself humbled to the last degree. When he entered the room, he saw a dark foreign-looking gentleman sitting there whose face he never recollected having seen. This gentleman turned out to be his only creditor. Mr Stewart showed him all his affairs, and besought his pity, if not on himself at least on his wife and family, who had been brought up in affluence, and were now reduced by a freak of fortune to comparative poverty.

'I know not,' said the gentleman, 'whether Mr Stewart deserves any pity of the sort from his creditor. Perhaps he will recollect some cases in which he has been singularly deficient himself. Did you know Mrs Malcolm of Elmville, Mr Stewart? Ah! I see you did. She had a family, too, and you kept from them their property. Did you behave as you ought to have done to a relation, sir? No, you did not. You allowed her sons to be turned out of doors; and if one of them stands before you this day it is not your fault. What mercy can Angus Stewart ask from Edward Mackenzie?'

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the old man's feet he could not have been more astonished. He had listened from the beginning with contracted brow and staring eyeballs; but when he heard who it was that stood before him, he dropped on his knees, and, clasping his hands in agony, muttered, 'It is all true.'

'True!' echoed Mackenzie, 'it is true; but that is not all; one of her sons, by your ill-treatment, was brought to an untimely grave. Had I followed my own inclinations, I would have made you drink to the dregs that bitter cup of poverty which you made me taste. The desire of revenge bore me up. It was sweet to my heart. But that boy's last wish was that you should be forgiven, and you are, and you have been. Here are the proofs of your guilt; I commit them to the flames. There are your discharged bills. Go and seek to be forgiven of God also.'

But the old man had been unable to bear the excitement, and he rolled over insensible on the floor.

Edward never repented that act.

From that day Stewart was a different person, and none could have recognised in the humble, quiet, benevolent old man the character of the former laird of Woodville. He lived for several years after on a farm which Edward generously gave him, and, when he died, the last prayer he uttered was for his benefactor, and the last name on his lips was that of Edward Mackenzie.

The old gravestone was again replaced in the churchyard, retouched by the chisel to prevent its being destroyed by the hand of time. Many a gravestone have I seen since then; but I never enter a churchyard without thinking of the sexton's story, and wondering how many sage lessons may be gathered, for the edification of juveniles, from the history of a gravestone.

## THE OLD YEAR.*

BY JOHN ANDERSON.

List to my lay, my solemn deathbed hymn,
Full of wise precepts from a dying seer;
For, hark! the sound of revelry ushers in
The young successor of the parting year,
Whom many welcome and whom many fear.
But ere the ever open grave of time
Receive my spirit in its hopeless womb,
Grant me one song before I cross the line
On the far isle of which the ripen'd virtues bloom,
With all the splendour of an endless noon.

Recording angels in my legend true
Have many a sad and many a gleeful sight,
That in my pilgrimage has met their view:
Deeds fair as morn, and others dark as night;
Some conqu'ring genius bursting into light,
Despite the fiend attempts to curb its power,
Or mark the boundary of its angel flight;
Perhaps some milder spirit, like the flower
Nipp'd by the keen frost wind of envy's chilling blight,
Sinking in darkness with its young leaves bright.

Yes, I have seen it all, though short my stay:
Hopes high as heaven all trodden to the ground,
Not for the lack of wing to hie away—
No; but because those pinions had been bound
By poverty's foul fetters round and round.
In many a factory, by the birring wheels,
In many a workshop, 'mong the drowsy smoke,
There is a world of intellect, which feels
The want of capital—a despot's grinding yoke,
That binds the panting eagle to his earthy block.

All that is destined to give mind its sway,
The throne and sceptre of this world so fair,
Has gather'd courage, in my little day,
For unfought victories over ills that stare
On yielding man, and lead him into ruin's lair.
To live a life of purity and peace
Is a new fashion opening like a spring,
And every moon old custom's powers decrease,
While all the virtues rise on bolder wing,
And joys long mute now clap their hands and sing.

Grim alcohol, first cause of half that crime
Which makes a tiger of God's image man—
A furious rebel, which the ogre wine
Has conjured up, to mar creation's plan,
Turning life's food to be life's deadliest ban.
Dread god of the depraved—all-burning drink—
Saul of the public evils—fount of death—
Samson of Britain's vices—every link
Of thy slave chain is breaking; reason saith,
Away, dark monster, with thy graveyard breath!

Oh, I could tell such tales of open sin
As slaves would read, then kiss their hateful chain;
Mixed in that cup, filled to the very brim
With dark enormities of every name,
Which thousands quaff beyond the western main:
For slavery's chalice never held a drop
Of misery so extreme as that which flows
From mind-o'erpowering drunkenness. No hope
Shines in the distant future; nought he knows,
Poor man, but drink, his heaven is in his dose.

But true to its high best, the immortal mind
Is measuring customs with a gospel rule;
And that strange bugbear fatal to mankind,
That saltless logic of the stand-still school,
'Our fathers did so,' can no more befool.
God fix'd the dwelling of the mighty sea,
And traced the circle where the planets run;
But man he left unlimited and free
To roam the earth, or scrutinise the sun,
And see the hill-tops of the world to come.

The summer genius of this age of books—
Those human creatures with a power divine—
Has thrown its soul into its very looks,
For all earth's objects wear a stamp sublime,
Dimming the glories of the great Langsyne.
The days foretold in Israel's songs come round,
When knowledge, like the waters of the deep,
Through every land wherever man is found,
With springtide flow right onward still shall sweep,
And lay its honey at the nations' feet.

One year, how small a space it is when past—
A wink of mortal time's all-restless eye!
One year, how little—like the shadow cast
By the swift lightning as it hurries by,
When warring elements hold combat in the sky!
One year—how short my sojourn here has been!
The child who started into life and glee
Sleeps, like a bud within its velvet screen,
In yon snug cradle. But, alas! I see
The open grave that yawns to-day for me!

I leave my work without regret or pain,
My part is acted, and I pass away.
I have eradicated many a stain,
And kindled hopes to burn for many a day.
But, hark! the cavalcade is on its way,
Leading forth the infant monarch to his throne.
The flush of new-born dignity is on his face.
His claims are just, and my short reign is done.
Welcome, thou bright-eyed sovereign, to my vacant place—
So sung the expiring chieftain of time's royal race.

* The above stanzas were written with the obvious intention of appearing in the INSTRUCTOR at the commencement of the year, but though not reaching us in time for that, we have been so much pleased with the fine tone and spirit by which they are characterised that we take the earliest opportunity of inserting them. When it is added that the verses are the production of an artisan, who, amid the hardships and cares which beset a life of toil, still finds an occasional hour to keep on friendly terms with the muse, we have no doubt they will be read with additional interest.

## THE BUCHANITES.*

Our readers are aware of the interest which this little work has excited within the last few months. Whatever be the opinion entertained of its merely literary merits, as an effort of authorship it has proved anything rather than a failure, although simply the resuscitation of a story which, in reference to the majority of its details, had already been about thrice told. Of the history of 'Luckie Buchan' and her sect, few readers had previously been ignorant. The transactions connected with her singular career did not transpire in a corner. The leader of no other sect or party ever allowed so much daylight to stream in upon their proceedings; and, by consequence, the origin, progress, decline, and fall of the visionary Buchanites were either known to all, or if any one, when the subject was introduced into conversation, found himself ignorant, an ordinary Biographical Dictionary or Encyclopædia would, in his hours of leisure, have imparted the requisite knowledge. Many disclosures are no doubt made, which no biography of the deluded woman had previously revealed. But the leading occurrences of her short though eventful history were all already, if not in our possession, at least at our command. There must, therefore, in the volume

* The Buchanites from First to Last. By JOSEPH TRAIN, author of 'the History of the Isle of Man,' &c. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

before us be some freshness imparted to the narrative more than the mere record of a few incidents and anecdotes never before divulged, to account for its singular and sudden popularity. And that assuredly there is. Buchan of Banff and White of Irvine, with their train of devotees, including town-clerks of burghs and fanatical superintendants of coal-works in Dumfries, made a very respectable company for a serio-comic drama, and the parts which many of them acted were sufficiently marked and *outré* to secure for them a tolerable share of notoriety; but up to the present hour the interest of the piece has been greatly weakened by the concealment of a personage, whose appearance on the boards has at length been achieved amidst general applause, and lacking whom the entire concern has hitherto resembled what we may conceive 'Guy Mannering' would have been without a Dandy, or 'Rob Roy Macgregor' minus the Bailie of the west. Edith Bellenden is represented, when writing to her uncle, as communicating a great amount of information in which the old gentleman could not be supposed to take any material amount of interest, and as reserving for her postcript a notice which she knew would at once arouse him to effort; and Mr Train, after detaining us with the names, addresses, and titles of nearly a dozen gentlemen and ladies in all parts of Scotland to whom he had been indebted for much important information anent 'the sect Buchan,' introduces at last, at the fag end of his lengthy list, a name, the value of which to the success of his work he must have known to be incalculable.

Andrew Innes of Crocketford, to whom Mr Train confesses himself chiefly indebted for the materials he has collected respecting the Buchanites, was the son of an humble cottier in Muthil, Perthshire, where he was born in 1757. He received only a common education, and was bred a carpenter. Chancing in 1783 to visit Glasgow for the purpose of attending a Relief sacrament, he overheard on the Saturday morning, from the small apartment in Dowhill which he had selected for lodgings, and where he was dressing himself, a female voice in the adjoining kitchen, just as the bells began ringing for church services, conversing with his landlady respecting Hezekiah who showed the treasures of the Lord's house to his Babylonian visiters. Andrew stood by spell-bound, and though he ran a risk of being too late for church, listened to the discourse till the bells had nearly done ringing. Setting out at last with his landlady, the person whose obvious familiarity with Scripture had just given him so much delight bore them company to the church door. 'This,' says Andrew, 'was Mrs Buchan, who afterwards became the founder of the sect that bore her name. I had never even heard of her name before, but my old landlady informed me that she had been acquainted with her for some time, and had often heard of her extensive correspondence with ministers and other people on religious subjects, and that many religious people were in the habit of visiting her.' Poor Andrew was fairly caught. After church service the Luckie again looked in upon the landlady and him while they were at dinner, and on the conclusion of that meal pressed Innes to meet her that very evening at her lodgings, which were then in the upper flat of an old wooden house in the Saltmarket. These were very poorly furnished, though Andrew does not appear at first to have had great time allowed for observation, as on his entrance Luckie immediately rose, and conducting the young carpenter to Glasgow Green, laid open to his view how the kings and priests of Israel became a curse to the people, with other parts of Scripture which he knew to be truths so simple and easy to be comprehended, that he wondered he had never seen them in the same light. Andrew, on the Monday afternoon, left Glasgow for Muthil, but not, alas! until he had paid a second visit to the sorceress, whose mingled charms were fast accomplishing their fatal purpose. He met her by appointment, allowed her to read for his edification a letter she had sent to White of Irvine, admired her more and more, went home, and was undone.

This, we assert, is the character which has imparted a charm to Mr Train's book. All the additional information he could have collected about the unhappy maniac and her silly followers from ever so many respectable sources, must have failed of making his work saleable had he not fallen in with Innes of Crocketford. Even Andrew's information would have served little purpose had he not given us Andrew himself. But here he is, drawn to the life—a real character, standing as aloof from ordinary mortality as if he had issued full-sized from the teeming brain of a Shakspeare, a Cervantes, or a Scott. Nor has Mr Train accompanied this by the delineations of his own pencil—Andrew has described himself. His letters are altogether a novelty in literature: simple, earnest, and richly egotistical, they at once convince us of his sincerity, and yet make us wonder how it can possibly be reconciled with the shrewdness, discernment, and overflowing common sense, which he obviously possessed. Sancho Panza was certainly his great prototype. While he cannot shut his eyes to the palpable absurdities, blunders, and ravings of his crazy mistress, he, however, from first to last, with more than oriental humility, succumbs to her authority, and yields obedience to her behests. For giving us Andrew, therefore, we are certainly obliged to Mr Train. The picture of the faithful dupe following at a reasonable distance the movements of the Ayr mob, when amidst showers of mud, execrations, and curses, they carried his mistress during the darkness of the night shoulder-high beyond the boundaries of the town, exhibits the richest union of pardonable cowardice and bigoted attachment. Having said this, however, we are not prepared to go much further. After candidly and carefully perusing the volume, we have not quite satisfied ourselves that its moral tendency is likely to be at all of a healthy or beneficial order. 'Oh rake not up the ashes of my fathers!' is an exclamation which can never undergo more appropriate quotation than when we see an individual set himself to attempt the revival of incidents and scenes whose unavoidable publicity at the time of their occurrence all good men regarded as a misfortune, and whose resuscitation from the dust of the oblivion which had gathered around them must be regarded as not more an unnecessary and ungracious than a pernicious and mischievous task. The success which has accompanied the present undertaking of Mr Train, will, we fear, be productive of evil consequences, and it would not greatly surprise us though the remains of Johanna Southcote, Thom of Kent, and such-like visionaries or impostors, should immediately be obtruded in a manner still more offensive upon the notice of the public. The worst thing connected with the matter is, we regret to say, the use which some who profess to regard the Buchanites as simply mad people are making of the narrative of Mr Train to bring a reproach upon the evangelical preaching of the excellent clergymen under whose ministrations, previous to her unhappy delusion, their wretched leader was privileged to sit. We have seen it roundly asserted that the clergy whose prelections had roused the enthusiasm of Mrs Buchan became ultimately her greatest enemies. The charge itself is of course unworthy of a reply, and must rebound, in such an age as ours, upon the head of the party who has advanced it; still we cannot but to some extent regret its procuring cause, and feel therefore disposed, all things considered, to wish that Mr Train had not broken up the urn of the almost forgotten Buchanites. To show, however, that after all we have said we are not disposed to wax surly about the matter, we proceed to give a brief outline of the contents of the volume now under notice.

Elspath Buchan was the daughter of John Simpson and Margaret Gordon. Her birth took place about the year 1738, at Fatmacken, in a small public house kept by her parents on the roadside between Banff and Portsoy. Her mother died when the child had reached only her third year, and her father marrying almost immediately afterwards, the poor creature appears to have been turned adrift by the cruel stepmother; for we are told that soon after the consummation of his second marriage little Eppie was sent into a strange family, where her only bedding

consisted of a bag stuffed with straw laid down on the ground beside the fire at night, with an empty sack for a coverlet, which were removed in the morning, and stowed away till required on the subsequent night. Her employment during the day was the herding of her master's cows. After exchanging for a number of years the service of one rigid master for that of another, a female relative of her mother's, after whom she had been named Elspath, appears to have at last exhibited compassion for the hardships and sufferings of the child, and taking her into her family, taught her to sew and read. This was preferment assuredly to the poor herd-girl, for the young woman to whom she was indebted for this kind treatment had been recently married to a West India planter, a native of Banff. He was home only on a visit, and about a year after Elspath came into his family he determined on setting out once more for his possessions in Jamaica. With this purpose, the whole family, including Elspath, proceeded to Greenock, there to wait for a vessel to carry them to their final destination. Elspath, who really seems to have been little better than a crazy girl from the first, is here said to have run away from the planter's family and to have taken up with idle company in the town of Ayr, where she succeeded in trepanning into the matrimonal nooze Robert Buchan, a working potter. Shortly after his marriage, Buchan returned with his spouse to the town of Banff, and there began on his own account the manufacture of earthenware. He was not successful, however, and leaving Mrs Buchan with a boy and two girls to do for themselves what they could in the town of Banff, set out to try once more in Glasgow his fortune as a workman. The circumstance of Mrs Buchan being at this time qualified to teach a reading and sewing school seems at variance with what is so often told us of her previous lazy, indolent, and even licentious habits. The fact is, Mr Train has thrown least light on the only portion of his heroine's history which we would have thanked him for telling us something more about. A few disclosures in reference to the circumstances, prosperous or adverse, that led to the formation of her character, would have proved useful, and even gratifying to the student of mental science. But there is no attempt at this, and we are kept most provokingly in the dark just precisely at the period of her history where light would have proved of value. It would seem, however, that although Mrs Buchan neglected her school to carry out the details of a divine apocalypse, she is allowed to have been competent to the task of superintending it—a circumstance, as we have said, not very easily reconciled with all that has as yet been told us of her conduct and habits. One thing is obvious: Mrs Buchan, about this time, began to exhibit in her religious creed certain objectionable peculiarities which at fellowship meetings and other places made her the object of considerable suspicions to her more orthodox friends. Mr Train asserts that the clergy were chiefly instrumental in raising the populace against her doctrines. And if they did so, who can lay blame to their charge? The clergy of Banff and the neighbouring districts acted, we know, in reference to the whole matter a wise, judicious, and even benevolent part. For the desertion of her school and the hostility of her neighbours, the unhappy woman had no one to blame but herself; and if about this time she began to exhibit symptoms of frenzy, it is exceedingly unfair to assign as its cause the sound evangelical preaching of the Banffshire clergy. But enough.

Mrs Buchan set off with her children for Glasgow in March, 1781, and her husband, then working as a journeymen potter, gave her a most cordial welcome. Her career of infatuation may now be stated as having in earnest commenced. In Banff, it is true, she had before her departure done something in the proselytising way. She had made, we are informed, several converts, the most enthusiastic of whom was a certain Mrs Cook, wife of Captain Cook, of the Prince of Wales revenue cutter—a fiery-tempered man, who on the appearance of danger instantly Luckie's clutches. But this was nothing to the triumph she acquired in Glasgow about the month of December, 1782. A Mr White of Irvine, minister of a Relief congregation in that place, had come in about the time specified to assist at a neighbouring sacrament. He was a weak, vain man, whose popularity as a preacher was much beyond what either his intellectual or moral qualities appear to have merited. His oratory, however, captivated Luckie, and guessing his weak side, she spread her net accordingly. All other ministers had heretofore disappointed her, but when she saw White with the eyes of her body, she only recognised one whom, by the eye of faith, she often rejoicingly had seen before. Taking advantage of his vanity, she wrote to him in the following terms:—'On Saturday night, when your discourse was ended, an acquaintance says to me, 'What do you think of Mr White?' I answered, 'What do you think of Jesus Christ?'' While this letter was working its intended effects on the weak head and irresolute heart of her victim, Andrew Innes visited Glasgow, as already noticed. Andrew must therefore, we suspect, take precedence, in the catalogue of the old woman's converts, of the minister of Irvine.

White's letter inviting Mrs Buchan to Irvine, and stating how cordially he fell in with her views, did not arrive till several weeks after the carpenter had departed for Muthil, 'an altered man.' Whatever be in this, one thing is certain, Mrs Buchan lost no time in departing for Irvine. She became a lodger in White's family, and went about from house to house expounding Scripture, till a few of the more rational of Mr White's members took such umbrage at his continued intimacy with such a woman, and at his avowed adherence to many of her principles, that they expressed the strongest dissatisfaction, and threatened to leave his ministry if he did not send her instantly to the right about. She was therefore compelled to return to Glasgow, but White was already wholly hers.

After her departure, Mr White waxed louder than ever in his laudation of her merits; and though he did not avow his belief that she was really the woman spoken of in the Revelation of St John, yet he boldly affirmed her to be a saint of no ordinary description, and the harbinger of a light that would unveil the darkness of antichrist, that had long overshadowed the land. The avowal of these and a variety of other heretical opinions proved so offensive to many of his congregation, that a formal charge was laid before the presbytery, and sentence of suspension was unanimously carried against him on the 8th of July, 1783. A number of his hearers, however, including Mr Hunter, the town-clerk, and a respectable builder of the name of Gibson, still adhered to Mr White. They organised themselves into a regular society, and sent to Glasgow for Mrs Buchan.

Luckie now publicly avowed herself the woman of the Revelation, and Mr White the man-child born unto her. Their adherents increased, and, with the exception of the occasional snatches of enjoyment which, in spite of ourselves, we cannot help feeling so often as Andrew Innes is brought upon the carpet, pain, almost unmixed, is the only sensation we experience from all the subsequent details of the story. Mr White preaches in his own garden to audiences attracted partly from principle, partly from curiosity; Andrew Innes arrives from Muthil; mobs collect round White's house in Irvine, about dark, demanding the person of Luckie Buchan; for greater security, they adjourn to the parlour of Mr Hunter, the town-clerk; they are discovered there also; the populace get infuriated; bang go doors and windows; and Mrs Buchan, for whom the mob are yelling without, endeavours to escape through a back door, but falls unfortunately into the hands of the conspirators. After dragging her through the streets of Irvine, many were for ducking her in the river, but the majority were for hounding her home to her husband, to the sound of an old tin kettle; and it was on this occasion that they actually trailed her to Stewarton,

Andrew Innes says, 'Mr White and I, concealed by the darkness of the night, followed at a short distance all the way. They would raise her up as high as they could, calling aloud for her to fly now to heaven like Enoch or Elijah.' When they reached Stewarton bridge, they proposed pitching her into the river, but some one interfering they dragged her into the village, where the amazed inhabitants came running out with candles in their hands, to see what was the matter. The crowd increased, but fortunately, the night being very dark, Elspath Buchan escaped from the clutches of the mob. Innes and White had got back to Irvine, and, along with a number of friends, were, about the grey of the morning, lamenting, in that reverend gentleman's parlour, the loss they had sustained by Luckie's murder, when, lo! bareheaded, barefooted, with scarce a rag to cover her, the woman clothed with the sun who had brought forth the man-child made her appearance. After escaping from the mob, by dint of clambering over dykes and squeezing through hedges, Luckie had contrived, by a private road, to find her way home. She was, however, somewhat injured, and as no Irvine surgeon would look after her wounds, they had to hire a cart, and, under the escort of Andrew Innes, took her to Glasgow. The Irvine people followed them for several miles, and threatened that if ever she returned again they would certainly kill her.

After her recovery, Mrs Buchan wanted to return to Irvine, but Andrew meanwhile got her persuaded to visit his native village Muthil, where many longed to see her, and where Duncan Robertson, a pious wheelwright, made her the promise, if she came, of bed, washing, and keep. Her Irvine friends rather recommending the step, Luckie accordingly set out for the north. There she remained several weeks, returning to Irvine about the middle of spring 1784, with cart after cart laden with people, goods, and chattels. This public exhibition roused anew the indignation of the Irvine populace. They assembled in the streets in crowds, and pelted the windows and doors of Mr White's house with stones till they were all broken. The magistrates had to interfere; and meeting in council on the morning of the 10th of May, they voted Mrs Buchan a nuisance, and unanimously decreed that she should be sent forth of the royalty within ten hours. 'As the news of this decision,' says Mr Innes, 'soon reached all concerned, we assembled with all speed in Mr White's house.' Though Mrs Buchan only was required to leave the town, 'we all rallied round her in Mr White's parlour, each man with a staff in one hand and a small bundle in the other, each woman with their coats kilted and a small bundle in a handkerchief tied round her waist.'

Several old people still remember to have witnessed the departure of the Buchanites from Irvine. Mrs Buchan, attired in a scarlet cloak, with the discarded minister, and one or two of her higher dupes, were seated in cart, while the remainder, who were, for the most part, 'clever chiels and long bony cheeked lasses,' followed on foot.

Allan Cunningham's description of the progress of these enthusiastic visionaries is much more poetical than that of Andrew Innes. 'Our Lady,' says Allan, 'as they called Mrs Buchan, rode in front on a white pony, and often halted to lecture them on the loveliness of the land, and to cheer them with food from what she called the garden of mercy, and with drink from a large cup called the comforter.' Andrew, on the contrary, speaks only of the hardships they endured while travelling by day, and of their highly incommodious night-quarters. As they marched along, when they could get a few oat-cakes to purchase at a farm-house, they sat down by the bank of a rivulet; when 'Friend Mother broke the cakes and gave each a piece, then one of the women followed with a tankard of water and handed it round. Thus, a piece of oat-cake, and a drink of cold water, was our common fare: we all shared alike except Friend Mother, who, after she had divided the bread, lighted her pipe and took a smoke of tobacco.' Proceeding in this manner, and traversing Dundonald, Auchinleck, New Cumnock, and other villages in Ayr, they reached at last the borders of Dumfriesshire. A posse of constables, after exhibiting a fugie-warrant, here made a seizure of Mr Hunter, the town-clerk of Irvine, and forced him to wind up his mercantile affairs; while several other persons of the party, afraid of similar consequences, returned to settle their affairs also. This was alarming, and Friend Mother resolved to call a halt *instanter*, and, pitching their camp at the first resting-place they could find, to await the return of their friends from Irvine. At New Cample, accordingly, a farm about two miles from Thornhill, and only one and a half from the fabled cave of Balfour of Burley, the party came to a halt. Mr Davidson, who rented the farm, gave them the use of his kitchen, and, on condition that they would assist him in his field-labour, without making any additional charge, of an empty barn as well. Andrew Innes was, meanwhile, dispatched to Irvine with a letter ordering the speedy return of the absentees; and, on his return, the small-sized youth (whose measured height, by the by, was only five feet two inches) found that during his absence the friends had got commodiously located, and, like the early Christians, had all things in common. A certain Mrs Muir, who had formerly kept a cloth-shop in Irvine, took charge of all unused garments. The other women assisted in washing, in knitting, and in mending the stockings. They had tailors who mended their clothes, cobblers who repaired their shoes, and all was as common as circumstances would admit. Mr Davidson, the farmer, finding that the articles of farm produce required by the Buchanites were considerable, that everything was paid for on delivery, and that his farm-work of every description was gratuitously performed, waxed prodigiously generous, and allowed the Buchanites to remain on his ground for a longer period than he had at first agreed to. Mr Hunter, too, the town-clerk, and the other persons who had returned to Irvine, came back at last, and everything went on swimmingly. Mr Davidson's barn did well enough, but harvest was at hand, and in the prospect of the building being required for farm purposes, the Buchanites fell to and reared one for themselves. It was far from being an elegant structure, but, when completed, it was found to answer its purpose. Scarcely had they got into their new abode, however, when on the evening of the 24th December, 1784, there being no moonlight, and the ground covered with snow, the Buchanites beheld, to their surprise, lights on all the surrounding hills, and heard at the same time the firing in various quarters of what were obviously signal guns. In a little time, just about nightfall, they observed clusters of men gathering and approaching in every direction towards their house, armed with bludgeons, pitchforks, and flails. The Philistines were upon them, and the greatest consternation prevailed. Shocked by the rumours in circulation respecting the opinions and habits of the silly dupes, the men of Nith aroused themselves to effort just as the men of Irvine had done before. After surrounding 'Buchan Ha',' one of their number rapped smartly at the door, demanding admittance. No answer was returned, and, like Hobbie Elliot and his party at Westburnflat, the enraged Nithsdalemen declared that unless they delivered up into their hands Luckie Buchan and the Man Child White, they would burn the entire concern about their long ears. Silence still! and the next moment stones were battered against both doors and windows till the whole were smashed in pieces. The mob immediately rushed in and demanded the persons of Buchan and White, but by good fortune they had that evening paid a visit to the factor of Mr Monteith of Closeburn, and could not be found. Disappointed of their prey, the rioters accordingly retired. But they did not, like the Irvine men, escape the fangs of justice, twenty of them being smartly fined for their conduct by the sheriff of the county. After this Mrs Buchan made a few converts in the neighbourhood, chiefly among the small farmers, and a few more from Irvine joined the party.

One evening the whole menage was thrown into a state

of violent excitement. They had all along been looking anxiously for some signal, premonitory of their translation to heaven, when suddenly, one evening, a voice, as if from the clouds, was heard singing—

'Oh! hasten translation, and come resurrection!
Oh! hasten the coming of Christ in the air.'

All the members became violently excited, fell to dancing, leaping, and clapping their hands, and Mr Hunter, the town-clerk, whilst striving to descend from the cock-loft, tumbled down the trap-ladder; recovering, however, immediately his equilibrium, he danced and clapped his hands with the rest, and sung out most lustily 'Oh, hasten translation.' The noise within alarmed the neighbourhood without. Many thinking the last day was at hand, squeezed into the kitchen, whom Mrs Buchan told to be of good cheer, for she now saw her people were not prepared for the mighty change which she intended them to undergo. The light passed from her countenance, and calling for a tobacco pipe she took a smoke! How long this tumult lasted, Andrew Innes declares himself unable to tell. He remembers, however, when daylight appeared, of having seen the floor strewed with watches, gold rings, and a great number of trinkets, thrown away by their possessors as quite useless in their expected country. Friend Mother, before calling for her tobacco pipe, had it seems sat with great composure in the midst of the dancers and jumpers, her face shining so white as to dazzle the sight of those who beheld it; and eke her raiment was white as snow. This was to all a convincing proof that Mrs Buchan was the divine person Mr White gave her out to be, and so complete was now her ascendancy, that when she assured them that their failure to ascend was nothing but the want of faith on their parts, and that a preparatory fast of forty days was now indispensable to its accomplishment, they unanimously yielded to the suggestion, and the fast began.

It is needless to detain the reader with a detail of the consequences. The majority of the members went through the horrible ordeal with unshrinking firmness. Though reduced to mere shadows, and unable to walk across the floor, they did not give in before the probationary term. But a few desertions took place, and, upon the whole, the fast may be said to have been the beginning of sorrows. A fresh scandal was raised in Nithsdale by the absurdity of this and other proceedings which came to light. But Luckie Buchan was not dismayed. Collecting her followers, she led them out, pale and emaciated as they were, to the top of Templand hill, which they ascended before break of day. The attempt proved unsuccessful of course. Quite downcast, in short, they had to retrace their steps to their former abode; and though Luckie was not unprepared with explanations, her power from that day over her followers gradually diminished. By a number, particularly those from England, to whom the fast had proved a grievous affliction, she was denounced as an impostor; many of these having placed all their worldly means at the disposal of the society, now became common beggars. Ashamed to return to their homes, they wandered from door to door depicting in unmeasured terms the darker shades of Luckie Buchan's character, and detailing the miseries they had brought upon themselves by listening to her irreligious fooleries. After their secession, failing to give security that they would not become chargeable to the parish, the Buchanites were expelled by the civil authorities from the farm of New Cample.

Greatly reduced in numbers, the unhappy creatures proceeded to Auchengibbert—a wild moorland farm in the parish of Urr, where their struggle for subsistence was keen and miserable. White got completely soured, and began in many instances to treat with obvious carelessness the fundamental laws of the institution. At last Mother Buchan died on the 29th of March, 1791, maintaining her divine attributes to the very last, and enjoining her followers to union and steadfastness after her demise. Mrs Buchan having promised to come from the dead at the termination of ten days, or failing in that, of ten [illegible] time taken of the body. The civil authorities interfering at last, it met with private burial. Shortly after this, White recanted, and setting off for America, concluded his career by becoming a Universalist preacher. After this the sect became more worldly-minded—working for gain, and showing less attachment to each other. Meanwhile, Andrew Innes got possession of Luckie's bones, which he preserved in a box of considerable size, and with a small remnant of the community removed to Langhill, and subsequently to Cockpen, where, on the 19th of January, 1845, this last of the Buchanites was decently interred, the bones of Mrs Buchan descending into the same grave with his own.

## EVENINGS AT HOME.

BY A LADY OF NEW ORLEANS.

How do you spend your evenings at home? A strange question, considering that I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance; nevertheless, a very rational one. An old Spanish proverb says, 'Tell me how you spend your time, and I'll tell you what you are.'

To those who delight in sight-seeing—who are never happy but in a crowd, never so miserable as when confined by the weather or circumstances to their homes, I have nothing to say—they are all hopeless cases; while the wealthy, in their splendid mansions, surrounded with all the 'means and appliances to boot' for killing time, could not answer the question. They know not *how* their hours are frittered through; circumstances do not compel them to take note of their flight farther than is necessary in keeping appointments, for the purpose of systematically wasting time in company with others as frivolous and idle as themselves.

That man or woman must be happy whose genius can, meteor-like, send its rays to illuminate the halls of the opulent or the lowly cabins of the poor. Who must not envy those gifted and enlightened few—the offspring of whose minds, travelling through time and space, has shed its light upon the hearts of thousands—their power of doing good? The slight sketches from my humbler pen command no great circulation, nor do I ask that the meed of praise should ever grace my name; enough if my essays have contributed to the amusement or instruction of but one family circle in the middle walks of life, to which class they have been chiefly addressed, or have helped to chase care or gloom from the poor man's fireside, bearing him and his little ones company when the toils of the working-day were past.

To return where I began—let me ask—How do you spend your *evenings at home?* 'Oh,' methinks you reply, 'friends often drop in, and we spend our evenings very agreeably.' 'How?' 'Why we talk about the last new actress, or the last new novel, and sometimes we have a game at cards.' Mighty instructive! You take tea about seven o'clock, company 'drops in' about eight, and from that time till ten you chat about opera-singers, dancing-girls, James's flat novels, and millinery. Sometimes you tell your visiters, by way of interlarding the amusements of the evening, that it is excessively warm, or rainy, or cold, just as if they could not observe for themselves; and when each and all of these rational means fail to keep your visiters from looking at their watches and yourself from yawning, some one proposes *cards*, another laudable method of killing time—*time!* that best gift of heaven, if properly occupied!

I cannot see a reason why, in the middle walks of life, woman may not be equally well informed, and as intelligent and graceful a companion, as—where cradled in affluence, her mind as well as body enfeebled with idleness—her more aristocratic neighbour claims, and too often receives credit for mere superficial accomplishments, where in nine cases out of ten, intellect, that greatest of heaven-bestowed endowments, is wanting.

Let it not be supposed that I would be so absurd as to affirm, that the mere possession of wealth in the higher circles of society excludes a useful employment of time

for in mine own favoured city, have I met with a higher elevation of character and intellectual eminence than might be supposed to exist with a conformity to the enlarged circle of superficial accomplishments held essential to constitute a fashionable education. It was while contemplating the elevated position of such women, and their high moral influence upon society, that I first formed the wish to direct the efforts of a mind to which 'Heaven had lent a feeble ray,' to show the fallacy of the present system pursued by the middle classes of society in superficially educating their daughters, thereby rendering them totally unfit for the station in life which they most probably must occupy. Nor would I, on the other hand, preclude all lighter and elegant accomplishments; but those things should be regulated by circumstances. What I would most strenuously urge is—kill time no longer; let your aim be to be useful; study and practise those home-duties that make the fireside pleasant; let your conversation be of a more elevated character than novels and millinery; be not ignorant of the events of the day—read some newspaper daily; don't say you have no time. What! a woman who can conveniently spare two hours of an evening at a whist-table not have time to read a newspaper! Avoid novel-reading—seriously, it is injurious. No man or woman could read the novels of Scott without reaping pleasure and profit, but his mantle has fallen on none of his followers; avoid then the *garbage* which has so pernicious a tendency, demoralising and corrupting. Let your leisure hours be spent in reading the lives of eminent men, books of travel and history. Let the latter be read aloud in your evenings at home in the quiet family circle.

No woman should be ignorant of the events that made our country great. Show by your conduct of self-education that you esteem it no light merit to be considered a companion by your husband, and as an intelligent, well-informed woman by the friends who assemble at his house. Avoid an ostentatious display of knowledge, for humility is an excellent thing in woman; but be always ready, when occasion demands to 'hang a wreath of violets in the temple of Minerva.'

Although I would by no means exclude all the minor accomplishments from the middle walks of life, still I condemn the absurd expenditure of *time* squandered in their acquisition, when they are doomed after all (the great object, marriage, once attained) to be laid aside, as no longer worth the pains. Let us suppose a case. A young lady, brought up to think everything *useful* an indignity, all that may not be ornamental an absurdity, highly accomplished in every superficial attainment, has seen her father become a bankrupt amid the distresses of '37, then her husband failing in the no less trying year of '40—would such a woman do well to cling to her former tastes and expensive habits? would she not act a wiser and more womanly part by conforming without a murmur to her husband's altered circumstances, and writing such lessons of prudence and resignation on the minds of her children as would in future years bloom anew after the model of her own?

Is your husband a clerk? he may be obliged to remain late in his employer's shop or office. Then, in place of hurrying your little ones off to bed, that you may have a little comfortable gossip with a neighbour, keep them up with you, that they may welcome his return, instructing them the while in their country's history. Is there any accomplishment in which you once prided yourself to excel? now, while waiting his return, teach it to your daughters. Then in the hush and holy calm of the evening hour, read to your little ones from the sacred page, that they may be prepared on their father's return, while gathered round his knee, to raise on the pleasant hearth the family altar for prayer and praise. Believe me, in *his* pleased commendation of their progress and improvement you will have reaped a richer reward than any gossipping wife or mother ever knew.

Is your husband a mechanic? then, by the practice of those quiet duties that render the poor man's home pleasant, you draw him from clubs and bar-rooms to the quiet fireside circle, where, stimulated by your example, he reads from the instructive page of history for his own and children's benefit, while their pleased mother, listening with attention, busily plies the needle till the hour for bed arrives. Then, are you a Christian mother? when you see the sacred page of holy writ closed, and every knee around you bent in family prayer, give thanks to Him who made you the humble instrument of so much good in the profitable employment of evenings at home.

## POPULAR PHILOSOPHY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BEAUTIFUL are the compensations of society, by the operations of which inequalities are well nigh effaced, one benefit being bestowed on those to whom some other is denied, and a disadvantage curiously annexed to a good possessed only by the few. The condition of the masses is obviously preclusive of a philosophy pursued according to the manner of schools and colleges. But, if the cases be liberally examined, it will be found that not only is there an evil usually inseparable from the state of the aristocracy in philosophy; but that, in the circumstances of the great body of mankind in active life, there are advantages of position and temper of mind which ought to be noticed in an estimate of a popular philosophy. In the existence of this compensation there is a reason for profound sympathy between the professional and the general labourer in the field of mental inquiry. Contempt on either side of what the other is doing is alike unworthy the generous study in whose service they profess in common to be, and dangerous to the validity of the results to which their investigations may be leading them. For, let us look at the facts and see how remote ought boasting to be from either of the parties. Besides learning how needful are the labours of both in order to correct the partialness of view of each, we shall, by such an examination, make some way towards determining the true nature and the methods of a popular philosophy.

In marked contrast to the fluctuating and uncertain efforts of the unprofessional inquirer, the steady and regularly continued labours of him who has dedicated his life to this one study are seen to stand forth. Analysis, which appears to the unpractised scarcely possible, is prosecuted till the elements of mind are laid bare before the view, classified, and fitted with a technical terminology. Out of such attempts a system emerges. Life is thereby thrown open, and we have an index to its complicated movements through an inspection of those simple laws by which its action is regulated. But observe the danger in which the theorist stands. Towering in grand, severe, and scientifically beautiful proportions, his system fascinates him, and from it his eye will not, almost cannot, avert itself to look impartially at other systems, or make corrections by renewed investigation of the original facts. In addition to this source of evil, he is exposed to one which arises from the circumstances of his method. Having allotted to himself a special department, he works it eagerly to the exclusion or partial oversight of others. Consequently he seldom puts up again what he has taken to pieces for inspection, but rather substitutes the abstraction for the concretion, the cold and inanimate law for its operation in actual life, the generalisation for the details and circumstances of a breathing humanity. In this condition of immersion in an idea he stalks about a dreamy ghost, ignorant of aught else, and indifferent as he is ignorant. In one respect he is superior to common men, if he be a real, although a partial, investigator; in respect, we mean, of the phenomena which he has undertaken to examine. Let the artisan, or out-door labourer, or counting-house clerk, filch the philosopher of his truth, or at least of his monopoly of it, submit it to what tests are within reach, and thenceforth make it a perpetual possession. In this manner one will work into the hands of the rest; what the unprofessional inquirer could not have undertaken is performed for him by one competent and at leisure. For long and involved inquiries he may have

neither taste nor capacity; but if once the clue is put into his hands, he can unroll it with ease. A fact impossible, perhaps, of discovery by him, is, when discovered, capable of verification and innumerable applications. For the assistance thus rendered by the philosopher, surely he is to be loved and venerated!

On the other side, however, gleams of advantage are seen to shoot forth as soon as we turn ourselves in its direction. Disengaged from any system of which he himself claims the paternity, the general student of philosophy can freely cast his eyes over the whole field of mental science; avail himself of all that is available; suffer his spiritual character to be modified by whatever it can assimilate from foreign sources; and be ever on the outlook for what new and heretofore undiscovered materials are from time to time thrown up conspicuously on the surface. No doubt the same exercises may be done equally well by the professed philosopher, provided he rise above his circumstances, and set aside all influences which might bias his judgment or dispose him to restrict his view to the spot which he himself is working. But, in general, and making allowance for exceptions, we may say that those avowedly dedicated to mental science succeed each in illustrating, with greater or less degrees of success, only one phase of philosophy. Hence the schools exhibit their several tendencies: one, sensational, ascribing everything to the senses; another, ideal, which starts with spirit and refers the outward world to mere states of mind; another is sceptical and full of doubts; while another is credulous and mystical. A central point of view, it is obvious, is preferable to the place occupied by any one of these schools; and although the general inquirer must of necessity remain less profoundly versed in the several sections of philosophy than each of these schools is in the department which it cultivates, he may, nevertheless, realise more of the spirit of philosophy, and view the general phenomena of mind in better harmony and proportion than they. Life, when passed in the busy ways of men, has the effect of turning up various classes of phenomena, not in a condition of isolation from one another, but always in a state modified by cotemporaneous facts of a kind different from themselves. A particular idea has thus no opportunity of warping the mind out of its orbit. It influences it more or less as do others. It communicates its share of truth and beauty to the stock of thoughts which are ever being developed in action. But amidst all the individual forces which seek to affect the mind, the equilibrium is nicely preserved; so fast is the succession of powers, or so mixed up and complicated with one another, as, by mutual action, to neutralise their excess of force. We are speaking, of course, of the philosopher in active life, be he merchant, or handicraftsman, clerk, or what he may; not of the mere man of action, who may ignobly enough bury himself in his profession, and thereby be totally unfitted for passing an opinion on any one point beyond the details of his trade.

Life, indeed, offers to the man who, although claiming to be considered nothing more than one of the people, yet exercises his calling in the light of philosophy, many other advantages besides that one, however important, which we have just mentioned. One of the most prevalent sources of a false mental science is the confusion of the personal with the generical, the adventitious with the necessary; owing to a limited experience and the interpreting of all facts, be they as anomalous as they please, by what, in our own individual cases, we are conscious of being ourselves the subject of. No antidote to this method of generalising exists, but in a freer intercourse with men; such an intercourse, in short, as common life supplies. Men of all shades of character, in circumstances of every variety, now on, now off their guard, at one time exposed in this respect, at another in that, pass in show before us, through whom we may note what is common to the species and the class, what is peculiar to the individual. Besides this, only consider how often thoughts impossible of gain in solitude visit us while the sweet hum of life is entering the ear, and insensibly finding its way to the heart. Self, it is true, is the great key to all other men; and, in order to any success in philosophy, we must always carry it about with us, and especially apply it when about to institute an examination into the more recondite facts of human nature. But what eludes us moping in sequestered secrecy may cross our path while mixing with the multitude; possibly only once, and as if for a moment. Yet the glimpse thus gained may rest in the memory; and comparing one such with another, we may eventually become acquainted with the most subtle laws of spirit. Moreover, while it would be wrong and ruinous to despise a technical language in philosophy, it must not be denied that such a language is preparatory and temporary only; and that philosophy is never triumphant until it finds its expression in the hearty language of common life.

Far is it from us, then, to chant a dirge over the condition of men in general, as if the philosophy we love were placed beyond their possible reach. To them also, as to specially endowed individuals, is the cup proffered by the hand of Providence. Let them take it, and welcome. No obstruction which they do not voluntarily suffer lies in their way, if haply the mind is left free of malady, and the body from the ravages of hunger and disease. A genius for philosophy, forsooth! Every man has this genius in possibility, and may come into its conscious possession, if only he believe and learn how to exercise himself properly. Men are terrified from reclaiming their birthright by the portentous history of philosophy, willing to forego all the gain and honour of its use, if thereby they may keep free of its weariful entanglements. But no burden too heavy need be imposed on general inquirers. It is not expected that all men, or even more than a very few, are to pitch their tents for life in any one department of philosophy. No; let them rather love the spirit of self-search, and aim to impregnate their whole experience with its quickening power. We do not wish them to go all the day hanging their heads in sorrow, hopeless of piercing the darkness to the borders of which inquiry has brought them. They may leave to those of keener vision and stronger wing to hover over the abyss; themselves waiting in tranquillity for the apocalypse which will dissipate the shadows from their minds. The candle of the Lord is brighter in one man than in another; and a fellow-inquirer may reveal to us with distinctness what our dimmer flame can interpret only when assisted.

If prosecuted in this spirit, a popular philosophy will not be prolific of systems; although every man who imbibes a relish for inquiries into mind will have his general powers sharpened; while his thoughts will insensibly settle into order, and form for themselves a system. A system may exist where it is not expressed, latently, but efficaciously. But the effort of expression, while, in general, excellent as a discipline, may yet have such effect upon the mind through want of skill as to obscure the thoughts and throw their relations out of harmony into disorder. Thousands who are orthodox because they are silent would become heretical if they sought to give voice to their creed. Yet no inference could be less legitimate, than that philosophy fails to exert its influence if formal utterance is denied it. On the contrary, it does speak, and speak effectually too. But it is rather in the whole life than in one definite volume of expression that it proclaims its presence. It communicates a delicacy and polish to the thoughts, and elevates the tone, general bearing, and social influence of a man. The senses and beggarly details of life lose a perceptible measure of their power of oppression as the spirit of philosophy animates us. The past and future are made to predominate over the present; while our hopes and fears become less arbitrary, because more defined by self-knowledge and acquaintance with the moral forces around us.

Would men, especially the youth of our day, only think in the spirit of a modest but aspiring philosophy, it is impossible to predict the change in the history of humanity which the future chronicler would have to commemorate. The effect would appear in every department of life. The shopkeeper, instead of glancing into my lady's eyes to see

only how she looks in relation to purchase, would note every passion lurking in that wonderful feature. Not a look or a gesture which should not communicate something to his register of life, over and above what serves for the hour and the occasion. Pooh! what a mockery, if a man were to live merely to saw the air in bows of obeisance and gratitude; if a customer should leave naught behind her but the dust of her feet and a few thin pieces of gold, in return for so vast an expenditure of human attention! The conception is ridiculous. But once let the divine idea descend into the shopboy's soul, and instantly, as if by miraculous agency, the scene is transfigured. Master, fellow-servants, customers, are stripped of their commonness. Each of them has a character to be studied, not for vulgar ends, but as a door of entrance into the mystery of humanity. Goods, messages, the most menial offices, minister to his uses, supplying, at one and the same time, the materials and the occasion of insight. The most disastrous facts of his outward history, the loss of sales, become curious inlets to the knowledge he is in search of. For every event has a twofold lesson; one common to him with others, another peculiar to himself. When seemingly absorbed in displaying his wares to the best advantage, he is, perhaps, with awestruck spirit, on the confines of some great pyschological discovery, or prophetically visiting the paradise into which he hopes to be admitted when time shall have rolled away, and the pageant of earth no longer chains him an unwilling spectator.

What is true of one profession is true of all; as soon as the spirit of philosophy possesses the artisan or the labourer, the obvious surface of life is displaced by one which grows daily more various and divine. Politics cease to be that medley of ignorance, asperity, and partizanship which very generally they are. Nature, too, becomes more intelligible: looked on in a kindly frame, she returns sweet smiles, holding up her spiritual eyes as a mirror in which we may behold ourselves, and in her rapid transformations affording us emblems by which the unutterable things of the soul may be shadowed out. Christianity, likewise, blooms in more spiritual beauty, as we interpret her records by the light of a truer self-acquaintance. The dark and perplexed becomes luminous; the seemingly false or commonplace is elevated into the immutable and the supernaturally new. No longer do we falter in deciphering her mystic page, or suffer ourselves to be tempted to rush from her temples, as the resort of the impostor and the superstitious. Philosophy is found to be religious, and Christianity to be philosophical, and in each the face of God is seen. On which account, in lowly prayer, progress in both is made the object of petition. Let us forfeit neither; but, opening our hearts to the influx of the spirit of Christ, let us conjoin, in thought and desire, the philosophy of earth and heaven, rejoicing that what is revealed by the light within us, is not proved to be darkness by that received from without.

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### SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.

Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange, London, was the son of a very poor woman, who left him in a field when an infant; but the chirping of a grasshopper leading a boy to the place where he lay, his life was preserved: from this circumstance, the future merchant took the grasshopper for his crest, and hence the cause of placing the figure of that insect over the Royal Exchange.

### CRITICISM.

Soon after Lord Kenyon was appointed Master of the Rolls, he was listening very attentively to a young clerk, who was reading to him, before a number of gentlemen of the long robe, the conveyances of an estate, and, on coming to the word *enough*, pronounced it *enow*. His honour immediately interrupted him, 'Hold! hold! you must stand corrected; *enough* is, according to the vernacular custom, pronounced *enuff*, and so must all other English words which terminate in *ough*; as for example, *tough*, *rough*, *cough*, &c. The clerk bowed, blushed, and went on for some time, when coming to the word *plough*, he, with a loud voice, and a penetrating look [illegible] called it *pluff*! The great lawyer stroked [illegible] chin, with a smile candidly said, 'Young man, *I sit correct*

### SAGACITY OF THE MONKEY.

The following singular account of a combat betwee monkey and a cobra de capello, is given in the Med Times, on the authority of a gentleman who witnessed fact at Patna, some thirty years ago. The monkey habited a large *burr* (*Indice*) or banyan tree (*fi indica*), and was preparing to ascend it, when he perce a large cobra near the root. On every attempt to appro the trunk, the snake reared his crest to attack him, as the monkey moved to the other side, the snake in manner shifted his ground, so as always to intercept advance to the tree. The monkey on this quickened movements, danced from side to side and occasiona rushing directly at the snake as if to seize it, kept it a state of continual action and alarm for nearly two hou At length the cobra, apparently tired out, lay stretch upon the ground. The monkey now w[illegible] fore it, watching its motions all the time wi[illegible] vigilance, and gradually lessening the dist[illegible] them, till he arrived within reach of a single springing on his enemy, before he had time to head, grasped him firmly by the neck. The snake enveloped him in its folds, but the monkey retaini seized a brickbat (a part of the ruins of an ol[illegible] the foot of the tree) and coolly set himself to w against the head of the snake. This operation was c tinued with the most determined perseverance, till he h utterly destroyed all vestige of the head, reducing it to confused mass, when, disengaging himself from the n inert folds, he threw it from him, and springing up to h wonted roosting-place in the tree. After this, it can scarce be questioned, that the monkey was not perfectly awa of the dangerous character of the snake, and also kne well the seat of the formidable power which his enem possessed, and could in an instant put forth for his destru tion. It also appears to prove that the larger animal unlike the smaller ones, and small birds, are incapable being acted upon by the power of fascination.

### RIPE BREAD.

Bread made of wheat floor, when taken out of the ove is unprepared for the stomach. It should go through change, or ripen, before it is eaten. Young persons, persons in the enjoyment of vigorous health, may eat brea immediately after being baked, without any sensible injur from it; but weakly and aged persons cannot; and no can eat such, without doing harm to the digestive organs Bread, after being baked, goes through a change simi to the change in newly brewed beer, or newly churned buttermilk, neither being healthy until after the change During the change in bread, it sends off a large portion of *carbon*, or unhealthy gas, and imbibes a large portion of *oxygen*, or healthy gas. Bread has, according to th computation of physicians, one-fifth more nutriment when ripe, than when just out of the oven. It not only has more nutriment, but imparts a much greater degree of cheerfulness. He that eats old ripe bread will have a much greater flow of animal spirits than he would were he to eat unripe bread. Bread, as before observed, discharges carbon and imbibes oxygen. One thing, in connection with this fact, should be particularly noticed by all housewives: it is to let the bread ripen where it can inhale the oxygen in a pure state. Bread will always taste of the air that surrounds it while ripening; hence it should be placed where the are is pure. It should never ripen in a cellar, nor in a close cupboard, nor in a bedroom.

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## OFFENCE-TAKING.

THERE are some people who seem born to create the greatest possible annoyance to themselves and others. Of such a class, on a grand scale, are the so-styled heroes who from time to time have appeared on the theatre of the world only to deluge it with blood. Men of capacious minds, the prey of an aspiring ambition, scrupling at no means for its gratification, and treading over the necks of slaughtered thousands to the accomplishment of their designs, have, after all, found themselves as far removed from real enjoyment as the hapless citizens and villagers whose quiet homes were crushed to ruin beneath their progress. Among those who have sought distinction in the paths of literature are found some whose whole life has been a scene of controversy, and who, though not causing the same wide-spread devastation as the warrior, have enjoyed not more real happiness; while they have also managed, in their own peculiar fashion, to let loose the firebrands of discord among men. And the case is the same in the humbler sphere of ordinary life. We often meet with individuals who seem just made to annoy themselves and those around them. We do not allude to the 'angry man,' who takes fire like powder, and 'goes off' on every trifling occasion; who is never at peace, like the Irishman, but when in a passion; whose whole life is a continual worry and snarl. The class we have in our eye may be denominated 'offence-taking' people. From an unfortunate aptness or disposition to put a hasty construction upon acts and expressions of their friends and acquaintance, which they don't exactly see through, your offence-taking people cause an inconceivable amount of annoyance, personal and relative. They are ever ready to be displeased upon the slightest cause, or (which is oftener the case) without any cause at all. They are, as it were, quick flesh all over. You cannot touch them but they wince. An unpremeditated casual remark, which does not exactly square with their notions of self-dignity, they immediately set down as a deliberate and malicious attempt to give them annoyance. Their brain is ever on the rack for motives, and where none do or can exist,

> 'Imagination gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.'

They thus inflict upon themselves a species of self-torture, not the less painful because it springs from imaginary wrong. This offence-taking aptitude is admirably ridiculed by Mercutio when he says to Benvolio: 'Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? With another for tying his new shoes with old riband?'

Individuals who thus, tinder-like, take offence on every trifling occasion, must, in general, be influenced either by over-sensibility or self-conceit. The former deserve our sympathy, the latter our contempt. Extreme sensibility, while in many cases the source of thrilling enjoyment, in many more is it the cause of exquisite pain. In pushing along the crowded thoroughfare of life, it must necessarily receive many a rude unkindly shock which on less finely strung minds make no impression; and it should ever be our most careful endeavour to avoid giving offence, even in appearance, to such sensitive spirits. Such is their natural constitution, and it is unwise as it is cruel to cause them the slightest pain, by look or word, which can be avoided. The self-ills that such sensitive spirits create are sufficient without being added to by the thoughtlessness and inhumanity of others. Of the misery which overwrought sensibility inflicts on its possessor, we have a striking instance in the case of Cowper, showing that this is a plant of too tender a nature to flourish in the atmosphere of common life. Like some gentle flower of a sunny clime, transported from its native soil to chillier regions, it soon droops, withers, and dies beneath their ungenial influence. The quiet of retirement is its proper sphere; not solitude, but the happy circle of domestic peace, away from the bustling distractions of active life. Cowper, who shrunk with maiden-like timidity from the turmoil of the every-day world, was the poet who with vigorous hand lashed the follies and vices of the age, and almost every line of whose works tells that it is genuine metal from the mine of genius. When he threw up his government appointment in disgust (in consequence of the necessity for his official appearance at the bar of the House of Lords), his sensitive spirit instinctively sought that retirement which his rare endowments consecrated to the improvement of mankind and his own immortal fame. Government thus lost an awkward servant, while another bright star was added to the galaxy of human intellect. When individuals of high-wrought sensibility, therefore, come into collision with us, we ought to make every allowance for the keen feelings they possess, and not place to the charge of ill-nature or self-conceit an infirmity over which, in a great measure, they have no control.

Upon the other hand, where the disposition or readiness

to take offence evidently springs from an exacting self-conceit, sympathy is scarcely merited. The individual, elevated into a false estimation of himself, must necessarily feel displeased whenever the slightest remark is made, the slightest conduct exhibited which has the tendency to draw him down in his own eyes, or in the eyes of others, from his fictitious eminence. Nothing can be said or done but he immediately sets about discovering whether it can have any relation to *him;* and it is not at all wonderful if, in the majority of cases, he sees that it has; for, with a predisposition to believe the worst, people generally think the worst. 'The wish is father to the thought.' Such deserve no indulgence; and the annoyances and disappointments they feel are only the appropriate penalties of a morbid self-conceit. Like the ass in the lion's skin, they are at once seen through; their ridiculous aping of what is above them only excites diversion; and, like the donkey too, they are laughed at even by their own brethren. Self-conceit rides off with its unfortunate owner upon all occasions, hunting out matter of offence; and strange it would be, if it were not overtaken sometimes, nay, almost always, for

> 'All seems infected that the infected spy,
> As all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye.'

The little vermin that nobler sportsmen pass unheeded, are, weasel-like, seized upon by self-conceit, and cause just as much trouble and annoyance as things of greater importance. It is thus such individuals inflict their own punishment. 'The injuries that they themselves procure become their schoolmasters.' The man of humble pretensions, while alive to and jealous of his real dignity, allows not every petty annoyance to disturb him thus. Unlike his antipodes, his mind is not always poking about for hidden motives and meanings in the expressions and conduct of his friends. What he exercises himself he expects from others—an indulgent liberal-mindedness in forming opinions on human conduct; he has no wish to become his own tormentor; he seeks enjoyment, not annoyance, in the world; and he knows that the surest way to destroy the one and create the other is to be always on the look-out for matters of offence. The tree of the valley bids defiance to the howling blast, secure from injury by the very lowliness of its retreat; while that perched on the mountain eminence above is shaken to its roots by every passing breeze. Thus with the humility of good sense and the vanity of self-conceit.

As regards offence-taking generally, how many of its bad effects might be averted by a little mutual charity, a little timely explanation, a little magnanimity to make reasonable concessions, and a little yielding willingness to accept them? We once knew two gentlemen, associated in the most intimate terms of friendship, who, because of some trifling expression, meaningless and motiveless, made by one of them, which the other thought reflected upon him, were estranged for a number of years. The one, whose over-sensibility or aptness to take offence instantly gave to the expression a meaning and an application which it was never intended to bear, became cold in his civilities to the other; and the hand that was wont to be held out in the most kindly friendship whenever they met, was now proffered with reluctant coldness. The other, altogether unconscious of the cause for his friend's change of manner, began to think that his friendship was no longer desired; and at length their mutual salutations were marked with equal frigidity. Even the formal handshaking was dropped; and by and by, when they met, all that told of their once warm and confiding friendship was a distant, reserved nod. This also in time disappeared, and men, who in former years seemed to have but one heart, were now as much dissevered as two utter strangers. Individuals who knew them of course instantly set down the cause which could produce such results as one of no ordinary kind; for many were as much astonished as if the summer stream, leaping and sparkling in the sun's warm rays, had been frozen into icy solidity before their eyes. It is difficult, however, where true friendship ever existed to obliterate entirely its traces from the heart. In our hours of retirement, the phantoms of realities, long passed away, will haunt the breast; memory brings back former years; and the tones of those we once loved, but from whom we have been long estranged, thrill the soul with a melancholy pleasure. No Lethe is there so potent as to drown in complete oblivion the memories of bygone loves. Even below the icy mantle which years of separation have spread over former friendships, the waters of still unquenched affection may be felt streaming; and gush they will, till the heart's beatings are for ever stilled by the hand of death.

At length, the one who had conceived himself offended began to have some qualms of conscience about the propriety of his conduct; and this, once awakened, reflection from day to day only the more convinced him that he had acted hastily and wrong. The thought that he had injured his friend and sacrificed his friendship causelessly gained strength, till at last he determined on making the first advance to reconciliation. He sought an interview with his former associate, who, though surprised, guessed the cause as if by intuition, and grasped, with all the warmth of a forgiving soul, the outstretched hand of his hasty and long-estranged friend. An explanation was speedily and satisfactorily given, and the intimacy which unreflecting, unindulgent aptness to take offence had sacrificed so long, was thereafter resumed with greater warmth than ever, and continued till death. This is but a simple illustration of an evil, the effects of which almost all have experienced in some degree, and which, under innumerable shapes and forms, contributes to imbitter the cup of human happiness.

While enforcing the duty of mutual forbearance, these remarks are not meant to inculcate a tame submission to real injuries. To exhibit a truckling servility or pusillanimity under insult, is not to exercise the virtue of charity, but to degrade the native dignity of the soul. When abject concessions are made to mortified vanity, they are only marrow to the little soul that exacts them, and but approximate our own to a like pettiness. The concession should be reasonable and manly, not tame and crouching. If, after reasonable advances on our part, a dogged obstinacy is maintained on the other, magnanimity has performed her duty; it is time to retire, and leave the unforgiving offence-taker, like a stomach surcharged with bile, to work his own cure. While as high-toned magnanimity may be shown in making the first approach to reconciliation as in accepting it when offered, as much littleness of mind may be exhibited in pushing concession too far as in withholding or rejecting it altogether.

It was a glorious couplet that of Pope's, and well would it be for humanity were it treasured up in every human heart—

> 'Good nature with good sense must ever join;
> To err is human, to forgive divine.'

## PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### BLAISE PASCAL.

PASCAL is one of those very few names in the annals of Christianity which are remembered in connexion with no party, but are redolent of whatever is common to the great and good of every denomination. Although educated in the Romish Church, and ascetic in his dispositions as well as superstitious, he yet passed so much of his life in the defence and illustration of spiritual Christianity, that we always think of him as a member of the Catholic Church, considered as composed of saints, whether belonging to the Greek, Romish, or Protestant sections. Illustrious in science, in literature, and in theology, he is a sublime instance of the union of wisdom, taste, and piety, in one mind; thereby proving their compatibility, and recommending them to our imitation as singularly beautiful in combination. In an age when sectarianism runs high, and Christians are apt to forget their kinsmanship in the hubbub of dispute, no exercise is more profitable than the contemplation of characters which rise above the generality

and serve as links of connexion between the good of every party in the world. It is better that the instance should be, as in the present case, one mixed in its qualities, not wholly belonging to any one scheme of recognised dogmatic truth; since it serves to draw attention to the great ideas which are common to Christians, and to mitigate that spirit of partisanship which can only identify Christianity when associated with a specific form. A system may be ever so full and compact, but unless we view its parts in their degrees of relative importance, it is virtually erroneous. Christianity is realised by men, so far only as they preserve in their minds and lives the radical doctrines of the faith in a position of eminence and superior authority. So soon as the adventitious and comparatively subordinate matters become equal in prominence to the truths and precepts which are essential, the purpose of Christianity is lost, and degeneracy soon terminates in the extinction of spiritual life.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont on the 19th June, 1623, and was the only son of Stephen Pascal, first president of the Court of Aides at Clermont-Ferrand. His mother, Antoinette Begon, died in 1626, leaving Blaise and two daughters to the charge of her husband. From the earliest dawn of his reason, Blaise was seen to be a wonderful child. Happily his remaining parent was worthy of such a son. Anxious for the adequate education of his family, the father retired from his professional duties at Auvergne, and took up his residence in Paris in 1631. Here, with wise and most paternal affection, he devoted himself to the instruction of his son in literature and science, and of his two daughters in Latin and in belles-lettres. To these branches of education, there was joined whatever could educe the spiritual nature, and fit the objects of his regard for piously fulfilling their duties in this world, and for occupying a place of progress and felicity in the scene which they were taught to know lay beyond the present one.

No sooner was Blaise instructed in the elements of knowledge, than he displayed proofs of that extraordinary genius which then won and still secures for him the reputation of a prodigy. Occasionally present with his father at the meetings of the famous Academy of Sciences, he was forthwith inspired with an ardent love of scientific truth; and ere long, at the age of eleven, gave evidence of this, by composing a small work on the sounds of vibrating bodies. At the first, his father, however gratified by this manifestation of power, was averse to the pursuit of his mathematical studies, lest they should interfere with those which were more immediately to occupy his son's attention. But an incident soon occurred which filled the parent equally with delight and astonishment, and removed all further obstructions in the way of the son's predilections. Forbidden the study of geometry, Blaise was only the more eager for it. Every means was sought whereby its acquisition might be brought within his reach; and during his leisure moments, alone in his chamber, he traced, in lines of coal, geometrical figures on the wall. From such ardour, what result too extravagant was not to be expected! On one occasion, thus occupied, he was surprised by his father at the moment when he had obtained a demonstration of the 32d proposition of the first book of Euclid, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Full of joy and wonder, the delighted parent communicated the extraordinary fact to his friend M. Pailleur. The Elements of Euclid, placed in the hands of the young geometer, were mastered without assistance, and speedily superseded by works in the higher branches of the science. As the first fruits, before he was sixteen years of age, Pascal composed a treatise on the Conic Sections, displaying singular depth and acuteness.

A mind so powerful and various as his could not be satisfied by exercises in only one department of science. Accordingly, when scarcely nineteen years of age, he conceived the idea of constructing a machine for performing arithmetical operations. His attempts to perfect the conception wasted a great deal of his strength and time, without yielding as much result or honour as could compensate for the expenditure. Afterwards, however, he embarked as a discoverer in physics, in a series of splendid experiments on the gravity of air. On completing these researches, he resumed the study of mathematics, and has left behind him treatises on that subject, which entitle him to a high rank among the greatest mathematicians of his age. But an event awaited him which turned his labours into a new and more sacred channel. It was in this last sphere that his genius shone forth most illustriously; and for it, no doubt, he had hitherto been fitting himself under the guidance of Providence, so as to achieve a work which has made his name one of the proudest and most instructive in the page of history.

Broken in health from the effects of his early studies, he prosecuted his inquiries till 1647, when, at its close, he had a paralytic stroke, under which he remained for three months, without the use of his limbs. Overtaken thus in the very opening of his manhood, with the bloom of a splendid reputation, and aspirations after yet higher honours, Pascal must have felt this dispensation as one peculiarly heavy and painful. But about this time he took up his residence in Paris, in the society of his father and his sister Jacqueline. In this domestic retirement, the Christian faith became the subject of his absorbing inquiries. Father and sister were edified equally by his instruction and example; for Christianity did not live in Pascal's mind merely as a system of doctrines, but impregnated his whole experience, and developed itself in the most shining acts of piety. To his father this was a season of preparation for death, which occurred in 1651, when he departed full of faith and confidence. To his sister Jacqueline, also, it was a season of preparation; but it was for entering on a more noble course of self-denial than hitherto, in the convent of Port Royal, where she was destined to elevate the tone of piety among its inmates, and to fulfil other duties which have communicated a sweet odour to her memory. Deprived thus of the pleasant society of both parent and sister, Pascal resumed his suspended labours in science, and pursued them so ardently that his health again gave way, and he was compelled to exchange solitary toil in his study for travel and society. Resigning himself without a murmur to this change, however naturally averse to it, he soon got so reconciled to society, as to be in danger of becoming its victim. Just at this crisis the incident occurred which altered the current of his life, and prepared the way for the performance of that splendid service to the church, in the composition of the Provincial Letters, which has signalised the name of Pascal throughout Christendom, in connexion with genius, piety, and consummate literary art. In October, 1654, while taking his accustomed drive in a carriage with four horses, on approaching the Bridge of Neuilly the leaders on a sudden became restive, and at a part of the road where there was no wall, precipitated themselves into the Seine. Providentially the traces broke, and the carriage trembled on the giddy verge in safety. The sense of imminent danger escaped, though not more than escaped, was too vivid for the shattered nerves of Pascal, nor could he afterwards efface the impression; while, during seasons of despondency, he even supposed that he saw a gulph yawning at the side of his bed—a mistake removed only by the interposing of a chair between himself and the imagined pit which seemed to open for him.

Accepting this event as a sign from Heaven to renounce society, he bade farewell to it, by retiring, at the suggestion of Jacqueline, into Port Royal, there to associate with Arnaud and others in the glorious effort to invigorate the Christianity of the period, and to stem the torrent of sinister influence which at that time was rushing from the Sorbonne, the college of the Jesuits. And now approached the hour of triumph. On the 1st July, 1649, M. Cornet, syndic of the Faculty of Sorbonne, presented to that body a series of seven propositions, which he declared were heretical, and demanded an examination of them, alleging, as a reason for his request, that they were shooting up in vigorous growth in the minds of the bachelors of divinity. Though indicated thus generally, it was from the begin-

ning obvious that the Jansenists, the occupants of Port Royal, were aimed at in the wished-for condemnation of the doctrines. Contest between the parties followed on contest. The suit was referred to the cardinal, and from the cardinal to the pope. Faith given on the side of the Jesuits was shamefully broken; and at a moment when Arnaud, the champion of Port Royal, was lying under a weight of calumny, heaped on him by the Jesuits, Pascal stepped forward, and with his single arm scattered the assailants, pursued them into all their holes and corners of retreat, and overwhelmed them with a raillery scarcely ever equalled for force and delicacy, certainly never surpassed. This he accomplished by a method peculiarly suited to his combination of powers. Under the signature of Louis de Montalt, he wrote a series of letters, addressed to a friend in the country, on the morals and policy of the Jesuits. The 23d January, 1656, ushered in the first of these extraordinary productions. From time to time they were continued till the 24th March, 1657, when the series was closed by the eighteenth. They broke upon the heads of the Jesuits like a thunder-cloud. Possessed of every merit, they had some quality or other to interest all sorts and classes of people. Everywhere the Jesuits became the subjects of mirth and ridicule. No dexterity could turn aside the shaft which at intervals was shot from the retreat of Port Royal, nor could impudence blunt its point. Public sympathy closed its doors upon the bewildered casuists; and in the ring formed by the union of all hands they had to remain—the objects of indignation to some, of contempt and amusement to all.

Thus signally had Pascal helped the cause of morality and religion; but he did not repose after his toils in inglorious ease. A scheme more stupendous, and adapted less to an emergency than to a want that ever exists, was formed by him, namely, to state the evidences of religion after a fashion of his own. Had this remarkable man survived to complete his purpose, there can be no doubt that a work would have been produced by him of the highest order of merit. As it is, however, there remains to us a large body of detached thoughts, intended by the author to have formed the materials of his work. Of the value of these it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. Each thought is a centre of vitality. Nor is their fragmentary form much to be regretted. In their present condition they serve as sources of suggestion, even better perhaps than if they had been more elaborated and connected. From their first appearance till the present time they have been resorted to by men of all churches, as to a store of thoughts fresh and forcible; profound, quickening, and improving; delighting equally by their originality, their beauty, and their piety.

Having served his generation, Pascal was now about to be gathered to his fathers. A frame preserved only in pain and trouble, could not be expected to endure the usual period of human life on the earth. Madame Perier, his elder sister, devotedly attached to her brother, made arrangements to live in Paris in his neighbourhood, in order that she might furnish him with all the care and comforts of which his condition was susceptible. If sisterly affection could have detained this great man longer in the world, he would not so soon have died. But disease had by this time made inroads on the very vitals of his constitution, and ere long it put an end to his sufferings and his services. On the 17th August, 1662, his illness assumed so threatening an aspect that he requested a consultation of the faculty, and desired the holy communion to be dispensed to him next morning. During the night, however, he was convulsed by a violent spasm, which left him seemingly dead; but he so far recovered by morning as to be able to receive the sacrament. No sooner had he done so, and professed his faith in Christianity, than a second convulsion ensued, from the effects of which he expired at one o'clock in the morning of the 19th August, 1662, in his fortieth year. It was found, on opening his body, that the stomach and liver were diseased, and the intestines in a state of gangrene; and when his skull was laid open an enormous quantity of brain, the substance of which was very solid and condensed, was found contained in it. His remains were interred in the parish church of St Etienne du-Mont, where his memory is preserved by a marble tablet erected by Mons. Perier and his wife.

In turning from the record of the life of Pascal to form an estimate of his character, we are at once struck by the union of qualities rarely found together, and by the combination of these with others which are generally deemed incompatible. The study of the abstract sciences is supposed to be unfavourable to the cultivation of taste and piety; and when the pursuit is ardent, it seems almost exclusive of emotion. But splendid as is the geometrical fame of Pascal, his affectionate nature, his pure and devout aspirations, and his remarkable accomplishment in literary art, have contributed not a whit less on that account to his reputation. Still we are less surprised by these facts than that Pascal should have possessed so acute, profound, and perspicacious an intellect, and yet have given harbour to superstition. But piety was never more simple than his, however gloomy and morbid were some of his speculative tendencies. Bodily disease dried up his spirits, and tinged the whole phenomena of his experience with a dark and desponding character. Little does reason avail when physiological causes are at work to withdraw hope and happiness. The triumph, indeed, is great, when faith in God remains firm, and when the calls of duty are heeded, even amid bodily trouble like Pascal's. Such a triumph was won by this great man. Submissive to the will of God, in whatever way he supposed that will to utter itself, he was ever ready to exert himself to the utmost, on the call to action being given. Brief though his life was, much was crowded into it. His services to Christianity, in the affair of the Port Royal, would of themselves be sufficient for one lifetime to accomplish. The powers of Pascal early ripened and bore fruit. At a season when most men are doing little more than learning their alphabet, he was before the world as an author of the highest distinction. Life seemed to him valuable only as it brought him into acquaintance with truth, and furnished him with an opportunity of fulfilling his duty to God and his fellow-men. A lesson more sublime it is impossible to gather anywhere.

Before finishing this sketch, we cannot abstain from glancing for a moment at the relation of circumstances to character, as illustrated in the case of Pascal. Educated in different ways, most men are accustomed to associate truth and excellence with no other form but their own: religion is thereby made to rest upon circumstances; and the reverence due to the one is insensibly transferred to the other. Truth and error are, of course, ever at variance; so also there is a good, a better, and a best, in the methods taken to discover the one and to avoid the other. But while these facts are to be preserved, and ought to influence our proceedings, it is yet of great importance for us to bear in mind that the best set of circumstances does not always produce a valuable character, nor the worst always preclude it. Indeed, Pascal's case baffles all commonplaces of criticism, and suggests canons which it would be of the highest moment for the church to incorporate with her laws of discipline. The regenerated spirit can extract good out of evil, or render innocuous what would otherwise have depraved the character, while, with the unspiritual, all things, even the best, minister to sin and corruption.

## THE SKY-LEAPERS.

### A TALE OF NORWAY.

Much of the interest felt on beholding a chain of lofty mountains, arises from the feeling that on lands such as these the foot of the invader has seldom rested, and has never long tarried. So often, from the pass of Thermopylæ to the heights of Morgarten, have the brave proved their own hills to be impregnable, that no tale of overwhelming numbers will counteract the feeling that a mountain-land so won has been betrayed by the cowardice of the inhabitants. Of this cowardice, history unfortunately gives us some proofs. But these few instances of weakness and

treachery only serve to give the force of strong contrast to the bright examples of multitudes of higher and nobler spirits. These reflections apply more especially to Norway, the scene of the tradition which now awakens them; and which often rouses the warm Norse blood, when told by some of the older peasants to the listeners round a cottage hearth on a long winter's evening.

In 1612 there was a war between Norway and Sweden, distinguished from a mass of the forgotten conflicts at one time so frequent between these rival and neighbouring countries, by the tragic fate of Sinclair's body of Scottish allies, the remembrance of which is celebrated in many a fine Norwegian ballad. It is matter of history that the Scots landed on the west coast of Norway to join their allies the Swedes, went along the only valley-pass leading to Sweden, and were annihilated in the deep defile of Gulbransdale by the peasantry. At the time when they should have arrived at Sweden, a small body of Swedes encamped in Jempteland resolved to meet their allies, of whose movements they had intelligence, and escort them over the frontier, crossing by the hill passes, and uniting with the Scots on the other side. This band, to whose fortunes we attach ourselves, numbered but three hundred warriors; but they were the very flower of Sweden. They resolved to penetrate the barrier at the most inaccessible point, believing that the Norse would collect in the southern country, where they were opposed by a Swedish army, and rest secure in the deep snows, which rendered the hils impassable, for the defence of their mountain frontier.

So they came, says the legendary story, to the foot of the wild pass of Ruden, a spot fated to be dangerous to the Swedes, and since strewed with the frozen corpses of the hosts of Labarre and Zoega, who perished there. Their company filled the few cottages of the small hamlet on the Swedish side of the barrier, where they arrived early in the day. They were eager in their inquiries for a guide, being resolved to pass the hills ere night, lest tidings should reach the Norsemen of their approaching foes; but all their search proved fruitless. Many of the Swedes of the village had been over these mountains, but none were on the spot possessing that firm confidence derived from certainty of knowledge, and from conscious intrepidity, which could alone make them secure or willing guides in an expedition of so much peril and importance. At last, old Sweyne Koping, the keeper of the little inn which was the Swedes' head-quarters, shouted with the joy of him who has at once hit upon the happy solution of a difficulty. 'By the bear!' cried he, 'could none of you think of the only man in Jempteland fit for the enterprise, and he here on the spot all the while? Where is Jerl Lidens?'

A hundred voices echoed the eager question, and the leaders were told, to their regret, that they must wait perforce till the morrow, for the only man able or willing to guide them. Lidens had gone forth on a journey and would not return that day.

'Well,' said Eric Von Dalin, the chief of the Swedish detachment, 'there is no help for it. To-day we must depend upon the kind entertainment of our host; but beware, my brave men all, beware of deep horns of ale or meed. Remember,' pointing to the rugged peaks glittering in the snow, 'remember that all who would sleep beyond those to-morrow, will need firm hands and true eyes. And, good Sweyne' (addressing the innkeeper, who was the chief person of the hamlet), 'look well that no sound of our coming reach these Norse sluggards. There may be some here who, for their country's safety, would cross the hills this night with warning.'

'Thou art right, by Manheim's freedom!' cried the host, 'here sits Alf Stavenger: he knows these hills better than his own hunting-pouch, and would think little of carrying the news to his countrymen. I am sorry,' he continued, turning to Alf, 'verily I grieve to make an old friend a prisoner; but you must abide here in safe keeping till our men are well forward.'

'I care not if I stay here to-night and for ever,' replied the Norseman. Eric now looked for the first time upon the speaker, and confessed that he had never beheld a finer looking man. In the prime of the beauty of the northern youth, Alf Stavenger was remarkable for a cast of features bearing traces of a higher mind than can often be discerned in the cheerful, lusty faces of his countrymen.

'Does the valley marksman speak thus?' said the host.

'Ay,' answered the youth, 'when you are thrust forth from the fireside, you can but seek another roof. If your own land casts you out, you are fain to cling to the stranger—the enemy.'

'Has Emlen's father been rough?' inquired Sweyne.

'Name him not!' replied the young peasant, angrily. 'They have heaped refusal and insult upon me; let them look for their return! Ay, Skialm Harder may one day wish I had wed his daughter—my name shall yet be fearfully known throughout Norway. Swede, I will myself guide your troop this night over the Tydel. Trust me fully, and you shall be placed to-morrow beyond those white peaks.'

'You will have a fearful passage first,' said an old peasant; 'there is no moon now, and it will be pitch dark long ere you cross the Naeroe.'

'The night is to us as the noonday,' cried a spirited young soldier; 'for your crags we fear them not, were they as high as the blue heavens. Our life has been amongst rocks, and in our land we are called the 'Sky-Leapers.''

'I will trust the young Norseman,' continued the chief; 'wounded pride and slighted love may well make a man hate the land that has spurned him, were it his own a hundred times.'

As the day was fast wearing over, little time was lost in preparation. Each man carried with him his fir skates, to be used when, after climbing the rough ascent, they wound along those narrow and difficult paths which skirt the face of the cliffs crossing the mountains. Their guide told them that he should lead them, when it grew dark, by lighted torches, to be procured and used as he should afterwards direct them.

During their slippery and rugged journey, Alf could not help admiring the spirit, coolness, and activity shown by the party in scaling the dangerous rocks; and they felt insensibly drawn one to another by that natural though unuttered friendship which binds together the brave and high-souled. Still few words passed between them, though many of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Alf knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On both sides were feelings which led them to commune with their own thoughts in silence.

After some hours of hard and successful climbing, they halted, at the close of day, for a few moments, on the snowy summit of a ridge, which they had just ascended, to fasten on their skates. They had now to traverse the long slippery defiles so peculiar to Norway, where the path runs upon narrow ledges of rock, at an awful height, winding abruptly in and out along the rugged face of the hills. Here they formed in single file, and their guide, taking the lead of the column, kindled, by rapid friction, one of the pine branches, of which each had, by his orders, gathered an abundance on their way. He said, in a few brief and energetic words, 'that here must they tempt the fate of all who would conquer Norway, unless they chose to return: now were they really to win their proud name of Sky-Leapers.' He bade them move along rapidly and steadily, following close the light of his torch. Every man was to bear a blazing pine, kindled from his; and thus, each pressing close on the light before him, the track would not be lost in the abrupt turns and windings. He placed the coolest and most active in the rear, that they might pass lightly and skilfully over the snow, roughened by the track of their leaders, and keep the line of lights, which was their only hope of safety, compact and unsevered.

What a change from the toilsome climbing which had wearied the most elastic limbs, and tried the most enduring spirit! They flew over the narrow slippery paths, now in a long straight arrow-course of fires, now lost and

then emerging in the sharp turnings of the cliffs. The dangers of the Naeroe, which make even the natives shudder at the giddy narrow path and awful depths, were half unseen in the darkness, and all unfeared by these brave men, who darted exultingly through the keen, bracing night-breeze of the hills.

At every step the windings became more abrupt, and it seemed to his nearest follower, that even the guide looked anxious and afraid, when, almost coming close to him at a turning, he saw, by the joining light of their torches, the countenance of Alf turned back towards the long line of flying stars, with a troubled and sorrowful look. To encourage him, he cried, in a bold and cheerful tone, 'No fear! no danger! On, brave Stavenger! The Sky-Leapers follow thee!' 'On!' shouted back the guide, with a cry that echoed through the whole band, and quickened their lightning speed. Their torches now flew along in one unbroken straight stream of fire, till a wild death-scream arose, marking the spot where light after light dropped in the dark silence. The depth was so terrible, that all sound of fall was unheard. But that cry reached the last of the sinking line, and their hearts died within them: there was no stopping their arrow-flight—no turning aside without leaping into the sheer air.

Alf Stavenger shuddered at the death-leap of these brave men over the edge of the rock. His soul had been bound to them in their brief journeying together, and had they not come as his country's invaders, he would have loved them as brothers for their frank courage. But Alf was at heart a true son of Norway. It is true he had resolved, in the desperation of his sorrow, to leave his fatherland for ever; still, when he saw this band coming to lay waste the valleys which he knew to be undefended, his anger was in a moment forgotten, and all his hot Norse blood was stirred within him. He was detained, as we have seen, from crossing the hills to warn his countrymen; and he knew that when Jerl returned, he would be well able and willing to guide the Swedes over the pass. He soon planned his daring scheme. 'Ay,' thought he, while the waving train followed his leading torch, 'I told them that *here* they should earn the proud name of Sky-Leapers!—that here those who warred with Norway should brave their fate! I said that Skialm Harder would wish he had given me his fair daughter—that my name should be known over my land for a deed of fear and wonder! I promised they should sleep to-night on *our* side of the hills! Now will I well keep all that I have sworn. 'Tis a pity for them, too, so brave, so young, so unsuspecting; but two words have made my heart iron—Emlen and Norway.'

Alf well remembered one point, where a long straight path ended suddenly in a peak of rock, jutting far into the empty air. The road was continued round so sharp a re-entering angle, that much caution and nerve were needed, even by one well aware of all the danger, to wheel rapidly and steadily round the face of the abrupt precipice, and avoid shooting straight on over the ledge of rock. He fixed upon this spot for the death-leap; indeed the Swedes never could have passed it safely, without having before been fully warned of the peril, and afterwards cautioned at its approach.

When he looked back, as he led the line rapidly to their unseen and dreadful fate, he shuddered to think on what a death the brave and light-hearted men who followed him were rushing. A word from the nearest follower roused him; he shouted to hasten their rapid flight, and darted boldly on, throwing his leading torch far over the point where they should have taken the sudden turn; but he had nearly fallen into the ruin of his followers. With the sounding speed of the flyers pressing hard upon his footsteps, all his nerve was barely sufficient, after flinging his blazing pine straight forwards as a lure, to check his own course, and bear him round the point which severed life from death.

His speed was slackened by turning, and, for a second, he fell giddy and senseless; every nerve had been strung for the decisive moment, and his brain reeled with the struggle. He awakened to consciousness, to see the last of the line of torches dart into the empty space—then sink for ever; and he listened with a cold thrill of awe and terror to the echoes of the death-scream of the last of the Sky-Leapers.

## 1685—'THE KILLING YEAR.'

'Grey mossy stones in each sequester'd dell
Mark where the champions of the Covenant fell.'

SUCH was the name given to this year by the Covenanters and their friends. It was so called, not because more blood was shed during that period than in any former time, for in some years previous there was a greater sacrifice of human life, but because many were put to death without either sentence or trial. The soldiers were empowered towards the close of 1684 to search out all who were suspected to have been at any of the engagements, or who were understood to favour the covenanting party; and they used this power with great severity, and in many cases with extreme barbarity. A long catalogue might be given of such murders; we shall, however, content ourselves with a few cases in illustration of the common saying in Scotland that '1685 was a killing year.'

We begin with John Brown of Priesthill, with whose tragical end many of our readers are familiar, the traces of whose humble dwelling we lately saw, and on whose grave we recently stood. He was shot by Claverhouse in the presence of his own wife, and buried within a few yards of his own door. The scene as it then took place has been thus touchingly described: 'After he had distinctly and pertinently answered some questions, Claverhouse said to him, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.' Brown went to his prayers, but, when in the fervour of devotion, he was thrice interrupted by him. When he rose from his knees, he kissed his wife and his two children, one of whom was in the mother's arms and the other by her side, saying, 'May all purchased and promised blessings be multiplied!' 'No more,' vociferated Claverhouse; 'you six there,' counting past six soldiers, 'shoot him instantly!' They fired—the poor man fell. 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' inquired he. 'I ever thought much good of him,' sobbed the poor widow, 'and now more than ever.' 'It were but just,' said Claverhouse, 'to lay thee beside him.' 'If you were permitted,' said she, 'I doubt not but your cruelty would go that far; but how will you answer for this morning's work?' 'To man,' replied he, 'I can be answerable; and as for God, I will take him in my own hand.' He then rode off, leaving the poor widow with her husband's mangled corpse. She set the children on the ground, gathered up his scattered brains, tied up his head, and covering his body with a plaid, sat and wept over him till some of her neighbours came.'

Brown's residence was situated in a bleak moor in the parish of Muirkirk, about four miles from the village of that name. The marks of the old cottage are still visible, but no house now stands on the spot. At first a broad flat stone with the following inscription covered his grave: 'Here lies the body of John Brown, martyr, who was murdered in this place by Graham of Claverhouse, for his testimony to the Word of God and work of reformation, and because he durst not own the authority of the then tyrant destroying the same, who died the 1st day of May, 1685, and of his age 58.

'In death's cold bed the dusty part here lies
Of one who did the earth as dust despise.
Here, in this place, from earth he took departure;
Now he has got the garland of the martyr.
Butcher'd by Clavers and his bloody band,
Raging most rav'nously o'er all the land,
Only for owning Christ's supremacy,
Wickedly wrong'd by encroaching tyranny.
Nothing, how near soever, he too good
Esteem'd, nor dear for any truth his blood.'

In 1825, the above-mentioned stone was surrounded with a wall, and a pillar about twelve feet high erected, on which are the words—'This monument was erected, and the adjoining grave of John Brown enclosed, by money collected at a sermon preached here by the Rev. John

Kilwain, in commemoration of the martyrs. 'Them that honour me will I honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.' 1 Sam. ii. 30.'

In the churchyard of Muirkirk is to be seen the grave of John Smith, a native of Lesmahago, and an intimate friend and frequent visiter of John Brown. He was shot by Colonel Buchan and the Laird of Lee, a few months before his companion and fellow-martyr. A plain head-stone marks the place where his remains were deposited, on which we could distinctly read the following epitaph: 'Here lies John Smith, who was shot by Colonel Buchan and the Laird of Lee, February, 1685, for his adherence to the Word of God and Scotland's covenanted work of reformation. Rev. xii. 11. Erected in the year 1731.

'When proud apostates did abjure
Scotland s reformation pure,
And fill'd this land with perjury
And all sorts of iniquity,
Such as would not with them comply
They persecute with hue and cry.
I in the chase was overta'en,
And, for the truth, by them was slain.'

At the farm of Overwellwood, in said parish, is a stone similar to that which is over the grave of Smith, and also a somewhat similar inscription. It stands by Prescribe Burn, a small stream which runs into the Water of Ayr. The name of the person who lies there is William Adam. The account given of his death by the Rev. Mr Simpson, in his 'Tales of the Covenanters,' is, that William, who was about to be married to a young woman in the neighbourhood, had appointed a meeting with her in the moors. On the day specified he was first at the trysting-place; and in order to pass the time till his friend arrived in the most profitable way, he opened his Bible and read the word of God. He had not long continued at his employment till his eye caught a party of dragoons close upon him; he started to his feet; the enemy rode up to him, and in an instant he was shot dead on the spot. The young woman, who was now advancing at a quick pace along the heath, heard the loud and startling report of fire-arms precisely in the direction in which she was going; she walked onward with a faltering step; she feared lest her beloved William had fallen. Her worst suspicions seemed to be justified when she saw several horsemen coming over the rising ground, apparently from the very place where she expected to meet with her lover. She met them just as she was passing along a narrow footbridge thrown by the shepherds for their own convenience over the mossy streamlet; and as they were crossing the brook close by the side of the bridge, one of the dragoons drew his sword and jocularly struck her with its broadside, under the pretence of pushing her into the water. Her spirit was embittered and her courage was roused; and wrapping her apron closely round her hand, she seized the sword by the blade, wrenched it from the grasp of the warrior, snapped it in two over her knee, and flung the pieces into the stream. With eager impatience she hastened to the meeting-place. All her fears were realised: her William was lying stiff on the ground, and his blood had stained the heather-bloom with a deeper dye.

When we visited lately this gravestone, we received a different account from the present tenant of the farm of Overwellwood regarding Adam's death. According to him, he was a servant with the 'Campbells,' who then possessed the property—men who suffered much for their adherence to their religious principles. Captain Dalziel and his party were in search of his master, and when approaching the house they saw a person running across the field, and, supposing him to be Campbell himself, pursued him and shot him within a few yards of the spot where the stone is erected. According to Wodrow, he was thrashing in the barn, when, seeing Sir John Dalziel and his dragoons coming, and fearing they should come in upon him and propose their ordinary questions, he went out at the back-door, and hid himself in a marsh ground among some bushes. The party seeing him flee, commenced a search, and discovering him, he was instantly put to death. It is difficult to say which of these is the correct account; but certain it is that he was killed by this person in this year, for we copied the following inscription from the humble stone: 'Here lies William Adam, who was shot in this place by Captain Dalziel and his party, for his adherence to the Word of God and Scotland's covenanted work of reformation. March, 1685.'

The case of John Bell, of Whiteside, Kirkcudbright, is not the least affecting of those who suffered at this period. He was a gentleman of property, and likewise of unaffected piety. He was at Bothwell, and had, since that battle, endured great hardships. His house was repeatedly plundered, his crop consumed, and his whole stock of sheep and cattle carried off. For five years his life had been in continual jeopardy, but hitherto he escaped. In the month of February, Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, with some of Claverhouse and Strachan's dragoons, came upon him and four others on the hill of Kirkonnel, and killed them on the spot. Mr Bell requested a short time for prayer, but one of the commanders tauntingly replied that he had had time enough to prepare since Bothwell. In the churchyard of Anwith a gravestone was erected, on which are inscribed the words:

'This monument shall tell posterity
That blessed Bell of Whiteside here doth lie,
Who at command of bloody Lagg was shot—
A murder strange, which should not be forgot.
Douglas of Morton did him quarter give,
Yet cruel Lagg would not let him survive.
This martyr sought some time to recommend
His soul to God, before his days did end;
The tyrant said, 'What, devil! ye've pray'd enough
These long seven years, on mountain and in cleugh;'
So instantly caused him, with other four,
Be shot to death upon Kirkonnel moor.
So thus did end the lives of these brave saints,
For their adhering to the covenants.'

The names of the other 'brave saints' who were shot on Kirkonnel Moor are David Halliday, portioner of Mayfield, Andrew M'Robert, Robert Lennox, and James Clement. Halliday was buried in the churchyard of Balmaghie, as was also David Halliday of Glenap, who was shot by the Laird of Lagg and the Earl of Annandale in the same year. The epitaph on the gravestone is—

'Beneath this stone two David Hallidays
Do ly, whose souls now sing their Master's praise.
To know, if curious passengers desire,
For what, by whom, and how they did expire:
They did oppose this nation's perjury,
Nor could they join with lordly Prelacy,
Indulgence, favours from Christ's enemies.
Quench not their zeal, this monument then cries.
These are the causes, not to be forgot,
Why they by Lagg so wickedly were shot.
One name, one cause, one grave, one heaven, to tye
Their soul to that one God eternally.'

Andrew M'Robert was buried in Twynholm churchyard, where there is a gravestone with this inscription: '*Memento mori.* Here lies Andrew M'Robert, who was surprised and shot to death in the parish of Tongland, by Grier of Lagg, for his adherence to Scotland's reformation, Covenant, national and solemn League. 1685.' Robert Lennox was buried at Girthon; and his tombstone stands against the east gable of the old church, on which is an inscription similar to the above. James Clement was buried where he was shot, and a stone with the same words was placed over his grave. Latterly a monument was erected, of which the following is part of the inscription: 'In testimony of the feelings of the present generation, on the 11th September, 1831, about ten thousand persons assembled here, when the Rev. John Osborne preached, and a sum was collected for the erection of this monument,' Alexander Murray, Esq. of Broughton, having handsomely given the ground.

Perhaps the most barbarous case of all took place near the town of Wigton in the month of May of this year. Two females, named Margaret Lauchlane and Margaret Wilson, the one sixty-three and the other eighteen years of age, for their adherence to the principles of the Covenanters, were apprehended and indicted in the usual form, for attending field conventicles, and for being in the rebellion at Bothwell Bridge and Airsmoss, though they had

never been within miles of these places. The jury found them guilty, and they were sentenced to be tied to stakes within the tide mark, in the water of Blednoch, near Wigton, till they were drowned by the return of the tide. On the day appointed for the execution of the sentence an immense crowd assembled. Major Windram, one of the judges, guarded them with a party of soldiers to the spot. The old woman's stake was placed at a considerable distance from the other, and much nearer the bed of the river, in order to terrify the younger prisoner, and induce her to make the required recantations and take the necessary oaths. The water soon overflowed her, and one of the town-officers pressed her down with his halbert, and immediately she expired. The youthful martyr sung a part of the twenty-fifth psalm, read the eighth chapter of the epistle to the Romans, and was in the act of devotion when the tide overflowed her. She was raised up, and asked if she would pray for the king; to which she replied, 'I wish the salvation of all, and the damnation of none.' One of the spectators, deeply affected with the appalling scene, cried, 'Oh, dear Margaret, say God save the king!' She answered, 'God save him if he will, for I desire his salvation.' Some of her friends cried out to the major, 'She hath said it, sir.' He then commanded her to take the abjuration oath, or return to the stake; but she answered, 'Sir, I will not; I am one of Christ's children.' She was then thrust into the water, and instantly perished. The bodies of these female martyrs were interred in Wigton churchyard, where a stone with a suitable inscription may be seen on the wall of the church.

On the 23d January, James Dun, Robert Dun, Alexander M'Aulay, Thomas Stevenson, John M'Leod, and John Stevenson, whilst engaged in prayer at Caldons, in the parish of Minnigaff, were surprised by Colonel James Douglas, Lieutenant Livingston, and Cornet Douglas, with a party of soldiers, and immediately shot. In reference to their burying-place, Sir Walter Scott, in one of his novels, remarks 'that there is a small monumental stone in the farm of Caldons, near the *house of the hill*, in Wigtonshire, which is highly venerated, as being the first erected to the memory of several religious persons who fell at that place in defence of their religious tenets.' The place is close to Loch Troul, betwixt Minnigaff and the borders of Ayrshire, and is a very wild and romantic spot. In August, 1827, the late Rev. Gavin Rowatt, Whithorn, preached at Caldons, when a collection was made for erecting a new monument to the memory of these men. The inscription runs thus: 'In memory of six martyrs who suffered at this spot, for their attachment to the covenanted cause of Christ in Scotland. January 23, 1685.'

The case of Daniel M'Michael, who was shot at Dalveen, is likewise very affecting. He tenanted Lurgfoot, now called Blairfoot, in the parish of Morton. His house was a place of refuge, and also a place of Christian fellowship and prayer. In the month of January he was confined to bed with fever, and several friends had met to inquire for him, and to engage in religious exercises. They were not long assembled when they learned that Captain Dalziel and Lieutenant Straiton, with a party of soldiers, were at no great distance; and believing that they would show their friend no sympathy, they wrapped him in the bedclothes, and conveyed him to an adjoining cave. The soldiers, however, discovered him, carried him to Durrisdeer, and put him into confinement during the night. Next day he was questioned by Dalziel on certain points, and his answers not being satisfactory, he was told by the captain that he might prepare for death, for that he should die tomorrow. Accordingly he was conducted to Dalveen, where, in a weak state, he engaged in devotional exercises, and also tendered a most solemn counsel to the individual by whose hands he was about to fall. When the napkin was tied round his face, he cried aloud, 'Lord, thou broughtest Daniel through many trials, and hast brought me, thy servant, hither to witness for thee and thy cause! Into thy hands I commit my spirit, and hope to praise thee through all eternity.' The signal was then given, four soldiers poured the contents of their muskets into his body, and his martyred blood reddened the green sward. His memory is still warmly cherished by the people of the neighbourhood, whose boast it is that his ashes rest in their churchyard, and that the spot on which he fell is pointed out by a suitable monument. The inscription upon his tombstone is as follows:

> 'As Daniel cast was into lions' den
> For praying unto God and not to men,
> Thus lions cruelly devoured me
> For bearing unto truth my testimony.
> I rest in peace till Jesus rend the cloud,
> And judge 'twixt me and those who shed my blood.'

In the burying-ground of Strathaven, near the grave of William Dingwall, who was shot at Drumclog, lie two martyrs who fell 'in this black year.' Their names are William Paterson and John Barrie. The former was son to Robert Paterson, in Kirkhill of Cambusnethan, who was killed at Airsmoss. He was ejected from his dwelling by his master for his adherence to the principles for which his father died, was subjected to great hardships, and in the end taken and sent abroad as a soldier. After a time he made his escape, and returned home to his native parish, where he was soon apprehended. The day was a Sabbath. He was carried off instantly to Strathaven Castle,* where, that afternoon, without any trial, he was shot by Captain Bell.

John Barrie was a native of Avondale, and was shot by Peter Inglis, though he had a pass in his hand. He asserted his innocence, but it was of no avail. Peter Inglis, here referred to, was the same person who struck off the head of James White, mentioned in a former paper, and played at the football with it, at Newmilns. On the same day, and at the same place, he shot a much respected man named John Law, who was buried in a 'kail-yard' there. A friend has favoured us with the inscription on his tombstone, which we here insert: 'Here lies John Law, who was shot at Newmilns, at the relieving of some of Christ's prisoners, who were taken at a meeting for prayer at Little Blackwood, in the parish of Kilmarnock, in April, 1685, by Captain Inglis and his party, for their adherence to the Word of God, and Scotland's covenanted work of reformation.

> 'Cause I Christ's prisoners relieved,
> I of my life was soon bereaved
> By cruel enemies, with rage,
> In that rencounter did engage,
> The martyr's honour and his crown
> Bestowed on me by high renown.'

The gravestone at Strathaven was renewed in 1832, by the inhabitants. The inscription is—'Here lies the corpses of William Paterson and John Barrie, who were shot to death for their adhering to the Word of God and covenanted work of reformation, anno 1685.

> 'Here lie two martyrs severally who fell
> By Captain Inglis and by bloody Bell.
> Posterity shall know they're shot to death,
> As sacrifices unto Popish wrath.'

But we must bring this paper to a close, although our list is far from being exhausted; and we do so with an account of what took place at Mauchline, Ayrshire. The

* Strathaven Castle, an old baronial residence of the house of Hamilton, is a fine ruin. It stands near the centre of the town, on a rocky eminence, at the base of which runs a stream called Pomilion, which falls into the river Avon about a mile below. Originally it was five storeys high, surrounded with a strong wall, having thirteen turrets at equal distances, and a battlement on the top. The entrance was secured by a drawbridge. Claverhouse and his party frequently resided here during this period, and hence it was often the scene of much cruelty and oppression. It was not occupied later than 1716, the year in which *good Lady Ann*, as she is still called in the district, died. One of the dining-tables belonging to it is in the possession of Mr Robert Orr, Strathaven. It is black oak indented with ebony, about nine feet long, and two feet and a half broad. It stands on five pillars, and is a massive, substantial piece of furniture. There is one similar in the Palace of Hamilton. Mr Orr has likewise in his possession a press, or wardrobe, which belonged to the Castle. It is oak, about ten feet high, and four feet and a half broad. Should any of our antiquarian friends visit this old town—one of the most ancient-looking we have seen, and also the most irregularly built, the houses being of every shape, size, and position—we feel assured they will receive a generous welcome from Mr Orr, and be shown these as well as other relics which have descended to him.

names of the individuals who suffered here were Peter Gillies, John Bryce, Thomas Young, William Fiddison, and John Browning. The two first belonged to the parish of Muiravonside and West Calder. They were apprehended in that district of country, were tied together, and driven westward like coupled sheep. After they had proceeded several miles, a napkin was tied over Gillies's eyes, and he was set down on his knees as if to be shot, in the hope that this would make him take the oath of abjuration. But he continued firm, and he and his friend were carried to Mauchline, where the whole five were hanged at the Townend. Neither coffins nor dead-clothes were furnished, but the soldiers and the countrymen made a hole near by and cast the bodies into it. On their gravestone are the words—

Bloody Dumbarton, Douglas, and Dundee,
Moved by the devil and the Laird of Lee,
Dragg'd these five men to death with gun and sword,
Nor suffering them to pray nor read God's Word.
Owning the work of God was all their crime.
*The eighty-five was a saint-killing time.*'

## ANCIENT DUBLIN.

THOUGH Ireland is early noticed by Strabo, his notice is very brief. He mentions Ierne as one of the islands lying off the coast of Britain, and the largest of them, but he says nothing of its towns. Ptolemy, the geographer, who wrote 150 years later, has been more particular. He names one of its cities 'Eblana,' which, from the similarity of the name and the latitude and locality in which he places it, is supposed to be Dublin. It is inferred also, from the appellation of civitas, or city, which he confers upon it, that it must have been a place well known, and of some importance when he wrote his geography, and so have a claim to an antiquity of at least 1600 years.

The native Irish historians speak of it as existing at nearly as early a date. A celebrated king of Ireland, called, for his military exploits, Quintus Centimachus, and familiarly known as 'Con of the hundred battles,' made a treaty with one of his opponents in which a partition of Dublin is stated as one of the articles; and as Con is recorded, by the Irish historians, as commencing his reign in the year 177 of the Christian era, it is justly inferred that at that time the city must have been of some extent to be capable of such a division. From the imperfect chronology of these early writers, the exact and actual times of the eras mentioned by them may be questioned; but other records exist, the authenticity of which there is no reason to doubt. In 964, Edgar conferred a charter on the city, in which he denominates it 'the most noble city of Dyvelin;' and Ethelred his successor had a mint there, a coin of which, still extant, intimates that it was struck at Dyvelin.

The native Irish, who generally conferred names on places descriptive of their local peculiarities, speak of Dublin by various names corresponding with its situation and appearance. The site chosen was naturally one easily protected. It commenced on the extremity of the ridge of a hill that commanded to a great extent the low alluvial plain which surrounded it. On this hill grew an abundance of hazel copse, of which, at this day, indications are discovered. This hazel hill was that on which Castle Street now stands; and, in excavating for walls and the foundation of houses, the remains of the nut-trees have been found. Hence the Irish called their capital 'Drom-chol-coil,' which means 'the brow of the hazel hill.' On approaching this hill, especially from the east, the soil, for a considerable distance, was an unstable swamp, continually inundated by the Liffey and its tributary streams; nor was it till a comparatively recent period that the ground was rendered firm by mounds and embankments, and the elevated parts securely accessible. Before this, there were many approaches by roads constructed on hurdles and basket-work, forming a kind of floating pontoons. Hence the city was also called 'Bally-ath-cliath,' or 'the ford of hurdles.' These two Irish appellations for the capital, accurately describing its local peculiarities, are still known in some remote parts

It is now as impossible as it would be useless to ascertain who or what were the Celtic tribes that originally inhabited the town. It is certain, however, that it received considerable accessions and importance from the predatory invasions of the Danes and other northern people. Among the earliest conquests of these national pirates was the subjugation of Dublin. They greatly enlarged its dimensions, extending it beyond the hill to which it had been theretofore confined, especially in an eastward direction, towards the sea, and to the north-west, on the opposite side of the river Liffey. A district of the city in the latter position is still called 'Oxmantown,' which some English tourists have understood literally as having a reference to oxen, like Oxford, &c.; but it is merely a corruption of 'Ostmentown,' the name used in ancient maps, and which signifies 'the town of the Eastmen,' *i. e.* Danes and Norwegians.

The next invaders were the Anglo-Normans, in the reign of Henry II., who landed in the county of Wexford, and, marching northward, took possession of Dublin. Here Henry received the submission of the Ri, or *reguli*—the petty monarchs among whom Ireland was then divided—and immediately afterwards conferred the capital of his newly acquired dominions on his good citizens of Bristol, 'to inhabit and hold for him for ever.' The original of his charter is still preserved. It is among the most curious documents to be found in history—an instance of a man coolly making a present of a populous city, the capital of a country, to become the property of another town. It was, however, not a more extraordinary assumption than the Pope had exercised in favour of Henry himself, in giving him the whole kingdom; and it is the foundation of many important privileges and rights, confirmed to the citizens of Dublin by various subsequent charters. A *fac simile* of the original may be seen in Whitelaw and Walsh's history of Dublin.

The first stone edifice erected by the English on the 'brow of the hazel hill' was a fortress called the Castle, and which stood on the exact site of the modern Castle of Dublin. It is remarkable that this military work was built by a priest. Henry de Londres, archbishop of Dublin, raised it about the year 1220. A layman, however, disputes the honour with him. Fitzhenry, the then lord-deputy, had a charter conferred upon him, in which the necessity of building such an edifice is set forth, 'to keep the citizens in awe;' and funds were allotted to finish the work.

This fortress was originally entered on the north side, from Castle Street, which derived its name from it. The entrance was formed by two large and lofty circular towers, one of which was standing so lately as the year 1766, when it was taken down to improve the street. Between the towers there was a drawbridge and a spiked portcullis. Up to this led an abrupt, steep avenue, called at this day Corkhill, the origin of which name has puzzled antiquarians. It originated in the following fact: One of the towers having fallen, was partially repaired at the expense of the citizens, but was left unfinished. It was afterwards completed by Boyle, the first Earl of Cork. His arms and cognisance were emblazoned on the front of the repairs executed by him; and hence the street leading to it took its name. It is one of the steepest and greatest thoroughfares in the city, and hack-car and draymen are often heard to curse Corkhill.

On the south side of the fortress stood another lofty tower called the 'Bermingham tower.' It was erected by Bermingham, earl of Louth, one of the lords-justices, in 1321, and is still standing and in use in the lower castle-yard. The names of several Berminghams are connected with this tower. Sir W. Bermingham and his son Walter were confined in it on a charge of high treason; the father contrived to escape, but the son was executed. It was also called 'the lofty tower.' Though built on a low foundation, it rises to the level of the others, which stood on higher ground.

These three towers, with another called 'the wardrobe

pleted the fortified enclosure of the castle. Without, there was a deep fosse washing the walls on three sides, and filled with the overflowing of the Poddle.

This little river is now covered in like a sewer, and the passenger walks over it without being aware of its existence; but in ancient times, so great was the inundation caused by its overflow, from the neglected state of the shoals of the Liffey, into which it falls, that it long baffled the skill of engineers to restrain it. Among the earliest acts in the Irish statute-book is one made on the petition of the monks of St Patrick, to prevent their monastery and cathedral from being flooded by it; and this has been the parent of several other statutes under which taxes are levied for repairing and improving this apparently insignificant ditch. Up to a comparatively late period, the neighbourhood of the castle was so inundated as nearly to insulate the edifice, and rafts and boats plied in the adjoining lanes and streets. This circumstance gave rise to another popular mistake respecting a name. Two of these streets are now called Great and Little Ship Street, and it has been supposed that they are so called from a harbour which was formed there, and in which vessels could discharge and receive their cargoes. Some large iron rings are said to have been found in cellars, and attached to the foundation-stones of the castle walls, which are thought to have been used for mooring the ships. It appears, however, from reference to records, that this supposition, though plausible, is altogether fanciful. Part of the land above the flooded ground, and in the vicinity of the fortress, was a sheep pasture. This was called 'Shepes land,' and a patent is extant granting it to John and Richard Renaud, and describing it as adjoining a certain tower called Bermingham tower—the very locality now occupied by Ship Street. In Speed's map of Dublin, so late as 1610, it is called 'Sheep Street;' and in Allan's Registry, and documents of a similar kind, its name is, in Latin, 'Vicus ovium.'

Across the fosse, at this side of the castle, there was once a sallyport; but it was closed up by order of the Duke of Ormond, the deputy, on the following occasion: A conspiracy was formed to surprise the castle by entering through the sallyport, by a man named Blood, and other conspirators. Blood had been one of Cromwell's soldiers, and had no means of living when his troop was disbanded. The duke was apprised of the plot at the moment of its execution, and Blood was seized, like another Guy Fawkes, concealed in one of the dark recesses of the subterranean passage. Blood, who was a man of the most daring and intrepid resolution, contrived to escape, but his accomplices were executed; and to prevent the recurrence of a similar attack, the sallyport, which was nearly useless, was built up. Blood, undeterred by the failure of his attempt, followed the Duke of Ormond to London, watched his movements, and tracked his steps through the streets, like a sleuth hound, till he found a favourable opportunity, when he seized him. The ruffian's conduct is an extraordinary instance of cool audacity. He would have assassinated the duke on the spot, but he hurried him on towards Tyburn, for the greater gratification of hanging him there like a malefactor; and when near the spot the duke was rescued, but Blood again escaped. His last exploit was his well-known attempt to carry off the regalia from the Tower of London, in which he nearly succeeded. He afterwards received a considerable pension from Government, and died a quiet death, after a life of the most daring and reckless exploits on record. He was a native of Dublin.

During the disturbed and protracted period of the wars of the Pale, the Castle of Dublin was frequently an object of attack. In 1535, it successfully resisted a siege, in the rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, popularly known as 'Silken Thomas'—the title bestowed on him by his Irish followers for his magnificence. Archbishop Allen had been sent to Ireland by Henry VIII., for the express purpose of acting as a spy on the Fitzgeralds, whose power in the country was then almost equal to the king's. Justly fearing the violence of Lord Thomas, if he should fall into his hands, Allen attempted to escape during the siege, but this attempt was the cause of his death. Having made his way by night, through a back door of the castle, to the river, he employed a boatman to bring him to a ship he expected to meet in the bay of Dublin. The boatman proved to be a retainer of Fitzgerald, and, suspecting his passenger, he ran the boat ashore at Clontarf, on the opposite side of the bay, where the bishop was murdered by the wild kernes—the followers of Fitzgerald—in his presence, the following day. The siege was soon afterwards raised by the arrival of succour from England: and the unfortunate leader of the besiegers expiated his follies at Tyburn, where he was hanged with his five uncles. The latter were wholly unconnected with the rebellion, but were arrested at a banquet, and sacrificed to the bloody vengeance of Henry. Again, in 1609, a conspiracy was formed by Tyrone, Maguire, and O'Cahan, to seize the castle, as preparatory to the great outbreak then intended. This design was discovered and defeated, in consequence of a letter dropped in the council-chamber, but the conspirators escaped beyond seas. The last attempt of this kind was made in 1803, by the unhappy Robert Emmet. In the evening, about eight o'clock, he issued from Dirty Lane with about two hundred followers, dressed in green uniform; and this handful of men might have entered and taken possession of the castle by surprise, had not the unfortunate Lord Kilwarden, the then chief-justice, saved it at the expense of his life. The rioters meeting his carriage in Thomas Street, stopped to murder him. During the delay the alarm was given, the castle gates were closed, and the outbreak was at once crushed by the arrest and execution of the thoughtless enthusiast who had designed it.

Besides being a fortress, the Castle of Dublin was, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, made the seat of government, and converted into a royal residence. It had been the scene of the mock-royal councils of the imposter Lambert Simnel in the reign of Henry VII. It has long ceased to be a fortress; and, instead of being the stronghold of the garrison, is now the palace of the Irish viceroy. It has undergone a total alteration in its structure, but still retains evidence of what it originally was. It consists of the upper and lower 'castle yards.' The upper is the 'Drom-chol-coil'—the actual brow of the hazel hill; the second is the fosse, now filled up, under which runs the Poddle river, arched over, but sometimes even still escaping from its bounds, when swelled by excessive rain.

The walls of Dublin were of great antiquity. They were little more than an Irish mile in length, and included only the small space immediately round the castle. They were at different times pulled down, as the quays and streets, which now form the heart of the city, were built or improved. From one of the gates in the wall, the street now called Dame Street derived its name. There was a niche over the gate in which there was an image of the Virgin Mary, dedicated, along with an adjoining church, to 'St Mary les Dames.' This was called 'Dame's gate,' and was the common landing-place from the river. This part of the wall was altered by Lord Essex, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and a new gate built called Essex-Gate, at the upper part of the street which now bears that name. There were eight other gates; the principal of which was the Bridge-gate, opening on the only bridge built over the river Liffey prior to 1610. It stood at the end of the street now called Bridgefoot Street.

With the exception of buildings for purposes of defence and ecclesiastical structures, of which there are several, there were few stone edifices in Dublin until after the reign of Henry VIII. The houses of the citizens were, for the most part, built entirely of wood. There is not now standing in the city a single house of a date earlier than the reign of James I.; but within the last century there were several existing of Elizabeth's age. They were, like the English houses of the same period, built in the cage-work fashion. One of the most remarkable was pulled down in 1745. The largest of those which survived within the period referred to, was a building in Skinner Row, called the 'Carbrie.' It had been the habitation of many

noble families successively, and was of great antiquity. The last dwelling-house of the Elizabethan or prior periods, which was in existence in Dublin, stood at the corner of Werburgh Street and Castle Street, and was pulled down about thirty years since.

The first institution for the study or administration of English law in Dublin was Collett's Inn. It was a building erected outside of the city wall, at the distance of about half a mile, on the site of the modern Exchequer Street. It was built in the reign of Edward I., and answered the several purposes of containing the courts of justice and being the residence of the judges and barristers. It soon met the fate that might be expected from its exposed situation, being sacked and burned down by an incursion of the O'Byrnes from Wicklow. It was succeeded by Preston's Inn, which was erected by Sir Robert Preston, chief justice of the Common Pleas under Edward III. Preston's Inn was built within the walls, immediately under the castle, where Parliament Street now is. It continued to be the legal head-quarters of Ireland for two centuries, until a grant was made in lieu of it of the possessions of the Dominican priory, on the opposite or north side of the river Liffey, in 1542, on the suppression of the monasteries. This priory was on the site of the modern Four Courts, and was granted by Henry VIII. to the professors of the law in Ireland, as a body. The management of their affairs, in after times, became vested in the society of King's Inns, consisting of the judges and most eminent members of the bar; but until the statute making judges' situations permanent, the lawyers and judges were constantly changing places, and anciently the whole profession appear to have lived on terms of equality. Up to the reign of James I., when the English laws began to be more universally and vigorously administered in Ireland, legal business there was very limited, the only court that had much occupation being the Exchequer, in which the claims of the crown and constant rebellions and forfeitures supplied fertile sources of litigation.

The bounds of the civic jurisdiction were formerly preserved with great care by the ceremony of 'riding the franchises.' This was observed every three years regularly, from the reign of Henry VII. until within the last half century, and was a procession of great civic pomp, accompanied by extravagant mythological and emblematical mimes and devices. One part of the observance was very singular. The Lord Mayor's ancient collar of SS. had been stolen during the mayoralty of Sir Michael Creagh; and to keep up the recollection of his offence, at a particular part of the procession it used to stop, and the marshal ride forth and call loudly three times to Sir Michael Creagh to return the collar which he had stolen. Another singular corporate ceremony, which was in use in ancient Dublin for a short period, was the procession of the Lord Mayor barefooted through the city once a-year. This was a penance imposed by the Pope for the violation of the holy images in Christ's Church Cathedral during a riot between the followers of the Earl of Kildare and Sir James Ormond, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Some of Kildare's party, with whom the citizens joined, forced their way into the church, where the two hostile leaders had consented to meet, as being the safest guard against treachery. Their adversaries gathered outside on a rumour being spread of unfair play, and the archers shot their arrows at random through the windows of the cathedral, and they unfortunately stuck in the images. The progress of the reformation soon, however, put an end to the penance.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

It is confidently asserted that in a few years, that is to say, when the projected railway between Berwick and Newcastle shall have been completed, ten hours will suffice for the transmission by mail of our letters between London and Edinburgh, and that the usual time for passengers accomplishing, in ordinary trains, the whole journey will be fifteen. Now, if we bear in mind that little more than half a century ago the stage-coach between Glasgow and Edinburgh took a day and a half to complete its journey; that then there was only one stage-coach between London and Edinburgh, which, starting once a-month from each city, seldom took less than a fortnight to complete the trip; that the ordinary carrier between Edinburgh and Selkirk, a distance of thirty-eight miles, required a fortnight for his journey going and returning, we may well be allowed the indulgence of a little self-gratulation on the progressive march of scientific improvement in the times which we claim as our own. Up, we are told, to the close of last century, the internal transport of goods by waggon was not only intolerably slow, but so expensive as to exclude every object but manufactured goods, and such as, being of light weight, would allow of a high rate of transport. Forty shillings a-ton was then the rate of charge between Liverpool and Manchester; and the charge between London and Leeds for waggon carriage was at the rate per ton of £18 sterling. Many of the richest districts of the country remained perfectly unproductive, because heavy articles, such as coals, iron, and other minerals, could only be available for commerce where their position favoured transport by sea. At length, about the year 1770, a kind of new era in the history of inland transport may be said to have commenced. The Bridgewater canal was opened, and so successful as a mode of conveyance did it immediately evince itself, that the attention of other great proprietors were excited at once. Then arose canal companies, and the country was overspread by that extensive system of inland navigation which has so long served the purpose of English commerce. It is not very surprising, considering the infamous state of our public roads, and the heavy amount of taxation inflicted by our turnpike tolls, in the times to which we allude, to find these companies soon monopolising the entire inland traffic of England. The profits they realised are said to have been immense. Indeed they appear for many years to have done with the public whatsoever they listed. Nothing could stand before them. The different canal companies, perceiving a feeble opposition attempted in the way of constructing a few rival lines, formed an extensive combination amongst themselves, and left the public victims to monopoly and exorbitant prices. Long and patiently was this system of extortion supported by the commerce of the country. The merchants and manufacturers had not forgotten that before the construction of the canal they had no practical means whatever for internal traffic, and the companies were allowed to continue in the enjoyment of their revenue. Security at length engendered negligence. So long as the companies referred to only contented themselves with an exorbitantly high rate of charge, the victims of oppression rested satisfied with a few suppressed and feeble murmurs of dissatisfaction; but when they began to perform the service itself ill and slovenly—when the cotton, which was transported three thousand miles across the Atlantic, from New York to Liverpool, in twenty days, took six weeks to be carried from Liverpool to the mills of the spinners at Manchester, a distance of only thirty miles—the indignation of the aggrieved parties was beyond all limits; and in 1825, petitions embodying complaints, which it was offered to substantiate by direct evidence, were forthwith transmitted to the British Parliament. In the meantime, without waiting for the ultimate treatment and reception of these petitions, it was resolved that a railway to perform the service should be constructed at once. Roused from their apathy, the wealthy and powerful canal companies resolved to propitiate the merchants by a reduction of their tariff. It was too late, however; the decision was taken; the new project had been well considered, and its advantages were rendered too plain. The canal companies, rallying their partisans, were for two years successful in the opposition they offered to the act authorising the construction of the railway. The Liverpool and Manchester merchants, however, were not to be repulsed; they still persevered in their efforts to obtain redress, and at last they were successful, for in 1828 the act to incorporate the railway company received the royal assent.

This was the origin of that singular advancement in the art of transport over land which has formed so remarkable an event in the present day, and which has spread its influence more or less over all that portion of the terrestrial globe to which civilisation has extended. Capital, our readers must be aware, has been attracted to this improvement, within the last two years, to an extent altogether unprecedented. It has engrossed in a most extraordinary degree the attention of every enlightened people, and therefore, if in the present article, partly abridged and partly compiled from the 'Edinburgh Review,' we endeavour to take a brief retrospect of the progress of railway transport, from the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line to the present time, our efforts will, we hope, not prove obtrusive or unsatisfactory to the general reader.

The only thing originally contemplated in the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester railway was the transport of merchandise between those important towns. Manchester, a great manufacturing district, received its raw material from distant quarters of the globe by the port of Liverpool, and, on the other hand, shipped at the same port the manufactured produce of its mills and factories to its customers in every part of the world. The reciprocal transmission of these articles was the main object to which the new company looked as the means of affording any adequate return for the capital they were about to expend. As the enterprise advanced towards completion, the method of conducting the traffic upon it came to be considered. The project was originally regarded as an ordinary road, and the owners were authorised to demand toll from all who might desire to transmit goods upon it. Had the line, like a common road, been intended to be worked by simple horse power, this would have done well enough. The engineer, however, Mr George Stephenson, who had been employed to make the line, recommended the use of steam as an agent superior in economy and efficacy to animal power. It is something amusing, when we look back to the time referred to, to find Mr Stephenson only undertaking for his locomotive engine a rate of speed averaging ten or twelve miles an hour, and that even this moderate idea, which the engineer himself threw out with considerable timidity, was received with ridicule by most of his cotemporaries. One distinguished writer on railways, who resided in the midst of a coal country, and under whose windows locomotives had been working for years, indignantly disavowed any participation in such extravagant speculations, and has left his disclaimer on record in a published work. Within a few months, however, the triumphant success of the 'Rocket,' which, to the astonishment of the scientific world, traversed the railway with a speed of upwards of twenty-nine miles an hour, silenced ridicule and incredulity alike. This fact altogether changed the aspect of the enterprise. It was evident now that the projectors had at their feet the traffic in passengers, the most profitable species of transport, and that goods, hitherto regarded as the chief source of profit, must take a subordinate place. The railway was opened to the public in 1830, and immediately, of the thirty stage-coaches which had run daily between Liverpool and Manchester, only one remained on the road. The number of passengers between the two towns, in consequence of the immense reduction of fares, received immediately a wonderful augmentation. The number of travellers by the coach had previously been about 500 daily, now it rose at once to 1600. Thus, not only was the problem of the rapid transport of passengers solved, the profitable character of the enterprise soon became apparent. The results may be easily guessed. Other lines of railway connecting the centres of population and industry with the metropolis and with each other were speedily projected.

In the four years which elapsed from 1832 to 1836, about 450 miles of railway were completed, and 350 miles were in progress of construction. In the year 1840, there were 1300 miles of railway in full operation in Britain, upon which, during that year, twelve millions of persons had been conveyed. In 1841, 1550 miles were worked, on which twenty millions of passengers were carried. In 1843, the length of railway open was 1800 miles, and the number of passengers transported nearly twenty-seven millions; and in 1844 the length was increased to 1900 miles, and the passengers exceeded the incredible number of thirty millions. Nearly sixty millions of capital had been expended in little more than ten years on these enterprises. The demand for railway shares was enormous and a supply of corresponding magnitude soon met it. In 1845, 300 miles of new railway were opened for traffic, and acts were passed by the legislature sanctioning projects in which the construction of a further extent of 1800 miles of railway was undertaken.

Let us now turn our attention from what has been actually accomplished to what is only in progress. We shall be considerably within the truth if we assume that the total length of railways for which acts were obtained previous to 1845 was 2500 miles; and in the session of 1845 acts were passed authorising a further construction, making a total to December 1845 of 5300 miles.

In the last session of parliament, however, it was reserved for the world to witness an extent of speculation of which history, we believe, can produce no similar example: 4000 miles of additional railways have actually received the sanction of the legislature, which, if completed, will make up the enormous extent of 9300 miles. It appears then that there are now in progress, and sanctioned by parliament, 5300 miles of railway, to complete which and bring them into operation will require at least two hundred millions sterling. Most of the companies promise the completion of their enterprises in three years; but allowing for engineering casualties and unforeseen causes of delay, there is no reason to suppose that any of them should exceed five years. The annual instalments of capital necessary to accomplish this will therefore be forty millions.

When the results of the operations in England became known in America, the advantages which such means of intercommunication must produce in that country became immediately apparent, and in various parts of the union the enterprising spirit of the population was directed to the construction of railways. The progress was rapid, and a few years witnessed an extensive system of steam communication by land throughout the most populous and active of the Atlantic States. The total length of railway now actually constructed and in operation in the United States amounts to about 4500 miles, of which 500 miles consist of short lines connected with coal-works and private establishments, leaving about 4000 miles of swift steam conveyance by railway for passengers and merchandise. Besides this, there are about 10,000 miles projected, the construction of most of which has been suspended since the financial and monetary revulsions which took place some years ago. Of the railways completed and in operation the chief part are in the Atlantic States. A few short lines have, however, been constructed in the south and west. Thus, there are seven railways in Alabama, four in Florida, ten in Louisiana, and five in Mississippi. Pennsylvania, New York, and the states of New England are the great theatres of American railway enterprise. The state of Pennsylvania is intersected by nearly 1000 miles of railway; and an equal length is in operation or process of construction in the state of New York. The New England States are in every direction intersected by railways. Boston is connected towards the west with the Hudson in a continuous line. It is connected towards the south with Long Island Sound, by lines to Providence and Stonington, and to Worcester and New London. The communication is carried on from these points to New York, both by railway over Long Island and steam-boats on the Sound and East River.

From the Hudson there is an unbroken line of railway communication to the great northern lakes. By these and the Illinois river the communication is continued by steamboats nearly to the banks of the Upper Mississippi, where it is continued for some thousand miles westward by the Missouri towards the Rocky Mountains, and southward by the Lower Mississippi to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. Another artery of railway communication pro-

eeds from New York southwards, traversing the states of lew Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, lorth and South Carolina, and turning westward through leorgia terminates near the banks of the Alabama river. here the line is continued by steam-boats to the mouth f that river, and thence to Lake Pontchartrain, where it neets a line of railway that terminates finally at New rleans. The entire territory of the union is thus enclosed n an uninterrupted circle of steam communication. There re also isolated instances of the irrepressible spirit of enerprise which so strongly characterises this people, to be ound in railways constructed and in operation, where the ighest refinements of locomotion would be the last thing he wanderer of the wilds would expect to meet. In the ackwoods of Mississippi, traversing native forests where, ill within a few years, human foot never trod, through olitudes the silence of which was never disturbed even by he redman, we are now transported on railways. The mpression produced upon the traveller, as he is whirled hrough these wilds and sees the frightened deer start from s lair at the snorting of the ponderous machine which noves him, and reflects on all that man has accomplished here within half a century, cannot be described.

Of all the European states, after Great Britain, that hich first and most energetically directed its efforts to he establishment of improved means of intercommunicaion, was Belgium. The revolution of 1830 having separated this country from Holland, it lost the mouths of the Scheldt as an issue for its commerce. The communications with the German states could not be continued by ea, and were attended with expenses by land on the common roads, which rendered them impracticable. The coal-roducing province of Liege, which before the revolution upplied the Dutch markets, was now isolated, while those f Hainault communicated with all the chief cities. Pressed y these difficulties, the new government decided on constructing an effectual and economical communication beween the ocean and the point of the frontier nearest to he Rhine, crossing the kingdom from east to west. The project was presented to the chamber and passed into a law on the 1st of May, 1834; in virtue of which the railways which now overspread Belgium were constructed at the charge of the state. The works were commenced on the 1st June, 1834, and were completed, and successively brought into operation, in the following years. In ten years after the project was adopted, the eastern line, from Malines to Cologne; the western line, from Malines to the sea on the north; the northern, from Malines to Antwerp; and the southern, to the frontier of France by Brussels and Mons, were completed and in full work. Before the establishment of these lines of communication, the number of passengers between Brussels and Antwerp per annum was 75,000. In the first eight months after the opening of the railway, the number was 541,129; and afterwards the annual intercourse amounted to a million!

We come now to France, where the progress of this new instrument of social and national advancement has not hitherto been commensurate with the position and pretensions of that great country. Previously to 1830 a few railways had been constructed and worked in some of the mining districts of France similar to those which had long been used in the northern counties of England. It was not, however, till about the year 1836, that the true character which steam transport on railways was destined to assume, began to reveal itself to her government. The wonders of the Liverpool and Manchester line had been noised abroad. Its expedition and cheapness were the theme of general conversation. At length the government, being fully alive to the importance of this new way of internal communication, resolved, in 1842, that a system of railways should be planned and executed. With this view, it was determined, that from Paris as a centre, main branch lines should issue, to be directed to those points of the frontiers, by land and sea, that should best serve the purposes of foreign commerce; and that the demands of the interior should be consulted in the courses which these ous ramifications which they should throw off. In accordance with this plan, six great lines would issue from the capital. The first, proceeding northwards to the Belgian frontier, would unite with the railways of that state near Lille and Valenciennes. Branches from Amiens and Lille would communicate with the Channel at Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk; thus opening a rapid and easy communication with England, and affording a means of transit with the fifth commercial port, and the great granary of the northern section of the kingdom. The object of the second grand artery was to open a communication with Spain. This line was to proceed from Paris southwards, through Orleans, Tours, Poictiers, Angouleme, and Bordeaux, to Bayonne, throwing off branches to Nantes and Vierzon. The eastern line would pass through Champagne and Lorraine, connecting Paris with Strasburg and Basle, thus forming a direct communication with the Rhenish frontier, and uniting with the system of German railways. Another line was to be carried from Paris to Brest, through Rennes. It was also decided to carry it through another great central line which should extend to the base of the Pyrenees, thus opening a way to Saragossa and the central parts of Spain. Finally, the western line would be directed upon Rouen, with branches to Havre and Dieppe; thus completing the system of communication with the ports of the Channel and the Atlantic.

Such is the system of railway communication which has been projected and partly completed in France. Let us next consider the vast system which is designed to be executed by the Germanic states, which will ere long be overspread by the most magnificent facilities of interior communication of which Europe can afford any example. The Austrian system consists of four great arteries, or lines, which meet at Vienna, and from thence proceed north, south, east, and west. The southern line, passing through Gratz and Laybach, terminates at Trieste. The northern directs its course by Prague, on the frontiers of Saxony. These two lines, running north and south, are destined to form part of a more extensive meridional line, by which the Adriatic will be united with the northern seas. Nor has Austria neglected to extend similar improvements to her Italian possessions. A line of railway, measuring nearly 200 miles, will traverse the Lombardo-Venetian territory, connecting Venice with Milan, and communicating by easy steam navigation with the terminus of the great northern and southern line at Trieste.

In the system of railways projected by Prussia, lines issuing from Berlin will rest upon the Rhine at Cologne and Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Another main line issues from Berlin eastwards, directed towards Russia and the Polish provinces, by Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Posen, Dantzic, and Konigsberg. This line is in a forward state.

The Bavarian system of railways consists of three great trunk lines, which intersect the kingdom in different directions. Of this system of lines, the total length is 573 miles, and the length of the part already open for commerce 159. Saxony and Hesse have undertaken the continuation of the great northern Bavarian railway from Hof to Leipsic, and of the Austrian line from Breslau to Leipsic and Dresden.

The smaller northern states, Hanover, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, and the Hanse Towns, have not been backward in contributing their quota to this vast work. In Hanover a main line runs east and west, connecting that kingdom with Magdeburg and Brunswick. In Brunswick there are already seventy-five miles of railway completed, or nearly so; and the total length of railways, in short, projected in these smaller states is 700 miles, of which about one-third is open for traffic.

A movement affecting in so many important respects the social condition and commercial relation of states, could not take place among those to which we have adverted, without being shared more or less by the other countries of Europe. Russia, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, the Italian States, and even the Peninsula, have shown signs of their consciousness of the expediency of similar measures. Sweden stands alone quiescent among

a railway from St Petersburg to Warsaw, and thence to Cracow, where it will unite with the northern chain of German lines, thus opening a continuous communication with all the chief cities of central Europe. A large part of this line is already completed. The second line, which is nearly finished, will connect Petersburg with Moscow. The third line will be the continuation of the Austro-Hungarian line to Odessa. The fourth line, intended for goods only, will connect the Volga and the Duna. The total length of this system will be 1600 miles.

In Holland, a line from Amsterdam to the frontier of Prussia is completed, and open as far as Arnheim.

Passing over the Italian States and Portugal, where little has yet been done in railway undertakings, we shall only add, as to Spain, that if she has done little in this respect at home, she has not been supine in her colonies. Over the most fertile part of the beautiful island of Cuba, a railway was constructed so early as 1838, in length forty-five miles, and it has since been in constant use. It is difficult to convey any adequate impression of the effects produced on the mind of the traveller as he is carried over this natural garden, in a way so little to be expected, amid such scenery. The swarthy African, as the strange apparition passes him, pauses from his toil, and gazes at it with a wonder which time and custom can hardly abate.

## MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

The words 'mechanics' institutions' must ever prove dear to every lover of humanity, as these have been the fulcrum by which the masses of this country have been raised to their present state of intelligence; and happily the benefits conferred upon the people of Great Britain by such means are now almost universally admitted. What these benefits are it is needless to state; moral and intellectual improvement always imply corresponding progress in a happiness which is more strictly physical. When we succeed, that is to say, in imparting mental tastes and moral desires, by which the mind and heart are withdrawn from low pursuits and sordid or improper gratifications, we to the same extent at once advance the personal comfort of the individual and ensure its permanency. Tested by this touchstone, mechanics' institutions will bear comparison with whatever human philanthropy has heretofore devised to bless and ameliorate the species. For who can venture to reckon up the aggregate amount of domestic bliss which thousands of families, in all parts of our nation, have, through their agency, come to possess? To say, therefore, that we rejoice to hear of such institutions prospering where they already have existence, or of their recent organisation in localities where they were previously unknown, is, in the way of self-praise, to do little more than confess that we possess the ordinary emotions consequent upon gratified benevolence. Delighting, however, to witness the rise and spread of these invaluable institutions, it has still for a long time been our conviction that, with all the aid they may derive from the efforts of philanthropic individuals moving in a different sphere, never till the time arrive when our mechanics and artisans shall see it to be at once their duty and their interest to take the matter into their own hands, will they assume that importance among the educational establishments of the country to which, from their intrinsic merits, they have so just a title. Many remedial measures have been lately proposed for the purpose of rectifying the evils which press so heavily on the industrial portion of the community; but these, we suspect, can only be permanently beneficial when based on principles which, in addition to the physical, take also into account the intellectual as well as moral wants of the community. Such being our sentiments, it is with no common pleasure that, in different quarters of the country, we observe the interest which those more immediately concerned are now evincing in the organisation of such institutions. Athenæums and philosophical institutions scarcely reach the exigencies of those who labour in manufactories or toil in workshops. The example, however, recently set by the energetic individuals who took upon themselves the task, alike arduous and praiseworthy, of forming the Philosophical Institution in this city, [illegible] not been lost on the class referred to. In proof of this [illegible] have only to call attention to a prospectus, put into [illegible] hands, of a mechanics' institution, recently established [illegible] Edinburgh, and from which we extract the following:—

'The schoolmaster is truly abroad; the working clas[s] are resolutely shaking off the ignorance-engendered apa[thy] of ages, and, animated with hope, and sustained by [self-] reliance, are planting the standard of progress in ev[ery] town and village in the nation. Private philanthropy [illegible] has done much for us educationally; gratitude, therefo[re] demands that we should demonstrate to our mental be[ne]factors, but more especially *to ourselves*, that we can [do] much *for ourselves*. We wish to prove that philanthrop[ists] have not laboured in vain to elevate the workman, [illegible] that one of the most glorious lessons they have taught [us] is self-reliance. There is an impulse in the great he[art] of humanity at present animating and hurrying on [the] masses. They are shouting in the wilderness to the [pro]phets of progress, 'Prepare ye the way;' they cry, 'T[he] are coming; all that we require is direction;' and me[n] animated will not long lack the means of lighting the la[mp] of intellectual life. The roughest stones are smoothed [by] abrasion, the rustiest pieces of iron become bright w[hen] well shaken together; and we workmen, though indivi[dual]ly inerudite, must necessarily become more elevated [by] association.'

With such sentiments as these spreading among [the] masses of the country, we certainly indulge in no extra[va]gant hope when we anticipate a day of decided amel[io]tion to be near at hand. Lively, however, as is the sa[tis]faction with which we view the rise of such institutions, [we] should have considered ourselves deficient in duty had [we] not tendered a word of counsel to those more immediat[ely] intrusted with their management; and this we would [not] suredly have done had not the recent transmission to u[s] the report of a speech, delivered lately by Mr Smith of [the] *Preston Guardian* in the Mechanics' Institution Ha[ll] that town, on 'the spirit of the age with special refer[ence] to Mechanics' Institutes,' rendered the task to a great [ex]tent unnecessary. In the course of an oration, remarka[ble] throughout for the brilliancy of its eloquence and the [so]of its argumentation, he says:—

'The words amelioration and progress were in ev[ery] body's mouth, and their spirit was fast penetrating [the] entire public economy and life. Of the influences [pro]ductive of this state of transition, the chief was that w[hich] bore a religious cast. In this respect the young lif[e of] the age presented a cheering contrast to that of the [last] century. The reign of reason—or French logic and [in]*fidelity* rather—with its tumults and its wars, had pa[ssed] away, and the spirit of faith had revived. Whilst the [ap]plication of science to the arts of industry had impa[rted] an unusual impulse to everything that bound individu[als] and nations together, there had sprung up an intense an[d] growing aspiration after the acquisition of all spiritual truth; and by ascending to higher views, by striving to glance deeper into the relations subsisting between God and man, it was sought to imbibe more fully the divine spirit of Christianity, and to apply its truths and precepts to the wants of society and the progress of man. Concurrently with this, a larger measure of tolerance and wisdom had been evinced by the leading parties in the religious and political worlds. They all knew the exclusive tendencies of sectarianism, and how easy it was for it to reconcile the spirit and practice of persecution with its own limited ideas of duty. But a little while ago it was as if the broad field of Christianity were parcelled out into allotments, inhabited by hostile tribes, separated originally by the partition walls of human misapprehension and prejudice, rising thick, strong, and so high that, above, the beams of the new risen Sun of Righteousness were all but shut out, whilst below men groped about in twilight deceiving themselves, each dreaming that his own apartment only possessed all light, all truth. Now, they beheld a different spectacle. As Paul, in passing through Athens, found amidst altars raised to a multitude of deities

me inscribed 'To the Unknown God'—a God forgotten, yet strange to say, not denied—so in modern times, among he multitude of churches, each professing to be the depositary of the truth, was found one common principle, not denied in theory by any, yet often forgotten in practice by all. That principle was this—that as it is not head knowledge, but a heartfelt faith in Christ which christianises a man, so it is quite probable that my neighbour is a Christian though he worships not with me in the same church, or differs from me on certain matters of opinion; and as the God unknown to the Athenians had triumphed over all their deities, so that principle had at last begun to triumph over the prejudices and uncharities of sects. In the political world something similar was apparent. Ancient hereditary feuds and animosities appeared to have been laid aside, or to have spent all their force, and they who guide public opinion sought no longer to uphold the theory and government of party, but, in a more excellent spirit, to promote wisely the real good of their species. When speaking upon this circumstance, some whose opinions he respected, warned them that though the great questions of the last half century were now disposed of, yet that the old prepossessions and habits of thinking were not eradicated, but still existed, probably as strong and as ready to repeat error as ever. He did not deny it; nay, perchance it was well that it was so, on the principle that in matrimony a little contrast of character was sometimes beneficial, not to speak of the same breaking into a quarrel occasionally just for the luxury of making it up again. But in addressing this warning, he suspected that a new element in political life had been left out of consideration. He referred to the number of intelligent practical men now early thrown off by such institutions as this—men who had not been trained in the old political schools, who were inspired with the idea of progress peculiar to the age, and who acknowledged nothing but that legislation should be conducted on common sense principles, for the benefit and well-being of all. The younger men who had grown up with mechanics' institutes and the expansive commercial tendencies of the times, had derived their spiritual life from a freer and healthier atmosphere than did their fathers; and the influences which moulded the opinions of the latter, and gave the impetus to their public conduct, were all but unknown, except historically, to them. Considering, then, that the old prepossessions and habits referred to were not likely to be perpetuated in their original intensity, or at all events that they would be neutralised by the necessary growth of the new element, and that not one only, but both the great parties in the state were agreed that legislation must henceforth be conducted upon rational principles for the common good, might he not conclude that in the political, as in the religious world, there was much to which they might look for the amelioration of society and its progress to a happier state?'

Mr Smith, taking it for granted that all would acknowledge that a new spirit was abroad in this country, goes on to say that the next question had reference to the extent of those practical blessings it had in any instance as yet conferred upon society; and here, in direct opposition to what a certain class of public instructors are endeavouring to instil into the minds of the populace, Mr Smith confidently, and, we think, with truth, affirms that the rich and powerful had begun of late years to exhibit far more natural sympathy than they had ever done before with the toiling and suffering poor. 'Did not,' he asks, 'the true manhood of every worker now stand out in high relief, so that none might question his title to a place in society, or the possession of whatever was needful to the development of all that constituted him a rational and moral being?' This was a great point conceded; but if the working man has all this allowed in his favour, what has been done for him by his superiors in station? 'Much,' is Mr Smith's reply, and after enumerating the various plans which have recently been adopted to promote the welfare of the people, whether physical or moral, he concludes by inquiring—'Need the cry for education itself, so universal, so strong, meditating proposals on the subject—need these facts, or any of them, be more than referred to, in proof that the spirit of the age, if less bigoted, less intolerant, and less given to the fights of faction, was, what was far better, richly replenished with a most comprehensive, a most practical and outgoing philanthropy?

But taking it for granted that the new state of things was all that he represented it to be, it might still hesitatingly be asked, what guarantee had they for its continuance? And the question might be enforced by a reference to the fate of all former civilisations, to the many empires that had risen from the rudest form of nomadic life to the most imperial pitch of power and splendour, apparently only that they might decay. But here again he had an answer. The civilisation of our day was as unlike that of the ancients as could be. It was built upon another foundation; it was pervaded by far other elements; its end was as remote from that of any of the nations of antiquity as the heavens were distant from the earth. It had originated in and kept pace with Christianity, which contrasted boldly with the pantheism of the old world, inasmuch as its tendency was to combine, build up, and develope, whilst that of pantheism was to isolate, break down, and destroy. If, then, the principles of the new movement could be traced to Christianity as their source, they would find therein the guarantee for their continuance and finally universal triumph. Christianity, beyond question, was the grand motive agent in effecting social changes for the better. True, it did not address itself specifically to the overthrow of any unjust or defective constitution, or great social anomaly, but its genius was so directed as to subvert all that was not in keeping with itself, and to establish instead what was in harmony with the will of God and the nature of man. Thus Christ and his apostles first gave clear utterance to the doctrine of the natural equality of men. This principle thenceforth spread abroad, and acted like a lever to upturn society. It was seen struggling for the mastery in every great movement downwards; in the establishment, in the middle ages, of the equal rights of men to justice in law, a principle before which serfdom and slavery disappeared; in the Reformation; in the contendings of the Puritans in England, and the Covenanters in the north; and in the struggles for political freedom of the present century. The objects contended for in all these might be summed up generally and represented in one word, liberty—liberty to exercise one's right. Now, however, that this principle had been secured, it was found that the recognition of some other principle, which should, in a manner, be superior to it and exercise control, was necessary to further social advancement. The desideratum was the godlike idea of DUTY—the principle that we should do nothing to our neighbour's hurt, but, on the contrary, promote his well-being at even the sacrifice of our own. This principle when applied to all those obstinate questions involved in conflicting *rights* now pending between the weak and the strong, resolved them in a trice. Now this, also, was peculiar to Christianity. They knew how the whole doctrine of the Great Teacher glowed with its spirit and presented its letter. 'Love thy neighbour,' said he, 'and do to him as thou wouldst he should do to thee.' The heathen religions had nothing like that. It was a short and easy rule how man might become like his Maker, the God and Father of all. It had in all times been known to and acknowledged by Christians individually, but only now had the spirit of it begun to influence the conduct of the higher classes towards the lower. Its power would increase with the intelligence of the age, vindicating, in every possible way, its holy mission as the uplifting agent of society, the purger of its vices, and the soother of its woes. Stamped thus with the highest authority, having found it to be filled with the noblest essence of Christian truth, he was persuaded that the movement now begun would continue to the end; that with its progress that most unphilosophical and injurious notion that there is essentially a principle of hostility between the rich and poor, would die away, and give place to a spirit of mutual

en and expand and accumulate its triumphs till the advent of that long-looked for day when, in the language of the Hebrew prophet of old, 'wisdom and knowledge should be the stability of the times, and strength of salvation,' and when, as a modern poet had sung,

Man and man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.'

With respect to mechanics' institutes, Mr Smith expresses his joy at perceiving them to multiply not only in the neighbourhood of Preston but all over Britain. In his opinion, the real value of such institutions for developing the moral and intellectual character of the people, and contributing to the sum of human happiness, had yet to be known. Nor until a national union of all such institutions was completely effected, could their importance be adequately appreciated, or their immense power fully realised. A mechanics' institute ought, in Mr Smith's opinion, to be organised in every town of any consequence all over Britain. These would be ready to receive our young men just as they left school and entered upon public life, and they would be ready to complete the education which the schools had only begun. If these institutions, existing in every part of the country, could be so united as to associate with and aid one another (each meanwhile maintaining its own individual and independent management), a great amount of good would be the necessary consequence. Institutions in country villages would, of course, derive from such a union the largest amount of benefit, but what right-hearted member of a wealthier body would object to this, or grudge the assistance lent? 'For only,' says Mr Smith, 'consider the end; the equal advancement of all the people in knowledge, wisdom, and moral dignity.' He then calls upon the men of Lancashire to take this matter up; advises a division of the country into districts, each comprising several institutes; and that the whole be established and supported by weekly subscriptions sufficiently small to be within the reach of the largest possible circle of operatives. In the meantime, if a national union could not be effected immediately, why not, he asks, then attempt a county one? The West Riding Union might, he asserts, furnish them with a model. Taking Preston as the centre of a circle, why should not straight lines drawn from Blackburn, Burnley, Darwen, Chorley, Lancaster, Fleetwood, all there converge and meet? This plan had already been tried in Yorkshire, and if found efficient there, why not in other counties as well? Mr Smith next proceeded to rank among the educational influences of the age that of female associations. He was proud that in Preston they had a number of ladies among their members, and that the lecture-room was weekly graced with their presence; and until the wives and daughters of our operatives receive an intellectual and moral training equal to that bestowed upon their sons and themselves, less good will result from such institutions than would otherwise be the case.

Such is an outline of the eloquent and effective speech recently delivered by Mr Smith respecting mechanics' institutes. Orators imbued with similar sentiments, in reference to the paramount importance of Christianity, as necessary to render at once efficient and permanent all public movements which have for their avowed object the improvement of the community, are in these times greatly wanted. And yet it was by mere accident that Mr Smith undertook, on the present occasion, the task which he so well accomplished. His late appearance as a public speaker is accounted for by the indisposition of the Rev. J. B. Shepherd. The success, had health permitted, with which that reverend and learned gentleman would have discharged the duty, no one in the least familiar with his high and varied attainments, equally as a scholar and a Christian, can for a moment doubt. Still, while we regret its cause, his absence on the present occasion, regarded as a mere event, can scarcely be deemed a misfortune. Such sentiments as Mr Smith uttered, when they come from the lips of a clergyman, appear so much a matter of course, that they not unfrequently fail to strike; but when expressed by a *layman* they exercise an influence over the public all the more powerful, from the assurance that no professional temptation can stand in the way to make him advance anything at variance with the honest convictions of his own mind. We shall hail it as among the most auspicious tokens for future good that 'the times' exhibit, if such advocates as Mr Smith, throughout the length and breadth of the land, begin earnestly to take up the cause.

## MERCY.

(Written for the Instructor.)

You see yon beauteous little bird
That sings upon the tree,
And you may think its song unheard
By aught save you and me.

Ah, no! within the covert green
Its own sweet mate doth rest,
And hears the melody, unseen,
That thrills its loving breast.

So mercy sings its gentle song,
Though none seem to be near;
Yet some lone heart will hear the lay,
And bless it with a tear.

The sweetest music of the soul,
'Tis ever welcome heard,
And always hath a listener,
As hath the little bird.

We feel its influence many ways—
In many a different form:
It follows fortune's brightest blaze,
It stems the roughest storm.

It sitteth at the wintry hearth—
At misery's cheerless door;
'Tis found among the sons of mirth—
Among the sorrowing poor.

All times, all seasons, and all states,
Pay homage to its charm;
Its mission to all men relates,
All sufferings to disarm.

W. D.

### ART OF SWIMMING.

Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there, if he does not elevate his hands. If he move his hands under water in any manner he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe; and if he move his legs as in the act of walking (or rather of walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.

### BEN JONSON.

Lord Craven, in the reign of James I., was very desirous to see Ben Jonson, which being told to Ben, he went to my lord's house; but being in a very tattered condition, as poets sometimes are, the porter refused him admittance, with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My lord happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it. Ben, who stood in need of nobody to speak for him, said, 'He understood his lordship desired to see him.'—'You, friend!' said my lord, 'who are you?'—'Ben Jonson,' replied the other.—'No, no,' quoth his lordship, 'you cannot be Ben Jonson who wrote the Silent Woman; you look as if you could not say *bo* to a goose.'—'Bo,' cried Ben.—'Very well,' said my lord, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront; 'I am now convinced by your wit you are Ben Jonson.'

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## THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

PUBLIC attention was of late strongly directed to the important subject of temperance societies, in consequence of a numerous and respectable body, styled 'The World's Temperance Convention,' consisting of delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom, a large number from America, as well as the East and West Indies, having met in the London Institution in the month of August last. In adverting to the proceedings of this body, we shall, in order to render the history of the subject all the more complete, commence with a rapid outline of the early history of intemperance, and the means employed for its suppression in ancient and modern times, for the particulars of which we are indebted to an elaborate work recently published in Philadelphia, entitled 'The War of Four Thousand Years.'

The early history of most nations presents striking instances of the practice and benefits of temperance. As long as the empire of Assyria was on the increase, her inhabitants were remarkably abstemious, but licentious indulgence brought her ultimately down; and it was while engaged in a drunken feast that her last king was slain, and his empire wrested from him by Cyrus the Great. This prince, according to his delightful biographer, Xenophon, had been educated in habits of the strictest abstinence. These notions he is well known to have carried with him into his government, and to so great a degree did the laws of Persia restrict the use of wine in his day, that, except on festive occasions (when small vessels only were to be used), it was entirely prohibited. The account given by Xenophon of the education of the Persian youth is highly instructive. The system was admirably calculated to make a race of warriors; and when we take into account the drunken habits of the nations against whom they were marched out to battle, we are at no loss to account either for the extent or rapidity of their victories. The conquest of Babylon wrought a great change in the habits of these brave soldiers: from that hour they became gradually more and more licentious; and about two hundred years thereafter, they became the most corrupt and intemperate nation on the face of the earth. When Alexander led his Macedonians against the Medes and Persians, both he and they were models of temperance; but as the conquest of Assyria, by inducing licentiousness, proved ultimately ruinous to the Persians, so the temperate warriors of Greece were subdued by the manners of the East; and Alexander himself survives in history a monument of the evils which intemperance never fails to produce. Greece, after the death of this eminent man, soon fell from her high estate, and became a facile prey to the more temperate legions of Rome. Prosperity, however, even in the case of Rome, had its usual effect. Her conquerors imported from Greece not the refinements of civilised life alone, but its vices likewise. The conquests of Æmilius Paulus, of Sylla, and of Pompey, while they added to its immediate grandeur, produced ultimately the destruction of Rome. There is no portion of history so instructive as that embraced in the annals of Tacitus, and the memoirs of Suetonius. The essence of freedom had been destroyed, and the Roman republic was no longer anything more than a name. To secure the acquiescence of the people under their iron rule, the emperors scattered the means of sensual enjoyment among them with an unsparing hand: public amusements engaged the attention of the multitude; their hunger was appeased from the public granaries, and their thirst quenched by wine at the expense of the emperor. To the latter there was no limit, in order that the populace, overwhelmed by the stupor of habitual intoxication, might have neither leisure nor thought left to engage in any enterprise for the recovery of their freedom. As a proof of the decline which had taken place in the morals of Rome at the time referred to, we find the Saturnalia, the most remarkable of all her feasts, successively protracted from one to three and seven days.

While Rome was thus sunk in sensual indulgence, it cannot be supposed that the foreign nations who acknowledged her sceptre would escape contamination. The Gauls and Germans are described by Tacitus as intemperate to a man. The ancient Britons had, in like manner, degenerated from their primitive frugality and temperance, and become a proverb and a byword for drunkenness. The nations which successively overran the Roman empire, became, in their turns, the victims of Roman vices. Attila, the 'scourge of God,' was killed in the midst of a drunken festival given on the occasion of his marriage.

The Danes, who overran England in the eighth and ninth centuries, became excessively addicted to drinking; and, according to the testimony of all writers, the Anglo-Saxons were terribly given to the same pernicious habit. Bloodshed was a common occurrence at their bacchanalian festivals, and they lost the battle of Hastings from having spent the night previous in riot and debauchery, and being therefore in a poor condition to face the shock of Norman chivalry in the morning. The Normans, however, soon themselves fell into the same debasing vice. In the reign of King John, the importation of wines is known to have been immense. In the reign of Henry I., an act of intemperance lost him his only son and heir to the crown; and for many centuries after the unhappy oc-

currence, the English do not appear to have improved in their habits. Two manchetts (small loaves of white bread), a loaf of household bread, a gallon of beer, and a quart of wine, are represented as forming the usual evening meal of the Earl and Countess of Northumberland during the festival of Lent. The scrutiny of Falstaff's pocket by the Prince and Poins is brought irresistibly to the recollection. Drunkenness seems to have been the most striking characteristic of the age of Elizabeth; and we learn from certain passages in Shakspeare that the sottish habits of the English were proverbial all over Europe. One writer of this period asserts that public-houses in London were crowded with drunkards from morning till evening, and another that the artisans were perpetually feasting on Mondays in taverns. The habits of the people, thus intemperate under such a reign as that of Elizabeth, were not likely to mend under her successor; on the contrary, the new monarch, himself grossly intemperate, encouraged the national vice by giving license to an immense number of new tippling-houses for the purpose of raising revenue. The general debauchery which prevailed during the subsequent era is well known.

The discovery of the art of distillation has never been satisfactorily traced. Although the ancient Germans were in the habit of using an intoxicating liquor made from barley, yet there is no distinct allusion to the separation of *alcohol* till during the thirteenth century. For many years after its discovery, it was believed to be the universal solvent of which the philosophers of that age were in pursuit. The knowledge of alcohol became general towards the middle of the sixteenth century, at which period it was used as a medicine, and was only to be found on the shelves of the apothecary. According to Sir William Douglas, ardent spirits first became common in England during the time of the Commonwealth. The Protector himself was exceedingly fond of the bottle, and the political works of the day teem with denunciations of the growing evil. The reign of Charles II. aggravated it a hundredfold. His was probably the most dissolute court, and his subjects the most drunken people, of whom England has ever had cause to complain. Nor was the evil remedied by the expulsion of the Stuart family, in the person of James II. Throughout the reign of William III. intemperance raged like a pestilential fever, embracing all classes, professions, parties, and sects. After his death, and during the first half of the eighteenth century, the ravages caused by indulgence in ardent spirits were so fearful as to appal even those who had been accustomed to regard their progress with complacency. The course pursued by the government, of rendering the facilities of procuring them such that they were accessible to the poorest of the populace, contributed fearfully to the spread of the contagion. The disorders which followed this unwise policy more than once arrested the attention of parliament; but the fatal appetite had been kindled, and laws were useless; the people would attain what they wanted at any hazard, and smuggling increased to an alarming extent. Ireland and Scotland, during these eras of intemperance, appear to have been as much afflicted as the sister kingdom. Nor was theirs a singular case. All the nations of Europe appear to have partaken of the same cup in a greater or less degree. The Germans, true to their national character, transmitted from their ancestors in the days of Tacitus, continued to lead the van of drunkards, or, if they fell behind, yielded to England and Ireland alone. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, there were in Germany three empty wine casks, the largest in the world, at the three towns of Tubingen, Heidelberg, and Groningen; they were severally in circumference, twenty-four feet long and sixteen deep; thirty-one long and twenty-one deep; thirty long and eighteen deep. The Russians were excessively addicted to intemperance, as were the Danes, and especially the Swedes.

In America, during the revolutionary war, spirits seem to have been in demand for almost every purpose of cure or sustenance. After the peace, intemperance spread rapidly and alarmingly over all the country. West India and New England rum was drank on the sea-board, and whisky in the west. The native Indians are well known to have made a fearful abuse of the intoxicating liquors given them by the white man.

At the commencement of the present century, far from subsiding, the spirit of intemperance was stimulated by the excitement of whole nations in arms. All the countries of Europe seemed to vie with each other in the game of drinking. Since the peace, however, matters have been gradually mending. Efforts, within the last few years, have been making in all quarters, both in America and Europe, to convince men of the sinfulness, absurdity, and folly of their former drinking customs. Many efforts had indeed been made since the days of the apostles to stop the spread of intemperance. The first of these were made by the laws which the Emperor Justinian enacted on the formation of his new code. The next and most remarkable is the reformation effected by Mahomet, in the seventh century, over the whole of the countries that adopted his creed. At the commencement of the eighth century, Terbaldus, prince of Bulgaria, caused every vine in his dominions to be cut up by the roots. Charlemagne, who lived during the latter half of the eighth century, made many wholesome laws for the regulation of the Franks, over whom he ruled, with regard to temperance. He strictly forbade the drinking of healths in company; and tippling, in all its shapes, was prohibited by penal laws of great severity. King Edgar acted in England a similar part; and both in Scotland and Wales laws of extreme antiquity still exist on the subject of intemperance. By a law of Constantine II., king of Scotland, passed at Scone, young persons of both sexes were commanded to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. Death was the punishment on the conviction of drunkenness. The laws of the ancient Scots were also very severe against the keepers of tippling-houses. As early as the reign of Edward I. of England, the attention of government was called to the practice of vending intoxicating liquors in and around London, and several prohibitory laws of great severity were passed. In the reign of Philip and Mary, we find recorded a parliamentary act to prevent the making of aquavitæ in Ireland. About the same period, a singular kind of temperance society was instituted in Germany to put down the practice of drinking healths, and for the purpose of restricting knights to seven goblets of wine at a meal, and that not more than twice a-day. The Church of Scotland, as is well known, perceiving the rapidity with which intemperance was spreading, and attributing it in a great measure to the habit of drinking healths, forbade it among its members, in the year 1646, by an act of the General Assembly. Long before this, however, many great and good men had taken the more legitimate and eventually successful way of combating the evil. We find, about the middle of the fourth century, St Basil, one of the brightest luminaries of the church, fearlessly and powerfully denouncing the evil. St Ambrose too, about the century's close, as energetically raises his warning voice against it. Bradshaw in more recent times, Ames, Milton, Locke, Wesley, Dr Samuel Johnson, and the poets Young and Cowper, have done all that rational appeals to the judgment can accomplish to allure men from the cup of intemperance and bring them back to the paths of virtue and of peace.

In America, Franklin did much to promote the temperance of his countrymen; as did also that excellent body the Society of Friends; but it was not till in 1804, when Dr Rush, a physician who stands justly at the head of the American faculty, published his far-famed 'inquiry into the effects of ardent spirits upon the human mind and body,' that general attention was excited all over the States to the important subject. The pamphlet, we are told, fell like a shell in the camp of an unsuspecting enemy, and scattered confusion and dismay among the whole fraternity of intemperates. Ministers of the gospel began to take up the subject; and in the ensuing year, the Rev. Ebenezer Porter, in an eloquent discourse at Washington, made a powerful assault on intemperance. The circulation

of this when published, and of a few other discourses of a similar tendency, led, in the year 1808, to the organisation of the first temperance society. This took place at the town of Moreau, in Saratoga county, under the title of 'The Moreau and Northumberland Temperance Society.' The fourth article of the constitution provided that no member should drink rum, whisky, gin, or any distilled spirit, under a penalty of 25 cents for each infraction. This society, two years after, sent one thousand circulars, giving an account of the rise, progress, and object of their body, to different gentlemen in various parts of Europe. The Greenfield and Milton Temperance Society, the next in order of time, was organised in 1809, upon principles similar to those of the Moreau meeting. In the year 1811, Dr Rush presented to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church one thousand copies of his 'inquiry,' in the hope that they would be distributed throughout the land. The attention of the Assembly was manifested by the immediate appointment of a committee to devise means to arrest the evils flowing from excessive indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors. This movement of the General Assembly attracted wide and deep attention; and in the year 1812, the members of the Moreau society had the satisfaction of seeing their example followed by thousands of their fellow-citizens, with assemblies, conventions, associations, and presbyteries at their head. It was about this time that Dr Lyman Beecher began to advocate that cause, in the service of which he has since won so much and so just renown. On the 13th day of February, 1813, a society was organised at Boston, styled the 'Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance;' and numerous essays levelled against the evil, some of them written with great ability, now began to circulate over the land. The societies for the suppression of intemperance had now taken deep root in New England, and their numbers were yearly on the increase. Few events of interest, however, if we except the formation of a society, in 1818, at Hector, in the state of New York, took place for about ten years. Every year saw an addition to the number of sermons and other publications against intemperance; and in 1825, the Virginia State Temperance Society was first organised; all the states to the north of this having previously established societies.

A new and totally distinct era in the history of the temperance reform began in 1826, when, in a series of papers in the 'Connecticut Observer,' the Rev. Calvin Chapin began to advocate entire abstinence as the only infallible remedy. This great principle having heretofore been neglected, it was no uncommon thing to hear of members getting intoxicated upon wine or beer. In this manner the great end of temperance societies was thought in many cases to be defeated. Yet though the papers of Dr Chapin, as well as the far-famed six sermons of Dr Beecher, were widely circulated, they failed to produce immediate and harmonious action among the societies. The organisation of ordinary temperance societies progressed so rapidly, that, in 1829, they swelled to a thousand. These societies embraced one hundred thousand members, and had been the means of reforming no less than seven hundred habitual drunkards—a result which, at that period, may be regarded as prodigious. This was the year in which the Rev. John Marsh began to attract attention by his appeal to Christians on the use of ardent spirits. This address being published, spread like wildfire all over the country; a host of able champions took the field at the same time, and the cause of temperance had never before been so well supported. In the year 1830, a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars was awarded to an essay by Professor Stuart of Andover, against forty competitors, upon the question, 'Is it consistent for a professor of religion to use ardent spirits or to traffic in them?' The press likewise continued to teem with publications on this subject. A new temperance paper, called the 'Genius of Temperance,' was established in the city of New York, and two medical men of high reputation, Dr Hossack of New York and Dr Sewall of Washington city, made their first appearance in the

ber of societies had increased to fourteen hundred—the members amounting to nearly two hundred thousand.

We find that the subject is too extensive to admit of justice being done to it in a single article, and we must therefore defer its further consideration till our next number.

## EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, &c.

Soon, even ere a few brief weeks have passed away, the saloons of the Royal Institution Buildings, in this city, decked with the creations of living artists, will have been again thrown open to the public. The annual return of this festival is an event worthy of being anticipated as well as of being commemorated. It is beginning to associate around itself the general sympathy, as a great common blessing, and may soon become so identified with our national character and feelings as to be remembered with pride by Scotchmen, however far removed from their native isle. To ourselves, it corresponds with the Olympic games of Greece; being as endeared to us by the emotions it awakens as were the games to the Ionian race, when their poets, orators, and historians assembled in amicable rivalry to win the sprig of olive. In itself, the exhibition of paintings and statuary is a school for the intellect and affections, a centre of social and imaginative entertainment, and a point of attraction round which all the members of society, of whatever politics or special modification of theological opinion, can harmoniously arrange themselves. Nor is its claim to universality of influence founded merely on its capacity to collect persons of all parties about itself. It has a higher ground even than this to rest upon; for it refuses to address itself to any one faculty of our complex nature, but aims, through æsthetic pleasure, to satisfy the whole man, as a being capable of truth, religion, and sentiments of beauty. With feelings, therefore, which nothing else can call into activity, we hail the prospect of the exhibition; congratulate the Scottish artists in the most affectionate manner; and return them our warmest thanks for getting in readiness so many works to delight and instruct the entire public.

Artists, from whatever cause, have always appeared to us possessed of more personal interest than other classes occupied in the liberal arts. It may perhaps be owing to the characters and accomplishments of those of them with whom we have had the happiness to be acquainted. But, indeed, no such private sympathies seem adequate to account for the feeling; nor really, if we look at the case, is there any need for seeking an explanation beyond a few facts lying obvious to view at the first glance. The painter is found to occupy a place somewhat midway between the poet and the musical composer. Not so arbitrary as either in the symbols which he uses, he awakens emotion in a manner more generally intelligible and capable of appreciation; while the ideas which he suggests, being addressed to the eye, are more vivid and affecting than those of the poet, less vague and shadowy than those of the inventor of harmonies. Nature, too, for some reason or other, seems to be more habitually associated with the artist in our conception. In all her moods, she sits to his faithful pencil. Seas, skies, storms, and sunshine, plains with cattle grazing on the fresh verdure, and mountain glens or heights; all these are represented on the canvass without any material variation, or only with such a change as is necessary to artistic arrangement and effect. It is true, indeed, that artists such as David Scott may exercise their genius in the production of works addressed to the sympathies of minds only of the more ethereal cast—minds capable of recognising and appreciating works which are strictly creations, and which demand a greater universality of education, and peculiar fitness in the student, than is necessary for understanding the productions of ordinary pencils. But, while works such as those referred to extend our notions of the legitimate domain of painting, they do not impair the general feeling which one

ture than other cultivators of the fine arts; nay, they sanction and confirm the impression, since colours, the various tints of nature, are used even in works the most removed from common intelligence and sympathy. Into the country, when we have thrown off the toils of every-day life, the memories of paintings follow us, rising up before the mind as we look out upon the landscape or sea-view, insensibly modifying our pleasure even when they are not directly recognised, and furnishing us with materials of judgment, whether this or the other prospect is in keeping, and what are the genuine elements of a grand and magnificent picture. As to the relative power of moving us, namely, whether poetry, painting, or music has the greatest, we are not now speaking; their mode of influence is different, and their degree of power, from the difference of kind and permanence, incommensurable. But who so often as the painter recalls the sweet face of nature, and is so frequently identified with her as her child and exponent? In the exhibition rooms, spring, summer, and autumn seem again to be restored to us. Blending the impressions received on entering the saloon, with those brought in with us from the wintry looks of nature out of doors, we seem to have the seasons meeting as joint tributaries and representatives of the year. Ever afterwards this feeling adheres to us; nor is it possible to avoid associating the pure and elevating impulses derived from nature herself with the painters of her varying aspects; by whom night and day—moonlight, starlight, and sunlight —shady grove and turretted cliff—winding river, leaping cataract, lake, and ocean—are depicted with loving colours on the canvass. Yes, indeed, our hearts are with the artists. Let them pursue their calling. Many a happy thought and emotion we owe to them, and yet expect to owe.

The old austere notion, which regarded the fine arts merely as sources of amusement, has long since been relegated from the domain of discussion, and only now harbours itself in some obsolete sympathies which shun the light lest they should be exposed to contempt. As means of happiness, however, and taking no higher ground, they subserve an important purpose in the economy of Providence, as well as indirectly influence the affections and religious character. We do not know for what reason the human face was endowed with the capabilities of beauty and expression, or the human form with grace of outline and motion, if we are to regard these qualities as unworthy the consideration of a rational being. As little explicable is the profuse loveliness in which the earth and skies are ever decking themselves, unless to awaken our sense of beauty, and touch our spirits with the joy and gaiety which they themselves exhibit. Nature is defamed by low estimates; nor are we free of sin if we shut out from our sensibilities the beauties of God's creation, or render only partial and tardy thanks for blessings of so high a kind. Of nature, the artists are one special class of ministers. Immersed in common ideas and pursuits, most of us would run the hazard of passing through this world without rendering her homage, if these preachers did not cry aloud to us by the works of their genius, which they produce from year to year. If such calls to duty be neglected, the ill effects are inevitable. Without the pure enjoyments of taste and imagination, we grasp at others either lower and less lively in kind, or positively and irrecoverably vicious. With them, on the contrary, all such predisposing causes to vice as arise from the mere necessity of recreation are removed; while the character acquires a breadth, largeness, liberality, grace, and variety of modification which must have been wanting if defrauded of the purifying influence of art.

Indeed, viewed in the light of an ideal education, an appreciation of the works of art is an indispensable accomplishment. Without such a capacity, our sympathy with nature must be incomplete, and our acquaintance with genius and with mankind necessarily partial. Faculties for remarking beauty we certainly have; but these do not of themselves expand, nor is their need of appropriate objects so pressing and immediate as in the case of physical wants. On both accounts, there is the greater obligation to avail ourselves of the stimulus which the bright creations of art furnish towards the development of our æsthetical sentiment. The manifestation of a sensibility to beauty makes a new and advanced epoch in the evolution of the character. It elevates us in the scale of intelligent beings. It puts us, for the first time, into an adequate relation with nature; furnishing us with the conditions of understanding and enjoying the perpetual miracle which is performing before us.

As a ground of justification and enforcement, it is enough, therefore, that we have a capacity of beauty which needs to be evolved, and that God has bountifully provided the objects suited to supply it with excitement. But, even as a means of positive instruction, the sense of beauty, as made available through works of the fine arts, is of the first importance. Take, for example, a historical painting, say of some grand religious crisis. How do ideas pour into our minds and hearts as we gaze on the vision which genius has placed before us! Never afterwards will the picture be forgotten, nor, so long as it is remembered, can the historical circumstances, or, at least, the general impression of them, drop, as they do so often otherwise, irrecoverably from the memory. The figures, singly and disposed, with their characteristic expressions, live for ever in the eye. We have not read or heard of the pageant which electrified a whole populace some thousand or two years ago. We have, as it were, *seen* it; mixed with the crowd, and become actors and witnesses of whatever is to others merely matter of history. Surely a power that can annihilate time and space, and restore the transactions of extinct peoples and ages, is one not to be despised but made available! Surely our affections should flow out towards those whom God has clothed with genius, and who employ themselves in giving birth to works of immortal beauty.

Of all the circumstances connected with the Exhibition, there is none which communicates to us so much pleasure as the access afforded to the working classes, by means of the evening admissions. The eye for beauty is universal: confined to no one class, to no one sect or profession. It is a gift from our Heavenly Father, bestowed for the most beneficent purposes, and excluded from the possession of none who will exercise it. What a light and joy may thus be cast, through the exhibition, on the path of the hard-working honest labourer! How will the emotions, awakened in beholding the creations of imaginative intellect, soften the ruggedness of his lot, mix in his ordinary occupations, and inspire him unconsciously with a higher idea of life, a more severe self-respect! The feelings thus communicated will not die with the hour, but will continue to radiate long after the time when they were first received; illumining the household affections, the piety, the speculative belief, and everything which enters into the concerns of a man employed in any of the industrial arts of life. A stock of memories so elevated as those derived from the fine arts, will alter his view of the relative importance of enjoyments. Only too apt is the employment of the labourer to induce a notion, that to provide for eating and drinking, and for being clothed and sheltered, is the sum and end of life, instead of being merely an important condition of living. The appetite is by no means spoiled by seeing a beautiful painting, but intellectual enjoyment is felt to be purer and higher than the pleasures of the table. In this way, the low and common is subordinated to the spiritual, mind is made to predominate over matter; the utilitarian notion, which degrades man to a creature possessed of little else than senses, is expunged of its fallacy, and is seen to be untrue unless it comprehends more than was at first included in it; while the world which we inhabit becomes unexpectedly decked in characters, before observed with a listless eye, now watched with an interest and admiration ever growing in intensity. It is a topic, therefore, of special congratulation, that the committee for arrangements have thrown open their doors to the working classes, thereby furnishing the means of enriching the sympathies of a large body of our fellow-men.

Looked at from another point of view, the Exhibition is

scarcely less interesting; we mean, regarded as it relates to children. In whatever aspect we consider it, it beats out and out every other species of entertainment for young persons. At the dawn of the powers, ere life is anything but a joy, what an opportunity of anticipating the insensibility to simple pleasures which the grinding business of the world too often induces on the mind! Once fortified by pure tastes, the boy is afterwards the man of refinement. Meanwhile, his tender mind is made the receptacle of bright visions, which may awaken powers that might otherwise have lain for ever dormant. The beginning of life thus strewed with flowers, sheds somewhat of its own gladness over what follows. Recollections remain in the heart, always ready to start up on the slightest occasion given by subsequent events. Never wholly can joy be crushed, so long as we may look out upon the green earth and up to the blue sky through the eyes with which infancy first gazed on the magic creations of the artist.

By these reasons we are impelled to raise a note of exultation in the prospect of witnessing another exhibition of the works of living artists. For the artists themselves, too, as a body, we entertain the greatest love and admiration. They are the pride and glory of our country, and their course onwards should be watched with kindling interest. No calamity could well be greater than that which should expel their works from public view, or so fret and embarrass their minds as to leave their genius inadequate repose for employing itself to the best advantage. On this account, the threatened extrusion of the artists from the saloons of the Royal Institution Building, since no other suitable rooms are at present to be found in Edinburgh, fills us with uneasiness. Let us hope that public reasons may avert this apprehended evil. We must remember, however, that genius is undying, and will find a tongue for itself which shall make the ears of a world to tingle. No untoward circumstance can have more than a temporary ill effect upon its productions. Sooner or later it will recover itself, display its inherent power, and rise superior to events. Be it only true to the high mission on which it is sent, uttering its message fully and articulately, and nations will listen entranced. A nobler service it cannot perform, than to exhibit self-trust. Following in its wake, though at an humble distance, inferior minds will reap the benefit. When genius fails to lead, and only keeps abreast with common spirits, or when its name and place on the earth are degraded, then is the time of ebbing in a people's history. Such is not the case at present, at least in our own country. With all its faults, Scotland yet possesses enough of general education and imaginative culture, to welcome with joy and thanksgiving the products of her artists; and enough of spirit to secure for these benefactors an honourable and distinguished place in her affections.

## THE BATTLE OF LIFE.*

In what have been called the 'good old days of merrie England,' Christmas feasts were serious matters—serious so far at least as the stomach was concerned; and although it cannot be denied that the physical cheer provided on such festive occasions still retains its relish, we rejoice to think that there has arisen of late years an appetite of a different kind—equally voracious and far more insatiable—infinitely more gratifying to the individual, and unquestionably more beneficial to the community. In days of yore, nut-brown and plum-pudding were all the public craved. To assist in raising the body of the people above tastes at one time so exclusively physical at this season, Mr Dickens has for some years past been in the habit of presenting the community with a Christmas-box, which, though somewhat ethereal in character, was in some measure rendered so, we presume, on the principle that, though physically endowed with good digestive organs, yet intellectually they required rather pap than strong meat. Availing himself, however, of the improvement which has taken place in the public mind, Mr Dickens has, on the present occasion, thrown overboard hobgoblins, and left Queen Mab and her tiny retinue to revel unmolested in the unseen and harmless regions of fairyland, and has given us instead of these a far more natural as well as elevating volume, entitled 'The Battle of Life.' From our admiration of the former productions of Mr Dickens, we opened the 'Battle' with hopes considerably elevated; nor have these been disappointed; on the contrary, they have been more than realised. We frankly confess that we have derived a pleasure from its perusal of which, in mere words, it would be very difficult to give the reader an idea. As a story simply, the present work is possessed of no ordinary interest, and we have, for the benefit of those readers who may not yet have had an opportunity of perusing the entire volume, undertaken the task of abridgement; and while, in doing so, we have retained so far as possible the author's own language, and included the leading incidents and striking scenes of the tale, still we are aware that what many will consider the chief excellencies of the work have been altogether omitted. These, we need scarcely say, are the inimitable descriptions of natural scenery, and the still more exquisite delineations of human character. Of Marion and Grace, Dr Jeddler's two daughters, we scarce require to say anything, as, even in our abridged version of the tale, they are abundantly brought out. But the doctor himself, with his half-humorous, half-misanthropical philosophy—his abrupt manners and true benevolence—can only be adequately appreciated by those who peruse the volume itself. Ben Britain the man-servant, and Clemency the waiting-maid, are finely conceived and admirably supported characters. Their courtship, and the condescension of little Britain, who treats Clemency much in the same way that Touchstone does Audrey in 'As You Like It,' as a piece of descriptive writing is above all praise. Messrs Snitchey and Craggs, the market-town lawyers, are quite a study. Altogether the present work must be regarded as the most singular of the day. Nothing equal to it, if we consider its size, has appeared since the 'Vicar of Wakefield;' and it would not surprise us though, in public estimation, it should, as a real gem, take immediate precedence of all the former admirable writings of the amiable and gifted author. It abounds with characters; and though the space he assigned to himself be exceedingly limited, there is not one of these but stands out before the mind's eye in broad and palpable definition. Were we disposed for fault-finding, we might allude to the sudden disappearance of Marion, and the somewhat abrupt transfer of the affections of Alfred to her sister Grace, as rather incongruous, and not altogether reconcileable even on the principle of self-sacrifice. But we anticipate.

In a certain district of England, where, in the days of old, a fierce battle had been fought, there dwelt, about a hundred years ago, a Dr Jeddler, and his two daughters, Grace and Marion. The doctor was a widower, his wife having died a little after the birth of Marion, whose early training had thus to a considerable extent devolved upon Grace, though she was only her senior by four years. The steadiness of her devotion to her young sister, and the gentle care with which she ministered to all her wants, made the girl, however, seem really older than she was.

Attached to the doctor's house was a little orchard, in

* A Love Story. By Charles Dickens. London: Bradbury

which, on a bright autumn morning, standing on ladders, gathering the apples from the trees, were to be seen some half-dozen peasant women, pausing occasionally in the midst of their toil, to witness the pleasant, lively, natural scene of their employer's two pretty daughters dancing to the music of two wandering harpers upon the green grass below. It was a charming thing to see how these girls danced. They had no spectators but the apple-pickers on the ladders. They would have been very glad to please them, but they danced to please themselves (or at least you would have supposed so), and you could no more help admiring them than they could help dancing. How they did dance! The two happy creatures, in short, danced till they were fairly out of breath; and just as Marion, laughing heartily, had thrown herself upon a bench to rest, and Grace, equally exhausted, began to lean against a tree hard by; just as the music left off playing, and the apple-pickers, after a hum and murmur of applause, were bestirring themselves to work again, an elderly gentleman, who was no other than Dr Jeddler himself, came bustling out to see what was the matter, and who played music on his property before breakfast.

The doctor, a kind and generous man by nature, affected, however, the philosopher, and pretended to believe that ours is nothing but a world of contradiction, of which, and the preposterous and ridiculous business called life, it is impossible to speak gravely.

'Why, Grace—why, Marion,' he exclaimed, as he reached the exhausted party, 'is the world more mad than usual this morning?'

Forgetful of their fatigue, the two happy daughters ran up to the hearty old man, and, looking up in his face, assured him that they were merely celebrating a somebody's birthday.

'I suppose it's *your* birthday,' said the doctor, looking into Marion's pretty face; who answered, 'No! Do you really, father?'

The doctor was then informed by his daughters that Alfred, a young man who had been brought up in the family from his infancy, and was that morning about to set out for Westminster, or some such place, to complete his education, had, as he was entering a market-town in the vicinity early that morning, met the musicians, who were just leaving it, and pencilling a note to Grace, told her that he had sent them to give Marion a serenade on her birthday.

Alfred was the avowed lover of Marion; and as the girl offered no objections herself, and the doctor seemed more than pleased, it was understood that the parties were to be united so soon as age and other circumstances would allow. Alfred, as we have said, was the doctor's ward; and as before he set out from the family that morning there were some law deeds to sign and legal business to settle, two lawyers from the forementioned town had been invited to breakfast with the family, and perform, at its close, their proposed duties. Grace and Marion having withdrawn for a season, the doctor, where he stood, exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Britain, Britain! hilloa!'

To this summons, Britain, an uncommonly sour and discontented looking personage, replied, and having received his instructions, proceeded, along with Clemency Newcome, the maid-servant of the family, to spread the table for breakfast in the open air.

Clemency had scarcely reached her master's side, when, turning round her eyes, she cried out in a tone of no great good-will, 'There are them two lawyers a-coming, mister.' The doctor looked, and found it to be so.

Messrs Snitchey and Craggs, as well as Alfred, who had just returned, and the two daughters, soon thereafter sat down to a plentiful breakfast in the open air. Grace presided; Snitchey and Craggs sat at opposite corners, with a blue bag between them for safety; Clemency hovered about the table as waitress, and the melancholy Britain, at another and a smaller board, acted as grand carver of a round of beef and a ham.

'Meat,' said Britain, approaching Mr Snitchey, with the carving-knife and fork in his hand, and throwing the question at him like a missile.

'Certainly,' returned the lawyer. 'Do *you* want any?' to Craggs.

'Lean and well done,' replied that gentleman.

During breakfast a good deal was said about the great battle fought many hundreds of years before on the very spot where they were now so cheerfully seated, and something, too, about the battle-field of human life, in which according to Snitchey, the combatants were very eager and very bitter—there being a very great deal of cutting, and stabbing, and firing into people's heads from behind; and according to Alfred, many great victories and struggles, great sacrifices of self, and noble acts of heroism, not the less difficult to achieve because they have no earthly chronicle or audience.

Both the sisters listened eagerly. The doctor declared that sixty years had gone over his head, and he had never seen the Christian world anything but mad for a *bona fide* battle-field. The same contradictions prevailed in every thing, and as such stupendous inconsistencies must either make one laugh or cry—for his part he preferred to laugh.

The documents in reference to Alfred being all properly signed and sealed—Britain the man, and Clemency the woman-servant, appending their several names as witnesses—the coach which was to bear Alfred and his baggage away drove up to the door. Alfred got within; there was a bustle with the luggage; the coach drove away. Marion never moved.

'He waves his hat to you, my love,' said Grace; 'your chosen husband, darling—look!'

The younger sister raised her head, and for a moment turned it round, then turning back again, and fully meeting for the first time the calm eyes of her sister, fell sobbing on her neck. 'Oh, Grace, God bless you; but I cannot bear to see it, Grace.'

Marion, in short, had discovered that her elder sister loved Alfred still more dearly than she did herself, and the heroic girl seems from that moment to have studied how, by any possible self-sacrifice, she could bring about their ultimate union. A mere accident favoured her design.

About three years after the departure of Alfred Heathfield, Mr Michael Warden, a young gentleman of rather free habits, and who had greatly encumbered, by irregular living, the patrimonial property left him by his father, chanced to be thrown from his horse in the doctor's immediate neighbourhood. Three ribs were broken, a collar-bone snapped, and a great many bruises besides. The doctor had him taken into his own house, paid him every attention, and the youth recovered. Mr Warden's affairs were in a state of fearful involvement, and after his recovery he paid a visit to the office of his men of business, the Messrs Snitchey and Craggs, with whom the reader has already formed acquaintance.

The office of Messrs Snitchey and Craggs stood convenient, with an open door, down two smooth steps, in the market-place, so that any angry farmer inclining towards hot water might tumble into it at once. Snitchey and Craggs both made honey in this office for their several hives; here days, and weeks, and months, and years passed over them; and here they one evening held consultation together about three years after the opening of our story. They were not, however, alone, for right opposite sat Michael Warden, negligently dressed, and somewhat haggard in the face, but well made, well attired, and well looking. He seemed, as he sat, to ponder moodily; one hand was on his breast and the other in his dishevelled hair. The two lawyers, after a long consultation, in which sundry looks directed towards their client, accompanied with corresponding expressive shakes of the head, might have informed a stranger, had he witnessed them, that the affairs of Michael Warden, Esquire, were in a bad way, at last informed that gentleman 'That that was all, there was no other resource. He must leave the country, as he was every hour liable to be arrested for debt.'

'Ruined at thirty!' said the client. 'Humph!'

'Not ruined, Mr Warden,' said Snitchey, 'not so bad as that; a little nursing; some few years of nursing by self and Craggs will recover your estate; but to enable us to

make terms and hold terms you must go away; you must live abroad. We can ensure you some hundreds a-year to starve upon.'

Warden now looked more miserable and perplexed than ever. 'But, my iron-headed friends,' he said, leaning forward in his chair, 'you don't know half my ruin. I am not only deep in debt but I am deep in ——'

'Not in love!' cried Snitchey.

'Yes;' said the client, falling back in his chair, and surveying the firm with his hands in his pockets. 'Deep in love.' He then proceeded to inform them that the object of his attachment was no other than Dr Jeddler's second daughter, Marion. 'Now, observe, Snitchey,' he continued, rising and taking him by the button, 'and Craggs,' taking him by the button also, 'I don't ask you for any advice; you are right to keep quite aloof from all parties in such a matter; I am merely going to review, in half-a-dozen words, my intention and position, and then I shall leave it to you to do the best for me in money matters that you can, seeing that if I run away with the doctor's beautiful daughter it will be, for the moment, more chargeable than running away alone. But I shall soon make all that up in an altered life.'

'I think it will be better not to hear this, Mr Craggs,' said Snitchey, looking at him across the client.

'I think not,' said Craggs, both listening attentively.

'Well, you needn't hear it,' replied their client; 'I'll mention it, however. I don't mean to ask the doctor's consent, because he wouldn't give it me. But I mean to do the doctor no harm; I hope to rescue his child from what I see—I know—she dreads and contemplates with misery, the return of Alfred, her old lover. If anything in the world is true, it is true that she dreads his return. And now,' he continued, 'you know my purposes and wants; when must I leave here?'

'In a week,' said Snitchey, 'Mr Craggs.'

'In something less, I should say,' responded Craggs.

'In a month,' said the client, after attentively watching the two faces. 'This day month; to-day is Thursday. Succeed or fail, on this day month I go.'

On that same night, in a quiet little study, Grace, Marion, and the hale old doctor, sat by a cheerful fireside; Grace was working at her needle, Marion read aloud from a book before her, the doctor, in his dressing-gown and slippers, leaned back in his easy chair and listened to the book and looked upon his daughters. Something in the story she was reading had first influenced the voice of Marion, and at last made her cry and shut the book, and the doctor was just good-humouredly rallying her on her weakness when the door opened, and Clemency, saying 'It's only me, mister,' thrust in her head at it. After being ordered to come in and narrate her errand, the waiting woman advanced, and, searching her huge pockets, produced at length a letter from the post-office.

'Britain was riding by on a errand,' she chuckled, handing it to the doctor, 'and see the mail come in, and waited for it. There's A. H. in the corner. Mr Alfred's on his journey home I bet. We shall have a wedding in the house; there was two spoons in my saucer this morning. Oh, luck, how slow he opens it!'

It was just as Clemency guessed.

'Here, girls!' cried the doctor. 'Alfred's coming home, my dears, directly; he promises to be here this day month.'

Marion's look was soft and pensive when the intelligence was announced; Grace *seemed* quite happy.

'My three years' trust is nearly at an end, Marion. It has been a very easy one. I shall tell Alfred, when I give you back to him, that you have loved him dearly all the time, and that he has never once needed my good services. May I tell him so, love?'

'Tell him, dear Grace, that there never was a trust so generously, nobly, steadfastly discharged, and that I have loved you all the time dearer and dearer every day, and, oh, how dearly now!'

After this Grace resumed her work, and the doctor, leaning back in his elbow-chair, beat time on his knee with Alfred's letter to the tune of a song which she carolled. Clemency Newcome, in the mean time, having made herself a party to the news by lingering in the room till the letter was fairly read, descended to the kitchen, where her coadjutor, Mr Britain, was regaling after supper, a pipe being in his mouth and a jug of beer at his elbow. He nodded condescendingly to Clemency, who immediately stationed herself at the same table.

'Well, Clemency,' said Britain, 'how are you by this time, and what's the news?'

Clemency told him the news, which he received very graciously.

'There'll be another job for Snitchey and Craggs,' he observed, puffing slowly at his pipe. 'More witnessing for you and me, perhaps, Clemmy!'

'I wish it was me, Britain,' said Clemency.

'Wish what was you?'

'A going to be married.

Benjamin took his pipe out of his mouth, and laughed heartily at the idea of Clemency being married, who took it all in good part, however. They were interrupted by a sudden noise from without. They both listened.

'Somebody dropping from the wall,' said Britain; 'are they all a-bed up stairs?'

'Yes; all a-bed by this time.'

Taking down a lantern, Mr Britain, armed with the poker, sallied out into the dark night, casting the light which he carried far and near in all directions.

'It's as quiet as a churchyard,' said Clemency, looking after him, 'and almost as ghostly too.' Glancing back into the kitchen, she cried fearfully, as a light figure stole into her view, 'What's that!'

It was Marion, who, in an agitated whisper, said, 'Hush, Clemency, you have always loved me; and I may trust you, may I not?'

'Yes,' said Clemency, with all her heart.

'Well, then, Clemency, Michael Warden, whom I must see and speak with to-night, is out there.'

Clemency started with surprise as she saw a dark figure standing in the doorway.

'Michael Warden, I beg you to retire at present; wait, if you can, in some concealment, I will come presently.'

Warden waved his hand to her and was gone. The light of the returning lantern flashed into the room, and, after telling Clemency to wait for her, Marion withdrew.

'All still and peaceful. Nobody there. Fancy, I suppose,' said Mr Britain, as he locked and barred the door. He then took down his candle, and, bidding Clemency good night, strolled drowsily to bed.

When all was quiet, Marion returned, and, attended by Clemency, had on that dark night a long and earnest conversation with Warden. What that conversation was may shortly afterwards appear. In the mean time, having parted from her new lover, Marion reached her chamber safely, and falling upon her knees, and, with her secret weighing on her heart, could pray, could rise from her prayers, could lay her beautiful head on her pillow, could sink into a peaceful sleep herself, but for one dream, in which she cried out in her innocent and touching voice, that she was quite alone, and they had all forgotten her.

A month passed, and the day of Alfred's return arrived. It was a raging winter day in the Christmas season, such a day as best prepares the way for shutting out night, for curtained rooms and cheerful looks, for music, laughter, dancing, light, and jovial entertainment. All these the doctor had in store to welcome Alfred back; guests were bidden, musicians were engaged, and tables spread, and floors prepared for active feet. The walls of the dancing room were hung with green English holly and its red berries. It was a busy day for all of them, especially for Grace, who had Marion to dress, and a great many other matters besides to manage. Company at last came flocking in, bright eyes sparkled upon Marion, smiling lips gave her joy of Alfred's return. He was expected about ten. For a few hours, all within doors was music, dancing, laughter, and song. The fire blazed cheerily and high, and as midnight approached the doctor grew impatient for Alfred's coming.

'Anything been seen, Britain—anything been heard?'

'Too dark to see far, sir; too much noise inside the house to hear.'

'How goes the time?'

'Just twelve, sir; he can't be long.'

'Stir up the fire, and throw another log upon it. Let him see his welcome blazing out upon the night, good boy, as he comes along.'

And Alfred did see it. Yes, from the chaise he caught the light, as he turned the corner by the old church, and knew the room from which it shone; the tears were in his eyes; his heart throbbed so violently that he could hardly bear his happiness. He dismounted from the chaise, and telling the driver to remain behind for a few minutes, he hurried on, and had nearly reached the door when it was abruptly opened and a figure coming out encountered his. 'Clemency,' he said, 'don't you know me?'

'Don't come in,' she answered, pushing him back; 'go away. Don't ask me why; don't come in.'

'What is the matter?' he exclaimed.

'I don't know; I am afraid to think. Go back, hark!'

There was a sudden tumult in the house, a wild scream, and Grace, distraction in her looks and manner, rushed out at the door.

'Grace!' he caught her in his arms. 'What is it? Is she dead?'

A crowd of figures came about them from the house; among them was Dr Jeddler, with a paper in his hand.

'What is it?' cried Alfred, grasping his hair in an agony. 'Will no one tell me?'

There was a murmur among them—'She is gone!'

'Gone!' he echoed.

'Fled, my dear Alfred,' said the doctor, in a broken voice; 'gone from her home and us to-night! She writes that she has made her innocent and blameless choice; intreats that we will forgive her; prays that we will not forget her; and is gone.'

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The world had grown six years older since that night of the return. It was a warm autumn afternoon, when, on the doorstep of a little roadside inn, sheltered behind a great elm-tree, with a rare seat for idlers encircling its capacious sole, stood the proper figure of a landlord, for though he was a short man he was round and broad, and stood with his hands in his pockets, and his legs just wide enough apart to express a mind at rest upon the subject of the cellar. It was Benjamin Britain, in short, reasonably changed by time, but for the better, a very comfortable host indeed. 'Mrs B.' said Mr Britain, looking down the road, 'is rather late at tea-time.' As there was no Mrs Britain coming, he strolled leisurely out into the road, and looked up at the house very much to his satisfaction. 'It's just the sort of house,' said Ben, 'I should wish to stop at if I didn't keep it.' His wife at last made her appearance. 'You're late, Clemmy,' said Ben.

'Why, you see, Ben,' said Clemency, 'I had a great deal to do. How's the children, Ben?'

'Hearty, Clemmy, hearty.'

'Bless their precious faces!' said Mrs Britain. 'See, Ben, here's a bill I've brought to stick on the wall, wet from the printer; how it smells.'

'What's this?' said Ben, looking over the document: 'To be sold by auction, at the office of Snitchey and Craggs, the ornamental portion of the unencumbered property of Michael Warden, Esq., who intends to continue abroad.'

'Intending to continue abroad,' repeated Clemency: 'Dear, dear, dear, there'll be heavy hearts, Ben, yonder.'

Benjamin proceeded to wafer up the paper, and when the two were fairly seated at tea—'Now, that bill,' says Mrs B., 'makes me think of old times. That same Michael Warden lost me my place.'

'And got you your husband,' said Mr Britain.

'Well, so he did,' retorted Clemency, 'and many thanks to him.'

'Man's the creature of habit,' said Mr Britain, surveying her over his saucer. 'I had somehow got used to you, Clem, and I found I shouldn't be able to get on without you, so we went and got made man and wife—ha! ha! ha! who would have thought it?'

'Who, indeed?' cried Clemency; 'it was good of you Ben; and Dr Jeddler, in his grief and passion, to turn us out of house and home. Yet how often, good man, he has since sat in this room, and told me over and over he was sorry for it.'

At this moment their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a gentleman attired in mourning, and cloaked and booted like a rider on horseback, who stood at the bar-door. Clemency rose—'There's a nice room up stairs, sir; please to walk up.'

'Thank you,' said the stranger. 'May I come in here?'

'Oh! surely,' said Clemency. 'What would you please to have?'

The bill had caught his eye, and he was eagerly reading it. Clemency looked narrowly at him, and he honoured her with a like regard.

'Give me a glass of ale,' he said, at last, moving to a table by the window. He sat down as he spoke, and his beer being set before him, he filled out a glass and drank good-humouredly to the house. 'I think I heard you mention Dr Jeddler's name as I came in. Is the old man living?'

'Yes, sir,' said Clemency.

'Much changed?'

'Since when, sir?' returned Clemency, with much emphasis.

'Since his daughter went away.'

'Yes, he is greatly changed since then: he's grey and old, and has not the same way with him at all.' She then informed him that old Jeddler had been sadly broken down for a long while at first, but he had, about two years since, gone to see an old sister, and that visit did him good. He came back talking about his lost daughter, praising her, ay, and the world, too—and was never tired of saying, with tears in his eyes, how beautiful and good she was. He had forgiven her then. It was about the time of Grace's marriage to Alfred.'

'She is married, then, to Alfred? And have they lived happily together?'

'Ay,' said Clemency; 'no two people ever more so.'

'And what is the after-history of the young lady who went away? They know it, I suppose.'

Clemency shook her head. 'Dr Jeddler is thought to know more of her than he tells. Miss Grace has had letters from her saying she was well and happy; but there's a mystery about her altogether, which only Mr Michael Warden can explain,' concluded Clemency, in a kind of shriek, which let Michael Warden know that he was recognised.

It was Warden, indeed, returned from abroad, without Marion, never married to her, nor having seen or heard of her since the night she ran away. Clemency was confounded, but at that moment the door opened, and Mr Snitchey came in.

'You here, Mr Warden!' said the lawyer; 'what wind has blown?'

'An ill wind, I'm afraid,' he answered; 'for here I'm besought and entreated to perform impossibilities.'

Snitchey and he then entered upon the discussion of some private law business, and in a short time withdrew.

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The next was a bright and peaceful day, and nowhere were the autumn tints more beautifully seen than from the quiet orchard of the doctor's house. The snows of many winter nights had melted from that ground, the withered leaves of many summers had rustled there since she had fled. And where was she? Not there!—not there! But a lady sat in the familiar place from whose heart she had never passed away. A little daughter was playing by her side, as Grace Jeddler sat with her husband, Alfred, in the orchard on their wedding-day and his and Marion's birthday. He had not become a great man; he had not grown rich; but he had enough, and he was very happy with his dear wife Grace. But Marion—had he forgotten her? He had not.

'Before the sun went down on Marion's birth-day, and you see, Alfred, it is sinking fast,' said Grace, 'you promised to give me an explanation of Marion's history.'

He put his arm round her waist, and looking steadily into her eyes, rejoined—'That history, dear Grace, must come from other lips.' There was that emotion in his face, despite its steady gaze, that frightened her. Alfred then, taking his child with him, and saying he would be back presently, left his seat, and Grace was alone. In a few minutes he returned along with the doctor, on whose aged arm a lovely female figure seemed to recline its head. Was it a vision that came bursting from the old man's arms, and with a cry, and with a wild precipitation of itself in its boundless love, sunk down in her embrace? 'Oh, Marion! —oh, my sister! Oh, joy and happiness unutterable to meet again!' It was no dream, no phantom conjured up by hope and fear, but Marion—sweet Marion! The mystery was soon explained. As Marion left so she returned—unmarried, unbetrothed. She had been living all the six years of her absence with good aunt Martha, her father's sister. But we must hear her own explanation of her conduct and designs. 'When this was my dear home, Grace, I loved Alfred from my inmost soul; I would have died for him, young as I was. I never loved him better, Grace, than I did that night when I left here; but he gained another heart before I knew that I had one to give him. That heart was yours, my sister, though for my sake it plucked its love away, and kept its secret from all eyes but mine. I never laid my head on my pillow without thinking of Alfred's own words on the day of his departure, and how truly he had said (for I knew that by you) that there were victories gained every day in struggling hearts to which those fields of battle were nothing. Thinking more and more upon the great endurance cheerfully sustained, I vowed that I never would be Alfred's wife (Grace, I then loved him dearly), but that he should be your husband if by any means I could bring it about. The time was drawing near for his return; I felt that I must act; I knew that one great pang undergone at that time would save a world of trouble to us all; I knew that if I went away then it would come about in time that you would be united to Alfred. I wrote to aunt Martha for a refuge in her house. At that time Michael Warden, brought here by an accident, became for some time our companion. He was then on the eve of going secretly away for a long time; he wrote to me offering his hand and stating his prospects. I afterwards saw him, and confiding in his honour, charged him with my secret on the eve of his and my departure. He kept it. Do you understand me, sister? Mr Warden merely saw me to my aunt Martha's; I have never heard of him since; as I left here, so have I returned.'

Grace understood her now. Her face relaxed, sobs came to her relief, and falling on her neck, she wept and wept, and fondled her as if she were a child again.

Before they left the garden, a stranger joined them; it was Michael Warden. 'Mr Heathfield and Dr Jeddler,' said he, 'I might have deeply wronged you both. That I did not, is no virtue of my own. I will not say that I am six years wiser than I was, or better. But I have known, at any rate, that term of self-reproach. I can urge no reason why you should deal gently with me. I abused the hospitality of this house. In a few days I shall quit this place for ever. I entreat your pardon. Do as you would be done by! Forget and forgive!'

Michael Warden, however, saw fit to remain, and shortly after obtained a wife, the pride and honour of the countryside, whose name was Marion.

## JOHANN, THE BASKET-MAKER.

(Translated from the German, for the Instructor.)

Johann, the merry basket-maker,
Learn'd many songs, and paid his baker.
From sunrise until day declined,
He sang with free and cheerful mind.
Food did his daily labour bring,
And when he ate then would he sing;
And when he sang 'twas with delight,
And hearty voice, and throat of might.
Breakfast nor supper made him waver,
He still remember'd time and quaver.
Right well he sang: his voice so good
Resounded through the neighbourhood.
In learning, he at first was slack—
He only read the almanack;
Yet learn'd he every yearly feast
In order, to observe, at least;
And then, like them, his neighbours say,
He sung or slept his time away.
He held himself, with voice and wages,
Far happier than the seven sages—
Than many learned ones who seem
Themselves e'en as the eighth t' esteem.
Not far from Johann lived a cit
Of large estates but little wit,
Who daily like a prince would dine,
And, stiffly pompous, sip his wine.
Relations had he—aunts, and cousins,
And nieces—whom he fed by dozens;
They came whene'er he chose t' invite,
And wasted, feasting, half the night.
He'd scarcely settled him to sleep
When early dawn began to peep,
And rest and quiet fled away,
For Johann sang at break of day.
'Confound the bawling silence-breaker!
Plague take ye, noisy basket-maker!
Ne'er will ye cease? Oh, would that I
Could sleep, like oysters, nightly buy!'
At last he chanced the singer meet,
And beckon'd him across the street.
'My hearty friend, Johann,' he said,
'How goes it with you—how is trade?
Your wares are praised by all, I hear;
What do they bring you in a year?'
'A year, Meinherr! I cannot tell
To what amount my profits swell.
I keep no count: each day provides
For all that in the day betides.
All through the year, so may I thrive,
Of times three hundred sixty-five.'
'True, Johann, true; but can't you say
What is your profit in a day?'
'Meinherr, you question very sore:
'Tis sometimes little, sometimes more—
Just as it comes, in many ways.
My only grief 's the holidays;
And he who colour'd them all red
Had well, like you, inherited—
Not work, but many a fertile acre.
Ah! he was not a basket-maker!'
Well pleased, to him the rich man said,
'Cheer up, Johann, your fortune 's made.
All that you say may do for ninnies;
But here I'll give you fifty guineas,
If you in future cease your singing.
Far better to set gold a-ringing.'
He stammer'd thanks, look'd shy, and then,
In sudden fear, sneak'd home again.
He hugs the bag, sits down to think,
Then counts and weighs. The merry clink
Fills him with rapture o'er his prize—
The golden pasture for his eyes.
With dumb delight 'twas long regarded,
Then in a chest securely hoarded,
With cunning lock and iron band,
Against the burglar's daring hand.
No sleep for him: the silly wight,
As miser fearful, watch'd all night;
If purrs the cat, Turk wags his tail,
Unwonted horrors him assail—
The house he searches, in belief
To light upon some skulking thief.
At length with blows, in anger given,
Away the animals were driven:
Poor Turk, that oft his hand would lick,
And play full many a canine trick;
His darling cat, without a flaw,
Of shining skin and harmless paw!
He learns at last, the more he spares,
That riches ever come with cares:
Deprive his heart of many a joy,
Its freedom and its peace destroy—
The peace which honest natures prize,
Whose loss no gold indemnifies.
The wealthy neighbour's gift was vain,
Johann soon gave it back again:
The fatal bag destroy'd his rest,
His heart with weariness oppress.
'Meinherr,' he said, 'your bag I bring,
No longer gold I'll watch, but sing.
Oh! take it back, 'tis free resign'd,
And leave to me my cheerful mind.
Though you may envy me my pleasure,
I'll not exchange it with your treasure.
Heaven's favour, Herr, it seems to me,
That now my voice again is free;
Again I'll be a silence-breaker—
Johann, the merry basket-maker!'

W.

## SKETCHES OF MODERN HISTORY.

BY M. FRASER TYTLER.

### RICHARD I.—CROWNED 1189, DIED 1199.

TIME, not unassisted by the writers of fiction, has cast round the name of Richard the lion-hearted a halo, which the less inflated facts, as they are given by our best historians, scarcely keep pace with. That he was possessed of every military talent, and valiant almost to extreme, is not to be doubted; but, among the list of other kingly virtues, we look in vain for many to which we would gladly affix his name. Even the generosity and magnificence always shown towards his soldiers, was indulged at the expense of his subjects, for on them he levied fines and taxes with as little compunction and equity as any of his predecessors. Of his short and troubled reign, which lasted only ten years, he spent no more than eight months in his own kingdom. Yet such was the impression made by his passionate love of glory, especially military glory, that he was much beloved, and is said to have been the first prince of the Norman line that bore any sincere regard to his people. His character was, however, one better calculated to dazzle men, by the splendour of his military enterprises, than to promote their happiness by a sound and well-regulated policy. He was open, frank, generous, sincere, and brave; but he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel. His resentments were high, and his pride unconquerable.

His conduct, in common with that of his brothers, towards his ill-fated parent, is a blot against the name of Richard never to be effaced; yet the feeling of compunction and remorse that seized upon him when, on entering the Abbey Church of Fontebrault, he beheld the dead body of his king and parent, deserted not only by his sons but by his most menial attendants, occasioned the perhaps only real benefit derived by his subjects during the whole space of his reign, for it influenced him in his after choice of ministers. He had had sufficient opportunity of knowing the integrity and fidelity of those who had served in the late reign; and continuing in their posts those who had been faithful to his father, he discarded all such as, deserting his service, had adhered to himself in his rebellion. 'These last,' says Howden, 'whether ecclesiastic or laymen, he turned out of his court and hated for ever after. The coronation of Richard, which in September, 1189, was celebrated at Westminster, was attended by an unlucky circumstance, that stained the day with a horrible and bloody massacre. Under the quiet and steady reign of the late king, the Jews had lived in a state of comparative peace, and wishing to propitiate the new monarch, several of the chief and most wealthy among them had come from the various cities where they usually dwelt, in order to meet in London, and there to agree upon the sum it would be proper to offer.

Richard had on the day previous issued an edict prohibiting their appearance on the occasion, but some, led by curiosity, mingled with the crowd, and, being discovered, they were exposed to the insults and injuries of the bystanders. Tumult ensued, and a rumour being quickly spread that the king had ordered the Jews to be exterminated, they were pursued, trodden under foot, and put to death without mercy. Their property was seized, and their houses being fired, those miserable creatures who had taken refuge within their walls perished in the flames, or while attempting to fly, fell victims to the infuriated multitude. Such an event, however, as it concerned exclusively the lives and properties of that persecuted race, was not likely long to occupy the thoughts of Richard, engrossed as they were by his intended expedition to the Holy Land. His connexion, on this occasion, with the faithless Philip Augustus of France, may be looked upon as the cause of its failure, if indeed it may be said that he did fail, where he reaped a harvest of that glory which was the end, aim, and ambition of his life. Equally haughty, ambitious, and inflexible, these two princes were irritated by the least appearance of injury. Their situation and extent of dominion rendered them rivals in power, and their age and inclination made them competitors in glory; but here the similarity of their dispositions ended, for Richard, candid, sincere, undesigning, impolitic, and violent, laid himself open on every occasion to the designs of his antagonist, who, provident, interested, and deceitful, failed not to take the advantage thus offered. 'So that,' says Daniel, 'these two kings lived in continual jars, till a dangerous sickness, through the heat and contagion of the country, put an end, not to them only, but almost to their lives.' This sickness was pleaded by Philip as an excuse for an immediate return to his own land; but the true reason of this sudden resolve may be found in the glory obtained by the precipitate courage and romantic spirit of his rival, which, drawing upon him the general attention, altogether eclipsed his own feats of valour.

After a strenuous resistance, in which Richard declared that, to the great reproach of himself and his kingdom, Philip was about dishonourably to forsake his purpose and vow to God, he was compelled to accede to his proposal; and the French king having bound himself by an oath on the gospel neither to do harm nor suffer any to be done to his brother of England during his absence—an oath which, it is needless to say, was at the moment of utterance broken in thought, and, so soon as occasion offered, in deed also—the King of France quitted the Holy Land.

It was not by extraordinary acts of valour alone that Richard had won renown in the Holy Land, 'for,' says Howden, 'his distinguished liberality to the common soldiers, who wanted pay, made every man sing his praise.' 'After the desertion of the French king,' says Daniel, 'Richard stayed two months longer, consuming both his men and treasure with great valour. Persevering in his enterprises under difficulties which to an ordinary courage would have appeared insurmountable, and undaunted in the midst of a thousand dangers, he looked out steadily for the first point of possibility, and was then not only capable of attempting but of succeeding in it.' Of the truth of this assertion there is no more remarkable proof than the relief of Joppa, since no age or history has ever afforded an instance of an attempt more daring, or where there was so little likelihood of success. With a handful of men, Richard not only ventured to attack the great Saladin, and his mighty force of experienced warriors, but by his personal bravery, the irresistible force of his arm, and the wonderful spirit that bore him through fatigue which cool reason would have considered insupportable, he carried his point. The gift of Saladin, which was presented on this day, and followed immediately on his being constrained to fly dishonourably, with the loss of three thousand of his choicest soldiers, is a fair picture of the romantic and chivalric character of the age; for, amazed by the valour and great actions of his conqueror, two magnificent Arabian horses were, by his desire, conveyed to the camp of the English king. The whole of the East, awed at once into terror and admiration of their enemy, rang with his fame; nor, if we may give credence to his various historians, were these exploits speedily forgotten, the Saracens, says Tourville, Rymer, and others, being accustomed to use the name of Richard to still the cries of their children.

The near approach to Jerusalem seemed to announce the goal and triumph of the English Lion, but was on the contrary the forerunner of his disappointment, for here he discovered that he must abandon all hope of further success. In their first enthusiasm for the holy war, the devoted body of crusaders, trusting to the immediate assistance of Heaven, had, with a total disregard of their own safety and interest, set nothing before their eyes but fame and victory in this world, and a crown of glory in the next. Long absence from home, fatigue, disease, want, and the variety of incidents naturally attending war, had now, however, gradually abated that fury, and every one except the King of England expressed a desire of speedily returning to Europe. So that, after a severe struggle on the part of Richard, a truce between him and Saladin was concluded for the space of three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours—a magical number,

which had probably been devised by the Christians, and suggested by a superstition well suited to the object of the expedition.

Whilst Richard's zeal for the cross, or his insatiable inclination for war, had kept him thus employed in the East, the troubled state of his own country greatly required his presence. His selection of William Longchamps, the bishop of Ely (to whom, suspicious of the good faith of his brother John, he had confided the management of his affairs), was an unfortunate one; 'for,' says Daniel, 'he grievously oppressed the people by his exactions, and being of mean origin, he, in his great dignity, affected a very unbeseeming grandeur, and displayed his power and riches with an invidious ostentation, never travelling without a strong guard of fifteen hundred soldiers. Nobles and knights were proud of being admitted into his train. His retinue wore the aspect of royal magnificence, and when in his progress through the kingdom he lodged in any monastery, his attendants, it is said, were sufficient to devour in one night the revenue of several years.'

The general discontent of the people was a sufficient stimulant to the ambition of John. Forgetful of his oath of faithful service to his brother, he now lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself with them, and of thus paving the way to the usurpation of his crown. But a more ready means of assuming the rights of his brother was shortly opened to him, and a more baneful purpose from this time occupied the dark mind of the prince; for when Richard, by the treachery, it is said, of an attendant, fell into the power of his secret but implacable enemy, the Duke of Austria, and was by him consigned to the keeping of the Emperor, Henry II., John eagerly desiring the perpetual bondage of his brother, employed every means of force and intrigue to secure it. In conjunction with the French king, schemes were laid to effect his purpose, and envoys sent over by them to Austria, proffering fifty thousand merks from Philip and thirty thousand from Earl John if the emperor would undertake to keep Richard prisoner till Michaelmas following. Or, if he thought fit, they would give him a thousand pounds a-month so long as he should retain him prisoner. Or else the King of France would give him a hundred thousand merks and the Earl fifty thousand, to deliver him prisoner into their hands, or at least to keep him one year.

The lion spirit of the imprisoned king, much as it had chafed itself in his iron cage, was unsubdued; and when produced before the diet of the empire at Worms, after first premising that his dignity exempted him from answering before any jurisdiction except that of Heaven, he, for the sake of his reputation, disdained not first to justify himself against the frivolous imputations laid against him, and then bursting into a torrent of indignation at the cruel treatment he had met with, loudly complained that the champion of the cross should, after expending the blood and treasure of his subjects in the common cause of Christendom, be intercepted by Christian princes in his return to his own country, thrown into a dungeon, loaded with irons, obliged to plead his cause as if he were a subject and a malefactor; and, what he still more regretted, be thus prevented from redeeming the sepulchre of Christ, so long profaned by the dominion of the infidels, or from making preparations for the new crusade he had projected after the expiration of the truce. This burst of eloquence turned the scale in the favour of the imprisoned king. The German princes loudly exclaimed against the conduct of the Emperor. The Pope threatened him with excommunication; and, finding it now impracticable to accede to the proposal of the King of France and his base colleague, Henry accepted the ransom of £300,000, and the King of England was again free.

Never, perhaps, had exorbitant ransom for the freedom of a king been so eagerly or rapidly amassed as was that of Richard. Voluntary contributions were raised by the prelates and nobility. By general consent, the parochial clergymen gave a tenth of their tithes, the bishops, abbots, and lay nobility a fourth of their rents. The cathedrals and monasteries sold their plate and treasures, amounting to the value of thirty thousand merks; and the parishes melting down their sacred chalices, the priest, by the Pope's order and allowance, celebrated the sacrament in tin cups.

The well known warning of Philip to Prince John, 'The devil has got loose—look to yourself,' preceded but by a few days the arrival of Richard. And as the tidings of his imprisonment had rung like a death-knell on the hearts of his faithful subjects, so was his welcome return hailed with every mark and show of loyalty they could devise. Little time for the peaceful ordering of his disturbed and burdened kingdom was allowed by the warlike monarch. In March, 1194, he had returned to England, and in the following month, learning that Vernail, in Normandy, had been besieged by the French king, 'he, as he sat at dinner,' says Walsingham, 'swore he would never turn his face till he had gotten over to the French army,' and, accordingly, caused the wall to be cut through, never resting till, with a hundred great ships, he passed the sea into Normandy, when the fame of his approach caused the French king to raise the siege, and, without sight of his valiant enemy, to retire with shame and loss. Even Richard's character as a soldier seems to rest entirely on the wonderful feats performed by him in the Holy Land. In the present expedition, the exploits of the two great and rival princes were of so frivolous a nature that the taking of a castle, or the surprise of a straggling party, was the utmost achieved upon either side. For the space of four years was this petty species of warfare carried on between the two princes, invading, surprising, spoiling, and ruining each other's estates and dominions. Making pretences, indeed, often of peace, which lasted no longer than some advantage offered on either side, now they would mutually overrun the open country, taking, as occasion offered, a few insignificant castles; and now conclude a peace and make an exchange of territories with each other; thus still swaying from side to side, their inability to wage war occasioning peace, and the mutual antipathy they bore each other engaging them forthwith again in war.

During these frays, for they deserve no higher title, Prince John, deserting Philip, threw himself on the mercy of his brother, and having, with many promises of fidelity, entreated pardon of his offences, he was, on the intercession of Queen Eleanor, received into favour, although, even at the time, Richard proved the just estimation in which he held his brother's character. 'I forgive him,' he said, 'and hope I shall as easily forget his injuries as he will my pardon.' The statement that is made, however, by various historians, that John, incapable of even thus returning to his duty without committing an act of baseness, had, before he left Philip's party, invited to dinner all the officers of the garrison, and basely massacred them during the entertainment, is, we may hope, for the sake of human nature (perverted as it was in the heart of the English prince), without foundation. From a letter of Richard's, preserved in Howden, it would seem that the massacre of the unfortunate French officers, followed by that of the entire garrison, and the delivery of the citadel of Evreux to the English king, occurred fifteen days after the submission of Prince John.

Although so trifling the advantage obtained by either, this continued war between the two princes was carried on with the greatest animosity, until at length, through the influence of the new Pope, Innocent III., a peace was concluded for the space of five years. It would, however, in all probability have been as brief in its duration as those that had preceded it, had not the career of the English king been cut short—the disputes, envyings, and malice of the rival princes closing with his life.

Richard, to have completed his character as a soldier, and his claim to the name of hero, should have fallen on the field of battle and in the hour of victory; but his death was one of retribution rather than of glory, for he fell in laying claim to wealth over which he had no just right, and by the hand of one he had greatly injured. A portion of the treasure discovered by a peasant, while ploughing in a field near Limoges, had by Aymer, viscount of the place and lord of the soil, been sent to the king; but not

contented with a share, among which, with other pieces of antiquity, were images in solid gold of an emperor, his wife, and children, sitting at table, Richard demanded the whole, claiming it as treasure trove, and therefore his prerogative. It was refused, and forthwith he marched an army against the castle in which he believed it to be concealed. Unable to defend themselves against so great a force, the garrison offered to surrender, but the cruel assertion of Richard, that having come so far he would take the walls by force and hang all the inhabitants, prevented any peaceable arrangement, and was the ultimate cause of his own death. Having approached the castle to ascertain where the assault might best be made, Bertram de Gourdon, a crossbowman, shooting a barbed arrow from the walls, gave the king a desperate wound in the shoulder, not in itself mortal, but which became so by the awkwardness of the surgeon who attended him; for, little skilled in his profession, on trying to pull out the arrow the head remained in the wound, and in the after attempt to remove it, 'he did so grievously mangle the flesh, that it turned to a gangrene, and lying there eleven days in great torment, and finding no hope of recovery, he by will bequeathed his dominions to his brother John, then, after great devotion, did cause Bertram, who had given him his death-wound, to be brought before him, demanding what injury he had done him that he should thus mercilessly attempt to kill him.' Subdued by the approach of death, the haughty answer of the prisoner, which at another moment would have grated harshly on the spirit of the king, now touched him only as a just reproof. 'What have you done to me?' he replied; 'you have killed with your own hand my father and my two brothers, and you intended to have hanged myself. I am now in your power, but I am ready to endure any torture you may be pleased to inflict, provided I am so happy as to think I have rid the world of one who has done so much mischief in it.' The bystanders trembled for the consequence of the daring answer, but far even from abusing the speaker, the dying monarch not only caused him to be set free, but directed that a sum of money should be given him. The over-zeal of one of the attendants, however, frustrated this design, for the unhappy man was seized, and after enduring the most cruel tortures was put to death, shortly after the monarch had expired. 'Thus,' says Daniel, 'died the Lion-like king, on the 6th day of April, 1199, in the forty-first year of his age, and after a magnificent and tumultuous reign of nine years and nine months.'

The most conspicuous part of Richard's character was without doubt his military talents. No man, even in that romantic age, carried personal courage and intrepidity to a greater height. His impetuous and vehement spirit was distinguished by all the good as well as bad qualities so usually allied to that character. He was open, frank, generous, sincere, and brave, but he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and even cruel. What he might afterwards have been, had his days been prolonged to a time of peace, is uncertain; but that his temper in some cases was pliable and yielding to good, is manifest from the effect that the admonitions of a poor hermit had upon him, which 'though at first he despised as coming from so mean a source, not long after falling sick, he called to mind the admonishment thus recorded, and made a vow to reform his life, which after his recovery he was so careful to perform, that God respected him with the eyes of mercy, and gave him a penitent heart, so that henceforth he proved a man fearing God and eschewing evil. He would rise early every morning to hear divine service, grew very charitable to the poor, and made restitution of many of the churches' goods which had been sold for his ransom. He did also, on this occasion, take home to him his wife Berengaria, who heretofore was never of any great regard with him, and whose society he had a long time neglected, though she was a virtuous, wise, and beautiful lady, who for her love to him had ventured her person with him through the world.'

All writers agree in ascribing to Richard a good understanding, great penetration, a clear head and sound judgment, a frank, open, and generous disposition, incapable of deceiving anybody, true to his word, faithful to his promises, and in all respects a man of strict honour and great probity. By some he is charged with being covetous and rapacious. He was, it is certain, not over-scrupulous as to the ways of getting money, yet, when in his possession, he was liberal to excess; for no prince ever distinguished himself by more and greater acts of bounty and magnificence, properly bestowed upon brave men in distress, as well as for the public service.

## A DANGEROUS AMERICAN.

THERE is a terrible fellow somewhere 'down east,' who ought not to be permitted to run loose. He threatens to play strange pranks, and break things, all in consequence of his faithless 'gal.' His first threat is,

> I'll grasp the loud thunder,
> With lightnings I'll play,
> I'll rend the earth asunder
> And kick it away.

That's attempting considerable for one man. However, if he has a mind to take the responsibility and pay damages, let him smash away; we are not afear'd. He next says,

> The rainbow I'll straddle
> And ride to the moon,
> Or in the ocean I'll paddle
> In the bowl of a spoon.

That wont hurt anybody. Go a-head, old chap—we like to encourage a laudable spirit of adventure.

> I'll set fire to the fountain,
> And swallow up the rill;
> I'll eat up the mountain
> And be hungry still.

Goodness gracious! is there no way to appease his wrath and stay his stomach? Must *we* suffer all this because he and his girl haven't anything to say to each other at present? No—never! Down with him—down with him!

> The rain shall fall upwards,
> The smoke tumble down;
> I'll dye the grass purple,
> And paint the sky brown.

Hear that! A pretty world this would be, truly, with the rain falling up, the smoke tumbling down, the grass dyed purple, and the sky painted brown! We might as well live in an old boot, with a dirty sole for the earth beneath, and brown upper leather for the heavens above.

> The sun I'll put out,
> With the whirlwinds play;
> Turn day into night,
> And sleep it away.

There is no doubt, if he cuts that caper, the sun will feel as much 'put out' about it as we shall. We leave it to the whirlwinds to say whether they are to be trifled with or not; and as for his turning day into night, and sleeping it away, we would as lief he would as not—if he can do it.

> I'll flog the young earthquake,
> The weather I'll physic;
> Volcanoes I'll strangle,
> Or choke with the phthisic.

Oh, ho! he dare not clinch in with an old he earthquake, and so he threatens to flog a 'young un' of the neuter gender! Coward! why don't he take one of his own size?

> The moon I will smother
> With nightmare and wo;
> For sport, at each other
> The stars I will throw.

Serves 'em exactly right! they have no business to be out when they ought to be a-bed.

> The rocks shall be preachers,
> The trees do the singing;
> The clouds shall be teachers,
> And the comets go spreeing.

That's all well enough, except getting the comets upon a spree. We don't like that 'pretty well.'

> I'll tie up the winds
> In a bundle together,
> And tickle their ribs
> With an ostrich feather.

Oh, crackeys! now he does it! We didn't think it lay in the gizzard of mortal man to do half as much.

Really, we think such a desperate and dangerous individual ought to be caught, cast into a spider's web, and safely guarded by one flea, two mosquitoes, and a vigilant wood-louse. There is no knowing what the chap *may* do. —*New York Mercury.*

## THE MOSAIC CREATION AND MODERN GEOLOGY.*

Though, from its own intrinsic merits, the present work would certainly have gained a favourable reception with the public, we are not displeased at perceiving that this result will more speedily be accomplished from the talent and character of the gentleman under whose auspices it has been ushered into notice. That extreme modesty which has contributed to make less extensively known than would otherwise have been the case, the name of Mr Wight himself, induced him, on this his appearance as an author, to solicit the agency of Dr Alexander, for the purpose of bespeaking a fair and candid hearing from those of the public who might become his readers. This, in a highly characteristic note of commendation, the worthy doctor has accordingly done. Although we may be disposed to differ with the author in some of his views, still the volume is one of no ordinary merit. Several valuable works, at the head of which stands the admirable treatise of Dr Pye Smith, written with the avowed intention of accomplishing a similar purpose, have been of late, indeed, given to the public. These, however, from the circumstance of their having been chiefly addressed to the more educated classes, have not found their way among the masses of the people. 'Happily,' says Dr Alexander in the note referred to, 'these masses are not indifferent now to such investigations. Earnestly craving knowledge, they are not unconcerned as to the points at issue between science and Scripture; and if in some cases they have shown an unhappy tendency to regard science as incompatible with Scripture, the reason, I fear, must be sought, in great part at least, in the fact that whilst they have been earnestly instructed by the advocates of infidelity in all that science may be made to say against Scripture, they have not with equal care—in most cases not at all—been made to understand what Scripture rightly interpreted can say for itself, not in opposition to science, but in harmony with it.'

It has been the result of this state of things, that whilst the facts which geology has disclosed have seduced a certain class of the community from the faith of the Scriptures, the statements of revelation, either from being too literally interpreted, or from not being read in the proper order of their connexion, have made many speak slightingly of geology, and kept them in a position of continued hostility to all its discoveries, however well authenticated, when they appeared to clash or jar with the supposed previous disclosures of holy writ. Geological writers, in short, have hitherto, either in a too exclusively scientific manner treated their favourite topic, or, violating strict neutrality, have flung into the scale of infidelity all the weight of influence which has attached itself to the celebrity of their names; while, on the other hand, religious writers have to a great extent done the same thing, avoiding, in their several productions, scientific allusion altogether, or only introducing it for the purpose of covert depreciation or open assault. Flinging himself into the breach, Mr Wight has come forward at present, if not to combat with both parties, at least, by rational argument, to convince both of their error. Admitting as genuine a great many geological discoveries whose supposed variance with the Scripture records has hitherto prevented their general reception in the Christian community, he proceeds to show that the variance in question has been apparent only and not real. That so far from sustaining contradiction, Scripture, when rightly interpreted, derives additional support from the palpable harmonisation of all its statements with the subsequent discoveries of geology; and that, so far from dreading this branch of science as an enemy, Christianity rather invites her approach, that she may do herself honour by acting the part of her assistant and handmaid. The subject-matter of the present volume was delivered recently, as Mr Wight informs us, in a series of popular lectures on the first chapter of the book of Genesis, chiefly intended to confer benefit on the congregation over which the author is pastor. His object was to show that the statements of the Mosaic narrative are not contradicted by the established phenomena of physical science, especially geology. He acquitted himself so admirably in his first lecture, that his audience was on all subsequent occasions augmented by an influx of strangers anxiously desirous of hearing the subject discussed. This again led, on the completion of the course, to the expression of a general wish that the lectures should be published; and the author, though with extreme diffidence, ultimately agreed to the request. The popular character of the lectures is retained in the treatise, though it has been thought preferable to break up the work into chapters of convenient length. The *matter* is substantially the same, and except the sketch of geology, under the general title 'Age of the Earth,' nothing new has been added. After merely, in the first chapter, introducing his subject to the reader's notice, Mr Wight, in the second, which he has entitled 'Creation Proper,' begins in earnest to his task, by an exegetical examination of the first verse of Genesis, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' And here the main difficulty to be surmounted is the enabling of the reader to understand the connexion between the first and second verses.

Upon this subject there are two opinions; first, that the statement contained in the first and those contained in the second verse have an immediate connexion. Those who hold this opinion denounce geology as an impious science, utterly opposed to the disclosures of revelation; or they believe that all the formations of which the crust of the earth is composed were either deposited during the flood or between that event and the date of the Mosaic creation; or, finally, by those who, not denying the discoveries of geologists, get over the difficulty by styling the six creative days simply indefinite periods. The second opinion, with which Mr Wight coincides, and which he sets himself immediately to defend, is this, that the first verse contains an independent proposition, and has no immediate connexion with the statements in the following verse. If this view has not the largest number of supporters, it at least includes among those who are so the names of many who stand foremost in the ranks of Biblical criticism. Regarded in the above light, no limits restrict the imaginative faculty, when traversing the past, to settle the questions in reference to the precise amount of time which has elapsed since the materials of which our globe are composed were first called into being.

The two considerations advanced by Mr Wight to prove that the first verse contains an independent proposition, are these: 1st, The careful reading of the narrative, even in the English version, suggests a break after the first verse, and the connecting particle 'and' does not necessarily involve the idea of immediate sequence. By an ingenious mode of illustration, Mr Wight proceeds to defend this latter view of the subject, and concludes in the following manner: 'This opinion admitted, it cannot be reasonably demanded of its advocates to state the extent of the *hiatus*, or to measure the period that elapsed between the proper creation of the universe and the remodelling process which is believed to have been exerted on the earth, or a part of it, at the opening of the historic era. The moment he occupies this ground, the Christian philosopher breathes more freely. The sphere of his vision is vastly enlarged—his field of contemplation is almost new. Things appear in a changed and far more interesting aspect; and their relations are more clearly perceived. He now investigates, compares, infers, with a

* The Mosaic Creation, viewed in the light of Modern Geology.

got possession of the key that will unlock many of the mysteries that have long, and in every direction, baffled his utmost effort at explanation. He has found the link that unites the inspired narrative with the facts of modern science. From the position he now occupies, he may send forth a challenge to the objector to the authority of the Bible, on the ground of its being opposed by the discoveries of science, with the utmost confidence that in the combat his weapons will not fail him.'

After settling the import of the terms 'heaven and earth,' understanding by the one the heavenly bodies, and by the other the globe on which we dwell, and attaching to the entire phrase, 'heaven and earth,' the idea of the visible material universe, in what state, Mr Wight eloquently asks, 'was the universe when God called it into existence? Did it start into existence a complete system? Did the sun shine from his place in the heavens, encircled by his planets, and these again by their satellites or moons? Did the fixed stars find themselves accompanied then by myriads of lesser worlds, in all the magnificent profusion in which they now stud the heavens?' And after confessing that on these questions the Bible is silent, 'what,' he next inquires, 'is the voice of astronomy?' And receiving nothing satisfactory in the shape of an answer in this department of science, 'what,' he asks, 'is the voice of geology?' And all attempts to settle the question by discoveries here proving equally unsuccessful, 'when,' he finally asks, 'did the creating energy go forth, and bring into existence this great universe? At first view, no question appears more simple, and yet its solution will try the most deeply versed in sacred and scientific lore. When? 'In the beginning.' This is no answer to the question, it simply removes the difficulty a step back. Unless we know when the beginning was, *i. e.* how far back it is to be measured from the present date—the question obviously remains unanswered. It is certain that it is somewhere about six thousand years since man was placed upon the earth; is not the universe of the same age as our species? On this point there has been much confusion; we fear not a little still prevails. Observe, first, from the Old Testament chronology, we arrive at the age of our species. Secondly, it is nowhere stated that the universe is just six thousand years old; neither is it anywhere implied that man and the universe were brought into existence at the same time. Thirdly, we have seen that there is a break in the narrative after the first verse; thus separating the creation of the 'heaven and the earth' from the creation of 'man,' by an interval which no mortal dare compute. Fourthly, the facts of geology prove that it was a long interval, but hint not *how* long.

The error into which Christians fell, could not perhaps be easily avoided. They joined the two events—the creation of the universe, and the creation of man; and as the creation of man took place about six thousand years ago, the conclusion was inevitable, that this also was the age of the universe. It is easy to account for the existence of the mistake; it cannot long stand before a sound and comprehensive exegesis. We hold by the universally received opinion, that man has been an inhabitant of this globe only for about six thousand years; but we must maintain that the globe itself has been much longer in existence. Moses advances nothing contrary to this; the evidence in its favour from science is overwhelming. Few will be disposed to argue, that the evidence of science should not be received on this point. We are not to be influenced by everything which some men may call science; but those facts that are clearly genuine cannot be disregarded. The Author of revelation is the Author of nature; his children must listen to his voice in both.'

After an ingenious examination of the theory of Professor Powell, which represents the Mosaic narrative as merely a mythic poem, and exhibiting its utter untenability, and advancing and removing sundry conceivable objections to the views in reference to the period when creation began, formerly advanced, our author next proceeds to consider a little more in detail what evidence geology may furnish in favour of the antiquity of the globe. Here, in lucid order, Mr Wight arranges the three Palæozoic periods—the older, middle, and newer. All these periods are considered in three short, separate chapters, which do not admit of abridgment, and of whose value no isolated extract could convey an adequate idea. Passing over these chapters, therefore, as well as the subsequent four, in which the secondary periods, older, middle, and newer, as well as the tertiary, are considered, we proceed to place before the reader a few general remarks made by the author on the different formations, which had thus been considered in detail.

'The first argument,' says he, 'in favour of the antiquity of the globe is founded on the *number of strata that go to make up its crust*. The crust of the earth, or that rocky band that surrounds and encloses its molten contents, is supposed to be about ten miles thick. The greater part of this mass has been examined, nature having laid open, or tilted up almost all the formations of which it is composed. To accomplish this apparently impossible task, the geologist has but to walk over the uplands, ascend the river-beds, penetrate the gloomy ravines, and climb the mountain-ridges. At present we leave out of view the granite and other igneous rocks; also the metamorphic rocks, namely, gneiss, mica-schist, and clay slate. The number of distinct beds above these is no less than *fifty-seven*, many of which are from a hundred to many hundred feet thick. Of course these beds do not occur in a regular series one above the other; were this the case the crust of the earth would resemble the concentric layers of an onion, and would be much beyond ten miles thick. They lie in patch-like masses; generally speaking, the more ancient are the most extensive, and the more recent the most circumscribed. All these beds bear distinct evidence of their formation under water. This cannot be disputed, if we are to take present nature for our guide. The rocks of these ancient seas, lakes, and rivers, present the same appearances at this distant date, that are observed in estuaries, the margins of lakes, and the shores of the ocean at the present day. The fine mud is seen in thin layers as it originally subsided to the bottom of the waters. The sandstones bear the impress of the receding wave on the ancient sea-beach. Nay, the surfaces of the beds are sometimes pitted with the heavy rain-drops that have fallen upon them, when yet expanses of loose sand, and exposed to the weather. It is not more certain that these stratified rocks are of aqueous origin, than that the various formations have been deposited in succession. The evidence of this remark will be more fully brought out in illustrating points that are not yet referred to. Meanwhile, it may suffice to state, that this is proved both from the mineralogical character of the formations and their fossil contents. Not only is this true of the various formations, or groups of strata; as a general principle it is also true of the members of these formations. These *fifty-seven* beds are not simply proved to be of aqueous origin, but also to have been deposited in succession. The same rock, or its equivalent, in other parts of the world, would be deposited during or about the same period; but this was not the case with rocks whose positions in the scale were apart from each other. To illustrate my meaning: The British chalk beds, and their foreign equivalents, were deposited during the same period; but the upper chalk, and the London clay, were deposited in succession. That this long series of rocks occupied numerous ages in accumulating, is obvious—first, from the fact, that many of them are of enormous thickness; secondly, each group required for its perfection at least two (in many instances a greater number) changes of land and water. Now, judging from the operations of nature in the historic period, we may conclude that these changes were gradual; and if gradual—indeed many of the rocks bear internal evidence to the fact—who can reckon the time consumed in their formation?

The second argument in favour of the antiquity of the globe is drawn from *the nature of the strata*, or their mineralogical character. Under this argument we do not include those rocks that are composed, to any extent, of

organic remains: their proper place is in connexion with the next. The rocks of which we now speak, namely, the coarse and fine sandstones—the beds of shale, marl, clay, slates, &c., are composed of older rocks. Let us take the old red sandstone as an example. The conglomerate, so largely developed in this system, is not a rock composed of new materials; the geologist recognises the pebbles of which it is almost entirely made up as belonging to rocks in the series; and the finer beds that accompany and overlie the conglomerate, are obviously, in many instances, composed of the same material ground into small particles. These illustrations apply to the whole class of rocks of which we are now treating. The material of which they are composed, whether in its present combination in the shape of shale, clay, flags, or sandstone, has, in every instance, been associated with, or constituted entirely, the rocks that precede each other in the series. These remarks raise several questions, each of which leads us to draw largely upon time. Before the great conglomerate, the lowest member of the old red, was deposited, the pebbles of which it is principally composed must have existed in the shape of quartz rock in beds or masses; and truly they must have occupied large areas of the surface of the earth as it then was. These masses must have been broken up into fragments of all sizes, probably by internal commotions, aided by the influence of water. Suppose the quartz reduced to fragments of the required size, might it not speedily be agglutinated where it lay, and thus constitute the great conglomerate? A theorist might reason thus, but assuredly no one who had looked upon nature with his own eyes could for a moment acquiesce in it. Instead of the broken quartz being consolidated into a new rock where it lay, it has clearly been exposed to the influence of powerful waves or currents long continued, till fragments that were once rough and angular have become smooth and rounded. How long a mass of pebbles constituting a bed of conglomerate some hundred feet thick would require to be rubbed down to the size and form in which we find them, it is not for us to say. Only the period must be measured by ages in place of years; and this must be multiplied by the number of conglomerate beds that occur in various formations. The conglomerates deposited, we must find time for the formation of the sandstone. The beds of this rock are often very thick, and are exceedingly numerous. The matter of which they are composed has originally existed as rock, and through long exposure to the atmosphere, the showers of heaven, the continuing ripple of running water, and the incessant beat of the ocean wave, it has been disengaged from its original combinations, carried downwards to the ocean, and, after being held for a time in mechanical or chemical solution by the water, is spread out upon its bottom. This is not the work of a few years. But how are the demands upon time increased, when we reflect that rocks thus formed by slow degrees, are consolidated, heaved upwards, exposed to the elements, and by partial decay supply the material for beds higher in the series, and which pass through the same tedious processes in their formation? Perhaps the immense beds of shale and clay that intermingle with the harder rocks required a period to accumulate little short of that which must be granted to the sandstones. The material of which they are composed has also been supplied by mechanical and chemical causes, and, in course of time, accumulated to the extent we find them developed in the various formations. The mineralogical character of the rocks, then, unquestionably prove their formation to have been slow, and continued over a period of time to us immeasurable.

The third argument in favour of the antiquity of the globe is drawn from *the fossil contents of the strata*. The strata enumerated are more or less fossiliferous; very few of them are entirely destitute of organic remains. In the older rocks we have fishes, shells, and plants: in the more recent, shells in greater abundance, plants in large quantities, and bones of quadrupeds and birds, are associated with the impressions and skeletons of fishes. These lead us to assign a much longer period for the depositing of the rocks in which they occur, than is generally allowed. There are fishes of all sizes and various ages; like the fishes in the present seas, they must have required time to arrive at maturity. The position in which they are frequently found when their stony matrix is opened, indicates that they have sunk in the mud of the sea-bottom, and been overlaid with newer sediment. This was the work of time. And the time required for the depositing of one fish formation, must be multiplied by the number of such formations the crust of the earth contains. The same line of argument is applicable to the fossil shells, plants, and bones that are scattered so profusely throughout the strata.'

The only other argument which Mr Wight produces in favour of the antiquity of the globe, is derived from the relative position in which the various groups that compose the crust of the earth are placed. The remaining portion of this ingenious and highly pleasing volume is occupied with the state of the earth at the opening of the several historic periods. Into this, however, we cannot at present enter, but may possibly, on some future occasions, indulge in an extract. We will conclude by repeating the opinion we have formerly expressed, that Mr Wight's volume is eminently calculated to supply a deficiency which has hitherto existed in this important department of scientific and religious literature, and feel assured his labours will be duly appreciated by that numerous class for whose benefit they were more immediately undertaken.

## DR JOHNSON AND LORD CHESTERFIELD.

When Dr Johnson first conceived the design of compiling a dictionary of the English language, he drew up a plan, in a letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. This very letter exhibits a beautiful proof to what a degree of grammatical perfection and classical elegance our language was capable of being brought. The execution of this plan cost him the labour of many years; but when it was published, in 1755, the sanguine expectations of the public were amply justified; and several foreign academies, particularly *Della Orusca*, honoured the author with their approbation. 'Such are its merits,' says the learned Mr Harris, 'that our language does not possess a more copious, learned, and valuable work.' But the excellency of this great work will rise in the estimation of all who are informed that it was written, as the author declares, 'with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconveniences and distractions, in sickness and sorrow.' Lord Chesterfield, at that time, was universally esteemed the Mæcenas of the age; and it was in that character, no doubt, that Dr Johnson addressed to him the letter before mentioned. His lordship endeavoured to be grateful, by recommending that valuable work in two essays, which, among others, he published in a paper entitled 'The World,' conducted by Mr Edward Moore and his literary friends. Some time after, however, the doctor took great offence at being refused admittance to Lord Chesterfield; a circumstance which has been imputed to the mistake of the porter. Just before the Dictionary was published, Mr Moore expressed his surprise to the great lexicographer that he did not intend to dedicate the book to his lordship. Mr Johnson answered, 'That he was under no obligation to any great man whatever, and therefore he should not make him his patron.'—'Pardon me, sir,' said Moore, 'you are certainly obliged to his lordship for two elegant papers he has written in favour of your performance.'—'You quite mistake the thing,' replied the other, 'I confess to no obligation; I feel my own dignity, sir: I have made a Commodore Anson's voyage round the world of the English language; and, while I am coming into port, with a fair wind, on a fair sunshining day, my Lord Chesterfield sends out two little cockboats to tow me in. I am very sensible of the favour, Mr Moore, and should be sorry to say an ill-natured thing of that nobleman: but I cannot help think-

ing he is a lord amongst wits, and a wit amongst lords.' The severity of this remark seems never to have been forgotten by the earl, who, in one of his 'Letters to his Son,' thus delineates the doctor:—'There is a man whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect, but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever when I am in his company. His figure, without being deformed, seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body: his legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws anywhere but down his throat, whatever he means to drink; and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes or misplaces everything. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately; mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes. Absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No: the utmost I can do for him is to consider him as a respectable *Hottentot*.'

### UNIVERSALITY OF TAXATION.

Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, and taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw materials; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's bread, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride; at bed and board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a road taxed; and the dying Englishman, pouring his taxed medicine into a taxed spoon, flings himself back upon his taxed bed, makes his will on a stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license for the privilege of dosing him with taxed drugs. His whole property is then immediately taxed. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

### INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.

The Rack was a large wooden frame, of oak, raised three feet from the ground: the prisoner was laid under it on his back upon the floor; his wrists and ankles were attached by cords to two collars at the ends of the frame; these ends were moved by levers in opposite directions, till the body rose to the level of the frame; questions were then put; and if the answers did not prove satisfactory, the sufferer was stretched more and more, by the further elongation of the ends of the frame from each other, through means of the levers, until the bones started from their sockets. The Scavenger's Daughter, another instrument of torture used in the Tower, was a broad hoop of iron, consisting of two parts fastened to each other by a hinge: it operated by pressure over the small of the back, and by force of the compression soon caused the blood to flow from the nostrils. The Iron Gauntlets, another kind of torture, served to compress the wrists and suspend the prisoner in the air from two distant points of a beam. 'I felt,' said F. Gerard, one of the sufferers by this kind of torture, 'the chief pain in my breasts, belly, arms, and hands. I thought that all the blood in my body had run into my arms, and began to burst out at my finger-ends. This was a mistake; but my arms swelled till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus suspended an hour, I fainted; and when I came to myself I found the executioners supporting me in their arms: they replaced the pieces of wood under my feet; but as soon as I recovered, removed them again. Thus I continued hanging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times.' A fourth kind of torture used in the Tower was called Little Ease. It was of so small dimensions and so constructed, that the prisoner could neither stand, walk, sit, nor lie in it at full length; he was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remain for several days.—*Amos's Trial of the Earl of Somerset.*

### MY HEART AND HOPE.

BY M. C. COOKE.

The wide, the deep, the flowing sea
Contains a wealthy store;
Its ebb is strong, its flow is free,
Its billows fear no power.
Though storms may lash its briny waves,
They soon are lull'd asleep,
And not a foaming breaker raves
Across the silent deep.

My heart, my heart is like the sea,
A changing, flowing thing;
It sometimes rages loud and free,
When love its calm will bring.
The gales of passion soon subside,
The heart at rest appears:
The heart, which late to peace denied,
Her silent smoothness wears.

My hope, my hope is but a bark
Upon my heart's deep sea.
Sometimes 'tis toss'd 'midst tempests dark,
Sometimes at rest 'twill be.
The sea will change, and storms will rage,
And o'er its boundless scope
Be toss'd the bark, as battles wage;—
Such is my heart and hope.

### THE CLERKS IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The number of clerks employed in the Bank of England is about eight hundred, and the salaries rise from £50 to nearly £2000 a-year. To reach a maximum salary such as that last-named, requires years of steady perseverance and great abilities for business. The posts immediately below those of the directors command these incomes, and do not, we imagine, extend beyond the head cashier's office or the secretary's department. The more general average of the salary in the Bank of England ranges from £170 to £300 a-year, and this may be rather over than under the mark, considering that, by the recent alteration of the charter, and the separation of the issue from the deposit department, a number of additional hands were introduced, all at the low rate of salary. A person can never take office as a Bank of England clerk till he is seventeen years of age, when his salary commences at £50 per year; and never after twenty-five years of age, when he is paid £100 per year. In the intermediate years up to the age of twenty-one the salary increases at the rate of £10 per annum, but after that period the advance is restricted to £8 per annum. If a clerk enters between twenty-one and twenty-five, no difference is made in the scale of remuneration. He merely receives his £100 a-year, the same as his junior in age, and gets no increase till after he has attained twenty-five. If he enters at eighteen years of age, however, he receives £60 a-year; if at nineteen, £70 a-year; and if at twenty, £80 a-year. The situations of bank clerks are earnestly sought for, like all other official and mercantile employment; but it requires influence, as well as good security, to obtain them.—*The City.*

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## BLUE STOCKINGS.

Women, in their own character, are most lovely, and society owes all its graces and most of its virtues to the fair sisterhood. Every edition of the old story about Pandora's box should be sent forthwith to the trunkmaker. Men may be the formal and the noisy teachers of our race, but the genuine training and civilisation come from women. We should have small faith in the common prophecies concerning the moral and intellectual advantages of *steam*, unless we knew that, ever since its origin in the tea-kettle, steam is associated with the ladies. Run to and fro, then, ye railway carriages, for we see many bright eyes looking out from your windows, and ye are but the feet of woman's mission!

When ladies, however, affect a masculine bearing and vocation, their charms and influence are gone; their dimples and delicacy are covered with a beard—a *Blue*-beard, moreover; they cease to respect us, and we to love them. Especially when they intrude into the learned professions, and become scientific, their retreat is no Dido's cave. Do they devote themselves to botany? We have no taste to accompany them in their excursions into 'fresh fields and pastures new;' and we pray that their hands, which in other days we were ambitious to salute, may get a little familiar with nettles and thistles. Do they study astronomy? We have no wish to enter their midnight observatory. Are they Hebrew scholars? Then we become Gentiles, and 'feed fat the ancient grudge.' With delight we receive from some of them all kinds of poetry and novels, but we execrate the metaphysics of any one of them. Alas! we mourn over the day when our love-letters shall be addressed to Miss ——, F.R.S.E., and when our timid proposal to mamma must bear the inscription Mrs ——, LL.D. We frankly admit that woman is the *equal* of man rather than his '*help-meet*,' and do not insinuate a single doubt as to feminine *capacity* for masculine pursuits; but we do believe that these pursuits are incompatible with woman's social character and place. Like the Amazons, she must first mar her graces ere she can engage; she must sacrifice the loveliness which woos, and the love which rewards and blesses; she must unsex herself in nature and position. Other and more important considerations than of capacity forbid her to try a man's occupation. She would make a skilful anatomist; but who would not prefer to see her dissecting characters at the tea-table?

As ladies, then, would hope to be married to men, let them not marry science, though some intimacy with it will not make lover or husband jealous.

But we have not yet exactly touched upon the tribe of [illegible] course about these worthies. An exaggerated sketch is almost impossible, for they are themselves grotesque and ultra-caricatures, and we can only act the part of a draftsman. Hence the difficulty of destroying the race. A caricature will drive out an original, but what will drive out the caricature? Don Quixote finished chivalry—for chivalry was a reality; but Bluestockingism is a caricature which defies the hostile power of ridicule.

Most of our readers will know that Blues are not exactly female *authors*, or even caricatures of them. They are essentially distinct, otherwise we should have been more respectful and prudent than to seek a little fun from them. We are as cordial as any man can be in admiration of those ladies who have graced and enriched English literature by the labours of a pure and gentle genius. Poetry and fiction have had their quickest sensibilities touched and awakened by the hand of woman. She has 'given the lyre another string,' to vibrate with many fine and tender emotions of the human heart, which had never been expressed. She herself is necessary to the perfection of man, and so is her literature indispensable to his. Yet we must confess, although the result of female authorship is most valuable, that the process interferes with, and disturbs our notions of, feminine character and position. There is somewhat of the ludicrous in our associations of a lady, seated steadily at her desk, minutely searching and torturing her brain, whilst her inky fingers toil over quires of paper, and mark out centuries of pages. Even when she pauses, the pen does look a little strange in its proximity to her delicate ears; and when she rises to admit husband or child into her study, the scene, as a domestic one, has a few oddities. But this feeling of ours is best brought out when we descend to the classes below that to which our female writers generally belong. No one is disposed to laugh at the idea of a ploughman or a shepherd seeking inspiration all the day, and pouring it forth in an evening song. Robert Burns and James Hogg wear the poetic mantle with as little incongruity as do Lord Byron or Sir Walter Scott. But let a girl of the same rank of life as has been adorned by the immortal peasant of Ayrshire, profess to be a daughter of the muses, and how universal and keen is the sense of the ludicrous! Imagine her scrubbing at the door-steps, and at the same time looking up to the sky, her 'eye in a fine frenzy rolling.' Then see her, with clean face and tidy dress, sitting down, as scribe of her fancies, at the table, to be occasionally interrupted by a summons up stairs that she may receive a message—not quite celestial, or by a visit which she cannot celebrate in the next stanza.

Now, wherefore in this case should there be universally [illegible]

should the female equals of Burns and Hogg be interdicted by ridicule from literary pursuits, whilst the female equals of Byron and Scott are abundantly encouraged? Is it nothing but *custom* that has reconciled us to the one class? Is there something in the *ideal* of woman which jars more or less with all authorship? But let this delicate question be answered as it may, we separate female writers from the Blues. They have no blue quality about them, but live and laugh in the primitive fashion of woman. You can see no literary phylacteries upon them. Their eyes do not appear to have always books or papers in the air before them. Their lips are innocent of sentence-making, and never put manuscript into type. When you are in their company they do not conduct themselves either as if you were the public or the bookseller. The most eminent female writers have in the social circle been only simple and lovely women; accomplished for conversation, but not accoutred; learned, but not pedantic. They are not Pharisees in literature, for they only prosecute it in their closets when the door is shut upon them. We must never associate them with the Blues. The Blues, indeed, never take advantage of the press; they wont even condescend to appear in the poet's corner of a newspaper; they affect to be thinkers and conversationists, not authors; they profess to be intellectual beings, not artists, and ever to seek knowledge for its own sake. The true Blues follow after wisdom. Their existence is one of solitary and unknown study, leading to the most vast and varied acquisitions; and when they communicate to others, the message, like that of the prophets, is oral. What they scribble is never published, for with calm magnanimity they refuse to know fame. Occasionally they may condescend to do a little in the album of some young friend, with the proviso that the initials affixed shall not be unriddled in the drawing-room. But bring them forth from their study, in which they are zealously cultivating their own minds, and what formidable talkers they are! They whisper lectures to the members of the family, but they prose on audibly to the strangers; the company are kept in an azure atmosphere; all subjects are discussed with the air of perfect familiarity and mastery. Especially on small themes do Blues affect originality. We heard one of them apostrophising a favourite cat in the following way, which, to say the least of it, was not quite level to the cat's understanding: 'Poor pussy, you have a bad phrenological development—your brow is miserably low.' We gazed at the lady's phrenological development, and, with all respect for the sex, be it honestly said, the head was fitter for a boot than a bonnet.

Connected with this literary tendency in conversation, is the origin of the term 'Blue Stocking.' Boswell says in his 'Life of Johnson,' 'About the year 1781, it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. Their societies were denominated 'Blue Stocking Clubs'—the origin of which title being very little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of these societies, when they first commenced, was Mr Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without *the blue stockings*,' and thus by degrees the title was established.' We were long tempted to believe, that whencesoever the *colour* was taken, the emblematic *stocking itself* was derived from Italy. Dunlop, in his 'History of Fiction,' when speaking of the novels of Malespini, has the following—'In No. 41 of the first part there is a curious account of the amusements of the Compagnia della Calza—so called from a particular *stocking* the members wore. This society, which existed in Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was neither, as some have imagined, a chivalrous nor academic institution, but merely an association for the purposes of public and private entertainments—as games, feasts, and theatrical representations. In course of time, this university became divided into different fraternities, as the Compagnia dei Florida, Sempiterni, &c., each of which was governed by particular laws and officers, and the members were distinguished by a certain habit.' But our English stockings could never spring from such a source. Our prim and demure friends are most unlike these gay Italians. Feasts, games, entertainments! These could not have had such dull and obnoxious relics. Why, the Blues spoil every feast, game, and entertainment. At a marriage party we once encountered a Blue. She did not appear to disturb the clergyman, who went through the service at great length, but she marred the innocent mirth of all besides. She kept arguing, explaining, and illustrating, until we all sat like mutes. Not a joke exploded, nor even a laugh in its place. Nay, more, we could not eat. Under the lecture the bride's-cake became positively hateful. We declined taking any of it home to be put under our pillow, for to a certainty it would have given us blue and horrid dreams. No witch could have more effectually destroyed the entertainment. We therefore trace the pedigree of Blue Stockings, not to the Italian societies, but to the English ones, of which the grave Stillingfleet was the indispensable.

As an additional *caveat* against mistaking the Blues, let them not be called female *readers*. An Irish gentleman, being asked by a stranger the meaning of *blue*, which he heard so frequently applied, answered 'that *blue*, applied to gentlemen, signified *orange*; to females, *deep-read*.' This was a blunder, for Blues are very superficial readers, and would be better at furnishing a catalogue of books than a table of their contents. We feel that we are quite safe in offering full price for all the works (with the exception of a few expensive novels and annuals) which they have perused. If we were confident that they *did* read newspapers, we should forthwith insert an advertisement, that we are willing to pay a handsome sum for all the literature which the Blues have mastered. It is surely no sin to read, and if it were, the Blues are about as innocent as most people, though they themselves profess, with much eagerness for credit, deep guilt. The general representation which has been made of Blues, as great readers, has had a most pernicious effect. Young ladies, to escape the odious imputation of Bluestockingism, have neglected close and varied reading. Rather than be thought and marked Blues they have availed themselves too little of the library. An acquaintance with literature has been shied, lest it should add them to the ridiculous sisterhood; their knowledge of poetry comes from their lessons in music; they learn their politics in a very imperfect way; they are informed as to who occupies the throne by the new farthings, sixpences, &c., with which papa endows their pocket; they discarded history when they left the boarding-school, and when they began to apprehend that there were gentlemen in the world. Or should young ladies be zealous readers, they are still afraid to show their intelligence, lest they should pass for Blues; they maintain as quiet and secret a correspondence with books as they ever do with lovers; on being surprised over a volume, they would as quickly put it out of sight, as though it were a love-letter; they scrupulously avoid intellectual conversation, and only join you in the frivolity of small-talk. Must we not therefore charge this evil also upon the Blues? We forbear entering more minutely into the habits of the Blues, nor must we specify their age, or describe their appearance.

## 'CONSIDER THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.'

*On occasion of a little Robin flying in at a window.*—Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for a lodging! What a shame is it for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself sit warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dullness! Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be? Surely thou comest not hither without a providence

God sent thee not so much to delight as to shame me, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith have not done so much in me, as the mere instinct of nature in thee. Want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy here, than the foresight of better things maketh me. O, God, let not those powers thou hast given me above these creatures impair my reliance on thy providence! Let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security and comfortable reliance on thee.—*Bishop Hall.*

*He will joy over thee with singing.*—How often have I seen, in some lovely evening, the sweet bird of the air called the sky-lark, mount aloft from her nest, still eyeing her young as she ascends, and when advanced to her height, warbling in the most delightful notes over her brood, until at length, with all the rapidity of love, she darts down to cover, to feed, and to protect them! So, but in an infinitely higher degree, doth Jesus joy over his children with singing, resting on his love, and ever near; ever mighty to defend, to bless, to keep, and to make happy those who rest in his strength, while he rests in his love, being their God, and they his people. Have you no joy near you? Arise and seek it on high. The bird of paradise escapes the storm that ruffles its wings, and triumphs over it by a flight to those higher regions of the air where no storm comes.—*Richter.*

*An irritable temper impedes the soul's upward flight.*—Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For, so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motions made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man—when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duties met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention, and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

*On the resemblance of the soul, in its present state, to a bird in the egg.*—There is not in the compass of nature a more lively emblem of the soul imprisoned in this mortal body, than (homely as the comparison may appear) that of a bird in the egg. The little animal, though thus confined, is in the midst of the scenes of its future life. It is not distance which excludes it from the air, the light, and all the objects with which it will so soon be conversant. It is in the midst of them though utterly shut out from them, and when the moment for bursting its enclosure comes, will be ushered into a new world, and translated into scenes unknown before, not by any change of place, but by passing into another state of existence. So it is with the soul. It is now in a certain sense in eternity, and surrounded with eternal things. Even the body to which it is attached stands out on the surface of this globe in infinite space. Besides, the spiritual world envelops it on every side; it is encompassed with a cloud of witnesses; innumerable spirits encamp about it, and God is as intimately present to it as to the highest angel that beholds his face in heaven. Nevertheless, to realise to itself the nearness and the presence of these eternal objects, at least to know, as it will know them hereafter, is a thing impossible. Why? Not because any tract of space is interposed between the soul and them, but because the spiritual principle, while united to flesh, is, by the laws of that union, so incarcerated in the body, as to be denied all means of intercourse with those scenes which lie around its prison-walls. The hand of death alone can unbar the door, and let the spirit out into the free air and open daylight of eternity. There is one important particular more in which this analogy holds: Unless the embryo is vivified while in the egg, it can receive no vitalising principle after. If the shell is broken the young bird comes out dead. Thus it is also with the soul. Unless impregnated with spiritual life before it leaves the body, it will come forth still-born into eternity, and continue for ever dead in trespasses and sins.—*Woodward.*

'The Lord giveth songs in the night season.' This he does by drawing up the heart to himself, which, like the lark, sings as it ascends.—*Knox.*

If we could realise implicit trust in God, then should we know what it is to have true cheerfulness—that buoyancy of spirit of which the lark, heaven's earliest chorister, has always seemed at once the emblem and the embodying.

We know not the value of time till it is passed from us. Thus we see not fully the beauty of plumage in a bird till with expanded wing it is soaring away in the distance.

Two men were neighbours, and each of them had a wife and several little children, and each had only the labour of his own hands for their support. One of these men was disquieted within himself, and said—'If I die or fall sick, what is to become of my wife and my children?' and this thought never left him, and it preyed upon his heart as the worm preys upon the fruit in which it hides itself. Now, though the same thought had occurred to the other father also, he did not dwell upon it, for, said he, 'God, who knows all his creatures and watches over them, will watch over me also, and my wife, and my children;' and he lived in peace, whilst the other knew not what it was to taste one instant's repose or inward joy. One day when he was labouring in the fields, sad and dejected because of his fears, he saw some birds going into a bush and coming out of it, and again returning thither; and drawing near, he beheld two nests placed side by side, and in each several little ones, newly come out and as yet unfledged. When he had returned to his work, from time to time he raised his eyes and contemplated these birds as they went to and fro with food to their little ones; and, behold! at the very instant that one of the mothers was returning with her beak full, a vulture seized upon her and carried her off, and the poor mother, vainly struggling in his talons, uttered piercing cries. At this sight the man felt his soul more disquieted than ever, 'for,' thought he, 'the death of the mother is the death of the little ones. My children also have none but me—what is to become of them should I be taken away from them?' The whole day he was sad and gloomy, and at night he could not sleep. The next day, returning to the fields, he said, 'I will go look at the little ones of that poor mother; many of them doubtless have died.' He then took his way to the bush, and looking into the nest found the little ones well—not one appeared to have suffered; and this making him wonder much, he hid himself to observe what would happen. After a short time he heard a low chirrup, and he perceived the second mother bird hastily returning with the food she had collected, and distributing it to all the little ones indiscriminately, and there was enough for all, and the orphans were not forsaken in their necessity. The father who had so little trust in Providence related that night to the other father all that he had seen; and he said to him, 'Why art thou disquieted?

Never did God forsake his people. His love has secret depths that we know not. Only let us believe, hope, love, and we may go on our way in peace. If I die before you, you will be a father to my children, and if you die first, I will be a father to yours; and if we both die before they are of age to provide for themselves, they will have for father that gracious and almighty One who feedeth the young ravens that call upon him.'—*From the French.*

Behold the swallow! all the day long it may be seen skimming over fields and meadows, the surface of pools and sheets of water; and it is beautiful to observe how it dips into the water and rises out of it, shaking the spray from its burnished wings, hardly interrupted by the plunge—thus it feeds, drinks, and bathes on the wing. Thus the Christian is in the world, but not of the world—ever on the wing for heaven, and remembering, whether he eats or drinks, or whatsoever he does, that his citizenship is far above this low earth.

That indescribable feeling of the soul, the yearning after some yet untrodden land as for our home, comes upon us, not, as we might expect, in hours of sorrow (for then the soul has no power to expand, it only desires removal of present pressure), but in joy. It is amid the sweet tears of happy emotion that this panting after something higher, this yearning for the future as if it were the long known and long loved past, steals upon the soul; and the overflowing heart overflows and yet is not filled. The heart in joy resembles those birds of passage, who, though caged in a warm apartment, yet at the season when their fellows migrate, pine for and pant to wing their way to the distant land of genial warmth and vernal beauty.—*Richter.*

The Hindoos say, that the bird called the Chatawkee never drinks of the streams which flow on the earth, but when it rains opens its bill and catches the drops that fall from heaven. Thus should the Christian turn from the polluted waters that this world offers, to drink alone of the refreshing drops from that heavenly 'river that maketh glad the city of God.'

Worldly ambition is to the mind what the hood is to the falcon; it first blinds us and then compels us to soar by reason of our blindness.

Some of the higher minds amongst the ancient philosophers had indistinct and perhaps to themselves undefinable apprehensions of a more noble birthright than the things of time and sense afforded. The very weariness of the disappointments of this life made them feel that the perpetual desire for something unattainable here betokened and prophesied an hereafter. As birds born in a cage, from which they had never known release, would still flutter among the bars, and, in the instinct of their unconquered nature, long for the untried and pathless air which they behold through their narrow grating; so, pent in their cage of clay, the diviner instinct was not dead within them, and at times the soul felt stirringly that its wings, which it doth but bruise in its dungeon-tenement, were designed by the Creator that shapeth all things to their uses for the enjoyment of the royalties of immortality.—*The Student.*

The Lord Jesus has said, 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light.' Truth, Lord, a light burden indeed, which supports him who bears it. I have looked abroad through nature to find something that would bear some analogy to this, but cannot find it unless it be the wings of a bird, which, while borne of the creature, bear him aloft. In truth, to bear the Lord's burden is to be sustained by the arm of Omnipotence and grace.—*St Bernard.*

'Ah!' said the bird, imprisoned in a darkened cage, 'how unhappy were I in my eternal night were it not for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. I will repeat these heavenly notes like an echo, until I have stamped them upon my soul, and then they will bring comfort to me in my darkness.' Thus spake the little warbler, and soon had learned the airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. This done, the curtain was removed, for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction. Oh, Christian, how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and darkness resting upon thy days! And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering? For this mortal life is but a temporary veiling and obscuring of thine immortal spirit, that it may be attuned to those happy and heavenly melodies which, when the fleshly curtain falls away, it shall for ever sing in light and glory.—*Richter.*

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### GEORGE CUVIER.

In tracing the history of science, we from time to time see certain remarkable individuals rise up, who, far outstripping all their cotemporaries, impress on it a new character, and apparently change its whole subsequent course. Such a man, in former times, was Aristotle, whose influence on the progress of natural history, though less known, was probably more powerful and beneficial than that which he exercised on the philosophy of the mind. His profound views of the structure and relations of the animal kingdom are now only beginning to be fully appreciated, and for two thousand years after his death no decided step in advance was taken. Then Linnæus arose, and forming a scientific language, expressive, concise, exact, and a classification which, though artificial in many parts, was yet simple, clear, and easily used, brought order out of the chaos in which his predecessors had left the history of nature. For a time this system sufficed for the wants of the student, and served to arrange and classify all his discoveries; but it at length became too narrow for the widening field of science, and a new reformer appeared in the subject of our present memoir.

George Leopold Chretien Frederic Dagobert Cuvier, for by all these names was he known, was born at Montbeliard, a town on the north-east border of France, at that time belonging to Wurtemberg, on the 23d of August, 1769; and consequently in the same year with Napoleon, Wellington, Chateaubriand, Canning, Scott, and Mackintosh. His family, of Swiss descent, had retired to this place in consequence of professing the reformed religion, of which one of his uncles was a minister. His father was an officer in a Swiss regiment in the service of France, and afterwards had some small post in his native town. Cuvier was at first of a very delicate constitution, and his life was only preserved by the tender care of his mother. From her he received the first rudiments of his education, and even when sent to school, she continued to superintend his studies, and was especially careful to embue his mind with the first principles of religious truth. At ten, he entered the higher school, or gymnasium, in which he was greatly distinguished for proficiency in history, geography, and mathematics. In the library he found a copy of 'Gesner's Natural History,' with coloured plates, which awakened his taste for this study. At the house of a relation he had access to a copy of 'Buffon,' whose vivid pictures of nature strongly arrested his youthful fancy. He copied the plates in the latter work, colouring them from the descriptions, and from these also endeavoured to compose pictures of such animals as were not figured in the book. He also instituted a juvenile academy among his companions, whose deliberations he conducted as president.

Cuvier was at first destined for the church, but having been deprived, by the injustice of his teacher, of a place in

a free school at Tubingen, he gave up all thoughts of this profession. Duke Charles of Wurtemburg, hearing of his talents, sent him, at the age of fourteen, free of expense, to the University of Stuttgart, which he entered in May, 1784, and remained there four years. He was then wholly ignorant of German, but such was his diligence, that in nine months he bore off the prize for that language. He chose for the special object of his pursuit the study of administration, hoping to obtain a place under the government through the influence of his patron. It also allowed him to continue his study of natural history, and at that time he was distinguished for his knowledge of botany. When his course at the university was completed, no situation happened to be immediately open for him, and the pecuniary circumstances of his father, whose pension from the French government was very irregularly paid, rendered it impossible for him to wait.

Cuvier was thus compelled to undertake the office of tutor to the son of the Count d'Hericy, a Protestant nobleman residing at Caen, in Normandy. This second youthful disappointment ultimately proved an important step in his future advancement. He was thus withdrawn from the intrigues of a petty German court, and placed in a situation where he had access to the best society, and leisure to follow his favourite pursuits. It was of no less consequence that he was thus transferred from the interior of Germany to the shore of the ocean, where a wide field of the most interesting observation was opened to him. He soon turned his attention to the various marine animals that inhabited the neighbouring ocean and its shores. Without books or assistance of any kind, he began to collect the shells, and examine the anatomy of the mollusca, committing his observations to paper, and making drawings of the more remarkable objects. Cuvier remained in this place for seven years, when he was drawn from his obscurity by an unexpected accident. The Abbé Tessier, author of some articles on agriculture in the 'Encyclopedie Methodique,' had, during the reign of terror, fled from Paris, where his title made him suspected, and was then residing as surgeon to a regiment in the vicinity. He sometimes attended the meetings of an agricultural society, of which Cuvier was secretary. The young naturalist soon recognised him from his speeches, and saluted him as the author of the articles, on which Tessier exclaimed, 'I am known then, and consequently lost.' 'Lost!' replied Cuvier, 'no; you are the object of our most anxious care.' They immediately became intimate friends, and Cuvier was thus introduced to several of the learned men of Paris, and had some of his discoveries made known in the scientific journals.

An attempt was now making to restore the institutions for education which had been destroyed during the violence of the revolution, and Cuvier's friends thought this a good opportunity for establishing him in the capital. In the spring of 1795, he, on their advice, repaired to Paris, and was soon appointed a member of the Commission des Arts; and in a short time, professor at the central school of the Pantheon. His great desire, however, was to be attached to the Museum of Natural History, where he could alone pursue his favourite studies with advantage. A chair of comparative anatomy had been formed, and M. Mertrud appointed professor, though his attention had never been directed to this subject, and he was now too old to learn. At the request of some of his colleagues, M.M. de Jussieu, Geoffroy, and De la Cepede, he was induced to associate Cuvier with him in his duties; and in July, 1795, the aspiring naturalist took up his residence in the Jardin des Plantes. It is a beautiful trait in Cuvier's character, that he immediately sent for his father, now eighty years of age, his mother being dead two years before, and for his brother Frederick, who entered with alacrity on the same pursuits, and distinguished himself by several works on natural history.

In December of that year Cuvier began his first course of lectures on comparative anatomy, having previously published several memoirs on the structure of the mollusca, and on the classification of the animal kingdom. In the following year he was made a member of the National Institute. He also published an account of the skeleton of the megalonyx, found on the banks of the Ohio, and considered as a huge carnivorous animal. Cuvier's skill in recent anatomy soon showed that this was a false opinion, and reuniting the scattered fragments he proved that it was an immense species of sloth. He also discovered another extinct animal of the same family in the gigantic megatherium, whose bones were brought from the Rio de la Plata in South America. In 1798, Count Bertholet proposed that he should accompany the expedition to Egypt, as one of the scientific attendants; but this offer was respectfully declined, Cuvier feeling convinced that a wider field was opened for him in the museums at home than amidst the bustle and turmoil of a camp. He now published, for the use of his students, an 'Elementary Table of the Natural History of Animals,' which, with several defects consequent on the imperfect state of science, yet formed the basis of his great work on the animal kingdom. He also continued his researches in fossil geology, and succeeded in restoring from their remains several extinct species of elephants, a rhinoceros, tapir, and other quadrupeds.

In 1800 Cuvier was appointed to succeed Daubenton, the colleague of Buffon, and resigned his chair in the Pantheon. In the same year he was elected secretary to the Institute, and thus brought into communication with Bonaparte, now first consul and president of that body. Napoleon soon perceived his talents for business, and wishing to remodel the system of education, nominated him one of six inspectors-general, charged with establishing lyceums in different parts of France. In this capacity Cuvier proceeded to Marseilles, Nice, and Bordeaux, and superintended the establishment of institutions now known as royal colleges. During his absence on this duty, the Institute was reorganised, and Cuvier appointed perpetual secretary in the class of natural sciences, with a salary of 6000 francs. In this capacity he was required to draw up an annual report of the proceedings and discoveries of the previous year, which he performed with great clearness and impartiality to the time of his death. It was also part of his duty to pronounce an *eloge* on the illustrious members of the Institute after their decease; and these discourses, which have been collected in separate volumes, form an interesting companion to the reports of the Institute, comprising biographies of many of the most celebrated naturalists of the period. In the same year, 1803, Cuvier married Madame Duvancel, widow of a farmer-general who had fallen a victim in the revolution of 1794. This lady, from her temper, disposition, and strong mental endowments, proved a fitting companion for such a husband.

Cuvier's time was now chiefly occupied with his researches on comparative anatomy and fossil osteology, the results of which were published from time to time in the transactions of various societies. In 1808 he wrote a report on the 'Progress of Natural Science from the year 1789,' which was read with much applause before Napoleon in the council of state. It was a work requiring great patience and research, but, as he said, the theme was so rich and there is such a splendid array of discoveries, that he became fully interested in his labour, and worked at it with pleasure. As a reward, he was in the same year created a counsellor for life to the imperial university. This for a time interrupted the regular progress of his studies, as he was sent in 1809 and 1810 to organise academies in the Italian states which were annexed to the French empire. In 1811 he proceeded on a similar mission to Holland and the Hanse Towns, and during his absence had the title of chevalier conferred on him by the emperor. In 1813 Cuvier lost his only son, then seven years of age, a misfortune which made so deep an impression on his mind, that for years after he never saw a boy of the same age without much emotion. He was at that time in Rome organising a university there—an office of much delicacy for a Protestant. But his moderation, benignity, and sincere toleration for all conscientious oppo-

sition to his own opinions, enabled him to execute his mission with great success. During his absence he was appointed maître de requêtes in the council of state. He was at the same time preparing honours for himself more noble and enduring than any emperor could confer. Numerous memoirs on comparative anatomy were appearing every year, serving as a foundation for a great work which he meditated on the history of the animal kingdom. The gypsum quarries of Montmartre, in the vicinity of Paris, furnished him with materials of another kind, in the vast number of fossil bones that were every year disinterred from them. To these were added similar remains from all parts of the civilised earth, sent to him as to the master who could alone expound their meaning. The result of all this appeared in his 'Researches on Fossil Bones,' published in four large quarto volumes in 1811, and in a second edition, in five quarto volumes, in 1817, illustrated by numerous plates, many of them not only drawn but engraved by his own hand. The first volumes contained, besides an account of the geology of the district round Paris, a preliminary discourse afterwards published in a separate form, and translated into English under the title of a 'Theory of the Earth.' The labour, research, and high inventive powers displayed in this treatise can only be appreciated fully by those who have endeavoured to follow in the same path. As he says himself, 'An antiquary of a new kind, I have been obliged at once to learn how to restore these monuments of the past and to decipher their meaning; I have been obliged to collect and bring together in their primitive order the scattered fragments which compose them; to reconstruct these ancient beings; to reproduce them, with their proportions and characters; and, lastly, to compare them with the beings that now live on the surface of the globe.'

About the end of the year 1813, Napoleon showed still more plainly the high estimate he had formed of the abilities of Cuvier, by appointing him an extraordinary commissioner, and sending him to the left bank of the Rhine to endeavour to raise the people against the allies, who were about to invade France. But before he could reach Mayence, to which he was ordered, the hostile armies had already entered the country, and Cuvier returned to Paris, where the emperor named him a counsellor of state. In this office he was continued by Louis XVIII., who now took possession of the throne of his ancestors. The return of Napoleon from Elba for a time banished him from the court, though he retained his offices in the university, and was consulted about the changes thought necessary in its constitution. The restoration of the Bourbons replaced him in his office, and he was appointed chancellor of the university, a situation he retained till his death, notwithstanding the strong prejudices against him on account of his religion.

In 1817 his important work, the 'Règne Animal,' or the 'Animal Kingdom arranged according to its Organisation,' was published in four octavo volumes, increased in the last edition to five. It comprises the whole results of his former studies, but from the great compression it required, assumes almost the character of an extended catalogue, and is more adapted for study than reading. Commencing with a general view of life and organisation, it proceeds to divide the animal kingdom into certain great classes. It then gives a general view of the structure and functions of each of these, and dividing them again into smaller groups, enumerates the genera and more important species. In this manner the whole animal world, from man its head to the smallest monad that sports in a drop of water, is successively brought under our notice. Besides his own inquiries, it also comprised the results of some of the most illustrious of his associates, who willingly lent their aid to contribute to its perfection. Thus, to M. Latreille was due the whole volume on entomology. Of the merits of this work it is scarcely necessary to speak, as it still retains its place as the best manual to which the student can apply for a comprehensive and philosophic view of the animal kingdom. Many discoveries and improvements have indeed been made in subordinate parts of this vast study, but no other work or system of classification has ever supplanted it as a whole.

In 1818, Cuvier visited England with his family, and his fame having preceded him, he found ready access to all the public and private collections that could aid in his pursuits. An election for Westminster was then going on, and he received much amusement from visiting the hustings. 'These orgies of liberty were then unknown in France, and it was a curious spectacle for a man who reflected so deeply on everything which passed before him, to see and hear our orators crying at the tops of their voices to the mob, who pelted them with mud, cabbages, eggs, &c.; and Sir Murray Maxwell, in his splendid uniform, and decorated with orders, flattering the crowd, who reviled him, and sent at his head all the varieties of the vegetable kingdom. Nothing ever effaced this impression from M. Cuvier's memory, who frequently described the scene with great animation.' Cuvier could never reconcile himself to the formality and length of English dinner parties, at one of which, at Sir Everard Home's, an incident occurred which we must also relate. The conversation having turned on some political question, Cuvier remarked in the course of the discussion—'But it would be very easy to clear up this point, if Sir Everard would send to his library for the first volume of Blackstone's Commentaries.' Upon this Sir Everard, with great emphasis, exclaimed, 'Know, monsieur, that I have not such a book in my library, which, thank God, only contains works of science.' Cuvier quietly replied, 'The one does not prevent the other;' but he never recollected this extraordinary boast without a mixture of amusement and astonishment.

During his absence in England, Cuvier was elected a member of the French Academy. In the end of the same year he was also offered the ministry of the interior, but declined it for political reasons. In 1819, he was, however, nominated president of one of the committees of the council of state, and continued to hold this office under all changes of administration. About the same time Louis XVIII. created him a baron, as a mark of his personal esteem, and he was also named temporary grand master of the university. This office was twice filled by him, and had it not been for his religion he would probably have been appointed permanently. In 1822, however, it was conferred on a Catholic prelate, when Cuvier accepted, but without any emolument, the grand mastership of the faculties of Protestant theology—a situation which gave him the superintendence not only of the religious but of the civil and political rights of his own creed. In this office he laboured to promote the highest interests of his countrymen by education, in the confident belief 'that instruction would lead to civilisation, and civilisation to morality; and, therefore, that primary instruction should give to the people every means of fully exercising their industry without disgusting them with their condition; whilst a higher education, fitted to expand the mind, should be provided for those with more leisure, and a special course be devoted to prepare men for the learned professions.' His views on the importance of education deserve to be stated in his own words—'Give schools before political rights; make citizens comprehend the duties that the state of society imposes on them; teach them what are political rights before you offer them for their enjoyment. Then all ameliorations will be made without causing a shock; then each new idea, thrown upon good ground, will have time to germinate, to grow, and to ripen, without convulsing the social body. Imitate nature, who, in the development of beings, acts by gradation, and gives time to every member to grow to perfection. Institutions must have ages to produce all their fruits; witness Christianity, the effects of which are not yet accomplished, notwithstanding eighteen centuries of existence.'

For some years, honours continued to flow in upon him, and Cuvier's life seemed crowned with all he could desire. In 1827, he was charged with the government of all the non-catholic religions. In the same year, he was appointed one of the censors of the press, but instantly refused it, though his name was already inserted in the 'Moniteur.'

This circumstance caused a temporary coolness at court; but in the same year a greater calamity befel him. All his children were now dead except a daughter, lovely in person, rich in attainments, amiable in manners, and now, in her twenty-second year, on the very eve of marriage. She was suddenly seized with consumption, and six weeks saw her consigned to the tomb. This loss was severely felt by Cuvier, though supported by the religious principles he had never forgotten. With characteristic energy, he sought relief in the more diligent discharge of his numerous duties, and by engaging in extensive scientific works. Among these were a new edition of his 'Animal Kingdom,' and a great work he had long projected on fishes, of which eight volumes appeared in the next four years. In 1830, he again resumed his place in the chair at the College of France by a course of lectures on the history and progress of science. In the same year he paid a second visit to London, having left Paris on the very day that the celebrated ordonnances of Charles X. stirred up the capital to revolt. He was overtaken by crowds of fugitives on the road, but learning at Calais that tranquillity was restored, he continued his journey. He, however, only remained in London for two weeks, and on his return found all his honours, dignities, and employments untouched by the citizen-king. In 1832, this monarch even created him a peer of France, and new honours were preparing for him when death closed his career.

On the 8th May, 1832, he opened the College of France in an impressive lecture, which sounded like a farewell to his pupils. He spoke in a calm and serious tone, every expression 'breathing the feeling of a Supreme Cause and of an Infinite Wisdom. He seemed, as it were, by the examination of the visible world to be led into the precincts of that which is invisible, and the examination of the creature evoked the Creator.' In the evening he was attacked by a pain and numbness in his right arm, but continued his usual avocations. Two days after he was seized with a general paralysis, but, retaining his faculties, arranged his worldly affairs with calmness and resignation, marked the progress of the disease, and, though fully aware of the hopelessness of relief, submitted patiently to all the remedies proposed. Leeches having been applied, he remarked that he had first discovered that they had red blood, referring to one of his early papers written in Normandy. 'The consummate master spoke of science for the last time, by recalling one of the first steps of the young naturalist.' Soon after his respiration became affected, and he expired without a struggle, as if falling quietly asleep. This was on the 13th May, in the sixty-second year of his age. In the same year Goethe died in Germany; Champollion, Casimer Perrier, and Abel Remusat in France; and in Britain Sir Walter Scott, who, as already noticed, was also born in the same year with the great naturalist.

As a man of science, Cuvier's great merit arose from the skilful and persevering observation of nature, and the cautious manner in which he drew his conclusions from facts. He entertained a low opinion of the theories proposed by some of his cotemporaries, regarding them all as false; and he even affirmed 'that in the present state of science it is impossible to discover any, and that is why I continue to observe, and why I openly proclaim my observations.' His opposition to these theories was no doubt increased by the avowed manner in which some of their adherents set them in hostility to revelation, in which Cuvier was all along a sincere believer. In his political conduct, Cuvier was no less cautious, disposed to await the gradual evolution of events, and averse to all sudden and violent changes. He looked for the improvement of society rather to the increase of knowledge than to political revolutions, and hence was willing to concur with whatever government was established for the promotion of this great end. In his temper he seems to have been naturally irritable, but kept it under great control, and in private was kind, affable, and affectionate. He was distinguished for order and regularity, and his amusements were chiefly a change of occupation. He could neither be idle himself nor yet permit any one in his company to be so, and even when travelling from place to place in his carriage was generally engaged in reading. Hence we may account in some measure for the great number of his writings, which at the time of his death amounted to 212 published papers, memoirs, and separate works.

## INDIAN MINSTRELS.

(From the Bombay Telegraph.)

THESE two cunning-looking people, clad in brick-dust coloured garments, with tulsi beads around their necks, and each with a saringi, or sort of small fiddle, under his arm, from the finger-board of which depends such a huge bunch of coloured tassels, are Hindoo musicians, wandering about, like minstrels of England in the olden time, to charm the listener's ear with wild legend or wilder tale of old romance, and draw contributions to their purse and wallet. It is evident they spied our tents from far, and now humbly crave permission to give evidence of their skilful art. The servants and people look so eager and pleased at the idea, that it being but a matter of a few pice at most, and having one's self some inclination to hear a quaint tale, or grateful tradition of perhaps rajpoot origin, consent is given, and preparation made for the display. A small carpet is now brought out, and the musicians seat themselves; every native within hail gradually draws near, and some little delay arises, the result of various causes. The saringis must be tuned, the musicians must inhale a few whiffs from the refreshing hubble bubble, and then, in a low whispered patois, counsel is taken as to the subject to be rehearsed. At last the matter is settled, and a sort of symphony played by the musicians, when, the younger putting his saringi under his arm, the leader commences a recitative, accompanying himself now and then with a single note of his sharp-toned little instrument. The tale is of a mighty king, who, though enjoying all the delights of his position, having hundreds of wives, thousands of sons, lacs of horses, and crores of elephants (for the people of India, like all semi-barbarians, delight in poetical exaggerations), determined to become a jogee, and see the world. Then come the grief, the tears, the leave-takings, the remonstrances; the hundred wives tear their hair and beat their breasts in a piteous way; the sons, however, show manly resignation; but the horses ask who is to feed them when the king is gone, and the elephants argue on his folly; but all without avail, and the jogee king goes forth with a deer-skin over his shoulders, a bunch of peacock's feathers on his head, a platter and staff in his hand, to gain wisdom and experience. All these facts the musicians give in a melodious sort of verse, and at the end of each, both saringis join in symphony, with pretty cadences enough, until the singer recommences. For an hour I sat listening to the tale; it was humorous enough, and pathetic too at intervals; but when the travels of the royal jogee began, his strange escapes, wondrous exploits, and startling traits of wisdom and foreknowledge, I saw exactly how it was: the ingenious minstrels had devised a never-ending tale—one that the singer could improvise at any length, to suit occasions, and so, with largess, I bade them go. But until late that night, beneath the widely shading clump of trees our people had chosen for their little camp, the saringis might still be heard, with the chanted history of the royal adventurer, who determined to see the world. Among a people who have so little literature as the Hindoos, and that little for the most part enwrapped in a language of which ordinary folks are wholly ignorant, the accomplishments of these wandering minstrels are highly prized; one can scarcely enter a village without meeting them, and on the high road we encounter them continually. Although, however, the minstrels are thus universal as a class, they differ materially in style and talent, according to the character of the people among whom they travel. Among the rajpoots in Cutch and Kattiawar, for instance, we find them as bards, often in the pay of men of rank, and their duty is to recount the traditions of a noble house, and the valorous deeds of its early chieftains: for by this

means only is their history preserved—a valuable system to those who are interested in the old manners of a barbarous people, although the fabulous and fanciful is far too much interwoven with such tales, to gratify the taste of those who care only for mere antiquarian research. Among a less warlike and more agricultural people, the minstrel becomes but the practiser of an art calculated to please the fancy and entertain simple-minded listeners with quaint tales and fables concerning their deities, with whose affairs, like the Hindoo dramatists of old, the minstrels take strange liberties. For the quality of the verse the hearers care little; it is soft and melodious to the ear, and I have often fancied, as I have watched a party sitting round their professional entertainer, with eyes half closed, and passing a chillum from one to the other as they listened to the pretty pastoral fables, agreeably accented, that the amusement was peculiarly suited to the people who enjoy it.

Regarding such minstrelsy, as an art, it perhaps does not rank very high; and yet I have heard music of this kind, both instrumental and vocal, that would have pleased in any country—quite as much, at least, as the banjo songs that have been so popular of late in England; and indeed the banjo and sitarr are not very dissimilar instruments, while a certain grotesque action, known in India by the Sanscrit word '*sangita*,' or the union of voice, instrument, and action, seems common both to America and Hindostan.

At the court of his highness the late Nawaub of Junagarh, at a party given by him at the house of the mother of the present prince, among many other entertainments, was introduced a sort of troubadour, who played the vina, and sang to his accompaniment some of the most beautiful songs of Hafiz. The vina, among the instruments of India, is as difficult in practice, I believe, as the violin among our own, the semitones requiring great exactness and precision of touch; yet this man played with great taste, and produced tones of perfect accuracy. His voice was powerful and well modulated, and but for a certain strangeness in the manner of changing the '*mode*,' as it is called, the effect was altogether charming.

The Hindoos allow that we exceed them in all arts except that of music, in which they distinctly claim precedence. This, to ears accustomed to the tom-toms, sackbutt, psaltery, and divers kinds of music, that often distract the traveller, disturb his rest, and make night hideous, particularly if his place of slumber be near a Hindoo temple, on a religious feast day, seems ridiculous enough, and is perhaps altogether unfounded as far as modern practice goes; but it is beyond all contradiction that the Hindoos have a science of music, a system as complete as our own, one revealed in their holy Vedas, and said to be communicated direct from heaven; for in truth music, whether among the Greeks, Latins, or Hindoos, was ever esteemed as a divine art, and indeed, to a barbarous imaginative people, that degree of skill may well seem to be divine that has such power over the wills, feelings, and affections of men, as heart-stirring melody hath.

Altogether, whether in its origin or its system, nothing can be more graceful than the Hindoo theory of music; a Syud, a very elegant and accomplished person, whom I once knew well in Cutch, delighted in singing the odes of Hafiz to his sitarr, and from him I gained much information on the matter; and although his voice was rather sweet than powerful, and his execution but that of an amateur, the illustrations he gave me of the theory of Hindoo music were certainly pleasing, particularly his execution of the 'midnight air,' or raga, as it is called in harmony. Drawing as they did all their inspirations from nature, it is not remarkable that Pavan, the author of the Hindoo system of music, divided the year into six seasons, and to each he gave a musical spirit to reign over it; a raga or *manner*, really meaning, as far as I can learn, the affection of the mind supposed to be produced by the influences of these seasons. These ragas, or genii, are each wedded to five nymphs, said to be lovely as houris, and the ragas become fathers to eight beautiful babes, sons, the lesser modes of this most poetic system. My friend the Syud told me, that in Calcutta, a Hindoo work was to be had, in which these lovely families were admirably portrayed by the pencil of native artists, in the most graceful and interesting combinations. He promised to send me a copy of the work, but circumstances prevented my receiving it. A considerable portion of the Narayan is, however, devoted, I believe, to a description of these thirty-six modes, as conveyed by the six ragas, their fair wives, and beautiful offspring. These modes were evidently the manner of arranging musical notes in melody, and the theory still exists, but the practice is lost, although the fact of old Sanscrit songs having attached to them the name of the mode in which they were sung, proves the earlier existence of such theory and its common use. The Syud assured me, that at present, each hour of the twenty-four had an air peculiar to it, and he would play many of them, at intervals; but the 'midnight air,' as I have said, was far superior to the rest in the essentials of sweet melody.

I remember halting a short time since close to one of the Ghaut villages of the Deccan, when just before midnight I was awakened by one of the wildest and yet most melodious strains I had ever heard in India. It proceeded, I found, from a symphony played on the simple instrument called the 'koleri horn' accompanied in recitative by several voices. The burden of the chorus was the exploits of a noted Mahratta chieftain, and ever as his deeds were sung, the soft sad notes of this koleri horn gave its wild melody to the midnight breeze, with a plaintive wail, of which the followers of Rob Roy on the Scottish mountains might have been proud, as the requiem of their dauntless chief, so beautiful and so affecting was its tone and manner of introduction to the car.

With harmony, as with many of the arts and sciences beside, the poor Hindoos have lost all that knowledge which they once possessed; they have faded for lack of encouragement and means for culture; and thus, although for centuries these arts flourished in India—books were written on them, and patrons abounded, while the beautiful songs of Jayadeva were accompanied by harmonies worthy of them, and the Gita-govinda was perhaps in no way inferior to any work of genius among the Greeks—it is now our fate to have our ears shocked with the most horrible sounds, which the people of India in their modern ignorance are pleased to call *music;* and without perhaps knowing much about the matter, as affects even the tradition among themselves, of their ancient theories, we laugh at the absurdity of the present claim set up by the Hindoos, viz. that although the English may know much of other things, they thank the gods they are superior to us in music, and so, working hard at their tom-toms, and jarring their wiry little sitarrs, these self-deluding ones go on their way rejoicing, to the acute misery of every educated ear on which the horrid din may chance to fall.

## CROOKED NICK.

### A TALE OF RURAL LIFE.

Mr Hector Fraser was a young man whom fortune, with its usual caprice, chose to favour in a very particular manner. Hector's father was a small and poor farmer in one of our northern counties; and Hector's prospects, when a very young man, were none of the brightest. In short, Hector, being the second son of a large family, had to put up with the thought that he must for the future depend on himself. In due time he obtained a situation in one of our large towns, where, by his good conduct, he secured the confidence of his employer, a Mr Howell, who, having a considerable plantation in the West Indies, sent out Hector to that quarter of the world, where he found himself in a situation not at all uncomfortable. Shortly after, Mr Howell himself passed over to the West Indies, and undertook the active superintendence of his property there. Hector Fraser rose gradually but steadily, and gained the name of being a good lad, of much integrity and perseverance, respectful in his deportment, and attentive to his duties. In the course of a few years, Mr Howell gave

him a share of his business, made him overseer of his personal property, and crowned all by giving him in marriage his only child, Emily, who, gentle and docile, knew no will but her father's, and resignedly became the wife of Mr Hector Fraser. In accordance with the wish of his father-in-law, he added the surname of Howell to his own, and the firm thenceforth was carried on under the name of Howell & Son. But Howell the father died, and Howell the son grew more prosperous than ever. Even the death of his wife, who left a little daughter in her stead, did not in the least impede Mr Hector Howell's speculations or success, and he was speedily known as the wealthiest slaveowner in the West Indies. After a while, Mr Hector, feeling debility slightly creeping on him, converted his property into cash, and, with his little girl, crossed the Atlantic, and once more set his foot on Scottish soil. He had a large capital to invest somewhere, and he thought he could not do better than become a landowner. So he purchased an estate, built a house, and sat himself down therein as Hector Fraser Howell, Esq. of Mount Howell. His old habits of speculation stuck to him—he valued money only as the means of producing more. His calculating turn of mind led him to make large improvements on his estate, because he was sure of a good return; but farther he would not go. He would not confer any favour on his tenants; he would improve his own coffers, but he had nothing to do with the farmer's social condition. He would leave to visionary men—men who had money without business habits—the stupid employment of acting the labourer's friend—of being his counsellor in emergencies, and his assistant in difficulties—but for him! Social condition, indeed! Look at the West India negroes!

Mr Hector Howell reasoned like a man of the world, and he quickly placed himself in no very enviable position. His neighbours disliked him, and his tenantry feared him. He returned dislike for dislike, scorn for scorn, and harshness for fear.

In the management of his property, Mr Howell would commission no agent to conduct his business, but with some little assistance he determined to do it himself. He therefore sent for a young lad, who was one of his poor relations, and whom he had selected from the number on account of some imaginary likeness in his appearance to what *he* had been when a youth. The young man, whose name was Richard Fraser, was of a reflecting disposition, and possessed of a sound understanding and strong good sense. He had been piously tutored while yet a child, and the impressions made on his retentive mind by the simple lessons of his good parents were deep and abiding. Mr Howell was well pleased with the youth's modest deportment: he scanned him with the eye of one who was wondering how much work the object of his scrutiny might be able to accomplish in a given time, and whether he was likely to go through his work like a piece of mechanism. The examination was satisfactory enough, and Richard was installed into his office. Richard was not ignorant of his patron's selfish endeavours and their cause, but being a youth of great modesty and much gentleness of spirit, he quietly submitted to the jealous domination of his patron. By dint of some caution and more cleverness, he, however, contrived to obtain sources of information without the knowledge of Mr Howell—such as the village library—the most of whose contents he conned over with care and attention.

When Richard Fraser was in his twenty-first year, he had been five years in the service of his rich relative. During all that time Mr Howell had not been able to challenge a single flaw in the conduct of Richard, although his scheming, worldly mind had not become reconciled to the intelligent but quiet, sedate, unpresuming lad.

About this time the daughter of Mr Howell arrived at Mount Howell, which was henceforth to be her place of residence, she having received her education in the metropolis. Miss Emily was little more than seventeen, rather clever, very cheerful, very docile, and very affectionate. Even her strange, miserly, old father she loved with sincere tenderness, though probably not with that excess of ardent affection which ariseth before Heaven from off the altar of the filial heart like sweetest incense. In addition to her amiable and single-hearted temperament, Emily was possessed of a sweet and pleasing countenance: and so thought Richard Fraser to himself after she had been under the same roof with him for a few months. The fact was, that love had stolen quite insidiously into the youth's heart. Richard had not to lament his love being a forlorn one; for, destitute of companions of the same age and sex with herself, Emily's sympathies naturally flowed in towards quite an appropriate object—a modest, yet cheerful, active youth, good-looking, and very diligent in a hard and disagreeable service, whom she met every day on terms of family intercourse. What began in sympathy ended in love; and ere long time had passed, the lovers—for we may now call them so—had contrived to feel how much they were bound up in each other's existence. It will be correctly presumed by the reader, that the old gentleman was ignorant as to how matters stood between his only child and his young dependent relative. Such a state of things was quite beyond the range of his imagination. It was a matter in the discovery of which no experience of his could aid him, and which could only be revealed to him by accident. In one sense, then, all went well and brightly with Emily and Richard as on a summer's day, though the beautiful sky *was* doomed to be overcast.

In a rugged corner of the estate of Mount Howell, there lived an old man named Nicholas Gow, who rented a number of barren, ungrateful acres, and acted in the capacity of shepherd over large flocks of sheep belonging to the great man, his landlord. He had two sons, Alick and Nicholas, the latter a deformed lad, generally known as 'Crooked Nick.' The old man and his eldest son were always seen busily employed, either in laboriously tilling the soil, or out on the hill among the sheep; but Nick, poor fellow, was a constant rover—now seen at one corner of the country, now at the other. His infirmities were sometimes, among a class who are a disgrace to the nature which they wear, the subject of brutal mockery; but in general, Nick wandered on harmless and unharmed. He haunted chiefly the hills, and woods, and glens, seeming to derive from straying amid their solitary grandeur a delight and satisfaction he could not feel in the society of his fellow-men. He was silent and sullen when among the habitations of the country people, but when alone in the deep woods, the shaded glen, or the sides of the green meadows, he has been known to frisk like a lamb upon 'the gay and gladsome earth,' and to chant spontaneous bursts of natural song. Upon this unfortunate being his father and brother looked with eyes of the tenderest compassion and love; they felt that God had given to their charge a helpless friend; and recognising the ties of nature, they cheerfully watched over poor Nicholas, murmuring not, but rather in thankfulness.

Old Nicholas had come to the country when a young man, had gained some little money by incessant industry, and was essentially an honest, upright man. Latterly he had grown unfortunate—he was pressed down by circumstances. His small farm was poor, and its produce, at all times scanty enough, was often next to nothing; his rent was disproportioned to the quality of the soil he tilled, having been raised by Mr Howell after he became proprietor of Mount Howell. What he gained by tending the sheep of his landlord required too much time for its acquisition to be of much avail to him. Difficulties so thickened around the old man, that he almost sank under the pressure. The management of their affairs chiefly devolved upon the eldest son, Alick; and thus, amid discouragement and hopelessness, the youth began his contest with the world. But Alick was a cheerful and a dutiful young man, and without flinching bent his back to the burden, and manfully staggered forward, his life being one round of untiring labour. His aged father and unfortunate brother were the prime objects of his care, and it is certain that both repaid his tenderness with equal af-

fection. What little offices Crooked Nicholas could perform for his brother were done with a readiness and a care which showed that the poor fellow's anxiety to be of some use was deep and heartfelt; and when his bodily infirmity compelled him to refrain from work in the fields, he wandered through the woods, and over hill and dale, fishing for trout and eel, immense numbers of both of which he caught.

Notwithstanding the unceasing exertions of Alick in the management of his father's business, times and circumstances changed not with him. Unremitting toil and scanty returns were more familiar to him than ever. It happened that the spring following was cold, wet, and ungenial, and when autumn came round, old Nicholas's crop was of little or no value. The old man endured much ere he bent his independent spirit to inform Mr Howell, at the following term, of his inability to pay down the whole amount of his usual rent. Mr Howell decided that no favour should be granted him, and Nicholas returned to his humble home, broken down in body but not in spirit.

'We must quit, lads, at next term,' said he to his sons, uncovering his silver hair, and brushing the corner of his plaid across his eyes. 'He's a hard man, our landlord, though maybe just enough. But God pardon him for his lack of mercy, and especially for his severity on an auld man this day. It seems I'm a doomed man,' he added, sinking into his chair with a gloomy, foreboding countenance.

Alick said not a word, although indignation thrilled through his frame; nor did Crooked Nicholas utter a syllable, but he disappeared on the instant. He went to the hills to weep and to mourn; and as he went wailing forward, perhaps the most miserable object under the wide roof of heaven, rage took possession of his soul, and he dashed madly forward till the ground seemed hardly to be touched as it vanished beneath his flying feet. But nature was strained beyond the point of endurance, and stumbling over a matted bush, Nicholas sank on the ground, bruised and bleeding. For a time he was unconscious. When he woke again, a young girl hung over him with deep compassion on her sweet features. Beside her was a tall dark young man, whose handsome countenance rivalled that of his fair companion in its truly compassionate expression. Nicholas gazed 'like ane bewitched,' and tried to shrink into himself, but the hand of the fair lady was tenderly placed on his arm, and her sweet voice, 'gentle and low,' was dropping words of kindness on his ear. Nick forgot his crookedness, and half raising himself, he seized her hand between his own two, and covered it with kisses; then recollecting himself, he raised his eyes fearfully to her face, but she was smiling—sweetly smiling. What a stream of indescribable emotions flowed in the bosom of Nick at that moment! His formerly stern grief was softened, and he burst into an incontrollable flood of tears. What may not the magic touch of sympathy and kindness effect on the troubled heart of humanity?

The image which constantly afterwards haunted Nick's imagination was that of the lovely being who smiled on him, a poor, deformed creature, and suffering under deep affliction; and this beautiful object of his thoughts did not disdain repeatedly to visit his father's lonely home among the mountains; and when she was there, it seemed to Nick as if heaven were along with her, so much misery did she banish, and so much delight did she scatter around. She was no other than Emily Howell, who invariably befriended the persecuted tenantry of her father, besides being naturally disposed to the performance of acts of disinterested charity. Emily was the adored of all on Mount Howell estate. Her benevolence found ample exercise through means of Richard Fraser, who was her constant adviser and prudent agent; and knowing that her charity was dispensed at great risk of being discovered by her parent, her name was hailed with yet deeper enthusiasm, and her young agent received his due share of gratitude and goodwill. Along with Emily, when she ventured to make an excursion into the hills, and so by Nicholas Gow's house, generally came Richard Fraser, the young man who stood by her side when first she appeared to Nick. Strange to say, although his kindest friend, Nick had conceived the most intense aversion towards Richard, and sometimes when the latter appeared in the act of paying any little attention to Miss Howell, or was smiled on by her, even something like a vindictive scowl seemed to settle on the brow of Nick. Richard appeared to be a very dark spot in Nick's horizon. On Emily's footsteps he attended like some eastern slave; he dogged her constantly at a distance, as she rode through the woods, his crooked form now gliding from one clump of trees to another, now winding down the side of some hill, and now coiled beneath the matted brushwood, while the beloved of his fancy passed before him. But on Richard his eye glared like that of the same eastern slave when commanded to use his dagger against a hated enemy. What was it that had power to rouse the poor creature's hatred, and to lend it so much intensity? So much did Nick seem absorbed by his acquaintance with Emily, that he appeared to forget the distress which, notwithstanding the generous alleviations presented by Miss Howell, continued to hang around the heads of his father and brother. He forsook, too, his sports and his wanderings to hover around Emily's path, appearing gratified if he obtained the slightest sight of her. He never dared to approach the mansion of Mount Howell, but he constantly hung around the skirts of the large park which surrounded the house, and watched for the slightest symptom of Miss Howell's appearance. Frequent moods of the deepest abstraction seized upon him, too, and though all unhappy, he seemed to have a source of happiness of which no one knew but himself. Thus for a time went the little troubled world of Crooked Nick; but all of a sudden a decisive change came about.

On a cold, heavy night in spring, nearly two hours after Alick Gow, unhappy and toil-worn, had retired to rest, he had his broken, troubled slumber interrupted by hearing the sound of a footstep in his apartment. He sat up in astonishment, and saw by the light of a lamp which stood on the rough deal which served for a table, the crooked form of his brother standing in the middle of the floor, and calmly feeling the edge of a large clasp-knife which he held in his hand. Alick was alarmed at his brother's employment, and stepped instantly on the floor. Some heavy grief seemed to have been preying on the mind of Alick, for his countenance was thin and pale, his eye languid, and his once athletic form seemed spent and bowed down. Wrapping one of his garments about him, he stepped up to Nicholas, and laid his hand on his arm. The latter did not manifest the slightest symptom of being aware of his brother's presence, until Alick addressed him in tones of gentlest inquiry. At that a dreadful leaden sort of smile mantled on his features, and he said, ironically, 'The fiend must be paid to-night, Alick; the fiend *will* be paid to-night; won't he?'

'What is your meaning, Nicholas?' asked Alick in tones of the utmost alarm, while he gently attempted to remove the knife from Nick's possession.

'Nay, nay, brother,' said Nick, emphatically; 'you must leave me my weapon, for its strength and temper must be proved to-night. Sit down here by me,' he continued, dragging Alick to a seat, while his countenance became in reality quite ferocious, 'and I'll tell you a piece of news. My heart's a-burning, and I can't bear it longer, so I came, Alick, to tell you what I have been *thinking* of. Listen to me now. There was a time when Nick—Crooked Nick—was a careless, happy being, going over the country without aim, and thinking nought but *merry* thoughts. Well, a fair lady crossed before his eyes, and he thought he was more happy than before, though, after all, for the few minutes in each day that he *was happy*, he suffered tenfold misery when the spirit of his thoughts was absent. There was a fortunate one beloved by Emily—my tongue must pollute her sweet name—and that one poor Nick hated, for he stole from him nearly all his angel's love. Nick wanted in his foolishness the whole to

himself. This one stepped in like a fiend. Now, Alick, wince not so—there's relief in telling you all I feel. This person I speak of was not crooked like Nick, and hatred sunk deeper into Nick's soul, because he was not. Nick sorely grudged him Emily's love, but what could he help it? Now this person has gone, brother, but his absence is no ——'

'Whither has Richard Fraser gone? Has he left Mount Howell?' eagerly interrupted Alick.

'Yesterday, he was driven from its doors like a dog,' replied Nick, dwelling momentarily, as if in exultation, on this fact. 'It was not till then that Nick could find it in his heart to pity him. The father of Emily had a revelation made to him by one who is surely a very fiend. Brother, that was myself. Now, don't grasp so hard, and I'll tell you more. I met him in the woods, and, maddened with rage or hatred, I told him all—all—all—of what Emily had done and what Richard had done for our father—of the love that was between them both, and of Nick's adoration of Emily. The wretch listened amazedly and half in doubt, but in a minute he had disappeared. I followed, and beheld the noise and the stir made at Mount Howell on the arrival of its master. I saw him I hated spurned from the house; I saw him pull his hat over his face, and—but other things I have to tell. Emily was taken—her wretched father made her gentle spirit tremble within her—his hand was raised to strike her—she was and is still shut up—and in confinement her heart must break!' exclaimed Nick, rolling backward and forward on his seat in agony. 'Well, I went to the dreadful man,' he resumed fiercely, 'and demanded that he should set *her* free; but he kicked me from his door, and called me—crooked beast! There was a something went through me at the moment, a fiery dart I think, and I feel it in my breast still. Though he had a thousand lives I must have them all, and this—this will do it, and to-night too,' he concluded, passing his finger along the edge of the knife.

Alick did not seem to hear his brother's words, for he sat motionless, and as if in deep thought. His eye was resting vacantly on the countenance of Nicholas, but it failed to reflect the expression of that fearful face, or to betray interest in the dreadful purpose with which it was illuminated.

'Of what avail would it be, Nicholas, though Emily were free?' he asked abstractedly. 'Her heart has been already given away; Richard Fraser has it with him in his exile. I had thought otherwise, but so it is.'

'Let me go my way, brother,' whispered Nick, for Alick was clutching his arm. 'My arm must punish *him* this night. And our father, does he not cry aloud for vengeance? I heard him, in his sleep, curse, pray, and weep. Oh, God! how did I endure it? And did I not see him this day on the mountain-brow, gazing abroad with fearful agony on the scenes he must in a week or two for ever forsake? I heard his weak voice raised in lamentation, for what will another be to his native land, where, among the blooming heather on the hills, and among the dells and glens, he has 'lived and loved' from childhood? And who was—who is—the cause of this misery? *Him*, *him* whom I go to punish. Let me go.' And he moved towards the door of the room.

'Go not, Nicholas!' exclaimed Alick, with sudden earnestness, as if now for the first time he comprehended his brother's bloody intention. 'I'm sick, brother, I'm ill. I fear me it is the sickness of death.' A convulsive shuddering shook his frame, a livid paleness covered his countenance, and a clammy moisture oozed from his brow. Nicholas, recalled to himself, had barely time to clasp his brother in his arms when he swooned away. Nicholas shouted for assistance, and his father was presently on the spot, and Alick was put to bed. In a few minutes animation had completely returned. Nicholas's fell purpose was effectually defeated, for the time at least, for with characteristic affection he remained by Alick's couch, anxiously attending him, and sincerely apprehensive of serious results.

Some few days subsequent, there was a visible sensation pervading all the inhabitants of Mount Howell estate. It was the day which Mr Howell had appointed for the expulsion of old Nicholas Gow from his humble home; and in consideration of the exasperating circumstances of the case, Mr Howell had determined, with all the pride of power, that he would attend the old man's ejection in his own proper person, and would cause thereafter his hut to be unroofed and pulled down. People knew in general that such was his intention, and anxiously awaited the event; besides, the peculiar features of the matter were not unknown, and people grew doubly anxious.

On the morning of that day, the proprietor of Mount Howell entered the apartment of his daughter, who had been for some time under severe restraint. Emily received him with meek reserve. Her cheeks were blanched, though her countenance was yet full and lovely in its paleness, and her person visibly trembled with inward agitation. 'Well, miss,' said her father, with a civil sneer, 'your dreams of love and philanthropy must by this time have evaporated. A little intercourse with the world's colder side is a capital expeller of such ethereal guests.'

Emily returned no answer to this preface.

'Now, girl,' her father continued with severity, 'give heed to what I say. You have felt a little of that weighty punishment this hand can bestow, and, if still refractory, I have no objections to give you a more copious tasting of it. So this is what I want. The old villain, Gow, whom you encouraged in discontent and ill-will towards me, your parent, is this day to be driven from his bield, as he richly deserves. I cannot afford to be ate up by superannuated antiquated fellows like him, who have not sense to keep pace with—but never mind. I myself intend to witness his actual expulsion, and subsequently the demolishing of his hut, which will be razed to the foundation. Since you have been so extremely interested in the old fellow's prosperity, it will be only proper and seemly that you should be interested in an equal degree in his adversity. Therefore, you'll prepare to go along with me to behold the harrying of the nest.'

'I cannot go, father,' murmured Emily, with tearful eyes.

'Cannot go! Why not? You surely can go with an old man as well as with a young rascally hypocrite. I tell you what, miss,' added Howell, harshly, his grey eyes glancing fire, 'go you shall, and that directly too. In half an hour we start; so make haste.' He turned on his heel, and slammed the door after him.

There would have been little use in disputing the despotic will of her father, had Emily been so disposed, but to dispute it was an idea that had never entered her mind. So, with a choking bosom, she descended from her chamber in about half an hour, and as her father mounted a strong black steed she vaulted on the back of a chestnut palfrey. Followed by two servants, and a body of domestics who came at a distance, father and daughter then cantered swifty across Mount Howell Park. As they entered the moorland, and when they were about a mile from Nicholas Gow's abode, a group, congregated directly in front of them, on the top of a slight eminence, presented itself to their eyes. It consisted of Nicholas Gow and his two sons, and near them stood a small Highland pony and a very rough tent cart, beneath which crouched an old sheep dog, infirm as its master. Whenever Emily and her father appeared, Alick and his deformed brother were instantly lost to view. The old man retained his position, however, until they approached. He was standing with his back towards them, and looking in the direction of the rugged valley in which stood his abandoned home. Howell and his daughter rode up in front of him, but he moved not; he seemed unaware of their presence. His withered hands were clasped and his furrowed countenance bore marks of strong and deep anguish; down his shrunken cheeks the big salt tears were rolling fast. His grey head was uncovered; the grizzled hair was floating around his thin temples and wrinkled forehead

Emily became aware that the old man was in the act of bidding a long and last adieu to scenes long loved, ere departing for that foreign shore where, to all appearance, his future lot was cast. She drew her veil around her, turned aside her head, and silently wept. Just then the old toothless sheep-dog bounded growling from beneath the cart, and crouched in front of Mr Howell's steed. The cruel man raised his whip and applied it mercilessly to the aged animal, which instantly yelled with pain and fled behind its master. Old Nicholas looked up in astonishment, and when he beheld Howell, and knew the act of cruelty he had committed, proud resentment flashed through his tears. With a movement of native dignity, he exclaimed:—

'Pass on, pompously as thou may'st. But vengeance will not always sleep. Pass thee on, cruel man, and God have mercy on you.'

He then observed the presence of Emily, who had been for a time his guardian angel, and kneeling on the turf he began to invoke blessings on her head; but overcome by emotion, she did not wait to listen to his prayer, but whipping her pony she dashed recklessly away across the moor, despite the shouts of her father, who loudly called her back. Away she madly rode, disregarding the roughness of her way, nor drew bridle until her panting pony had reached an eminence afar off, which looked down on the brown vale in which stood Nicholas Gow's deserted hut. From this height Emily, in a little while, perceived clusters of people grouped around the miserable house, and her father, she could notice, riding boldly in amongst them. She would have turned away, but powerful excitement kept her chained to the spot. Old Nicholas's effects had been previously removed or sold; and in a little while she could see her father's servants climbing on the roof of the house and busily uncovering it. Suddenly they ceased, as if the thatch they were engaged in pulling down had not been worth the labour they were expending on it. In a few minutes a curling spire of smoke rolled itself from the roof of the hut into the air, increasing as it rolled into a dense black column. A spout of flame ever and anon shot from the heavy folds of the smoke, until a constant flickering stream was darted forth and a bright red glare succeeded. A murmur, as of indignation, seemed to float from the valley to the ears of Emily, and at the same time she noticed a movement in the crowd which surrounded the blazing hut. Her father appeared, followed by a few of his servants, riding smartly away, and followed in a scattered manner by the people. Emily instinctively put her pony in motion, and descended the hill so as to meet her father. His face was very grim, and his manner and air fierce and agitated. He exclaimed:—

'Insulted by a vagabond crowd! I—! So now you come, girl, after disregarding my injunctions and being deaf to my calls! Of course you must be the friend of old Gow because he is *my enemy*. Quite natural that. Ride alongside of me here, miss, till I speak to you. Do you know what it is to be insulted by a rabble, whom in a manner you feed and clothe? And what it is to be insulted for doing with your own as seems meet to you? Confound the blackguards, wont I revenge myself on them? Do you hear their hooting and reviling? This is how your father's treated on his own estate. Very pleasant, is it not? And for the better share of it I have you to thank, hussy!'

On he rode, accompanied by his daughter and servants, and followed by an indignant crowd, who testified their feelings by loud shouts and exclamations. There was nothing for it but hard riding; and calling on Emily and his domestics to follow, Howell gave his horse whip and spur, and away he went at full gallop. They were rushing down a rather steep hill—the road thickly wooded on each side—which terminated in a narrow low-ledged bridge, spanning a rapid and deep river, whose full tide just then was hoarsely rolling along from bank to bank. As they neared the bridge a voice from the wood shouted:

'Beware! there's death before you.'

Emily thought she knew the voice, but she had not time to say so, for her father spurred his horse more, and—

'Let it, there's death here,' he cried, excitedly, and flourishing his riding-whip, 'for the first villain of the howling crowd that will dare approach me. Follow, girl, quick!'

At that moment he entered on the steep and narrow bridge; a deformed being, who had been coiled on the very middle of the arch, and had not been observed by any of the approaching party, suddenly sprang to his feet. It was Crooked Nick. The fire of insanity was glaring in his eyes, and the flush of an infuriated brain was on his hollow cheek. He had heard the preceding exclamation of his enemy. On coursed Howell's steed, and on galloped Emily's pony behind him, but Crooked Nick flinched not.

'Death for thee! 'tis here!' he cried, unsheathing a long glittering knife, and couching it with a firm hand.

Mr Howell's horse and that of Emily reared at the same moment, and then both plunged madly forward. Nick's weapon was buried deep in the breast of the former, as it came heavily forward. The animal gave a fearful yell, pitched its master against the ledge of the bridge, where he lay stunned and insensible, and with the weapon sticking in its breast bounded away with headlong speed. Emily's pony reared also, and then plunged and kicked. Frightened almost to death, the trembling girl could not retain her seat, and as the animal backed to one side of the bridge she was unfortunately precipitated into the rushing current beneath. Nick the maniac, for a maniac now he was, had been unhurt, and had watched with intense agony the struggles of Emily's pony; as she descended into the torrent he gave a hideous cry, and in a moment clearing the ledge of the arch, his form darted through the air into the dashing stream. At the same moment, from opposite sides of the river, there dived into the water two determined young men—they were Richard Fraser and Alick Gow.

Stern was the struggle of these two as they strained every nerve in the attempt to gain the floating form of Emily, which was now being carried rapidly down by the dark tide. The people had crowded on the bridge and along the banks of the stream, some applauding with shouts, others heaving ropes and aids of all kinds into the water, and others standing motionless and holding their breath from very anxiety. Some again watched the motions of Crooked Nick, who had been swept with great rapidity a few feet down past the form of Emily, and was now bravely stemming the current in order to grasp her. A hand was, however, laid on her dress before he could reach her, it was that of Richard Fraser. Nick gave a mighty clutch forward and seized Richard's arm, which he held with fearful tenacity; he ground his teeth firmly together, and drawing Richard with irresistible power towards him, succeeded in clasping him in his long bony arms. Richard was amazed and alarmed, and relaxed his hold on Emily, who was at that moment seized from the other side by Alick Gow. Down went Nick and Richard in a deadly embrace. The struggle was of short duration, but it was a fearful one. Richard tried to escape from his insane enemy, and when he saw he could not, he attempted to plunge him beneath the stream. There was a terrible wrestling and splashing for a moment; people rushed in wild excitement along the bank; then Nick was seen to heave his wild countenance upwards, and was heard to exclaim exultingly:

'Now, brother, you have her for yourself. I knew you loved her.'

These were the last words of Crooked Nick. The next moment the dark-rolling waters had covered the bodies of himself and Richard Fraser. Next day they were found in a deep linn far down the river, encircled in each other's arms in the strong embrace of death.

The scene we have described so cursorily above passed so rapidly that people wondered whether they had not all been dreaming: some, in excuse of their want of pre-

sence of mind, and others out of real wonder at the rapidity of the occurrence of the tragic events. Now Alick Gow succeeded in bringing Emily's inanimate form to the bank, and immediately the crowd collected around them. Animation was quickly restored, and she was conveyed home in the same litter with her unconscious father. A few days passed, during which Howell never spoke, and he breathed his last.

Two years passed away. Alick Gow was steward of Mount Howell estate, and with his old father lived in a comfortable cottage. Alick was comparatively happy, though he was seldom seen to smile, and a settled paleness had given a tinge of sorrow to his bold but handsome features. One morning he received a letter from his young mistress, who was at the time in Switzerland. He read it with a melancholy smile.

'Is Miss Howell well?' inquired his father, who had been watching his countenance.

'She is,' replied Alick, sighing. 'She says she is at least resigned, if not completely happy. She enjoys the most inexpressible pleasure in the rural retirement of her situation, where she can think her melancholy thoughts, and at the same time can minister to the wants of the poor peasantry. The latter is her chief and most delightful employment. God bless her!'

'Amen!' responded the old man with fervour.

Blessings such as these are the rewards of charity and benevolence.

## THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

FROM THE MISSIONARY ANNUAL.

He rests not where the solemn yew
  Bends o'er the marble tomb,
And death seems deadlier in the hue
  Of still and sacred gloom.

He rests not where the holy pile
  Repeats, through chancel dim,
And hollow vaults, and pillar'd aisle,
  The slow-resounding hymn.

He sleeps not where his fathers sleep
  Amid the hamlet's graves;
Where chimes the dull brook, softly deep,
  And long dark heather waves.

But where the sparkling southern isles
  'Midst pearl and coral lie,
He bore this earth's most earthless toils,
  And laid him down to die.

The mildest tropic airs fan round
  The palm that shades his rest,
And the richest verdure lines the ground
  That presses on his breast.

And there the sun, through scented glooms
  Slants his departing beam,
And the heron laves its azure plumes
  In the bright adjacent stream.

And there the deep's low, rolling tone
  Is heard when the stars are bright;
When the breeze is low, and men are gone
  To the cradling dreams of night.

No dirge was breathed along the vale,
  As his palless bier pass'd on;
No flowers were strewn, and the spicy gale
  Had nought of sigh or moan.

No words were said, as dust to dust
  They lower'd him from the day;
They rear'd above no sculptured bust,
  And they coffin'd not his clay.

But conchs, and frantic howls, and yells
  Ring through the twilight air;
And they cast their plumes and dazzling shells
  Upon the matted bier.

Far had he come; with storm and care
  His anxious soul had striven.
But can the spirit feel despair
  Whose hopes know God and heaven?

O'er his fatherland another sky
  Hung in the hours of sleep;
The strong winds of that shore rush'd high,
  With a louder, stormier sweep.

But he loved his tranquil southern home—,
  He loved its musky breeze;
He loved its hills of feathery bloom,
  He loved the fierce and swarthy men,
  Though oft their dark, proud eyes
Flash'd, fire-like, in the murky glen,
  At bloody revelries.

Lone had he come: no sword or targe
  Hung glittering at his side;
He spake not of the rampant charge,
  Of warfare loud and wide.

He had come to calm the lustful heart,
  To stem the passions strong,
To teach a loftier, nobler part,
  Than the fight, the feast, the song.

His tone was mild, his eye was calm,
  As day by day he taught,
Beneath the dusky, shading palm,
  The hope of holy thought.

Stern were those warriors—stern and proud—
  But their pride relax'd to hear
The truths that from his warm heart glow'd,
  Fervent, but unsevere.

At length, on one mild, tranquil eve,
  In the glitt'ring moon of flowers,
His spirit took its last, long leave
  Of these beloved bowers.

But, oh! he left the hope behind
  That feels not blood or clay,
That asks no murmur from the wind,
  No life-beam from the day.

And many an olive brow shall come,
  And, bending o'er him, hear
His spirit utt'ring in the gloom
  The voice of song and prayer.

## THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Among the productions on the subject of temperance which appeared in America in 1831, the most curious was Barbour's 'Statistics of Intemperance in Churches,' a little work possessed of no ordinary interest. The Rev. Gustavus Davis published a view of the Bible doctrine of temperance, which was at that day regarded as a novelty. Dr Drake of Philadelphia, too, wrote an address on the intemperance of cities; while Professor Yandell, in a speech delivered before the Davidson County Society, as well as Drs Perry, Harrison, Sargent, and James, and many other eminent medical men, came up to the rescue.

In the year 1832, the American war minister declared in an official communication that spirits should no longer constitute a portion of the army rations. The secretary of the navy also discouraged their use at sea, directing coffee, tea, sugar, and money to be offered instead. In May, the total number of temperance societies existing in America was ten thousand, with five hundred thousand members. The time, however, began to approach when a new order of things was to be introduced. The old temperance societies had had their day; many circumstances, illustrative of the total insufficiency of the old pledge, occurred during its existence, and a general opinion began to prevail, that except in total abstinence there was for drunkenness no remedy. Animated by these sentiments, the friends of the cause determined to make a simultaneous movement throughout the States, at which delegates from all parts of the Union might attend and compare results. Accordingly, on the 26th day of February, 1833, a general temperance meeting took place throughout the Union; on the same day, and as part of the general movement, a Congressional Temperance Society was formed, including among its members some of the most distinguished men of the day. This was followed up by a meeting in Philadelphia of the National Convention, on the 24th of May. Nineteen states and one territory were represented, the whole number of delegates present amounting to 440. The meeting had the boldness to pronounce an opinion, by a large majority, that the traffic in ardent spirits was morally wrong. From this meeting sprang the American Temperance Union, which was composed of the officers of societies all over the Union. The members of this convention carried away a conviction that a general movement in favour of total abstinence had actually become necessary, and they were resolved to com-

anticipated. In the city of New York, Luther Jackson, Esq., secretary to the New York Society, published, a short time previous to their next meeting, at his own expense, and on his own responsibility, the famous total abstinence pledge, which was afterwards adopted by the American temperance societies. The introduction of this pledge met with considerable opposition, but the doctrine gradually took root, and spread with rapidity. During that year and up to May, 1834, more than eight thousand names were obtained to it, including the signatures of fifteen physicians in the city of New York alone. Animated by the increasing fervour with which this pledge was received, Mr Jackson encouraged the youth of New York to attempt a distinct organisation on total abstinence, as the fundamental principle.

Accordingly, a society was formed in June, denominated the 'Juvenile Temperance Society,' on the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. This was the earliest society ever formed on that principle. In the year 1834, one of the most appalling arguments yet produced in favour of the cause of temperance was furnished by Mr Chipman. This gentleman having visited all the almshouses and jails in the state of New York, discovered that more than three-fourths of the pauperism was occasioned by intemperance, and that five out of six of those committed on criminal charges were of intemperate habits. From other sources it was ascertained, that out of 253 paupers in the county of Oneida, 246 were made so by drinking; and out of 1134 in Baltimore county, 1059 of these cases arose from the same cause. There were 3000 inmates in the almshouse at Salem, Massachusetts, 2900 of whom, according to the testimony of the superintendent, had been brought there by liquor. Out of 572 males in one almshouse, not 20 were sober men, and out of 601 women, not 50. Out of 1969 in various almshouses, 1790 were brought there through intemperance; and out of 4969 in others, the number who could trace their misfortunes to the same cause amounted to 4690. In the beginning of 1835, the state society of New York directed the executive committee to sustain the cause of total abstinence in the 'Temperance Recorder.' The views put forth at this meeting by the various speakers commanded the attention of all the land; and the 'American Temperance Society,' following their example, recommended the adoption of the total abstinence pledge, which was accordingly done by a Norfolk society, and by the temperance society of the eastern district of Virginia. It was about this time that the Rev. George B. Cheever published his attack upon distilleries, in a manner sufficiently singular and fearless to attract extraordinary attention. It was written in an allegorical style, and purported to be a true history of Deacon Giles's distillery. The author described the deacon as inheriting his distillery and penurious disposition from his father, to whom the former had been transmitted through a long line of rumsellers. One Saturday his men refused to work on the Sabbath, and the deacon was in a sad quandary. At that moment a number of wild, strange-looking fellows came up, and volunteered to do his work for nothing, provided they were allowed to labour by night. The deacon closed the bargain, well pleased with the terms; and his workmen, who were all demons, carried on their operations at an astounding pace. All the materials were worked up in two nights—Saturday and Sabbath. By a devilish contrivance of their own, they attached to each barrel a label, invisible at first, and which only became perceptible after they were sold to the retailers, and mounted upon their destined stands. The deacon returned on the Monday, and was quite delighted with the amount of work accomplished. The whole array of rum-casks was sold off to retailers. As each barrel was put in its appointed place in the different grogeries, the labels blazed out in staring capitals. One was inscribed, 'Epilepsy sold here, inquire at Deacon Giles's distillery;' another, 'Cholera in Collapse;' a third, 'Insanity and Murder;' a fourth, 'Dropsy and Rheumatism;' while many bore a part of Robert Hall's famous definition. The direction was always Deacon Giles's distillery. Some of the hogsheads were inscribed with texts of Scripture—for instance 'Who hath wo—who hath redness of eyes? Inquire at Deacon Giles's distillery.' A certain Deacon Stone caused Mr Cheever to be indicted for libel. The trial came on in June, 1835, in the Court of Common Pleas; Mr Cheever was convicted, fined 1000 dollars, and sentenced to an imprisonment of one month. The appearance of the allegory created great excitement; the trial had excited universal attention; the public voice, at first against Mr Cheever, became ultimately as decidedly in his favour; and eight years thereafter, in that very distillery, converted by a new cold-water proprietor into a saw-mill, a temperance tea-party was given to the largest assemblage that had ever been seen in the town of Salem.

The next circumstance which gave an impulse in America to the cause of temperance was the trial of E. C. Delavan, Esq. The substitution of malt liquors for ardent spirits struck that gentleman as particularly ludicrous; and convinced that the evil could only be eradicated by total abstinence, he published in an American paper a statement to the effect that the brewers in Albany were in the practice of using water obtained from the most polluted sources. Eight brewers brought suits against him, but he proved his charges and was acquitted. In February, 1836, the New York State Temperance Society adopted the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as a beverage. In August, a second National Convention met at the Saratoga Springs. At this convention nineteen states were represented, and there was a considerable delegation also from Canada. This convention, too, sustained the doctrine now becoming general, that total abstinence was the only remedy. The example set by this body did not fail of its due influence. A great many societies in all the states of America adopted the principle, and hundreds of letters were received by the different societies from clergymen in all parts of the country, signifying their adhesion to the new pledge. The cause had hitherto made least progress in the south-western states, but this year a lodgment was made in Mississippi by the establishmant at Natches of a newspaper styled the 'Coldwater Man;' and it is believed that the south-west is at this moment little, if at all, behind the rest of the Union in zeal for the cause.

Up to 1840 the action of temperance societies in America had been somewhat in detachments, but that year beheld the public mind moving in a mass, and cities, states, the whole Union, marching in solid column to the accomplishment of a common object. Various causes combined to produce this unanimity, but no one so much as the following. On Friday evening, April 2, 1840, six persons, all of them men of character, but very intemperate, met in a tavern in the city of Baltimore by accident. A temperance sermon which was to be preached that evening becoming the subject of conversation, it was agreed that four of their number should be deputed to hear it, and report to the rest. The committee returned, and reported that after all temperance was a very good thing. The landlord coming in began to declaim against temperance orators. This brought on a discussion, which ended in the six forming themselves into a society, to be called the Washington Temperance Society. A pledge, totally to abstain from intoxicating liquors, was written and signed, and W. K. Mitchell, a man of strong mind, and who came in course of time to exercise an unbounded influence over his brethren, was chosen president of the association. These individuals began immediately to make exertions to induce their bottle-companions to unite with them. At all hours and in all places, in the streets, in cars, in stage-coaches, and in steamboats—wherever it was possible to find a drunkard—they were to be seen urging, entreating, imploring; and by the summer of 1842, it was computed that the reformation had converted 100,000 common drunkards, and 300,000 tipplers, who were in a fair way of becoming so. The spectacle of so many inebriates in all districts of the Union rising above their fallen condition, excited everywhere the liveliest sympathy. Men of all

professions seemed disposed to assist them in the task of reclaiming themselves; drinking-houses began everywhere rapidly to sink; the wives and children of the inebriate were, next to himself, the persons to whose gratitude the society was most entitled.

Immediately in the track of this followed a general attention to religious duties, displayed by a large proportion of the reclaimed drunkards, and the revolution which had swept over the country penetrated even the halls of legislation. In the Kentucky legislature a society was formed, which was joined by two-thirds of that body. In Congress another was established, consisting of many of the members. Such was the condition of the reformation at the close of 1842. Since then the benefits which have resulted from the Washington movement are altogether incalculable. The number of associations, composed chiefly of persons who were formerly drunkards, has swelled to two hundred and fifty, and the sum total of the reclaimed, after deducting apostates, whose numbers, though considerable, are still fewer than might have been calculated on, was, at the late London Convention, stated by Mr Clapp of the United States to amount to upwards of 150,000.

America in her progress upon this subject had far outstripped the old countries of Europe. About 1827, however, a decided movement was made in Great Britain. In that year the Rev. Mr Edgar of Belfast made an appeal to the public, in which, in order to suppress intemperance in our own country, he recommended the formation of associations similar to those which had now been so long established in America. This was the first address of the kind that had ever appeared in any European journal, and its publication was followed by precisely such results as had been witnessed upon similar occasions in that country. The Rev. George Carre of New Rosse formed the first temperance society on the abstinence principle. Great numbers of temperance publications from America were soon put in circulation, and agents were employed to distribute them. Before the end of the year, fourteen thousand persons had enrolled their names in Ireland and Scotland, and sixty-five thousand publications had been distributed.

In England the subject was taken up with great enthusiasm, and before the end of the year it had spread generally through the kingdom. The fourth report of the American Temperance Society produced a powerful effect in England. It was re-published in many of the English prints, not one of which withheld the tribute of its unqualified approbation. The Lord Chancellor from the woolsack, speaking of the evils of gin-drinking, said, 'We cannot help thinking that the Old World is under deep obligations to America for the development of the principles of temperance societies; and now that they have been introduced, and with success, into Great Britain, we trust we shall not be slack, as Englishmen, in acknowledging our obligations. We know that there has been a feeling in this country against everything that is American, but we trust and believe that that day has gone by, never to return. Let us emulate them in this good work, and may the alacrity with which we follow in their footsteps excite them to persevere till the cap-stone of the building is brought forth in joy.' In the same year, the Rev. Dr Hewitt of America came over to England for the purpose of visiting the friends of the cause. He found the London Temperance Society already formed—an immense delegation from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland attending. At the suggestion of Dr Hewitt, the object of the society was enlarged, and its name changed to the British and Foreign Temperance Society. Two temperance monthly periodicals were established in London, the 'British and Foreign Temperance Herald,' and the 'Temperance Magazine and Review,' the former with a circulation of twenty-seven thousand. Two monthly publications had been previously established—the one in Scotland and the other in Ireland; the whole number of copies in one year amounted to one million. The simultaneous meetings which took place in the country on the 26th of February [illegible] over America. Hundreds of thousands met together on that occasion in both hemispheres, all animated by one impulse. In the commencement of the year 1834 the number of members of the temperance societies of England and Scotland was one hundred and fifty thousand.

About the same time the cause spread with almost unparalleled rapidity in Sweden. The crown prince himself presided at a temperance meeting, and proclaimed himself a patron of temperance societies. A temperance journal was established at Stockholm, and a highly interesting work published, from which it appeared that in a population of three millions, there were one hundred and seventy thousand distilleries in active operation. The spread of the temperance reform is now generally allowed to have saved Sweden from national ruin. In Russia decided steps were taken under the immediate encouragement of the emperor for the propagation of temperance. Thousands of tracts from America and Britain were translated into the several dialects of Russia, and distributed over the whole empire. In India, in Burmah, in Malacca, and China, decided movements began to be made. In the latter country a native temperance society was formed. In New Holland the greatest benefits began to be felt from temperance societies.

In the session of 1834-5, on the motion of Mr James Silk Buckingham, a committee of parliament was appointed to inquire into the extent, causes, and consequences of intemperance, and to ascertain whether any legislative measures could be taken to prevent the continuance and spread of such a dreadful evil. A long and able report, occupying six hundred octavo pages, was the result of this inquiry. Mr Buckingham, who, with the exception of Father Mathew, is entitled possibly to the highest rank among the promoters of temperance, made, at the same time, a tour through England, in the course of which he addressed 100,000 persons. His labours were of a gigantic description, and the results highly gratifying. The greater part of his youth having been spent in foreign travel, he was able more than any man of his day to describe from personal experience and the strong light of contrast, the effects of intoxicating drinks in a physical as well as national way. In an address at Liverpool, he stated that in his travels, both in the east and west, in every kind of weather, wet and dry, hot and cold, he had never derived the slightest benefit from ardent spirits; nor had he known their use among any people to whom they did not prove detrimental in proportion to the quantity used. The finest race of men he had ever seen, and who were pitted against the strongest British grenadiers and sailors that could be found, were a tribe residing in the Himalaya Mountains in India. These men never in their lives had tasted any drink stronger than water or milk.

The pledge of total abstinence from all that intoxicates was first proposed in England on the 24th September, 1834, in the town of Manchester, at a general conference of deputies from the various temperance societies of Lancashire. The conference recommended, at the same time, its universal adoption, in consequence of which it soon became general, and met with success. The cause for several years progressed steadily in Great Britain and Ireland, and with great rapidity on the Continent. Fifty thousand distilleries were stopped in Sweden in the course of three years, from 1835 to 1838. The regular pace of the temperance reformation was quickened about this time by one of those extraordinary outbreaks of enthusiasm which are always characteristic of revolutions. We allude to the great temperance revival in Ireland under the auspices of Father Mathew. This extraordinary man took the field about the year 1837. His progress, at first slow and painful, began, in less than two years, to resemble a triumphal march. By the middle of 1839 he had administered the pledge to eight hundred thousand persons, not one hundred of whom had apostatised. Since then the exertions of Father Mathew have continued to produce results equally extraordinary; the hundreds of thousands of converts have now swelled to millions, and their num[illegible]

Amidst considerable opposition, all the more formidable from the respectable character of the quarter from which it came, the cause within the last few years must be allowed to have materially progressed; and, among other means which have of late contributed to give it additional importance in the estimation of all sober thinking persons, is the immense array of medical names (in London alone forming a roll such as can be equalled in no other capital in Europe) which have recently appeared as signatures to the following propositions:

1. That a very large portion of human misery is induced by the use of alcoholic or fermented liquors as beverages.
2. That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or in wine, beer, ale, porter, cider.
3. That persons accustomed to such drinks may, with perfect safety, discontinue them entirely, either at once or gradually after a short time.
4. That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and intoxicating beverages of all kinds would greatly contribute to the health, morality, and happiness of the human race.

Nothing in Great Britain, however, connected with the temperance movement, can compare in point of moral interest with the meeting of the association termed the 'World's Temperance Convention,' held on the 4th of August last, in the Literary Institution, Aldersgate Street, London. This convention was composed of delegates, representing total abstinence societies, from all parts of Britain and Ireland, as well as America and the East and West Indies. The number present was estimated at between three and four hundred, many of whom had travelled thousands of miles, and had expended large sums of money in order to take part in the proceedings. The idea of a general convention of delegates from the friends of temperance in various parts of the world was first suggested in 1843. The first meeting was proposed for June, 1844; but this not being found practicable, on hearing of the intended conference of evangelical ministers, to be held in London in August, 1846, the committee of the National Temperance Society resolved to take advantage of that circumstance, and determined on fixing on that time for the meeting. With this view they opened a correspondence with societies in various parts of the globe, and receiving favourable answers, the late convention was the result. The deliberations of this body were extended over five days, in the course of which addresses were delivered by gentlemen from America, the East Indies, and from almost all the principal towns in Great Britain and Ireland. Among the other matters agreed on for the furtherance of the cause, a committee was appointed to correspond with societies in all parts of the world, to ascertain how far the formation of a World's Temperance Union would meet with general approbation. The proceedings were of a deeply interesting character throughout, and it cannot be doubted but that the disclosures then made must be the means of calling public attention still more prominently to the fearful evils of intemperance, and its prejudicial and ultimately ruinous influences on nations as well as individuals. So great was the interest taken in the deliberations of this convention, that it was found necessary to hold one of the meetings in Covent Garden Theatre, on which occasion that capacious building was crowded with as large a mixed audience as ever assembled within its walls.

### HISTORY OF A POUND OF COTTON.

The following progress of a pound of cotton may not be uninteresting to our readers. It appeared originally in the 'Monthly Magazine':—'There was sent to London lately from Paisley, a small piece of muslin about one pound weight, the history of which is as follows:—The wool came from the East Indies to London; from London it went to Manchester, where it was manufactured into yarn; from Manchester it was sent to Paisley, where it was woven. It was sent to Ayrshire next, where it was tamboured. It was then conveyed to Dumbarton, where it was handsewed; and again returned to Paisley; whence it was sent to Glasgow and finished; and then sent per coach to London. It may be reckoned about three years that it took to bring this article to market, from the time when it was packed in India, till it arrived complete in the merchant's warehouse in London, whither it must have been conveyed 5000 miles by sea, nearly 1000 by land and have contributed to reward the labour of nearly 150 persons, whose services were necessary in the carriage and manufacture of this small quantity of cotton, by which the value had been advanced more than 2000 per cent.'

### SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill: a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown,
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface.
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No: let us reach a higher mood—
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To others' failings as your own.
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known;
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span:
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

### SNUFF VERSUS BRAINS.

A gentleman once asked the celebrated Abernethy if he thought that the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain. 'No, sir,' was Abernethy's prompt reply; 'for no man with a single ounce of brains would ever think of taking snuff.'

### ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

About the year 1810, while his Royal Highness, in company with his late Majesty King George IV. was reviewing the troops of the eastern districts on Lexden Heath, near Colchester, then commanded by the Earl of Chatham, an old soldier was observed by his majesty mounted on an infirm old hack, and, struck by the veteran's appearance, he requested to know who he was. The commander-in-chief replied that it was old Andrews, the oldest soldier in the service, having served in the respective reigns of George I., George II., and George III.; and that he was then on half pay. An aide-de-camp was immediately despatched to require the attendance of the veteran soldier, and, on his obeying the summons, a long and interesting conversation took place. 'How old are you?' asked the duke. 'I am now ninety years old, your royal highness,' replied Andrews, 'and have been seventy years in the service.' Observing that he was dressed in an old suit of regimentals, his royal highness asked how long he had had them? 'About forty years,' he answered; at which the duke took up the skirt to feel its texture, and remarked that such cloth was not manufactured now-a-days. 'No,' said Andrews, 'nor such men either!' The reply so amused the duke and the prince, that the veteran was ordered to be placed for the future on full pay, thus rendering the residue of his days comfortable. Andrews died at the age of ninety-seven, and was buried in the churchyard of St Mary's, Colchester.—*Naval and Military Sketch-Book.*

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## HEROISM AND SELF-DEVOTION IN HUMBLE LIFE.

In a garret in one of the cross streets of London, there resides an aged man, who has nearly attained his ninetieth year, and in the course of his long pilgrimage has outlived his property, his relations, his strength; and, but for the heroic devotion of a woman, upon whom he has no claim nearer than that of country, he would have outlived all who took any interest in him. The circumstances under which the heroism of this humble female has been developed, and the mode in which it has been exhibited, have recently been brought under our notice, and cannot, we think, fail to prove as interesting to our readers as they have done to ourselves.

It is now many years since Jean Walker, the heroine of this narrative, occupied the position of housemaid, or some equally menial place, in Eglinton Castle, in Ayrshire. About the same time, a Mr Kerr, then a person in middle life, and in a respectable way of business in London, returned for a short time to his native Ayrshire, wooed and married a young woman who was then attending upon some of the ladies in Eglinton Castle, and returned with his bride to London. Soon after, Jean Walker also left her service at the castle, and went to push her fortunes in the great metropolis. She easily found a good situation of the same kind as that which she had hitherto filled, and which was the supreme aim of her humble ambition. Her conduct being irreproachable, Mrs Kerr, her former fellow-servant in the 'Castle o' Montgomery,' felt great pleasure in noticing her, and frequently invited her, a stranger and an unnoted unit in the vast metropolis, to her house. So matters passed on for years, the parties continuing in friendly intercourse with each other, which, however, might never have gone further but for the occurrence of a circumstance that knit the simple but strong affections of Jean to the family of the Kerrs for ever.

It happened that Mrs Kerr, an excellent and charitable lady, had her attention directed to the case of a family in a state of great destitution—the consequence, it is to be feared, of their own improvident, if not dissipated habits. In the extremity of their distress they had not left themselves a bed to lie upon, and Mrs Kerr kindly lent them a spare one which she had by her. Calling upon the family some time afterwards, she discovered, to her mortification and surprise, that her unworthy protegees had sold the bed they had received from her, as well as their own. Returning home, she gave vent to her feelings by saying, 'Well, I am sorry for losing the bed, chiefly because I thought it would suit poor Jeanie when she was marks were not addressed to our heroine, but in some way or other they came to her ears, and the benevolent intentions they indicated with regard to her so worked upon her guileless and simple feelings, that from that hour she internally resolved to devote herself heart and soul to the welfare of the family who appeared to take such an interest in her.

Jean, however, was a woman of few words, and she did not allow her gratitude to evaporate in empty expressions. Besides, with all her simple enthusiasm, she had still enough of the shrewdness of her country to feel how ridiculous would be the expression of promises of help from a poor servant girl to a thriving London tradesman, who probably mixed a share of condescension in his notice of her. She therefore kept her resolutions to herself, but they were not the less sacred in her eyes. For long years she toiled on, an humble but faithful servant, respected and esteemed by all who knew her, and with national prudence storing up the scanty gains her situation afforded, till they accumulated to a considerable sum.

In course of years, Mrs Kerr fell into delicate health, sickened, and died. In her last hours she expressed great anxiety respecting her husband, then advanced considerably in years, and with none left behind who was likely to care for him, or supply to him those comforts which old age requires. Jean heard these tender anxieties; but though they deepened the resolutions she had formed years before, her modesty or her temper even then prevented her from declaring what was fully in her mind to do. But from the time of Mrs Kerr's death she carefully watched the position of the bereaved husband. She saw him gradually become more and more enfeebled—more and more helpless—until he arrived at that state of mind and body which rendered it imperative that he should no longer be left to himself.

The time that Jean had looked forward to through so many long years was now come; and nobly did she discharge her self-imposed and silently cherished vow. Without a moment's hesitation, having first obtained his own consent, she left the situation she had so long held, to the great regret of her employers, and taking up her abode in the house of the aged and infirm widower, she nursed him with all the tenderness of a daughter. She watched and tended him through the tedious and heart-sinking progress of old age, till he settled down into total imbecility; and even at the present time, after a lapse of more than eight years, she still continues her labour of love, though every year adds to its burdens. Nor is this all. She had, as we have already intimated, saved from her small earnings what was, to one in

sum she, on first joining the object of her compassion, at once placed in his hands, to be used by him in the way of his business, which at this time he still continued. Of course security for its return was never for a moment thought of; nor, to do justice to both parties, would it, in the ordinary course of things, have been necessary; for Jean was not more guileless in her disposition than her aged friend. But this very simplicity of character proved his ruin. As age crept on, Mr Kerr intrusted the management of his business to others, who abused their trust, or at least did not show that energy which is so essential for the successful prosecution of every branch of industry in London. The consequence was, that the business by degrees dwindled away; the savings of Jean's life were involved in the wreck; and, burdened with an infirm old man, and age creeping rapidly upon herself, she found she was destitute. In such a case most persons would have given way to reproaches; the few even of the very amiable of mankind would have found it necessary to relieve their mortification by a gentle grumble. But Jean did neither: she proceeded calmly on in her wonted course; or, if there was a change in her deportment, it was an increased kindness to the old man, who she now felt was more than ever dependent upon her exertions. And all this has been done without any appearance of her feeling that she was doing anything extraordinary. With her the whole is a matter of course—the performance of the simplest possible act of duty; and nothing would surprise her more than to hear herself complimented for her conduct.

It may be mentioned, that Jean, coming from the neighbourhood of Ayr, has a distinct remembrance of Burns and his family, and abounds with anecdotes regarding the early youth of Scotland's poet. As might be expected, however, from a rigid Presbyterian of the old school, the youthful and sometimes wicked pranks of the bard have made a deeper impression upon her mind than the splendour of his genius has been able to efface; and her summing up of his character is by no means to his advantage. The downright straightforwardness of her disposition will not permit her to gloss over vice with any fashionable name, however common it may be to do so; wickedness with her is only wickedness.

Had there been an institution existing in this country similar to the Montyon prizes in France, for the encouragement of the gentler and more private, but not on that account the less useful virtues, we cannot doubt that the enduring fortitude and self-devotion of Jean Walker would have received its reward amidst the plaudits of an admiring public. But perhaps it is as well that this is not the case. There is always room for suspicion regarding the absolute sincerity of those virtues for which public rewards are decreed; and, upon the whole, matters work as well in this country, where such devotion, when it exists, springs solely from the benevolence of the individual; and where it labours on, from day to day and from year to year, simply because its labours are labours of love, and it finds its reward in its work. Still it cannot be doubted that many would gladly mark their sympathy with such individuals by cheering them on in their labours and mitigating their privations. If there should be any among our readers inclined to act this benevolent part towards Jean Walker, whose case, it will be seen from the foregoing ungarnished narrative, is such as now to require and deserve aid—the savings of her previous life having been exhausted through no extravagance of her own; and who, even if she were relieved from her self-imposed task, is now altogether unfit to begin again to struggle with the world—we beg to state that we shall cheerfully become the almoner of their bounty. Any sums forwarded to Edinburgh, to our care, will be dispensed in the manner best calculated to meet the necessities of the case.

## REVIVAL AND PROGRESS OF NATIONAL LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

The history of national literature in Scotland does not call for particular remark from the period on which we have now entered till the appearance of Ferguson. The entire absence of nationality in the writings of the Scottish 'literati' who arose and flourished during the times in question, would almost lead to the belief that they had linked themselves in steady confederation, if not to extinguish the spirit which Ramsay's songs and other writings had diffused among their countrymen, at least to do nothing to cherish the flame. From whatever cause, certainly they got marvellously soon into favour in high quarters so soon as they reached London, and we can only account for the sounding praises bestowed by Johnson, to the love he bore them for forbearing to offend his *huge* English tastes by allusion in any of their writings to the scenes, customs, and characters of their native land. Yet a few exceptions, even amongst the literary grandees of Scotland, must be made when we speak of such times as these. Even among men of high intellect and eminent scholarship some good song writing and other Scottish effusions came from the far north, where it would appear that the ambitious soarings of genius had not extinguished completely in the hearts of the learned a relish for national song.

Ogilvie, a most accomplished scholar, and son to the minister of Aberdeen, made, about the middle of the century, rather a distinguished figure as a poetic writer, and his name is certainly not unknown to fame. It is not for his sake, however, that we have paid the north a visit at this time, for he involves himself by his lack of nationality in the almost general condemnation which we are compelled to bestow on the peccant geniuses among whom he lived and flourished. Dr Beattie we have seen trying his hand for at least once in his life upon lines composed in the dialect of his country. This, however, like the solitary pea performance of Beau Brummell, appears to have been the only perpetration of the sort with which the worthy Aberdeen professor can be justly accused. His 'Minstrel,' begun about 1765, is certainly a good poem, and several of its descriptions of natural scenery are well, it is better perhaps at once to say magnificently done; yet let any of our readers take up the poem, and tell us after a careful perusal of what country its scenes and characters give particular evidence of being descriptive. The following, at least, will be allowed to be decidedly English:—

> 'The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
> Crowned with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;
> The whistling ploughman stalks a-field; and, hark,
> Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
> Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
> Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
> The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
> Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
> And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.'

The character of its hero has possibly, we think, seldom been surpassed; but he is a mere abstraction; nothing local cleaves to him. He might have been described by Hesiod or Virgil, by Tasso, Shakspeare, or Hafiz, either in the days of old or in more recent times, and he would have suited any one of the respective countries of which these eminent poets sung just as well as any other. We

are not charging this on Beattie as a fault; on the contrary, it unquestionably adds to the admiration so generally and extensively entertained of his poetic genius; but we do wonder how, by the severest effort, while professedly describing a Scottish peasant, and drawing pictures of scenery in the North Highlands, he could avoid so completely as he has done giving in a few instances utterance to language expressive of Scottish feeling, and of attachment to the hills and rivers amidst which he had been educated and reared. His 'Hermit' is, however, a still more extraordinary performance, with its nightingales and roses, if we regard it as suggested by some fine moonlight scene in the vicinity of the Grampians, surveyed by a young poet born not far from Aberdeen. Had Beattie loved everything Scottish as cordially as Scott or Burns did, or as he himself hated the crowing of a cock, this, we think, could scarcely have been. Beattie, therefore, notwithstanding this solitary effort, must be given over to the ranks of the neutral. We bid him, therefore, farewell, and turn to a very different personage, whom it is quite refreshing in these degenerate times to find mingling Scottish tastes and feelings with the highest literary and academic pursuits.

While Beattie was composing his 'Minstrel,' Skinner, who lived to a great age, and whose classical and literary acquirements fell little short of those of the former, was both delighting, and we do not hesitate to say improving his countrymen by such inspiriting strains as 'Tullochgorum,' the 'Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn,' 'John o' Badenyon,' and various others. Skinner was born at Birse, in Aberdeenshire, about 1721—that is to say, five years before Ross went there to assist Skinner's father, who had the oversight of the parish school. As there exists a considerable similarity between the songs of Skinner and those of Ross, it has been supposed that the latter had been well acquainted with them for many years before they were published. This, however, is mere conjecture. Skinner, like Ross and Beattie, was educated at Aberdeen, where, by his superior scholarship, he was equally successful in obtaining a considerable bursary. After his studies at that university were fully completed, he became assistant to the schoolmaster of Monymusk, where, from his gentlemanly bearing and elegant manners, as well as reputed learning and acknowledged genius, he succeeded in attracting the notice and securing the friendship of the lady of Sir Archibald Grant. This circumstance would have been of no great moment possibly had it not, by placing at his command one of the most finely selected and best-stored libraries in the north of Scotland, contributed to prepare him, by high intellectual culture, for acting as a divine, a scholar, and a Scottish poet—the post of eminence subsequently assigned him. Skinner about this time left the Presbyterian body, and connected himself with the Scottish Episcopalians. In 1742, he was appointed to the charge of the congregation of Longside, in the diocese of Aberdeen. In common with the other Scottish Episcopalians of that time, Mr Skinner underwent considerable persecution. His ministry at Longside extended over a period of sixty-five years, during which, if we except the confinement which he underwent in Aberdeen jail, where he is said to have written several of the songs which he afterwards published, there remains little to be recorded here. He rendered himself useful to society by his writings, and by his songs did something to foster and keep alive the national patriotism of his countrymen. He died in 1807, at the advanced age of eighty-six.

Alexander Geddes, too, is a name which it gives us great pleasure to specify as borne by an individual who, to the highest scholastic attainments and powers of critical analysis, was also distinguished for the nationality which he evinced, partly in his prose writings, and in most of his poems. Geddes was born farther north still than either Ross, Skinner, or Beattie. He was the son of a small farmer; and though, perhaps, in intellectual grasp and real genius, superior even to Beattie, he ever retained, amid all his wanderings, a true heart to Scotland, and forsook not the national muse. Geddes was a Roman Catholic; and, did not the limits to which we are necessarily restricted in these short essays forbid, the temptation to say a good word about this singular character, to describe his eccentricities, his translation of the Bible into good English, his residence in France, his many wanderings, his cruel attack upon the Homer of poor Cowper, his obstinacy and doleful persecutions, would be altogether irresistible. Geddes, so far as we know, wrote no songs, but we have seen a good pastoral of his, the scenery of which is laid somewhere about Traquair. We have perused also a poem written by him, in which he speaks in the most eulogistic terms of the poetry of Ramsay. Geddes, after a life abounding with adventure and incident, died about 1793.

Having already made such frequent allusions to Mallet and his compeers, it will perhaps be proper, before we advance more nearly to the times of Ferguson, to go back a little, and at some greater length and in language less general, offer some proof of that lack of nationality and servile imitation of English modes, both of sentiment and of language, with which we have charged them. Thomson and Armstrong were good men; but of Mallet, who was the son of a vintner in Crieff, and born in 1700, the facts recorded of his life compel us to speak differently. His name was originally Malloch, but he changed it into Mallet to conceal his origin and country. This was a small offence compared with what he committed, when, from two fine old Scotch ballads, he dressed up in a completely English garb his famous 'William and Margaret.' If all this was done to acquire a reputation for disliking his country, he was completely successful; for, we are told, he made an impression on, and enjoyed the esteem of, the first literary characters in England; and, through the recommendation of private friends, he had the good fortune to be appointed undersecretary to Frederick Prince of Wales, at a salary of £200 a-year. How he was despised by the more discerning of his own countrymen, is rendered obvious by the inimitable parody upon his ballad, said to be written by one John Goldie, a weaver, and published about 1756.

Armstrong, as a man of integrity and honour, is not for one hour to be placed by the side of such a heartless being as Mallet. Still he was carried away by the general contagion, and did too much to please his great friends beyond the Tweed. In his 'Art of Health,' the poem on which now his fame chiefly rests, allusions to Scotland, indeed, occur; but when he speaks in praise of the scenes of his youth, his laudation is doled out in such measured language, and with such an air of almost supercilious condescension, that it would nearly make us angry, if it did not wholly make us sick. A biographer, in rather elegant language, offers for him a kind of apology, and asserts 'that it was not to be wondered at though Armstrong, born and cradled in a land full of beautiful traditionary poetry, should have looked upon it all, after he had become an educated man, as so much Doric trash, and found his Tempe in the bowers of Twickenham rather than in the heaths of Liddesdale.' We demur to this. A poet of true heart might rather have been expected to exclaim with Byron—

> 'Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
> In you let the minions of luxury rove.'

Or like Burns, to have sometimes, at least, sat down to sing—

> 'Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
> Where bright-beaming summers exhale their perfume;
> Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
> Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
>
> Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
> Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
> For there lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
> A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.'

But of all our Scotsmen who, about the period of time now under consideration, lived and sung, Thomson, by far in many other respects the greatest, is also most to be admired for the high and unequivocal perfection of his unnationality. No poem ever exhibited tastes and feelings so exclusively English as the 'Seasons.' When Thomson first came to Edinburgh, he took a fit of home sickness, we are told, which sent him back to his parental

valley sooner than the servant who had conducted him on horseback to the city had returned himself. This was when he was first sent to the university, and the distance he ran was between fifty and sixty miles. When his parents remonstrated with him respecting this disobedient conduct, he passionately observed that he could study as well on the banks of Southdean as he could in Edinburgh. This anecdote renders his subsequent fondness for English scenery, and his horror of revealing, by a single glimpse, the love he bore to Scotland, if indeed he loved her at all, somewhat ludicrous. Neither in his 'Seasons,' his Plays, or his 'Castle of Indolence,' does the Scotsman reveal himself. He had, however, his reward, being praised by Talbot and pensioned by the Prince of Wales. A considerable while ago, we assigned to Thomson, in its proper place, the rank and position we considered him entitled to take among our English poets. At present our censure, if such it is esteemed, must be regarded as merely negative. He lacked the sympathies and feelings of a genuine Scotsman; otherwise we have no wish, even the slightest, to detract from his deserved and well-earned fame.

Crossing the Tweed again, we return to Edinburgh, where, about the year 1740, we find the celebrated Dr Webster attracting notice, alike by his extraordinary eloquence, his astounding powers of arithmetical calculation, his hatred of false politics and tyrannical measures, the laborious zeal with which he discharged every duty of his holy office, his constitutional power of resisting the influence of the huge quantities of intoxicating drink he almost daily swallowed, and last, though for our purpose not least, for the force and fire of his amatory poems. Webster, it is true, had no leisure amidst his multiplied duties to favour the public with many of the effusions of the Doric muse; but the little he did write is sufficient to convince us that, had he devoted himself solely to verse, he would have proved himself a genuine son of the North.

In the year 1743 appeared the justly celebrated poem of 'The Grave,' from the pen of the Rev. Robert Blair, at that time minister of Athelstaneford, East Lothian. This poem, though abounding in descriptions at once solemn, pathetic, and sublime, has, however, no peculiar reference to Scotland, and for this reason calls for no particular remark on the present occasion.

Thomas Blacklock, the 'blind poet,' as he is usually called, was a native of Annan, and therefore a Scotsman by birth, yet, from both his parents belonging to England, we know not whether it is fair to classify him with our defaulters. Thomson and Allan Ramsay were his favourite authors when a boy, and he evinced his love for the poetic art as early as his twelfth year. Blacklock's parents were reduced by misfortune to poor circumstances. He received, however, a liberal education, and became a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. He was, moreover, ordained as parish minister of Kircudbright, but after a short trial had to resign his charge, as the flock would not, from the circumstance of his blindness, submit to his ministry. He had by this time gained considerable reputation as a poet, having some years before published a volume, which ran speedily through several editions. When, therefore, in 1764, after the connexion between him and the parish of Kircudbright had been dissolved, he opened a house in Edinburgh for boarders, to be educated privately under his superintendence, he was, notwithstanding his infirmity, immediately successful in acquiring pupils. He attracted notice in Edinburgh, not by his poetry merely, but as a teacher of music, in the composition of which he evinced no ordinary powers. In Edinburgh Blacklock enjoyed the friendship of the highest literary society. At this time Home's 'Douglas' was in vogue, and Home himself in disgrace. We refer only, of course, to his suspension from the ministry in consequence of having brought 'the tragedy' upon the stage. Blacklock had, about this time, translated a French tragedy, which he neither intended to get printed nor acted; but he had read it in manuscript to a few private friends, and he took fright lest the truth coming out, the circumstance of his even having translated a play should subject him to the censure of the church courts. Under these circumstances his friendship with Beattie, which was already so considerable as to have induced the bard, after he had only advanced a few stanzas in the composition of the 'Minstrel,' to take Blacklock's advice in reference to his plan, was greatly increased, and in 1767 that eminent individual procured for our author the title of D.D. Blacklock, though he had done nothing else, would, as the friend and patron of Richard Hewitt, known to the admirer of Scottish song as the author of 'Roslin Castle,' have deserved honourable notice in a sketch like the present. He had taken Hewitt, when a boy, from a village near Carlisle, to lead him, and perceiving in the youth an aptness to be taught, had him instructed in Latin, Greek, and French. He afterwards got him appointed secretary to Lord Milton. The fatigues of the office, however, proved too much for the young poet, and Hewitt's career closed about 1764. As it shall fall in our way to take notice again of Dr Blacklock when we come to consider the life and times of Burns, whom, it is well known, the benevolent old man was the chief means of keeping at home after his chest was on the road to Greenock, when he had taken the last farewell of his friends, and written 'The gloomy night is gathering fast,' by opening new prospects to his poetic ambition, it is not necessary to continue our present sketch. Merely remarking, therefore, that, while the verses of Blacklock are neither awanting in thought, tenderness, nor pathos, they are nearly altogether deficient in nationality, we pass on to another most notorious defaulter of the age.

The Scottish muse, Burns tells us, took a fancy for him while holding the plough, but she does not appear to have exhibited the slightest partiality for the author of the 'Epigoniad,' the celebrated Wilkie, though she might have found him, had she chose, at the same employment. Wilkie was born not far from South Queensferry, on the 5th October, 1721. While yet a boy, attending the school of Dalmeny, and before he had passed his tenth year, he composed a number of verses in good Scotch, and gave promise, if spared, to be a true national bard. But, like Falstaff, poor Wilkie, who went to Edinburgh to attend the college when he was only thirteen, fell a victim to bad company. He had the misfortune to form an intimacy with a certain William Robertson, David Hume, Adam Smith, and John Home, and all his future poetry was decidedly anti-national. His father dying while Wilkie was prosecuting his studies at Edinburgh, the young man was suddenly called away to succeed him as a farmer. While personally engaged in agricultural occupations, he began the 'Epigoniad,' a poem in nine books, from which he chiefly derived his celebrity. Wilkie resumed again, in a few years, the studies which his father's death had interrupted, and at the regular period was licensed by the Edinburgh presbytery to preach the gospel, and soon thereafter became minister of Ratho. The 'Epigoniad' was published in 1757, and though not much read now, still, as the production of a young Scotch ploughman, a cotemporary of Ramsay, it must be regarded as one of the literary curiosities of the age. Wilkie became afterwards one of the professors of the St Andrews University, and as he paid some attention to poor Ferguson while prosecuting his studies, we will require to notice him hereafter, and need, therefore, say little more about him now, than that he used tobacco to an immoderate excess, was eccentrical in his habits, almost a miser in practice, extremely slovenly in his dress, and that Beattie's abhorrence of cock-crowing was a mere joke to Dr Wilkie's horror of clean linen.

As an eminent poet, born in Scotland in the times of which we speak, the celebrated Dr Smollett must now be noticed, as one who had the power, if ever man possessed it, of giving celebrity to the scenes and characters of his native land by the splendid creations of the novelist as well as the effusions of the poet. But there was little nationality about Smollett more than about the others, and his novels have nothing except a few verbal slips that would lead us to infer that a native of that country was their author. A number, indeed, of the characters who figure in 'Humphrey Clinker' are Scotch, and several Scottish scenes

are finely described; but though, in the person of Matthew Bramble, Smollett is thought to have intended to represent himself, he does not appear to have had much enjoyment when revisiting the scenes of his youth—the towering Ben Lomond and the lovely water of Leven. His praise of this latter stream must, however, have been written *con amore*. And what Scotchman but feels both pleased and proud of the intensity of superabundant patriotism as displayed in his matchless ode to 'Independence,' written on his return from the West Indies, after the battle of Culloden,

'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.'

Yet, no more than his compeers is Smollett entitled to the smallest praise for anything he did to advance the nationality of his countrymen. Neither is Home, author of the famous 'Douglas' tragedy, which Hume's French taste preferred to all the plays of Shakspeare put together.

Falconer, the son of an Edinburgh barber, and one of a family of three, all of whom except himself were born deaf and dumb, is one of whose genius his country has reason to be proud, though for the nationality of his muse she owes him nothing. Falconer's father being cousin-german to Mr Robertson, minister of Borthwick, our poet was nearly related to the historian of Edinburgh as also to the present Lord Brougham and Vaux. When very young, he entered as an apprentice on board a merchant vessel at Leith. Some years after, while acting as second mate of a ship engaged in the Levant trade, the vessel was lost, Falconer being one of three who were saved. From this melancholy event he drew the outline and characters of his celebrated poem, 'The Shipwreck,' which was published in Edinburgh in 1762. Previous to this, he had written a few fugitive pieces, and after the publication of 'The Shipwreck,' while residing in London, he became a contributor to the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' His education was extremely limited, arithmetic, writing, and plain English being the whole amount. We are sorry to have to class him with the literary defaulters of his time. He perished at sea when not far advanced in years, and, with the exception of 'The Shipwreck,' is known for little else but some complimentary verses to Frederick Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Falconer, no more than Armstrong, could have had the confidence, when mingling with his London patrons, to sing—

'My heart's in the Highlands,
My heart is not here.'

Notwithstanding the incessant wail we have hitherto endeavoured to maintain respecting the absence of national feeling from the poetry and prose of our country for many years back, it is consoling to reflect on the rapid progress ordinary literature had in the mean time made. About the beginning of the century, you might have discovered among our small Scottish farmers great religious intelligence, and on the kitchen and spence window-sills of many of them books of divinity were frequently to be found; but such persons frowned on all reading that was not exclusively religious. Shakspeare, Spenser, or Pope, they would on no account have permitted their sons and daughters to read. About the middle of the century, however, matters had taken a decided turn. It was then conceded by men of the highest piety, that elegant and religious literature were not incompatible. Mr David Arnott, a farmer on the banks of Lochleven, was the first person who noticed the dawning poetic talents of Michael Bruce, and instead of regarding with a frown the early efforts of the inspired boy, encouraged the flame of his genius by supplying him from his own library with the works of Pope, Swift, Shakspeare, and Milton. The fact is that Hervey's writings, still so popular in Scotland, had contributed by this time greatly to break down the prejudices of the religious community. That writer, by continually praising and quoting before their eyes the very books which their children had horrified them by purchasing with intent to peruse, came in time to give them a sight of their error in so limiting, restricting, and trammelling the literary [illegible] families. It was, we believe, this fascinating writer who, about the middle of last century, did among the religious mechanics and peasantry of Scotland exactly what by his poems Ramsay had achieved many years before among the irreligious. He not only made himself popular, but all his favourites, Milton, Pope, Prior, Shakspeare, and Parnell must, if possible, become so too. But no longer to digress, Michael Bruce appeared before the world as author in 1762, and Logan flourished about the same time; but though they contributed greatly to the renown of their country, still, judging from their works, there was nothing peculiarly Scottish in the tastes or sympathies of either. Of the former delightful writer, a biographical sketch has already appeared in the INSTRUCTOR, rendering farther notice in the present instance quite superfluous. Of Logan, since Dr M'Kelvie has taken away his 'Cuckoo,' we forbear to take farther notice either.

At the period of time we have now reached, Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Adam Ferguson, Blair, and Lord Kames had reached the zenith of their fame, forming a bright galaxy, certainly, of intellectual luminaries, but sending forth from their several orbits or spheres no rays calculated to penetrate the heart or enkindle the dormant sympathies of the Scottish people. In England it was very different. About this time, and for several years before, all the struggle between the rival poets, essayists, and dramatists of the day had been, if not who would most improve the morals, who at least would most gratify the tastes of the populace. But Scotland's hour was come at last and her man also, or rather her boy, for in 1768, when Walter Ruddiman started his 'Weekly Magazine,' Ferguson, who became immediately one of his contributors, was then only in his eighteenth year.

## NEW THOUGHTS ON AN OLD THEME.

THE good old-fashioned notion of 'marriages being made in heaven' is now nearly exploded from among all but the very vulgar; and no wonder, because, although a very comfortable one, inasmuch as it amounted to the doctrine of predestination in matters matrimonial, and the consequent duty of passive submission to it, it has been found impossible to reconcile it even decently with modern practice. Indeed, how far the theory was ever borne out by experience may fairly be questioned, for there have always been marriages that heaven can have had very little to do with. At any rate, were such theory now to be brought into vogue again, acted upon, and consistently acted up to, a great many notable mammas might exclaim, 'Othello's occupation 's gone!' their chief occupation, that to which all the rest are but subsidiary, being the making or endeavouring to make marriages for their daughters—of course what are termed 'eligible matches,' for as to a mere marriage the great difficulty frequently is not to promote but to prevent it, even though those whom it does not concern might hold it to be one of heaven's own making. Certain it is that husband-hunting and husband-chasing, a sort of steeple-chase in which the steeple points out the ultimate goal of expectation just at its foot, constitutes the chief staple and stamina of a very great proportion of modern novels, professing to give truthful delineations of society as it exists. If such records of living manners are to be credited, a Machiavelli or a Talleyrand might take lessons in astute policy, and the subtlest finesse of diplomacy, from a female veteran in the art of match-making—the difficult art of obtaining not merely husbands but establishments for daughters; and it is perhaps the securing the latter which constitutes a decided improvement upon the old-fashioned system of marriages 'made in heaven,' when such a worldly matter as an establishment might be forgotten.

If we have thus far indulged in a tone partaking of a degree of levity that may be thought very ill suited to so serious a subject and so momentous a step in life as marriage is, from which, when once taken, there is no retreating, it is not out of levity of purpose; for we earnestly wish that the matrimonial union, and the responsibilities and duties it imposes, were more seriously considered, and

that there were less of mercenary and more of sober prudential calculation in an affair of such extreme importance as marriage, which often influences the whole of after-life either for weal or for wo; and, for the latter, not seldom even where external circumstances present a fair and alluring outside show to the world.

Perhaps the strongest arguments in favour of celibacy are those which are drawn from observing how comparatively few instances there are of unfeigned connubial happiness—of sincere attachment and equal reciprocal affection. There are not, we fear, many married couples in any class of society that could honestly prefer their claim to the 'flitch of bacon,' which, though now an obsolete custom and bare tradition, might be usefully enough recorded upon wedding-rings as a *memento* to wives if not to husbands. The humbler the station in life, the more essential does mutual kindness become, and the more indispensably requisite for domestic comfort. Among the higher classes of society, some regard is had to appearances—to the venial hypocrisy of decorum—even in the bitterest matrimonial dissensions; a well-bred indifference, or perhaps even studied politeness, conceals what would be offensive to and scandalise acquaintance. It may, indeed, be surmised and whispered that my lord and my lady do not live very happily together; but then that is their affair, nor does it at all interfere with the arrangements of a well-conducted household in private, or disturb the decencies of society. When alone, they can be as much apart as they please without at all intruding upon each other. Very different is the case in middling life; still more, and most wofully so, in that lower grade of society where the disorderly passions are emancipated from all the restraints of decorum or even of common decency; where a brawling wife, or a sottish and brutal husband, becomes a pest almost to neighbours—to the unhappy partner little less than a curse, rendering poverty more helpless and hideous than ever.

There is a Polish proverb which says—'Charming girls, delightful maidens! Where then do all the cross-grained wives come from?' This more *naive* than gallant interrogation applies equally to the other sex; for if matrimony often metamorphoses charming smiling damsels into cross-grained wives, it is quite as apt to transform obsequious sweethearts into bearish, tyrannical husbands. It is not to be supposed that, let them be ever so wilfully improvident and indiscreet, people marry with the anticipation of constantly disputing afterwards. There is generally something like a tolerable assurance that they shall continue to *like* each other. How then happens it, so frequently as it does, that that liking quickly subsides, and is succeeded by coolness and indifference if by no worse feeling? It is to be suspected that courtship, with its plausible tones and flattering, smiling face, so engrosses the attention of the young as to prevent their duly examining the more sober visage of matrimony, standing just in the background, or they would discover a few frowns upon it, and perhaps an expression betokening anything but uniform placidity. It is a pity that lovers so seldom show their real dispositions to each other until it is too late, the discovery, when postponed till after marriage, being almost invariably a disagreeable one, 'for worse' instead of at all 'for better.' If there has been disguise, by all means let the mask continue to be worn; let the pleasantness of ante-nuptial delusion be kept up; let the husband and wife go on exhibiting to each other those perfections which captivated the lovers. Let them persist in *acting the amiable* to each other, and perhaps habit will in time render such acting a second nature to them. Let them, too, be frugal with the 'honey-pot,' and not empty it all at once, thereby surfeiting and cloying themselves, till the sweetness that first relished so well becomes distasteful.

A very little penetration will enable any one to interpret our figurative expression 'honey-pot' by the more familiar yet still figurative one of honeymoon, during which stinted period of hymeneal felicity the matrimonial honey is devoured so greedily, and wasted so unthriftily, that nothing is left of it wherewith to sweeten the acidity and bitterness of moons to come. *A propos* of honeymoons, we once heard a rather smart reply on the subject, when, being sportively asked by a lady for his opinion on it, a rather blunt-spoken gentleman gave for answer that he took honeymoons to be nothing more or less than mere *moonshine*. Happy those then who, by an alchemy more precious than the philosopher's stone, can convert such moonshine into the sunshine that cheers and irradiates the matrimonial state.

It is Goethe who somewhere makes a remark to the effect that it would be wiser were the newly married to defer some of their raptures, and friends to postpone their congratulations to the 'happy couple,' until the first anniversary of the wedding day, when it could be better judged how much there was to exult for or to felicitate upon. No doubt a vast amount of congratulation, by far too good a thing to be idly squandered away, would be saved, should such a course be ever adopted; for in most cases a very moderate share of it would suffice for the occasion, and in some, for congratulation, might very properly be substituted condolence, not that there is much difference between the two in point of value, the one article being just as cheap as the other.

It has long been the invariable fashion with novelists to deck out their heroines in the most brilliant array; but no sooner do they become brides than they drop the curtain and veil them from our gaze. We are, indeed, very comfortably and very confidently assured of the subsequent nuptial felicity and its permanency, but are not permitted to take a peep at it. Revelations of married life are frequent enough in novels, but they are pictures of much later date than the honeymoon, and, somehow or other, generally of an unfavourable cast, certainly not calculated to give the uninitiated a very flattering idea of the wedded state. It may be observed, too, that with the exception of the heroine herself, who according to inviolable etiquette is a paragon of perfection, a positive phœnix both in body and in mind, the other female characters brought on the stage by the novelist seldom surpass the every-day specimens of the sex, and some of them are so much the reverse, so below the average moral standard, that it is to be hoped there are very few prototypes of them in real life. It is much the same, too, as regards the other sex; wherefore it may be questioned whether novels do not tend almost as much to discourage from as to impel to matrimony, notwithstanding that they make marriage the *summum bonum* of existence; for who dare hope to catch such a phœnix as a novel heroine, even supposing he is so lucky as to discover one? It is owing, perhaps, to such phantoms of more than mortal excellence being hunted after, that so many girls who, albeit not of the superfine heroine race, might make very good every-day helpmates for such every-day creatures as most of the 'lords of the creation' are, are at last obliged to declare in favour of single blessedness, which is very often the only portion that falls to the share of the portionless. Well, there is a harder lot than theirs; that of the woman whose portion has purchased her no better bargain in the matrimonial market than a cold and sullen if not a tyrannical mate. In such case, the honeymoon is succeeded by years of gall and wormwood; nor is it any great alleviation for her to be conscious, perhaps, that if she has been deceived it was because she first of all willingly deceived herself.

Single blessedness, as it is deridingly termed, is in one respect, if not meritorious, perfectly inoffensive, for it does not disturb the peace of others by exciting the self-tormenting passion of envy except in those unfortunates who, in their eagerness to escape from it, have stepped into wedded misery. By no means do we mean to say that such misery is in the usual course of things; on the contrary, there seems to be a decent proportion of tolerably comfortable couples in the world, though not exactly pattern ones; no very bright exemplars of connubial bliss, as described by poets, but good sort of people, who, having taken each other for better or worse, put up with the worse in the hope that the better will take its turn. They resignedly dispense with all that romance of fine sentiment which,

even where it has existed, is very rarely protracted beyond the few first stages of married life. And why should it, or rather, how can it be protracted? Love is a sort of intoxication that, however strong, cannot be permanent; a state of excitement that must sooner or later subside and settle down into the sober composure which attends the assured possession of a treasure. Courtship is to the young what a new plaything is to a child; but though the child's delight proclaims itself very loudly and very rapturously, grown-up people would not exchange for it the less tumultuous satisfaction attending the consciousness of having a goodly balance of four or five figures in their banker's books. So is it with a perfectly happy matrimonial union; it is a dead calm which it baffles the novelist's art to depict so as to rescue it from apparent insipidity. It *looks* like a state of mere torpor; there is nothing of the picturesque or exciting in it; none of those animated matrimonial '*scenes*' in which the novelist and dramatist can display forte and bravura. To them uninterrupted matrimonial harmony is no forte-piano, it being all *piano* without the requisite *forte;* therefore they care not to touch it. To borrow an illustrative comparison from another art, it is like Chinese painting—without any shadows, consequently flat and unimpressive. No wonder, then, that the pictures of married life which we meet with in novels are more piquant than flattering; and let us hope that the dealers in fiction make abundant use of that article as the chief ingredient in their recipe for concocting matrimonial portraits and dialogues, whose acidity is doubtless intended to correct the palling sweetness of courtship ones.

Disappointment in the married state would be far less frequent, were not too much expected from it; far more than is compatible with the infirmity of human nature. Hence, very violent love matches do not always turn out so happily as those in which there has been more of sober discretion than romantic passion. While rational liking and preference may ripen into rational attachment and permanent regard, a too exalted passion, when it once does begin to come down—and it is hardly possible that it should be kept up for any continuance—is apt to come down very rapidly, and even the effort to support it at its original elevation tends to accelerate its fall. The 'happy couple' keep continually annoying themselves by most unhappy comparisons between the past and present state of their feelings; any abatement of fervour is interpreted as growing indifference, and resented accordingly; till by degrees resentment becomes as warm as was the fervour which it has supplanted. There is no state or condition of life without some alloy; that of marriage has enough of it even at the best, but there is a simple talisman which, if begun and continued to be made use of from the honeymoon, will be found of most efficacious and beneficial influence, and we earnestly recommend it under the name of—

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

## PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

### TIDES AND WAVES.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the sea is its ceaseless motion, which in all ages has rendered it the most striking emblem of instability. This agitation is chiefly caused by that regular rise and fall of its waters known under the name of tides. It was observed by the philosophers of antiquity, at a very early period in the world's history, that there was a gradual flux and reflux of the waters in the Arabian Sea and Red Sea. In the time of Alexander the Great, it was conjectured that the tides were in some way or other affected by the moon. This idea seems not to have been altogether lost sight of, as it formed a part of the different theories which were originated by philosophers of a more recent age. Kepler first hit on the true cause of the tides, by concluding that the waters gravitated towards the moon. It remained for the penetrating genius of Newton to *demonstrate* that the tides are caused by the operation of the universal principle of attraction. The fact that the phenomena of the tides corresponded with what he demonstrated must be the case, on the supposition of universal gravitation, constituted a strong argument in support of his views regarding that mysterious influence which binds in harmonious connexion all the particles of matter and all the bodies in space. It is now regarded as an undoubted principle of science, that the tides are produced by the combined attraction of the sun and moon. As the moon's distance from the earth is only about *one four-hundredth* part of the sun's, her attraction has consequently greater power over the waters of the sea than that of the sun, which is observable only in modifying the attraction of the moon. The proportion of the lunar to the solar influence is as 5 to 2. When the attraction of the sun and moon acts in exactly the same, or in a directly opposite direction, the tides are highest; and when the lines of their attraction cross each other, and they pull as it were in different but not opposite directions, the tides diminish in proportion to the angle formed by the lines of their attraction.

As the moon has greatest force on the meridian to which she is vertical, and as the earth revolves daily round its own axis, every meridian on the earth's surface is presented to the moon twice in the course of a complete revolution. Hence there are two tides in a lunar day, which consists of 24 hours 50 minutes, consequently the interval between the two times of high water is about 12 hours 25 minutes. The time of *low* water is not exactly equally distant from the hours of *high* water, but very nearly so. It was observed at Brest, which is favourably situated for observations on the tides, and where an accurate register was kept about the beginning of last century, that the flood tide commonly takes ten minutes less than the ebb. The tides are not all the same in regard to the elevation and depression of the waters, as they have a reference to the relative position of the sun and moon, and differ as the moon advances in her revolution round the earth. The highest tides take place about new and full moon, and the lowest when she is midway between these positions, or has reached her quadrature. The highest tide is not at the very time of new and full moon, nor the lowest at the quadrature, as it is some time after till the waters are affected by the attraction, in the same way as the warmest time of the day is a little after noon, and the warmest season of the year after the equinox. The two highest tides during the lunar revolution are called *spring tides*, and the two lowest *neap tides;* these generally begin with the third tide after new and full moon and after the quadratures. The higher the flood rises the lower is the ebb, and the extent of the tide is estimated by the difference between low and high water. The medium spring tide at Brest is about nineteen feet, and the medium neap tide about nine feet. As the moon moves round the earth in an elliptical orbit, she is sometimes nearer to the earth and sometimes more remote. The highest spring tide happens when she is nearest the earth, and the lowest when she is farthest from it. The difference in each case is about 2¾ feet from the height of the medium spring tide.

If the moon moved uniformly on the plane of the equator, the tides would always be highest on the equatorial parallel, and would gradually decrease on each side towards the poles, where there would be no tide. As there are two points on the earth's surface where there is high water at the same time, the one at which the moon is vertical and the other directly opposite, if the moon be north of the equator the one elevation will be north and the other south, and if south the reverse. Suppose any given place situated on the same side of the equator as the moon, it is obvious that the elevation of the waters immediately under the moon will approach that place more nearly than the elevation on the opposite side; hence the day-tide, or that which takes place when the moon is above the horizon, is greater than the night-tide, which happens when the moon is below the horizon. When the sun and moon are both in the tropics, the circles of elevation are on different sides of the equator, and as they are then farthest distant from each other, the difference of the tides will be greatest. It is for this reason that in summer the evening tides hap-

pen when the sun and moon are both above the horizon, are higher than the morning tides, which happen when they are below the horizon. The difference at Bristol is observed to be fifteen inches and at Portsmouth a foot. As the moon's revolution takes place in 29½ days, and the sun's apparent revolution in 365¼ days, and as during the revolutions they are sometimes on the same and sometimes on different sides of the equator, the tides are thereby subject to frequent variations. A great extent of ocean is necessary in order that the disturbing forces may have full and regular effect. In confined seas, as the Mediterranean, the Baltic, and Black Sea, which do not afford free access to the tidal wave from the great ocean, there is scarcely any tide perceptible. It is calculated on mathematical principles that the elevation produced by the tide on the waters of the Caspian Sea would not exceed *six inches*. Since as great a change, in either way, might be produced by a breeze of wind, nothing can be ascribed to the exclusive influence of the tide. The height and time of the tide, at any particular place, are very much dependent on the position of the place in regard to channels, gulfs, and promontories. At Bretagne, on the north coast of France, where the tide rushes from a confined channel, it sometimes rises to a height of fifty feet. The tide of the German Ocean is twelve hours in passing from the mouth of the Thames to London Bridge.

The sea is subject to an almost constant disturbance produced by the friction of the winds. The unruffled surface of water is affected by the slightest impression, which cause ridges or elevations proportioned to the amount of external force. When a stone is thrown into a smooth lake, expanding rings shoot off from the place where the stone falls as a common centre; the larger the stone, or the greater the force with which it is projected, the more numerous are the circles and the greater their elevation above the general level. The wind acts upon the ocean in much the same way, and causes those undulations on its surface which we call waves. It is a common misapprehension that the water itself advances in the shape of a wave; this, however, is not the case, and a wave in the sea is merely a particular form which the water assumes, and this *form* in its progression constitutes the wave. The same thing is observed when a brisk wind blows over a field of ripening corn; waves move along in beautiful succession, but the corn stands with its roots unmoved and its position unaltered. Waves of the same kind are produced by shaking the end of a loose rope; the form curls along in graceful whirls, but the rope remains unbroken and its texture unchanged. Every one is familiar with the undulatory movements which take place in the shaking of a carpet, the wavy form moves over and rises according to the power which is exerted and the extent of the carpet. This is a perfect specimen of what occurs on the surface of an extensive ocean. The Bay of Biscay, which terminates the broad expanse of the Atlantic and receives the billow which has swept in increasing magnitude over its ample bosom, is noted for its swelling waves. The Southern Ocean, stretching in unbroken sweep from the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, exhibits the heaving deep in majestic grandeur; there a few elevations and depressions occupy the space of a mile, and travel at the rate of *thirty* miles an hour. High and awful as these billows really are, imagination depicts them far beyond their true dimensions. The mightiest waves, which are described as mountains high, do not exceed *ten feet* above the medium level, and in all probability do not descend farther than the same extent below the surface. The motion, therefore, occasioned by waves is entirely superficial, and attempts have even been made to construct *submarine vessels* for sailing beneath the agitated surface. This superficial commotion of water may be allayed by throwing oil on the surface. Tanners avail themselves of a knowledge of this fact by throwing a little oil into their pits, and thus prevent the foaming agitation which would otherwise arise. In addition to the tide and waves, the waters of the sea have a general motion westward, in consequence of the earth's diurnal revolution. From these combined influences, the sea is never at rest, and hence it has been employed in all ages as the most striking image of tumult and commotion.

The sea is the highway of the world, over which ships transport the productions of civilised nations. It connects regions the most remote, and affords the means of quick and easy communication. On land, towering mountains and extensive forests often intercept the progress even of the solitary traveller, and form insuperable obstacles to every method of conveyance. It is only in countries far advanced in civilisation and commercial greatness that facilities are afforded for safe and rapid conveyance. Enormous capital and great enterprise are necessary for projecting and executing these works of art, and the most durable of them are subject to decay from frequent use and the lapse of time. Were it not for the ocean, the inhabitants of the different parts of the world would be unacquainted even with each other's existence; the temple of science would never have reached the magnitude of that stupendous fabric whose materials have been gathered from every clime; the sphere of human observation would be narrowed, the arts comparatively rude, the means of subsistence and the comforts of life scarce and unvaried. The sea is an exhaustless reservoir, whence water continually arises and to which it all returns. By means of evaporation, water is constantly ascending from the sea into the atmosphere, from which it descends upon the earth in the form of dew, rain, and snow. These either serve directly to promote fertility and nutrition, or descend into the earth by filtration, and again rise in springs and fountains, which form the rivers, all of which return into the sea. The water thus moves on in an endless circuit through sea, air, and earth. The sea is the abode of fishes and other marine animals, which form a considerable part of human subsistence. The inhabitants of the deep must be wonderful in number and variety, and yet they are all as admirably adapted to the element in which they live and move as are those of the earth and sky. 'How manifold are thy works, O God, in wisdom hast thou made them all!' Well might the poet exclaim—

> And thou, majestic main,
> A secret world of wonders in thyself,
> Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
> Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

## WOMAN.

BY HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

(Written for the Instructor.)

O woman! lovely woman! thou
Shalt share in the bard's divinest vow—
Shalt share, for thy weal in this life of wo,
The warmest prayer that his heart can know,
Till cold be the heart that shall never find
A kindness, as thine, so deeply kind;
And shrouded this eye that shall brighter be
In its ray to the last to look upon thee!

Without thy tear—thy approving smile,
The heart to melt, and its cares beguile—
Thy form of beauty to meet the eye,
And fill the soul with enchantment high—
Oh! what were the scenes we here survey,
And what the minstrel, and what his lay?
Sweet floweret of beauty, of bliss, and bloom,
How warm is thy heart, and cold its doom—
How tender thy form, and thy being how gay,
'Mid the many snares that thy steps belay!
Sweet woman! this eye has wept for thee
When only the angels and God could see:
This bosom has bled, and must bleed again,
To know of thy frailty, thy sorrow, and pain,
And all the evils of falsehood and art
That wither thy warm and thy wareless heart!

But the scene shall change, and the time shall be
That angels and seraphs shall smile on thee.
Oh! yet shall it be, though thy charms must fade,
And thy form in the coldness of death be laid,
That thine eye of light and thy bosom of snow
No sorrow shall feel and no darkness know—

In climes where thy robes shall be ever new,
Thy food the flower, and thy drink the dew;
And thy thoughts the bliss of the bowers above,
Inwove with the truths of Eternal Love.

And yet shall it be that the hearts of guile
That have marr'd thy beauty and dimm'd thy smile,
Shall look on thee with anguish more keen
Than that which in thine hath ever been,
And seek from thy glances of power to hide,
Though regions of darkness and sorrow betide.
Yet then—even then, thy bosom of love,
Methinks, shall its wonted sympathy prove;
And the feelings and yearnings of pity live,
That their wrongs to Heaven and thee would forgive.

Frail woman! for thee was the earth accursed,
But the One shall save that thy breast hath nursed;
Thy couch shall be cold, and thy slumber deep,
But thy eye any more shall not wake to weep,
Nor thy heart to bleed with a wild dismay,
Or thy form of beauty to know decay,
But spring as a bud from the drear abode,
And blossom anew in the bowers of God.

## DREAMS: WITH EXAMPLES.

In every period of the world's history, dreams have in a greater or less degree engaged the attention of all classes of men, from the peasant to the prince, from the unlettered savage to the sage. We find them occupying a place in the earliest records of the human family, and occasionally constituting interesting links of the chain by which important events were connected together. From the sacred narrative, we learn that the servants of the Most High were in dreams frequently admonished of danger, relieved of fears, and encouraged to duty; and that 'visions of the night' were ofttimes the chosen medium through which the Almighty revealed events which the dark vista of futurity hid from mortal view.*

To this source may with probability be ascribed the origin of that blind faith in the mysterious nature of dreams which was so generally yielded by succeeding generations. During those dark ages in which superstition swayed the sceptre of universal empire, and held the minds of men in the most abject and degrading vassalage, dreams were usually regarded as precursors of coming events, as shadows which futurity cast before it, in whose dim outline its form and character were portrayed. The airy visions of the night were then scrutinised with minute attention and care, that their portentous meaning might be correctly apprehended. Their ideal intimations were regarded with almost as profound and reverential attention as would have been accorded to direct and audible disclosures conveyed by accredited angelic visitants. Happily, those days have now gone by, the light of science has dispelled many of the clouds of mystery by which this subject was formerly enveloped, and the plastic hand of philosophic inquiry has reduced to order and beauty what was once a rude and shapeless mass of vague superstition and credulity. In prosecuting their investigations on this subject, philosophers have directed attention, *first*, to the state of the mind during dreaming, and, *secondly*, to the causes which determine the character of the dream.

I. *State of the mind during dreaming.*—Almost all authorities on this subject are at one in the opinion that during the act of dreaming the mind is in a transition-state from deep sleep to waking, or *vice versa;* that certain powers are active while others are entirely dormant; that memory † and imagination are in lively play, and are unfettered by the operation of judgment, which is completely suspended, or by the reports of the external senses. This view of the subject seems consonant with reason. One high authority, however, Dr Abercrombie, whose opinions on this as on every point connected with the philosophy of mind, are entitled to attentive regard, considers that even when deepest torpor overspreads the internal and external senses, mental images may be present, but of so slight and transient a character as to leave no impression on the memory during the waking moments. The converse of this theory is ably insisted on by Lord Brougham in his 'Discourse on Natural Theology,' where he maintains that the *mediate* state, between deep sleep and waking, is the only one in which dreams can possibly take place.

II. *Causes of dreams.*—Dreams have been variously grouped by different authorities, according to the causes which they conceived to produce them. Modern writers pretty nearly agree upon the following classification:—

1. Recent events, or recent mental emotions, frequently resolve themselves into a dream. Of the truth of this position, the experience of every one furnishes abundant evidence. Whatever has particularly engrossed our thoughts during the day, whether of a merry or doleful character, is very often made the sport of fancy the following night, and the extravagant colouring which she generally gives to her pictures, when unrestrained by her sober companion the judgment, presents the scene more vividly to view than it was seen during the waking moments. A majority of our dreams belong to this class. Every one, in fact, conceives of it as *natural* for the schoolboy to dream of his tasks, the lover of his mistress, and the man of business of his merchandise and gains.

2. Closely related to the dreams now mentioned are those which owe their origin to a greater degree of development possessed by some of the mental powers than by others, enabling them sooner to throw off their somnolency, and resume their active state. According to the nature of these powers so will be the character of the dreams. Should the predominant faculties be those of the painter, the poet, or musician, we will have dreams corresponding to these various endowments.

3. An immense number of dreams take their rise from bodily sensations, whether conveyed through the medium of the external senses or produced from within. Thus, heat or cold applied to the body, the noise of something falling, or the din of persons talking, impeded respiration from an uneasy position in bed, or derangement of the digestive organs from heavy meals or ardent spirits, all severally produce impressions on the *sensorium*, which are made the foundation of dreams of a kind corresponding to the cause that produced them.

4. Dreams sometimes consist of old associations respecting events which had long been forgotten. This power possessed by dreams, not only of 'brightening up the dim regions of the past,' but of recalling scenes and emotions over which had long hung the mantle of oblivion, is at present quite inexplicable. Both Macnish and Abercrombie confess themselves unable to account for it.

5. Superior in interest to any of the classes of dreams now mentioned are those which bear reference to the future, especially when in the course of events they meet their fulfilment. That many dreams of this kind which have been recorded owe much of their marvellous character to the excited imagination of those who experienced them, and might be easily accounted for on natural principles, we readily grant; but we withhold the concession that all the well-attested cases of this description derive their importance solely from the embellishment of the narrators, or admit of being satisfactorily explained on any principles with which we are yet acquainted. Should a young aspirant for academic honours, for example, dream that his efforts were to be crowned with success, and that the laurel-wreath was to bedeck his brow, we would consider it nothing remarkable should the dream be verified. The wished-for consummation would doubtless almost entirely engross his thoughts during the day, and we cannot wonder that it should form the subject of a dream during the

* Of numerous Scripture references see the following: Genesis, xv. 1; xx. 3 and 6; xxviii. 15-25; xxxi. 11 and 24; xli. 1-36. Numbers, xii. 6. 1 Kings, iii. 5. Daniel, ii., iv., vii. Matthew, i. 20; ii. 12.

† The term 'memory' is here used not in the sense of *recollection*, which implies an act of volition or mental effort; but as expressive of the spontaneous recurrence to the thoughts of scenes and images formerly treasured up in the mind.

night. But in reference to those dreams (for such we believe there are, although comparatively few in number) which predict future events, regarding which not a thought had previously crossed the mind, we are lost in mystery. Macnish, with much self-complacency, styles them purely accidental, and seems perfectly satisfied with this brief explanation. Abercrombie, with more of a philosophic spirit, after relating several dreams of this kind, in his celebrated work on the 'Intellectual Powers,' attempts to account for them by *supposing* that certain trains of thought had been previously passing through the minds of those who experienced them. But we may justly be permitted to question the validity of that reasoning which rests on *assumed* though *plausible* premises. Another philosopher of the present day, whose acute and penetrating intellect is fully displayed in his 'Physical Theory of Another Life,' and whose soaring imagination, even in its loftiest flights into the future and unseen, carries upon its pinions the regulating pressure of a sound understanding, confessing himself 'not ashamed of believing in company with the vulgar,' hazards the conjecture that in such cases the dream is the result of some mysterious communication made by one of those spiritual beings who 'walk the earth unseen,' and that this agency, so far from infringing on any of the established laws of nature, and so constituting a *miracle*, may be but the operation of some of the laws of spiritual essence with which we are as yet quite unacquainted. Withholding for the present our assent to this startling proposition, we most cordially concur in another sentiment expressed by the same highly talented writer, 'That in considering this, or any such extraordinary class of facts, our business is in the first place to obtain a number of instances, supported by the direct and unimpeachable testimony of intelligent witnesses, and then, being thus in possession of the facts, to adjust them as far as we can to other parts of the philosophy of human nature.' Or, as expressed by Abercrombie, 'The subject appears worthy of a careful investigation, and there is every reason to believe that an extensive collection of facts, carefully analysed, would unfold principles of very great importance in reference to the philosophy of the mental powers.' Acting on the principle here inculcated, we shall relate three dreams, as remarkable, we think, when viewed in their connexion with each other, and with the events to which they bear reference, as any of the kind hitherto recorded. 'The truth, and nothing but the truth,' shall be religiously adhered to in the narration both of the dreams and their fulfilment. We shall first briefly record the events with which the dreams stand connected.

A family residing in ——shire, in the east of Scotland, which during a period of upwards of twenty years, through the kindness of Providence, had remained unbroken, was, in the spring of 1838, visited with that scourge of our island, typhus fever. The first sufferer and victim was the eldest daughter, C——, in her nineteenth year, and, up to the period of attack, in the full bloom of health. Her case reached a fatal termination in three weeks. By the time of her death, several others of the family had shown symptoms of the fever, among whom were the three remaining daughters and a young boy, whose respective periods of seizure were not far distant. For nine days from the death of C——, the cases progressed without unfavourable symptoms, but fears then began to be entertained regarding A——, one of the daughters, eleven years of age. It was in vain that the symptoms, one by one as they arose, were met by the most prompt and effectual treatment; they mocked the puny efforts of the healing art, and went careering onwards to the fatal close. Four days before the death of A——, the third on the dark catalogue of victims, J——, thirteen years of age, presented symptoms of the most unfavourable kind, and it soon became painfully evident to friends and attendants that she also was advancing with rapid strides to the fatal goal (and two days before the death of A—— the house presented the melancholy spectacle of two adjoining rooms with a deathbed scene in each). Every hour confirmed the fears entertained regarding the issue of her case, and three days from the death of A—— she resigned the struggle. 'Lovely and pleasant in their lives, they were not divided in their deaths,' and the grave which, but a short fortnight before, closed over the remains of their beloved sister, was again opened to receive these fresh trophies of its relentless power. Regarding the other two affected with the fever, a few words will suffice. They both ultimately recovered. M——, the only surviving daughter, passed through a protracted course of the disease, and afterwards through a slow and lingering convalescence. Her symptoms were at one time such as to excite considerable apprehensions in the minds of her relatives, but they afterwards declined to an ordinary fever case. The boy was more than once in extreme danger, and throughout his case was severe. Such is a brief account of the distress and desolation with which this family was visited, greater certainly than often falls to the lot of suffering humanity in such a brief space of time. Dropping the curtain on these melancholy scenes, and with it the tear of sympathy for those who endured them, let us now notice the dreams, the precursors of the tragic events.

*First Dream.*—The first we shall relate occurred to a member of the family residing more than sixty miles south of the Tweed. It took place, as nearly as can be remembered, toward the end of the first week of C——'s illness, and this can be fully vouched for, that not a thought of sickness or death occurring to the family had previously crossed his mind. He dreamed that he had received a letter from his father, deeply bordered with black, and that on opening it he read distinctly as follows:—'My dear ——, Our family has long been entire, but I have now to intimate that a breach has taken place——;' here a mistiness came over the paper and he could see no more. The agitation produced awoke him, and of course broke the dream. Next morning, at breakfast, he related it to his friend, who merely remarked that some people would consider it a sufficient reason for writing home to see if all was well. The reply was, that 'he had no faith in dreams,' and he dismissed it accordingly. Nothing more was thought of it till *ten* days afterwards he received a letter announcing the illness of his sister, and then the dream came powerfully back to his mind, and tended to increase the anxiety he otherwise experienced.

*Second Dream.*—The second dream was experienced by C——, who, as remarked, was the first victim of the fever. About a week or ten days before her illness, she dreamed that the whole family were in church one Sunday afternoon in the family pew; that during service a part of the pew *fell away;* that she was in the part which thus fell away; that in the confusion which ensued she got to the door of the church, and, on looking around, found her two sisters J—— and A—— with her, and saw Dr ——, the medical attendant of the family, coming to see what had happened. This dream she related to her mother the following morning, who made some passing remark in reply, and the whole was for a time speedily forgotten.

*Third Dream.*—The subject of the third dream was Mr H——, personally well known to the family, and residing from them between two and three miles. His dream occurred *a few weeks* before the commencement of their afflictions. He dreamed that he was spending an afternoon at ——, the residence of the family, and that he, the mother, the four daughters, and the young boy, sauntered out for a walk by the side of a small stream which meanders through some adjoining fields, and passes by the foot of the garden; that by and by C—— disappeared from the party, and that after a short time A—— and J——, one after the other, were amissing; that the mother became alarmed and sent M—— to seek them, and that after a time she returned saying that they were nowhere to be found. The boy was all the while at the water's edge, but never out of sight. The individual who had this dream retained for long after a vivid recollection of the agony of the mother at the loss of her children, and especially of her passionate exclamation, 'I will never see them more!' He felt a strange uneasiness in the morning, and could not attain composure until he had seen one of the

mily to make inquiry 'If they were all well?' Receiving an affirmative reply, he thought no more of his dream ll the death of C—— forcibly recalled it to mind. To a ember of the family he then related it, so far as it involved C——, remarking that he had not told the whole, nd that he would reserve the rest for another time. And deserves to be repeated that *then* no danger was apprehended regarding any of the others. After the other eaths he disclosed the whole. He mentioned that he was logether unable to account for the dream, nothing pertaining to the family having in any way previously occupied his thoughts.

Having thus narrated the events, and the dreams which eem to have presaged them, we would very briefly advert o what appear to us their chief points of interest.

1. It is worthy of remark that not merely *one* but *three* reams should have occurred, all bearing in various ways pon the same events; two of them experienced by members of the same family, living two hundred miles apart, nd that the number of dreams corresponds with the umber of deaths.

2. In the first mentioned dream the word 'breach' was listinctly seen in the letter. This is striking. Had it aid instead that a 'death' had taken place, it would not have expressed the full extent of the calamity. But 'breach' is equally expressive of one and of any number of deaths.

3. In the three dreams now recorded we perceive a gradation in regard to the extent to which they unfold the sad events. The first merely announces in plain terms the fact of a 'breach,' notifying neither the names nor the number of the victims. The second goes a step farther, and, by a fitting emblem, not only intimates the breach but particularises the subjects of it. The third is still more minute, and comprehends, under a beautiful figure, the full extent of the bereavement, the names of the victims, and those besides whose life should be in jeopardy.

We have sedulously avoided throwing around the facts here recorded a greater air of mysteriousness than what they really possess. We are no votaries of 'grey-bearded superstition;' on the contrary, we feel as reluctant as any to magnify what is trifling or to mystify what is plain. We offer no theory of our own, for the simple reason that we have none. Our object in recording the events has been solely to add to the number of authentic instances of the class to which they belong; for it is only from an extensive collection of facts that we can correctly deduce the laws either of the world of mind or matter.

## THE RELATIONS OF THE FINE ARTS TO ONE ANOTHER.

Outward and inward nature—that is, the external and spiritual worlds—abound in affinities which at first, and to the untutored mind, seem impossible amidst so complex a variety of detail as obtrudes itself upon the notice. That things so dissimilar, and lying so widely apart in their more obvious character, should be traced to one common source and end, is scarcely credible before the mind has taken two or three steps in advance of the merely observant and contemplative. But so soon as the surface of things is pierced, and the reflective power is added to the perceptive, objects are marshalled by a new arrangement; what before then had appeared the same are found to be disparate, while the dissimilar prove themselves to be allied by qualities which almost identify them. Results so little accordant with our expectations surprise us by their novelty, and furnish delight to us by unlooked-for agreements between things which nature seemed to have placed at points of insuperable distance from one another. The mysterious unity which realises itself through variety gradually evolves before our wondering spirits. Difference drops out of account as we ascend in our generalisation, discord is at last expelled from the universe, and in God, the origin of all, we pause with adoration, feeling sweet rest to the soul in the explanation which a final, self-dependent, and adequate Cause affords towards the solution of a problem which appeared environed with eternal perplexity.

Of these affinities no one is more pleasing or remarkable than that which unites, by a common character, the several fine arts which sweeten human life. From the fact to which we here allude, there arises a good to mankind little dreamt of by the unreflecting, or by those in whom nature has developed but one special function in the fine arts. Too apt is the reader of a poem to wail over the forlorn condition of others whose faculties are less fitted than his to enjoy a poetical creation, while he luxuriates with rapturous devotion amidst the beauties which the conjurer in the art of verse has called up into immortal existence; little thinking that those whom a fate of exclusion has shut out from one department of the arts, have most probably entrance by the door of another of them, into a region of emotion generically the same as that which stimulates so highly his own sensibility. Yet this proneness to misconceive the condition of others is not confined to the admirer of verses. Equally tempted is the lover of music or of painting, if his capacity extends to but one of these branches. It is true, indeed, that the arts differ in their power to interest the feelings, and the gratification which they communicate may likewise vary in purity and elevation of influence. But nature has not been so partial as to exclude a majority, or even a large minority of the race, from pleasures which she has conferred on the rest. If she denies esthetical interest through one channel, she confers it liberally by another. Internal melody compensates to the poet what is often denied to his outward ear—the charms of music; while the ethereal delight of poetry, which is frequently wanting to the village clown, has a good substitute in the transports with which his ear may furnish him. So, too, the devotee at the shrine of painting has his avenue of approach to the muses, if he is forbidden access by letters or music. In this beneficent method of arrangement, the Creator, while he has conferred upon a few a capacity of being affected equally by poetry, painting, and music, has yet so distributed his gifts as to leave scarcely any to whom the emotion of beauty is inappreciable by some means or other.

Are, then, the fine arts sisters of the same family, ministering, each in her own way, to the same principle of humanity? or are they allied only by the common character of being contributors to the happiness of those who take them into friendship? Humbly we say it, not the last but the first, namely sisters; sprung from the same necessity of nature, and bearing a sisterly resemblance to one another. Poetry, painting, and music are generically one influence, however different their several means; alike essentially addressing themselves to imagination, or the sense of beauty, and awakening kindred feelings, whatever variety of form these may seem to assume. Proof of such positions it is scarcely possible to offer, except to those in whom a capacity for all the arts has been evolved; and even they are not in a condition for receiving the evidence, unless they are also accustomed to introvert the soul on its own experiences, comparing them together, and determining their affinities amidst their differences. Still, the general mind, in which no special fitness for judging may exist, is capable of appreciating certain obvious reasons, which may help it to understand the reality, as well as estimate the benefit, of the arrangement which constitutes the fine arts radically the same. For example, what better proof of this essential identity is needed, than is furnished by the popular songs of every people? What an affinity between the words and music of every genuine national melody! How they seem to have grown out of the same lyrical spirit—one a counterpart of the other, mutually giving new expression to what each would of itself say! Whence this mysterious communion, this reciprocal commentary, this correspondent affection between them, this answering of face to face? Not from any arbitrary union. Far otherwise. The pathos of 'Ye banks an' braes,' and the proud patriotism of 'Scots wha hae,' are exquisite in their expression equally by song and sound. A divorce would be unnatural, and so close a wedlock would be inexplicable, unless we admitted the

fundamental identity of their origin. Painting, on the other hand, is seen to be related to music by its essential oneness with poetry. A picture of the 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' if equally true to nature, would present the same ideas to the imagination as that wonderful poem does; at least as nearly so as the technical conditions under which it labours would permit of the expression. A landscape sung and painted, would in both cases have the same effect on a mind susceptible of impressions as much from the one mode of address as from the other. Ranging up and down through all the forms of the several fine arts, we find a spiritual identity; proof of a common origin in humanity, and in essentially the same part of it—the imaginative emotions.

See, again, in proof of this position, how the lover celebrates the maid who has first awakened in his heart the visions of a new existence. If he be a poet, he writes an ode to her eyes; if an artist, he paints his idea; if a composer of music or a performer, he fabricates a piece or plays one related to his lady-love. The case is exactly the same if, instead of creating the requisite symbol, he avails himself of what others have given birth to on similar occasions. If thus the one grand passion finds its ideal expression equally in poem, song, and picture, why but that the soul is utterable essentially well and the same by these various means?

It is impossible to regard with indifference the light which this view of the arts throws on the essential unity of the human mind. Contemplating the eye, the ear, and the voice, as so many dissimilar organs—which, indeed, they are—we infer the presence of separate faculties by which their various functions are administered. But, at the same time, when we regard the fundamental sameness of the impressions which these organs make upon the spirit, we at once recognise the presence of one overruling spiritual essence, to which both these bodily organs and their correspondent mental faculties are only the ministers and servants. The ME, the SELF, starts out into the foreground. Sometimes one, sometimes another of these attendants on its necessities, it commissions to mediate between itself and the world of nature and other spirits. On other occasions, again, it employs all of them to serve in harmonious occupation, when the picture, the melody, and the poem, contribute each to a joint result. In ourselves, therefore, we have unity manifesting itself through variety; a one, permanent, centralising subject. In realising this fact, it is natural to ascend to a higher conception, namely, to the idea of God, whose we all are, and whom it is our highest honour to illustrate by fulfilling his will as his creatures.

But, interesting as is the commentary which our general position supplies towards the explication of the unity of the mind, it has other relations even of greater importance; at least when we view them in certain social aspects. One of these is the security which it affords for a universal sympathy among mankind, by furnishing a species of happiness which is made accessible equally through many channels. Sufficiently unintelligible, indeed, to plain men is the mad-cap of a poet, who, under some unexpected fit of inspiration, gives course to his joy in strains of impassioned verse; equally so is the painter who bankrupts himself and family in vain attempts to collect about him all the pictures which his practised eye covets for possession; and what is true of the poet and the artist, is true also of the musical enthusiast. But notwithstanding the distance at which these stand in sympathy from ordinary men, there is a chain of connexion, composed of many links, which reaches from this class to the lowest; and that is the common capacity for æsthetical enjoyment, of one or more degrees of intensity and elevation, which finds its gratification by some one or several of the fine arts. Whether the lover of poetry, who is destitute of an ear for music, recognises the brotherhood of a lover of melody or not, is of comparatively little importance. Unknown to each other, there is a source of delight, which, being essentially the same in both, keeps them in a state of preparedness for joining in other works that may bring out the identity of their enjoyments. All men have a relish for some one of the arts, most of men for more than one of them. If high intellectual imagination, therefore, be awanting, so as to exclude sympathy with the more mystical symbols of poetry, the eye will admit delight from a picture. Or, if even paintings fail to interest the taste, at least the notes of ballad or instrumental music will find repose in the ear, and through it communicate enjoyment to the mind. Scarcely any one is so poor in capacity as to be wholly inaccessible to imaginative impressions. At all events, individuals of this class are only exceptions to the general rule, and can deduct little from the joy of the benevolent observer of mankind, by the reflections relative to their condition which their case of exclusion might suggest.

Nor, in estimating the relations of the truth indicated in this paper, should we overlook the provision which it implies to have been made against the contingencies of human condition. Sad, alas! as was the fate of Milton, who had to sing to *light* in tones thus gently upbraiding—

> 'Thee I revisit safe,
> And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
> Revisit'st not these eyes that roll in vain
> To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
> So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
> Or dim suffusion veil'd!'

Touching as must have been the state of solitary darkness which could be expressed only in words so exquisitely mournful, yet how inconceivably more melancholy had been the case of the bard, if he could no longer have framed in hope a wish like the following:

> 'There let the pealing organ blow,
> To the full-voiced quire below,
> In service high and anthems clear,
> As may the sweetness, through mine ear,
> Dissolve me into extacies,
> And bring all heaven before mine eyes;'

or joyously beseech Mirth to—

> 'Ever, against eating cares,
> Lap him in soft Lydian airs,
> Married to immortal verse.'

So long as such prayers could be uttered in the expectation of their being answered, the condition of the immortal poet, although sufficiently unenviable, was not altogether inconsolable. It is probable, too, that as the sense of hearing is quickened in the case of the blind, so also may be their sensibility to the charms of music.

Corresponding to the state of the blind is that of the deaf, to whom melody is hushed, and the human voice, with its range of sweet modulations, is ever, ever silent. Yet here, likewise, the beneficence of Heaven is seen, while the eye is spared. Who can doubt that all pleasant sights become more pleasing, or all grand ones more sublime, as the attention is withdrawn from sounds; so far, at least, as the interest in such cases is dependent on the sight! In this way is provision made for securing entrance to the soul for æsthetical enjoyment—for that peculiar class of delights which take off from life its heaviness, and communicate even to commonplace an air of poetical elevation.

Little is that mind to be envied which can look without emotion on an arrangement like this, diffusing so much delicious happiness where otherwise sorrow would have had place, and rendering every other enjoyment still more delightful. If no fine arts existed, or no capacity for enjoying them, life would scarcely in itself be desirable. As a scene of trial and probation, it might yet, indeed, be a witness to moral greatness; and, in obedience to the will of God, many a glorious trophy might be won. But, for us, the fields would be green to no purpose; the sun would rise and set without performing any higher service to man than sending him to bed and calling him from it: the chorus of birds might expend itself in the woods of another planet without being missed; rivers and lakes might still be subordinated to common uses, but could never be the burden of the minstrel's song or reflect in their flowing or glassy surfaces the midnight moon as it is looked upon with the young eyes of poesy. In short, life would no longer be made of the stuff of dreams, nor would it possess any of their fascination. As it is, however,

everything is gilded with joy, if only we are in a condition for realising it. Sin, indeed, entered the world, and with ourselves all nature became suddenly changed; but still the materials that ever were, remain to be repossessed, through the use of that means with which the God who gave us this beautiful earth to live upon has also furnished us in order to our spiritual recovery. It is true that sorrow and sadness are the permanent lot of man while in the present state of being; but these may be alleviated, or may receive so purified a character as to become converted into a quiet joy. Mingling with all holy influences, the arts are ever ready to serve as the channels of conveying delicate and beautiful thoughts, tinctured with emotion. Fancy and imagination join in support of their claims, furnishing to them materials, and imposing on them the laws through which they are to preserve their freedom and power of persuasion. Let us thank our Maker for the arts, and also that, in providing them for the happiness of men, he has made them essentially one and the same in their origin and effect, thereby knitting humanity together, and supplying a fresh resource of pleasure when one of the arts has failed us, by fitting us with the capacity of receiving enjoyment from some other of them.

## A WAYSIDE SKETCH.

It was in the beginning of the summer of 1843, when we were travelling through the south of England, that, struck by the beauty of a little village, we resolved to delay our journey in order that we might have an opportunity of inspecting more fully the scenery of the place. Accordingly, having refreshed ourselves at the hostelry, and with the host, an old man, for our guide, we sauntered about. 'Twas a lovely village, built on the side of a gentle declivity, while before you lay one of those splendid prospects that the eye delights to rest upon; to the right you had a forest stretching for miles far away, while the meandering stream in front relieved the eye, and the sound of the waterfall was, as it were, music to the ear. Everything looked bright; the very birds seemed to rejoice, and fluttering round our heads gave forth sweet melody, and now and then the bleating of a flock of sheep down in the plain below just reached our ears with an imperfect sound, rendered more imperceptible by the echo.

'Ah,' said our guide, 'who would have thought that this very spot where we now stand should have been the scene of such a heart-rending and melancholy end!'

'Come, tell us the story, if it will not fatigue you too much.'

Sighing deeply, the old man thus began: 'Rose Williamson was in truth as lovely a maid as ere you looked upon. She was the daughter of a farmer who at one time possessed yonder farm where you see the two stately poplar trees. She was of the middle height, of a slender figure but most exquisitely formed, just budding into womanhood; her light blue eyes, beaming with purity, seemed, as it were, the emblem of her mind; and as she tripped through the village, her auburn locks waved gently in the breeze, and her merry laugh or joyous song went to the heart, and was re-echoed by every villager; all loved her so well —the 'rose of the village.' But there was one among them who was dearer to her than them all—the squire's son, young Ralph Hanson.

Ralph had just returned from Oxford to spend the vacation, and, while out shooting, had accidentally met with Rose. Struck with her beauty he inquired who she was, and learning that she was the daughter of a tenant of his father, he called next day. By degrees their intimacy ripened into love. Ralph, though he had been for some time at Oxford, was yet untainted with vice; he had but reached his twentieth year, possessing a fine generous nature, but rash and imprudent. Many were the walks the two enjoyed by yonder stream; many the love-tokens interchanged, and the mutual vows given and accepted, while the hours were chid for passing so quickly away. Earth seemed to them a perfect paradise. All this, however, was not to last long. Ralph Hanson's father was proud of his family and rank, and learning with anger the attachment he had formed, he forbade all future interviews between the lovers; but still they succeeded, though every means was taken to prevent it. This having come to the squire's ears, he was much enraged, and, at an interview with his son, high and angry words ensued, which ended in young Ralph being driven from his father's house. With a heavy heart the youth turned from the home of his forefathers, an exile, and, waiting till night had set in, he determined to have one last interview with his beloved Rose. How bitterly she wept when Ralph told her of what had happened, blaming herself for being the cause, until at last somewhat soothed by the entreaties of Ralph bidding her hope; and having pledged their vows once more, they parted.

Three years rolled by, and in the interim the squire had died, but yet no tidings were heard of Ralph. Poor Rose was now a changed being. Her heart was full of bitter sorrow, not of gladness, as it once was; the bloom on her cheek had faded, and her form seemed shrinking day by day. She was most disconsolate, but now and then a ray of hope would lighten up her face, and her eyes, reflecting that ray, seemed to have resumed their pristine brightness; but, alas! that hope would soon fade away, and her features resume the very image of despair. All the long day she wandered through the well-known woods where she had been so often before with Ralph; and notwithstanding all the commands of her father to forget him, she would not; alas! it was out of her power.

Colin Miles, the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood, had been at one time a suitor for the fair hand of Rose, but had been refused; but now, thinking that since the more favoured lover was out of the way he might succeed in his suit, he again renewed his entreaties. Rose's father seconded his addresses with warmth, sometimes in anger, and at other times gently trying to soothe his agitated daughter. Poor Rose was like a being that had no sense in her. She would stand for hours together on this very spot, gazing wildly down on the precipice beneath. At length, tired with the entreaties of her father and Colin, she, with a kind of wild hysterical laugh, consented to marry the latter. The marriage-day arrived; the village bells chimed merrily; the villagers rejoiced at the happiness in store for their favourite Rose. Happiness! alas! little did they know what a wretched fate was hers; they did not know what utter misery and wretchedness lurked beneath that vacant smile; but, simple as they were, thought that, as all was fair without, happiness must find a resting-place within. With vacant stare, as if she did not comprehend the meaning of the different preparations, did Rose look on her bridesmaids, and now and then a tear reluctantly would steal down her once blooming cheek, but now how faded!—a summer flower struck down by the rude wintry blast! Her happy bridesmaids tried to cheer her, but to no effect; in vain they sang whilst they bedecked with bridal garments the wretched bride. The time arrived, and all parties took their way to church. The venerable curate was already in waiting, and the service began. Poor Rose was supported by her bridesmaids as she made the responses. The ceremony was concluded, and Rose was now the wife of Colin Miles; the bridegroom, as he supported her, kissed her cold cheek. The villagers marvelled, yet not a word was whispered, but in silence almost ominous the party moved homewards. They had just reached this spot, when a young man, dressed as an officer, and enveloped in a military cloak covered with dust, stood before them. Rose looked up; a smile—oh, what a smile of recognition and of grief played upon her face!—and with a loud shriek she threw herself into the arms of the stranger. It was young Ralph Hanson. With arms entwined round each other they thus stood, and when her husband came forward to separate them—SHE WAS DEAD.'

Here the old man paused and wept, while we ourselves were deeply moved.

'She was dead. The body of Ralph Hanson was found at the bottom of this precipice next morning sadly bruised

It never transpired how he met his death. The two fond lovers were buried in one grave beneath yonder weeping willow, so that 'even in death they were not divided.'

Here the old man left us, and with hearts bursting with sorrow we continued our journey.

## THE THUNDER-STORMS OF SUMMER 1846.

The summer of 1846, memorable on many accounts, was especially remarkable for the frequency and unwonted violence of its thunder-storms. In an age of superstition, indeed, the various phenomena which the whole season exhibited would have been calculated to engender the most gloomy forebodings of some indefinite series of calamities about to betide. A spring almost preternaturally salubrious and mild, ushered in a summer the heat of which at the commencement felt sufficiently intense to justify the uninitiated in suspecting that

> 'It was the very error of the *sun;*
> It came more near the earth than it was wont.'

Then a sudden change befel, easterly winds set in, the atmosphere became charged with electricity, and as a consequence followed the thunder-storms, which in many cases proved so disastrous. This, however, was not the greatest evil. In a recent number of the Instructor we attempted to trace to the influence of the electric fluid the almost universal failure of the potato crop, from the lamentable effects of which this country is at the present time enduring so much suffering and privation. Whether our theory may ultimately prove correct, the season itself, as we have said, will remain a memorable one. The following luminous and comprehensive record of the changes which characterised the summer of 1846, appeared lately in the *Evening Courant* newspaper, and from its present interest, as well as its value as a reference for aftertimes, we now transfer it to our pages.

To observers of the seasons and the changes of the year, it must often be apparent that the weather, however changeable and uncertain from day to day, is, in its great and general aspects, and for certain periods of time, characterised by a prevailing set of meteorological phenomena: a winter or winters, it may be, of snows or frosts, or of mildness as those of 1843–4 and 1845–6; autumn periods, or a series of years peculiarly abounding in displays of auroræ borealeæ; wet and cold summers, or the reverse; or dry springs. Thus we had the dry summer of 1826, and so, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, the auroræ more brilliantly illuminated our skies than now, and the summer of 1832 produced violent thunder-storms—a phenomenon comparatively rare till the summer just past.

Seasons being thus characterised by prevailing phenomena, that of 1846 may perhaps be chronicled as one of atmospheric electrical agency, when scarcely a summer shower passed overhead without speaking forth in its voice of thunder, when the mists from the ocean gathered in thick and black darkness at noon-day, whence streamed the vivid lightning as from the battery of its creation. Not only in thunder-storms and afternoon showers were these phenomena experienced, but, gathering throughout the heavens, north, south, east, and west, the electric spark broke forth, and was repeated for hours, and again returned; nor was it confined to the heat of the day—the more usual time of thunder-storms in this climate—but the darkness and repose of midnight and early morning were broken by the glare of the lightning and the rolling of the thunder.

It might be possible to trace the cause of this state of the atmosphere, could we look down on the world with one vast glance over space and time, and the seasons and the various circumambient currents; but, confined as we are to the surface, we must seek only from facts to speculate vaguely on the subject. In adverting to the warmth of last summer, the mildness of the previous winter naturally connects itself therewith—not that the one was the origin of the other, but both were one connected period of unusual mildness, which, by its continuance, brought into operation those peculiar meteorological phenomena, which, in some degree, may be considered to have allied the British summer of 1846 in character to that of a rainy tropical season as if it were a singular extension of that season to our northern coasts.

The winter of 1845–6 was proverbially mild and open. December, January, and February, the coldest months, presented only on three or four occasions a cold of 30 degrees during the night; the end of February and beginning of March were fine, and remarkably mild and settled with the exception of one severe gale from the south-west prevailing most in Scotland. This continuity of fine weather was interrupted towards the middle of March, when a heavy snow-storm occurred more or less throughout Britain but most severely in the north of England. On the 26th a thunder squall in the south of England was the first appearance of the characteristic phenomena of the summer. It was in the beginning of April that those easterly and southerly winds, which very peculiarly marked the summer of 1846, began to prevail, and which were accompanied by repeated manifestations of electric phenomena. On the 11th, the wind was easterly with a dull harr; on the 12th, it had come round to south with a very mild atmosphere, and at four o'clock a heavy shower fell, with thunder—a dense black cloud passing off to the north, the first presage and symbol of the storms of the summer.

It may not be uninteresting to catalogue those which occurred, and, in doing so, to remark the accompanying prevalence of easterly and southerly winds, and the general tendency of the storms to appear when the wind lay between these points—universally, indeed, when the currents were opposing, namely, the under-current easterly, and the upper southerly. The 13th and 14th were days of south-west, the 15th and 16th of south-east winds. On the 19th and next day, the wind hung in the east; on the 21st it was south-east, and, though cool, gave rise to a dismal, black, swirling storm, evidently dependent on electrical agency; till the 25th the wind was easterly, and cold. The 1st of May was ushered in by a dull atmosphere, but a mild and genial south-west breeze, which, continuing for two days, was succeeded on the 3d by a south-east wind of three days' duration, when it broke up with a thunder-storm; till the 12th, the breezes were westerly, and occasionally from the south-west or south. On the 21st, after three days of south-east winds, and three from the south or south-west, a south wind brought up clouds which passed off in the west and north-west with thunder, the thunder-storm prevailing mostly in Perthshire. During the succeeding part of the month, the winds were mostly of a westerly character, latterly settling into a calm, with clear, warm, brilliant sunshine.

The 1st and 2d of June were days of scorching sunshine, and ushered in the great heat that continued more or less throughout the month, and was occasionally resumed during the summer, and gave rise to the thunder-storms of that month. The heat was great, and for days together the country was traversed by huge clouds, loaded with electricity. The winds were—south-west, eleven days: southerly or south-east, four; east, two; west, six; and calm or variable, seven. On six days it thundered in one locality, and on eleven at least in this and other localities—and this independently of the days on which fiery cumuli and electric nimbi, with their swirling and tortuous currents, passed over us. On all these occasions of thunder-storms and electric showers, the aggregate motion of the clouds was from south to north. July continued characterised by southerly winds, but they veered a little into the south-west. On the 5th, a south-east upper current, catching up dense harrs from the sea, rolled them back over this city, to the north, eliciting extensive electrical explosions, and followed by heavy rain. In the end of July and beginning of August the wind was east and south-east, and accompanied, as usual, with dense harrs, which picked up and rolled back in heavy thunder cumuli to the north. There was much vivid lightning and thunder on the night of the 29th and on the 30th of July.

The 1st, 2d, and 3d of August were the days of the

storms of lightning and thunder, and rain and hail, which prevailed over the kingdom, and worked much destruction, particularly in London. The whole period from the 28th of July till the 9th of August may be reckoned as a season of strong electric action. Though in one place or other it may not have thundered at certain times during that period, still there prevailed the ordinary manifestations of those agencies which in summer are concomitants of electrical phenomena—damp, creeping, local fogs; dense harrs, and at the same time great heat and closeness in the atmosphere; the fogs occasionally opening up, permitting warm sunshine, and exposing to view brilliant fiery cumuli clouds; the harr drifted from eastward below, and when ascended to the higher regions, forming the gorgeous castellated clouds of summer, and passing to the northward with the upper currents. On the 7th and 8th of August, these electrical agencies appeared to have concentrated their force: during twenty-four hours there was a succession of great thunder-storms, morning, noon, and night. On these occasions, the dense darkness of the fogs was remarkable; and while below they passed from east to west, the aggregate mass of the storm clouds came from the south, and passed off to the north, the upper current at right angles with the current below being distinctly visible from the progress of the vapours conveyed by each. On the morning of the 9th, westerly breezes dispelled the electricity. Again, on the 18th, heaven's artillery was displayed, and on this occasion the harr-born character of the thunder-cloud was very apparent. With an east wind in the forenoon, the harr drifted past with rain; but as the heating influence of the sun took effect on the earth and vapours, the latter gradually accreted into dense black masses; the heated air, ascending, swirled from the sea dense masses of vapour; or they crept along from sea to land, attracted by the hills, and thence moving upwards to the dense piles of the thunder-clouds that gave forth their fiery tongues.

In September and October, the season of east winds, and harrs, and thunder-storms was past, but even during these months there did seem to linger some electrical forces. It lightened on the night of the 23d; and on the 28th of September, the south-east of Scotland was visited by another severe thunder-storm; on the 19th of October, London was again visited by thunder and lightning; on the night of the 24th, during a gale with rain, there was thunder and lightning; and more lately, some of our winter storms have been accompanied with thunder and lightning, as if the electric agency was still unspent. Almost invariably the thunder-storms occurred with what might sometimes be apparently easterly and sometimes apparently southerly winds, the existence of these two contending currents evidently in this locality during spring and early summer developing the electrical forces. The south or south-east wind, which is always the upper current, blowing perhaps from the great central heat of burning Zahara, Africa, or Arabia, is the natural tropical current which, in the ordinary course, if undisturbed by other agencies, would continually flow from the tropical towards the polar regions; but, arriving at the temperate regions, it crosses the also natural current of air flowing in the reverse direction from the motion of the earth—the east wind. Here, then, are two contending currents, often distinctly visible from the motion of the vapours they are charged with, and they sometimes unite their forces and form a south-east wind, or a wind, indeed, similar to the monsoon of the tropics, and, like it, accompanied with rain, and thunder, and lightning. This phenomenon every season occurs more or less in early summer, when the sun is powerful, to the northern tropic, but our climate, taking its prevailing character from the mild and moist west and south-west winds brought up to our shores by the currents of the Atlantic, they are not always developed to the same or in their full extent.

In 1831 and 1832, they were, as during the summer just past, very fully developed, and the same contending or crossing currents—south and east, and south-east winds, gave rise, identically, to the same phenomena as this year—harrs, dense fogs, and great thunder-storms; accordingly, in speaking of the meteorology of the district, Mr Rhind, in his work, 'Excursions in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh,' says, 'During the summer and autumn months, the tropical current blows very generally from the southward;' and again, 'more diffused fogs are not uncommon in this neighbourhood, especially in the spring months, when there happen to be two currents of air in the atmosphere;' and he remarks that 'these adverse currents were very perceptible during June 1832, and appeared not only to cause fogs, but also several tremendous thunder-storms.'

## REV. SAMUEL AYSCOUGH.

Dr Ayscough one day, according to the rules of his office, as assistant librarian in the British Museum, London, attended through that grand magazine of curiosities a party of ladies and a gentleman, all of whom, except one lady, were disposed to be highly pleased with what they saw; and really would have been so, if this capricious fair one had not continually damped their gratification with such exclamations as these:—'Oh, trumpery! Come along! I see nothing worth looking at.' This lady being the handsomest of the group, Mr A. (who, though an old bachelor, was a great admirer of beauty) at first fixed upon her as his temporary favourite, but soon had reason to transfer his particular attentions to another, less handsome, but more amiable. On her continuing a similar strain of exclamations, uttered with correspondent looks and demeanour, he turned towards her and said, 'My sweet young lady, what pains you kindly take to prevent that fine face of yours from killing half the beaux in London!' and then directed his conversation, explanatory of the different objects before them, to the rest of the party. So much influence, however, had she over her companions, that, beaten as the round was to the doctor, she caused him to finish it considerably sooner than was either pleasant to his mind or convenient to the state and ponderosity of his body. While in the last room, just before he made his parting bow, addressing himself to her, with that suavity of manner which was so peculiar to him, he smilingly said, 'Why, what a cross little puss you are! Nothing pleases you. Here are ten thousand curious and valuable things, brought at a vast expense from all parts of the world, and you turn up your nose at the whole of them. Do you think, with these airs, that that pretty face will ever get you a husband? Not if he knows you half an hour first. Almost every day of my life, and especially when attending ladies through these rooms, I regret being an old bachelor; for I see so many charming, good-tempered women, that I reproach myself for not trying to persuade one of them to bless me with her company. But I can't fall in love with you, and I'll honestly tell you I shall pity the man that does; for I'm sure that you'll plague him out of his life.' During this singular valedictory speech (delivered with such pleasantry that even the reproved could not take offence at it), the gentleman who was of the party looked now at the speaker and then at the lady, with considerable emotion, but said nothing; while she called up no small portion of lightning into a fine pair of dark eyes, and some transient flashes of it into her cheeks; and then, with her friends (who affably wished their candid *ciceroni* a good morning) withdrew. Somewhat more than a year afterwards, on going the same round again, the doctor was particularly pleased with one lady of the party; and that one being the prettiest, he contrived, according to his wonted custom (as a sailor would say) soon 'to near her.' Respectfully inquisitive concerning every object which time allowed her to notice, she asked a number of questions; and, most willingly, 'he taught his lovely fair one all he knew;' while, in the most engaging manner, she drew the attention of her friends to many curiosities which they would otherwise have passed by unobserved. In short, as good Bishop Rundel says, she 'being disposed to be pleased with every thing, every thing conspired to please her.' Nor was less pleased her worthy and benevolent guide; who, while she was contemplating the rare beauties of nature, was contemplating not only the charms of her person but also

those of her mind. At length, 'the wonders ended,' he was about to make his best bow, when the fascinating fair one, with an arch smile (looking him rather askew in the face), asked him whether he remembered her? 'No, ma'am,' said he, 'but I shall not easily forget you.' Then, linking her arm in that of a gentleman who was of the party, she asked, in the same engaging manner, whether he remembered him? To which he replied, that he thought he did; but the gentleman looked better than when he saw him before. 'Now, sir,' said she, 'don't you recollect once, in this very room, giving a lady, who was pleased with nothing and displeased with everything, a smart lecture for her caprice and ill-temper?'—'Yes, ma'am, I do.'—'Well, sir, I am that lady; or, I should rather say, I was; for you have been the means, in the hands of Divine Providence, of making me a totally different being to what I then was: and I am now come to thank you for it. Your half-in-jest and half-in-earnest mode of reproof caused me to know myself; and was of far more use than all that had been done before in correcting a spoiled temper. After we had left you,' continued she, 'I said to myself, if I appear thus unamiable to a stranger, how must I appear to my friends, especially to those who are destined to live constantly with me? You asked me, sir, if I expected ever to get a husband: I then had one—this gentleman—who was present at your just reproof: and I dare say he will join with me in thanking you for giving it so frankly and successfully.' The husband then cordially repeated his acknowledgments to him, for having been instrumental in contributing so largely to their mutual felicity; 'a felicity,' said he, 'which (should anything lead you, sir, into the neighbourhood of ——) you will gratify extremely both myself and my wife if you will call and witness.' Then, leaving his address, and he and his lady shaking Dr A. by the hand, they departed. Here, surely, was a heroic triumph over temper; and, as the wise king observes, 'greater' does this sensible and candid woman seem, 'in ruling her spirit, than he that taketh a city.'

### PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

I once had a neighbour, who, though a clever man, came to me one day and said, 'Esquire White, I want you to come and get your geese away.' 'Why,' said I, 'what are my geese doing?' 'They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it.' 'What can I do?' said I. 'You must yoke them.' 'That I have not time to do now,' said I; 'I do not see but they must run.' 'If *you* do not take care of them, I shall,' said the clever shoemaker in anger. 'What do you say, Esquire White?' 'I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages.' 'Well,' said he, 'you will find that a hard thing, I guess.' So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from the geese was, that three of them were missing. My children went, and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. 'Now,' said I, 'all keep still, and let me punish him.' In a few days, the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them. 'Have you seen anything of my hogs?' said he. 'Yes, sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn, which they tore down in my field.' 'In your field?' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'hogs love corn, you know—they were made to eat.' 'How much mischief have they done?' 'Oh, not much,' said I. Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn. 'Oh, no,' said I, 'it can't be.' 'Yes,' said the shoemaker, 'and I will pay you every cent of the damage.' 'No,' replied I, 'you shall pay me nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you.' The shoemaker blushed, and went home. The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn. 'No,' said I, 'I shall take nothing.' After some talk, we parted; but in a day or two, I met him on the road, and fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I start on, he seemed loath to move, and I paused. For a mome both of us were silent. At last he said, 'I have somethi labouring on my mind.' 'Well, what is it?' 'Those gee I killed three of your geese, and shall never rest until y know how I feel. I am sorry.' And the tears came his eyes. 'Oh, well,' said I, 'never mind, I suppose geese were provoking.' I never took anything off him it; but when my cattle broke into his field after this, seemed glad—because he could show how patient he coul be. 'Now,' said the narrator, 'conquer yourself, and yo can conquer with kindness where you can conquer in n other way.'—*Christian Non-Resistance.*

### THE DYING CHILD.

BY ROBERT M'INDOE.

(Written for the Instructor.)

I cannot think that thou art dying,
Though I see thy mother weep,
Thou art so calm—so calmly lying
In a dreamless, balmy sleep.
I see the rose-bloom now has faded,
And the lily sickens there;
But 'tis sleep—'tis sleep has made it
Pale, to blossom yet more fair.

Thy brow is cold; a little lighter,
Still 'tis lovely as before;
Thy lips are more apart, and whiter;
Yet I love thee more and more.
Glitt'ring drops hang at thy curls,
And they quiver with thy breath;—
So beautiful! like shining pearls—
These can not be drops of death.

But then I see a shadow stealing
Slowly, slowly o'er thy face.
It is the awful truth revealing:
Now I can its workings trace.
Ah! long and heavy is thy sighing,
Restless are thy little hands:
Now cold and peaceful thou art lying,
Bound with death's mysterious bands.

If I could weep, 'twould heal my sorrow,
But it pines my heart away;
For thou art gone, and no to-morrow
Glads me with my infant's play.
Again I see a rainbow glowing
On the cloud that hides my sky;
And I can see how God is showing
A pathway to a home on high.

### UNION OF CHRISTIANS.

The humble, the meek, the merciful, the just, the pious, and the devout, are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the liveries they wear here make them strangers. —*The Ingle-Nook.*

### DAY AND NIGHT.

To ascertain the length of the day and night at any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night, and double the time of setting, which gives the length of the day.

### SMOKING IN LONDON.

The number of tobacco-pipes used in London last year was 864,000 gross—52,416,000 pipes; it requires 300 men, each making 20 gross, 4 dozen per week, for one year, to make them; the cost of which is £40,950. The average length of these pipes is twelve and a half inches, and if laid down in a horizontal position, end to end together, they would reach to the extent of 10,340 miles, 1600 yards; if they were piled one above another perpendicularly, they would reach 135,138 times as high as St Paul's; they would weigh 1137 tons, 10 cwt.; and it would require 104 tons, 9 cwt., 32 lb. of tobacco to fill them.

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## POINTS OF VIEW.

In looking out upon society, whether of the past or of the present, we perceive individuals and classes, each with claims of its own more or less plausible, contending for an adjustment of affairs according to plans that baffle one another. Truth is said to be here, or there, or somewhere else. While all are in general satisfied that it exists—that truth *is*, whether we have found it or not—all feel equally well assured that discordant statements of its character cannot be alike true, but must give place, in silent acquiescence, to some one statement which alone accords with the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So also is it with right and wrong, virtue and vice. Whatever a few speculatively paradoxical minds may think, truth and right and virtue live somewhere, it is believed; even although inquirers and moralists may differ as to their nature and whereabouts. Unless God had fortified mankind against general scepticism, by forcing us to commit ourselves, without much hesitancy, to certain great maxims of life which secure its ongoing, we should have run a sad hazard of surrendering life to chance, esteeming one thing as true as another, and all courses of action equally virtuous. But a result so lamentable is impossible, so long as men are men; for, however some striking folly in speculative scepticism may perplex even the bulk of mankind for a time, sooner or later it is expelled from the mind as untrue, while the daily life of every one gives it the denial, and puts it out of countenance by a perpetual experiment. On this account, notwithstanding the confusion, and hubbub, and clamour that are ever filling the world through controversy, men have always something to hold by; something beyond the reach of polemics and brow-beating orators; something which survives every shock, however seemingly disastrous; a world to each, in which he 'lives, and moves, and has his being.'

Yet, true as this is, how few believe it; how many fewer act upon it! Each one looks out upon society from his own 'point of view;' and, forgetting that his station is a point and nothing more, he infers freely concerning men and things at a distance, just as if they were at hand. The point which he occupies is constituted the centre point of the universe; and round it, with the compasses of ignorance and vanity, he draws a circle, which is vainly imagined to include everything at a glance, and to bring everything into such a relation to the observer as will enable him to pronounce infallibly upon it. In this way, many most benevolent people torment themselves with the thought of an amount of misery which does not exist. With faculties, temperaments, pursuits, professional biasses, and circumstances differing from those of others, they cannot understand that there should be happiness found in an thing which presents no delectable aspect to themselv It would be well, indeed, if this habit of mind were co fined to the class whose pulses beat with love of the fellow-men; although even such oftentimes retard the o jects they are seeking, by obtruding on others in one s of conditions what would be appropriate in a different s only. But the truth is, that individuals of every style character are guilty of this mistake; nor are any so oft so as those who are most clamorous in their outcries r specting their fellows; questioning the reality of religi unless it wears a coat of a special shape and colourin even going so far as to suspect the presence of a genui human affection, if its methods of manifestation be not of particular sort and description. Indeed, no man whatev is free of more or less of this tendency of mind. Ever thing in one's circumstances conspires to form a mediu through which all men, opinions, politics, religious sent ments, habits, and amusements, as well as whatever el enters into the substance of life, are obliged to pass befo the mind forms its judgment of them. And thus we 's but in part,' because we see all things in relation to ou selves—in relation to our imperceptible point in the ci cumference of being, supposing it to occupy the centre.

In considering this matter, one might almost think th the mistake is impossible of correction, since no man ca transport himself out of his circumstances and at a lea reach the centre of being. It is certainly true that, creatures, we are ever subject to some influence or othe which will narrow or pervert our opinion. But it is wo derful how much can be done towards the rectification this evil. A careful survey of the causes of danger; a pe petual vigilance respecting the operation of the passion which often of themselves lead us astray in our judgments a combination of various means, so that the defect of on may in some measure be supplemented by another; an the frequent use of the imagination in order to suppos circumstances which may materially differ from our own these and such like exercises will go a far way in assis ing us to perfect our estimates of men and things. Bu no influence, in biassing our judgments, is more gener and efficient than the professional element; and non therefore, demands greater attention than it, in order t allow for it. We find men of precisely the same descri tion of mental character differing from one another o some point, from no other apparent cause but professiona bias. A man's opinions are thus in a great measure forme by his business; as if truth were not truth, and right righ whether a man be a tailor, a mechanic, a schoolmaster, philosopher, or a poet.

It may somewhat tend to stimulate mutual toleratio

towards one another, and to direct attention to one of the most influential sources of error and wrong, if we take a rapid glance at a few of the professions, looked at in a general way, and by no means implying that exceptions never or even infrequently occur to the description of classes which our survey may suggest to the notice. The select spirits of the world are found in all professions; they survive every untoward influence to which their circumstances may expose them; piercing with keen vision into the heart of things, however disguised by convention and the ceremonies of familiarity and custom. For illustration, then, let us begin with the point of view which may be called the *mercantile*. From counting-houses, and ledgers, and huge trusses; from receiving and sending forth goods; from the wareroom and the exchange; from whatever is best fitted to accumulate money in an honest but skilful way, the merchant looks out upon society, and on everything which relates to life and futurity. If liberally educated, and with his mind expanded by warm and generous affections, he will not be sordid in his ideas. But he will be practical—thoroughly practical—meaning by that term, in his own sense, a man who adjusts the worth of others by their power of realising something which can be valued according to a common standard of pounds, shillings, and pence. He is willing to have schoolmasters and clergymen, philosophers and even poets for society. But their labour must be seen to be more or less related to utility. It must fit the individual who comes within its influence for being what is called a good member of society; not a dreamer, nor a frivolous connoisseur in the fine arts, as the speculator or the man of taste is sometimes termed. If it produces industry, good morals, cleverness in an honourable profession, or any other obvious benefit, it is valued. The apophthegms of didactic poetry thus find their way into his category of useful commodities; and, for the same reason, all forms of rhyme which do not embody, in so many words, a moral precept or two, are excluded from the privileged position. It is easy to see how opinion on every topic should be more or less affected by circumstances in themselves so peculiar, and differing in so many respects from those of other people. Theological views, political notions, ideas of books and works of art, will all be modified, in the case of such a one, by the special class of influences with which he is surrounded. An opinion which is very general or abstract in its enunciation, or which seems to jar with some authorised maxim of good morality, will be doubted as to its truth, or unceremoniously dismissed to the domain of the trifling, the fanciful, and the useless. Facts tell strongly on such a mind. Everything that is plain, practical, supported by manifest reasons of policy and social safety, finds ready access to it; excluding whatever appears fine-spun, far-fetched, bookish, for the use of gentlemen who have nothing to do, or allowed to delicate spirits unfitted for life, the objects of pity and commiseration.

Otherwise, however, we should expect it to be with the dominie—him to whom the education of the rising life of the world is intrusted. Doubtless one so learned as he, who inspires 'gazing rustics' with a growing wonder 'that one small head can carry all he knows,' is posted on the central point of view, and looks not partially, but in a whole way, on things as they come within his comprehensive scope. But here, also, the mode of a profession indicates the universality of influence which circumstances exert over the opinions and sentiments of mankind. If one were adequately acquainted with modifying forces, it would be the easiest matter in the world to select from among a thousand the special man who wields the authority of schoolmaster over the little community who daily receive their portion of mental aliment at his beneficent hands. The teacher of youth, when his failing leans to the virtuous side of over-fondness for his profession, is apt to square everything by the rules and maxims prevalent within the territory over which he has been set to reign. Precision, system, and authority, are his darling ideas. All flights of imagination within the region of plain life he despises; they are not reducible to law and calculation, or at least he does not very clearly see that they are. Truth thrown out in lumps, and lying as it is thrown out, in irregular insubordinated masses, wants those marks of verity which with him are indispensable in order to inspire confidence in its claims. Quite otherwise is it when truth comes in the form of a regular graduated system, broad at the base and beautifully tapering at the apex. A system so orderly is respected, if it be not embraced. It is scholar-like; and whatever is so, fulfils the preliminary conditions of truth. In like manner, as authority is interwoven with all his ideas of progress and good management, he dislikes, in general speculations, all novelties, unless they approach gently, curtseying as they advance to old use and wont, and propitiating a hearing by making it possible to join in hearty union with what is, without expelling or overthrowing it. Yet his tastes and sympathies are much more liberal than those of common men. Beneath his straitened and monotonous manner there is often a genuine relish of the exquisite literary remains of antiquity, and a lively sensibility to the proprieties of writing in whatever form they appear. But, then, a grammatical blunder, or a foreign expression, or a special usage of construction, or any liberty which is justified by a law that is above all technical law, runs a hazard of damaging, in his estimation, the contents of truth which may form its freight and the freight of the context. This liability on the part of the dominie to take offence at such misadventures of authorship, does not arise from any inherent finicalness of disposition which distinguishes him from other men, but rather from a professional bias, which leads him to associate truth with certain kinds of excellence habitually present to him, and to pass judgment against truth of opinion when it comes robed in a tattered literary garb, pieced up partly with the author's own barbarisms, partly with those of writers not advanced into the list of legislators, and partly with a wanton mannerism which violates custom so that it may please itself. The tendency, it should be observed, is to test one sort of truth by the criterion of another sort of truth; namely, truth in itself by a truth of style. The daily life supplies a colouring matter through which everything else is seen, of whatever sort or nature it may be, modifying the point of view, and communicating much of its own tinge to the objects on which it rests.

If the schoolmaster is chained to his special point of view, nor can reach the centre, however fain he would if he could, not less so has the lawyer his stand-point, on which he is located, and from which he looks out upon the busy theatre of life, where all the transactions are performed which yield him employment. Although his habitual duty seems especially suited to sharpen the wit and to communicate a power of seeing through the false appearances of things, yet, somehow or other, by a law which overrules all the many laws that he finds himself daily directing, he too is biassed by profession, and he too must acknowledge that his point of view is indeed but a point. Truth and right with him are apt to become mere matters of fact, having no independent existence, no force or obligation which authority has not defined and communicated. Cases of conscience also, or the nice scruples of an eccentric but religious mind, are very likely to be misconstrued by the lawyer if they disturb the quietude of society, and he subside into a mere limb of the law. Unused to appeal from what *is* to what *ought* to be, he looks at everything through a professional glass. If the letter be violated, no matter that the spirit be preserved; at least he takes care of the one, and feels no urgent necessity for concerning himself with the other. Surmounting his special culture, he may, indeed, glance with his eye in the direction of the abstractly just and equitable; but, unless his professional bias be counteracted by a very general education, how feeble is the interest which the one inquiry awakens in his mind compared with the other! How seldom will it detain him for more than a moment, or call forth other than a passing wish that such a law should be so and so, instead of something else which it is and which has made it ineffective in some case that had unusually attracted his sympathy.

We come, then, to the clergyman, and ask whether more than a point is occupied by him—whether he be an exception to the general rule? Alas! no; he is one with others in subjection to a professional bias. The credit of the church, and especially of the section to which he himself may happen to belong, is only too apt to supersede with him the reputation of Christianity. The services of religion, too, as they are the chief employments of his life, oftentimes almost the only ones, become prominent in his estimation to the exclusion of other services which nature and general considerations enjoin upon mankind at large. Christianity, instead of being made the grand and regulative element in character, is distorted into a panacea for all necessities whatsoever. The religion of Jesus thus, to some extent, ceases to be his religion; being the fabrication of the priest, not one with nature, but contrary to and subversive of it. In consequence of this tendency in the profession, the beauty of our holy faith grows dim; its fair and sweet aspect, as the highest revelation of God, is strangely changed into features only too unseemly; authority in administration takes the room of love; and fear supplants hope instead of being dispelled by it. Alas! no, we repeat, the clergyman is one with others in subjection to a professional bias.

Is not the philosopher, however, free of it? Indeed no, any more necessarily than others. He discredits common sense or the general intelligence of mankind, and vaunts himself as the possessor of an insight which the rest of men do not possess. He begins system-building; and rather than bring his stone and lime from nature, he will fashion the whole out of the materials of his brain.

What, finally, of the poet? Must we give him up too? Yes, if he yields to his tendency. Dwelling in the airy realms of fancy, he waxes bold, and puts shame on the senses of men. Everything is gross which is not visionary; what is not exalted into the ideal, is supposed fit only for the common herd of men. No, the pulse of the poet must beat high in sympathy with every, even the lowest, form of humanity, so far as it develops itself in a genuine manner, or he must be pronounced partial, one-pointed in his view, having 'a local habitation' and a limit.

We return, therefore, to the position from which we set forth, and reassert that every man has a point of view from which he looks out upon the world and society. The illustrations which have been given, are, of course, only a few of what men afford; all classes and descriptions of persons, as we said before, being under more or less of this partialness of view. It must also be added, that the cases selected for illustration have been made descriptive of the tendency in its most outstanding form—rather as it has appeared, or still appears now and then, not as it needs to appear. For it is a glorious truth that thousands of all professions have in every age bravely fought with their professional bias, restricting its force where its annihilation was impossible. In particular, it should be noticed that the profession of the schoolmaster is in itself one of the most dignified in the whole range of task-works, and that the individuals who discharge its honourable functions are every day rising in general culture and elevation of sentiment. What is true of this profession is true more or less of all the others. The lesson, however, which this discussion illustrates is twofold, referring to one rule by which we are to form our estimates of one another, and to the infolded precept it contains concerning our duty in the evolution of our personal character. It is certainly impossible to test opinion without considering from what point of view it has been formed. An account of something may be a true one, as taken from a certain position; and it is necessary, through imagination and otherwise, to attempt to place ourselves on the same point before we pronounce it true or false. A point of view, it should nevertheless be remembered, may admit of indefinite improvement. The less partial it is the better; the nearer it places us to the centre-point where God stands, the fitter for our assistance towards an adequate belief. At best, indeed, we must ever remain infinitely far off from that centre; for, as creatures, limitation is inseparable from us. But it cannot be concealed that sin has shifted us further awa than at first, and presents the most sad and serious ol stacle to our restoration to the point of departure. Sti let us hope; for, with the grace of God, we may reach position of nearness as yet not conceived of.

## SKETCHES OF MODERN HISTORY.

BY M. FRASER TYTLER.

### JOHN—CROWNED 1199, DIED 1216.

'The character of this prince,' says Hume, 'is little mor than a complication of vices, equally mean and odious ruinous to himself and destructive to his people. Cowar dice, inactivity, folly, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, an cruelty, all these qualities appear in the several instance of his life. It is hard to say whether his conduct to hi father, brother, nephew, or subjects, was the most culp able; or whether his crimes in these respects were not eve exceeded by the baseness which appeared in his transac tions with the King of France, the pope, and the barons. The task of tracing his life through each of these, therefore or of following the mazes of his dark and intricate charac ter, is not an enviable one; but it must (and may) be done slightly, for the sake of that great grant of the Magna Charta, which signalised his reign, and to which he yielded with a bleeding heart and a flood of tears.

On the coronation of John it was affirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, that by all reason, divine and human, none ought to succeed to the kingdom but he, who, for his virtue and worthiness, was, as in the case of John, unanimously chosen by the state—an assertion which, in the minds of many, would have removed the little right by which that prince could lay claim to the crown. On being afterwards reproached for insincerity, the archbishop excused himself by saying, he foresaw that John would obtain the throne, whatever blood and trouble it might cost him, and he wished to prevent confusion by making the king, rather than that he should make himself, since an elevation by the people would force a tax upon him to rule them well. 'Thus,' says Daniel, 'did John get the crown of England, which he governed with as much injustice as he got it, and involved the kingdom in those miseries and troubles which afterwards produced desperate effects.'

The first, if not the deepest, stain resting upon the character of John, arises from his treatment of, and the unexplained disappearance of his nephew Arthur. That unfortunate prince, born to be crushed between two potent monarchs, first threw himself upon the protection of Philip, and then on that of his direst enemy, the usurper of his rights, the bloody-minded and ambitious John, who had thus, as Echard says, 'unhappily an opportunity of wholly to lose himself and his reputation for ever; since, to prevent further disturbances, he removed the person of his nephew to a safe prison at Rouen, where in a short time he quite disappeared and was never seen after, but by what means there is still a great uncertainty, all supposing and believing it was by a violent death, though the king's friends reported that, endeavouring to make his escape out of prison, he was accidentally drowned in the river Seine, upon which the castle stood; but most writers press hard upon the memory of John, and say that by his orders his nephew was privately and basely murdered, and some more expressly tell us that he himself came secretly in a boat by night, and caused his nephew to be brought before him, when the young prince, now subdued with the continuance of misfortune, threw himself on his knees before his uncle, and begged for mercy; the barbarous tyrant, making no reply, stabbed him with his own hand, and fastening a stone to the dead body threw it into the Seine. But of this black and difficult affair we can say nothing positively.'

The ambitious spirit of Philip of France had in the earlier years of his reign been mastered either by the policy of Henry II., or by the warlike genius of Richard; but the mean and despicable character of the present

monarch seemed to offer an excuse, as well as a likelihood, of easily expelling him from his dominions. The detestation in which, ever since the assumption of the inhuman murder of his nephew, he had been looked upon by his subjects, as well as the precarious authority he held both over the people and the barons, offered a fair opportunity for the designs of Philip; and John, by his non-appearance at the French court, whither he had been summoned to attend his trial, having been declared guilty of the blood of his nephew, was sentenced to forfeit to Philip, as his superior lord, all his seignories and fiefs in France. The general defection of his vassals made every enterprise against John easy and successful. One feeble effort he made at resistance, by laying siege to Alençon, but, on the first approach of the French army, he fled in such haste as to abandon all his tents, magazines, and baggage to the enemy; and from this time, contenting himself with the empty boast that the French king might go on and conquer, since in one day he could retake what it would cost him years to acquire, he remained at Rouen in total inactivity. Had the prince appeared to conduct them, the faithful Normans, who abhorred the French yoke, would have defended themselves to the utmost. Even the English barons, at such a time, would have supported his cause; but having deserted himself, none cared to befriend him, and one by one deserting his standard, they returned to their own country, leaving Philip unmolested to pursue that career of victory which obtained for him such an accession of power and grandeur, as in the ordinary course of things it would have required ages to attain.

The base and despicable transactions of the English king in connexion with the pope are classed as second in the list of crimes enumerated by the English historian, and they are not of a nature to be passed over. The lofty and enterprising genius of Innocent met with an easy prey in the mean and despicable character of the English king; yet the controversy that followed the death of Hubert, archbishop of Canterbury, and the election of his successor, afforded opportunity for so flagrant an act of usurpation, as roused even the sluggard spirit of John. Not only did Innocent claim the right of filling vacant benefices, but he declared that, by the plenitude of his apostolic power, he could supply all defects of title in the person on whom he bestowed preferment. The selection of Cardinal Langton to fill the bishopric of Canterbury, although at the time very distasteful to the English nation, may be considered rather as an interposition of Providence for that unhappy country, than any desire of Innocent for other interest than his own; whilst his rejection by John, who, although violently protesting against so palpable a usurpation on the part of the sovereign pontiff, dared not, from the terms on which he stood with the nobility, entreat their aid, appeared to hurry England to the climax of misfortune. The sentence of interdict, which had for some time been suspended, was pronounced by the pope—a sentence which at that time was, to the ruin of millions, not only in their earthly possessions but in their spiritual and eternal welfare, the great instrument of vengeance and policy employed by the court of Rome. Of a sudden the nation was deprived of all exterior exercise of religion. The altars were despoiled of their ornaments; the crosses, the relics, the images, the statues of the saints were laid on the ground; and as if the air itself were profaned, and might pollute them by its contact, the priests carefully covered them up even from their own approach and veneration. The use of bells entirely ceased in all the churches; the laity partook of no religious rite except baptism to new-born infants and the administration of the Eucharist to dying persons; so that the bodies of the dead were carried out of cities and towns, and without ceremony, like those of beasts, were cast into pits and ditches.

The earnest supplications of the Archbishop Langton, with the Bishops of London and Ely, that the Pope Innocent would vouchsafe, out of his pious compassion, to support the English church, then at the point of ruin, afforded pretence for still further humbling the English king; for, by the advice of his cardinals and others, he now resolved to display his utmost power, and by a solemn sentence it was decreed that King John, being entirely deposed from his kingdom, his holiness should prefer a more worthy person to succeed him. Accordingly, he wrote to Philip, king of France, requiring him to put this sentence into execution, and promising to grant him remission of all his sins, together with the kingdom of England in perpetual right, whenever he had dethroned the present possessor. It was found, however, to be more for the interest of the papacy to retain on the English throne a prince abject both in character and fortune, than to form a new alliance with a victorious monarch, whose mighty acquisitions would in all probability render him too haughty to be bound by spiritual chains; and Innocent, accordingly, dispatched to England his chosen legate, Pandolf, with secret instructions, that if John could still be brought to such conditions as were proposed, he should be absolved and restored. Such promises to a prince surrounded by enemies, regarded with a just horror by his own people, and already on the verge of utter ruin, were not without effect. Cowardly and incapable, instead of braving the storm, John bartered his kingdom for his personal safety, and no form of submission was now too abject for the humbled monarch. Laying down his sceptre, mantle, sword, and ring, the badges of his royal dignity, at the feet of Pandolf, he delivered up to him the kingdom of England, thereby submitting himself to the judgment and mercy of the church, and promising implicit obedience to the commands of the pope, which having done, he 'soon found with a more afflicting dejection of mind what these commands were—for,' says Rapine, 'his crimes were accounted so great against God and the church, that there could be no expiation without a resignation of the crown.' To this ignominous ceremony John not only submitted, but professed to have done so, 'neither out of fear or restraint, but of his own free will;' to so low a pitch had ambition sunk in the mind of the despised monarch.

The restoration of the crown and sceptre, which after the space of five days took place, on the part of Innocent, could not wipe away the disgrace of the transaction, or the memory of the humiliating ceremonies that had accompanied it. Coming disarmed into the presence of Pandolf, who, as representative of his master, was seated on a throne, John had flung himself upon his knees, and with uplifted and joined hands, he with all the submissive rites then required by the feudal law, had done homage to him as his liege lord and superior.

The abject condition of the monarch, now more than ever rendering him the object of the nation's contempt, was the means of paving the way to that grand renewal of rights and liberties that has ever since been regarded as the great bulwark of British freedom, and to attain which the dissatisfied barons had bound themselves to contend even to death itself.

It is well known that the already imperfect liberties enjoyed by the Anglo-Saxons in their ancient government had, on the introduction of the feudal law by William the Conqueror, reduced the people almost to a state of slavery. The power of the crown once raised to so high a pitch was not easily reduced, and during a period of a hundred and fifty years the nation had groaned under a species of tyranny hitherto unknown. Henry I., in his desire to exclude on any terms his elder brother Robert from the kingdom, had granted the people a charter favourable to their liberties. Stephen had renewed that grant, and Henry II. had confirmed it; but notwithstanding this, the same unlimited authority, both by these princes and their successors, continued to be exercised over the people, until a combination of the whole country against the reigning monarch appeared the only mode of obtaining redress. The mean and contemptible character of John was well suited to forward rather than restrain such a movement; and the barons, writhing under the insolence of the tyrant, inflamed by a sense of the wrongs inflicted by him, and resolved on a restoration of their privileges, so-

lemnly took an oath before the high altar that they would adhere to each other, and insist on their demands, or make endless war on the king till he should submit to grant them. From this time their purpose was immoveable. The thunder of Rome (for the pope was now again ready to favour the pretensions of the tyrant) was threatened in vain; seized with the national passion for laws and liberty, superstition itself lost its power over them. The frenzy of John when, upon learning what their demands were, he furiously swore never to grant such liberties as would make himself a slave, was equally uncared for. They received his answer, and forthwith appointing Robert Fitzwalter their leader, under the title of Marischal of the army of God and of the holy church, they proceeded to levy war upon the king. Their numbers rapidly increased, for all who had hitherto worn the semblance of loyalty and adherence to the monarch now cast the mask aside, and openly joining a cause they had always secretly favoured, John found himself totally deserted. By various expedients he attempted to elude the blow that hung over him, and proposed referring all differences to the pope, or to eight barons, four of whom should be chosen by himself and four by the confederates. But he was at length obliged to submit, and with a facility which did not pass without suspicion on the part of the barons, he signed and sealed the Great Charter.

Had the articles drawn out by the barons themselves alone been instituted in this great grant, the concessions, by serving only to increase the power of a body of men already too powerful, and whose yoke must shortly have become more heavy than even that of an absolute monarch, would have added but little to the happiness and liberty of the nation at large. But to gain the necessary concurrence of the people, they were obliged to insert other clauses; and by these it was ordained that all those privileges and immunities demanded of the king by the barons, should in their turn be extended by them to their inferior vassals, and thus the great chart of freedom was perfected. If some of those articles enforced in the charter appear exorbitant, the faithless and tyrannical character of the king, making him so likely to revoke his own concessions, may plead in excuse, while the prudence and moderation exercised by the barons, enraged as they were by injuries, inflamed by opposition, and elated by a total victory over their sovereign, demand respect, since, even with the power in their own hands, they generously omitted some of those articles in Henry the First's charter, and carefully avoided diminishing too far the power and revenue of the crown. The deep and sullen revenge which, from the first appearance of revolt in his subjects, had been smouldering in the heart of the tyrant, required but this last stroke to fan it into flame. The injuries and indignities formerly showered upon him by the pope, or the King of France, as they came from equals and superiors, seemed to have made but little impression on him; but the sense of perpetual and total subjection under his own rebellious vassals, sunk deep on his mind, and the mercenary soldiery by which he was surrounded desiring war more than peace, and continually representing to him that by this grant to his subjects he had made himself a king without a kingdom, a lord without dominions, and a subject to his subjects, he resolved at all hazards to free himself from so ignominious a slavery. Recalling, therefore, all the liberties he had granted, John, with his force of foreign mercenaries, threw himself upon the barons; and they having, unfortunately, since the signing of the great charter, been lulled into a fatal security, were unprepared for the attack; horror followed upon horror; the miserable state of the country surpassed even its former wretchedness. In the words of Echard, 'all things were in a deplorable state, and in the greatest confusion. Fathers set against their sons; brothers against brothers; kinsmen and allies against their nearest friends; attacking, surprising, pursuing, ravaging, tormenting, and murdering—all the kingdom, by the combination of so universal a war, becoming like a general shambles, or a place of infernal [illegible]

The mercenary troops who had sold their services to the English monarch, incited by him, and let loose upon the estates and manors of the barons, spread devastation over the face of the kingdom. Nothing was seen on every side but the flames of villages and castles, while the consternation and misery of the wretched inhabitants reduced the barons to so desperate an extremity, that, menaced with a total loss of their liberty, they employed a remedy no less desperate; for, making application to the court of France, they offered to acknowledge Louis, the eldest son of Philip, for their sovereign, on condition that he would afford them protection from the violence of their enraged prince. This fatal step ensured apparently their own ruin with that of the kingdom. But John had now drunk long draughts of vengeance, glutting himself in the blood of the people, and they, in their turn, burned to purchase revenge even at the price of their own destruction. Philip was not likely to be solicited in vain. Large forces were again in readiness for the invasion of England; and John, who was unable to offer resistance, and who feared that his army, consisting entirely of foreigners, would with one accord desert to the French prince, withdrew his forces from Dover, so as to leave an uncontested passage to the invader, and thus, by his cowardice and incapability, resigning to the last stage of ruin his unhappy country.

With all outward demonstrations of joy and triumph, Louis, on entering London, received the homage of the people, and, in his turn, swore upon the holy Evangelists to restore to them all good laws, and their lost inheritance. But so ill-advised a union was of short duration. Dover, with a few other castles, had alone stood out, still continuing faithful to the English king; and while Louis laid furious and ineffectual seige to these, King John with his mighty army, breaking forth with a sudden violence, like a furious tempest, overran many counties, to the ruin and destruction of the castles, houses, lands, and possessions of his nobility in all parts. 'The barons,' says Echard, 'were now under great troubles and afflictions to see their native country, by their own wilfulness, thus horribly ravaged, and their goods and estates plundered by the king's forces. And what added to their grief was finding that their faithful services, in this their faithless adherence, was not so respected by Louis as he and their own vain hopes had promised them.'

Many authors have, and apparently on good authority, narrated the fact of the English barons being put on their guard as to the future faith of the dauphin, by the Viscount de Melun, who being in his last sickness in London, and 'finding,' we are told by Rapine, 'his conscience burthened with the sense of a mighty secret, generously declared to those barons who were his friends, that he was grieved for the impending ruin that was falling upon them, of which they had no knowledge, since Prince Louis, with sixteen barons and earls of France, had sworn that when he had conquered England and was crowned, he would for ever banish and destroy the posterity of those who had fought with him against King John.' That no doubt might exist of the truth of his assertion, the Count de Melun affirmed it upon the word of a dying man, and as he hoped for salvation. He was, he said, one of those who had taken the oath, and shortly before he expired he again desired them to be secret, but to provide for their safety as well as they could.

Whether true or false, this story, being circulated, greatly prejudiced the cause of Louis; and so many of the English noblemen deserted again to John's party, that the French prince had good reason to dread a sudden reverse of fortune. 'But all the mighty mischief,' says Daniel, 'that had been so long gathering over the devoted kingdom, came to an end about the latter end of October, 1216, for a burning fever seized upon the fiery king, of which he died. Two most unkingly and unwarlike causes have been assigned as the immediate means of John's death. First, extreme sorrow for the destruction of his waggons, carts, sumpter-horses, treasure, precious vessels, sacred relics, and regalia, all of which were lost by the flowing

in of the tide, on his passage from Lynne to Lincolnshire; and secondly, by 'a surfeit of peaches and new ale, gotten at the Abbey of Swinshead.' So died, in the fifty-first year of his age, and the sixteenth of his miserable reign, the usurper and the tyrant John.

## THE CAPE COLONY.

We have much pleasure in giving insertion at the present time to the following letter, written by a gentleman who recently left this country, to his friends here, and which has been kindly put into our hands. It is dated from Worcester, South Africa, and the description it contains of the climate, soil, appearance, and productions of the Cape Colony, may be relied on as proceeding from one well qualified, both by education and experience of the world, to form an accurate and unbiassed opinion. We hope to be able, on some future occasions, to give further information from the same source.

'The climate is on the whole one of the finest and most delightful in the world; and were the *society* equal, the Cape would be unrivalled by any portion of the globe. The summer months here are December, January, and February, and the winter months June, July, and August. In summer the temperature varies from between 60 and 70 degrees (near 70) of Fahrenheit, to between 80 and 90 degrees; and in winter from between 50 and 60 degrees (near 60) to between 60 and 70 degrees. In summer, at noon, the heat is often excessive. It is, however, greatly mitigated by cool breezes, which blow from the lofty ranges of mountains that intersect all parts of this colony; and it is the occurrence of such breezes which distinguish a *warm* from a *hot* climate. The wind which prevails during this season is the south-east, which, traversing the vast extent of the Southern Ocean, comes charged with as much humidity as the atmosphere is capable of, is condensed into thick white masses of cloud on the tops and sides of the mountains, and blows in cool breezes over the land. Occasionally it blows in violent gales, which at once purify the air, and bring a seasonable relief of rain to the parched vegetation. Notwithstanding these breezes, the heat during the day is often very oppressive. But nature has provided an agreeable relief in the cool temperature of the mornings and evenings. Before and for some time after sunrise, the air is deliciously cool, and there are few families who do not leave an early couch to enjoy it. The cool of evening, after the heat of the day, is still more agreeable. It begins after five o'clock, when the sun is wheeling his course down the west; and when the moon and the stars (which here shine with a more mellow and beautiful lustre than in northern Europe) have begun their nightly revolutions in the firmament. Then, on the terraces, which are built before almost all the houses in this colony, may be seen groups of ladies and gentlemen enjoying the delightful vicissitude. I have often enjoyed with ecstacy a ride out of the village at sunset. The departing sun gilding the summits of the lofty mountains; the lovely far-stretching plains, the very image of peace and tranquillity, with here and there a farm-house; the flocks and the herds, with their magnificent horns, slowly bending their way homeward, all fill the mind with the most soothing and agreeable ideas. Winter, on account of its cooler temperature, is a more agreeable season of the year than summer, in this colony. But occasionally we are visited by violent storms of wind and rain; the north-west, which prevails at this season, often blows with the most tempestuous fury, oversetting waggons, tearing up trees, and deluging the country with rain. The rivers are, in consequence, swollen to a prodigious extent, and become for several weeks and even months perfectly impassable; which circumstance is attended with much inconvenience, as it in a great measure cuts us off, for a season, from all connexion with Cape Town. It would be unpardonable to omit, as a peculiarity of our climate, the large masses of thick white cloud which usually envelop the sides and tops of the mountains. Table mountain, at Cape Town, is scarcely ever without its *tablecloth*—a familiar name given to the cloud which is almost constantly seen resting and hanging on its top. Such is our climate. In general lovely bright blue skies bloom over our heads, with now and then a fleecy cloud traversing the azure vault.

The soil is occasionally sandy, as around Cape Town, but for the most part consists of a tough clay, and, when capable of being managed, is exceedingly fertile. The growth of vegetables in this country is very rapid. A peach stone, deposited in the earth, is a tree bearing fruit the second year, and yields several large baskets of peaches in the sixth or seventh year. The same wonderful growth takes place in every other species of vegetation, and marks the great fertility of the soil, quickened no doubt by the powerful heat of the sun. Pease produce excellent crops three months after they are sown. The grain crops are generally abundant. The great fault of the soil is, that, being chiefly clay, the heat of the sun, during summer, bakes it so hard as to render it then quite unmanageable. Sandy soils are not subject to this evil, retain moisture, and produce the best vegetables. In a country exposed to such intense heat, the farmers and gardeners are in the habit of flooding the parched fields with water, and leading it through the rows of plants. They have also a practice of setting fire to the bushes and other vegetation on grounds chiefly designed for pasture, by burning which a free circulation of air is admitted, the ashes serve as manure, and, when washed into the roots by showers of rain, the young grass springs up with great freshness and vigour. When the sides or the top of one of the lofty mountains is thus burning, the spectacle, in a dark night, is in the highest degree sublime. The vast mountain seems all on fire, and about to be dissolved; and the sight has often appeared to my imagination no mean picture of that awful catastrophe, when all nature will be destroyed, when the mountains will melt away as wax, and the earth and the works that are therein shall be burnt up.

I come now to the general appearance of this country. The first object which the eye of the British passenger detects, on approaching the Cape of Good Hope, is the lofty summit of Table Mountain, which is gradually revealed in all its sublimity, rising upwards of 3000 feet out of the bosom of the ocean. On nearing land, ranges of mountains, almost equally lofty, are seen running up in all directions into Africa. At length, on turning the promontory of the Lion's Rump, you enter Table Bay; and straight before you Cape Town, with its regular streets and white-plastered houses, rises on a gentle eminence at the foot of Table Mountain. The Cape flats, extensive sandy plains stretching along and beyond the shores of the bay, and the well-cultivated lands and vineyards which adorn the road leading to Wynberg, next meet the eye. But the most magnificent prospect here is from the top of Table Mountain. I ascended it with difficulty early in the morning. Below me the far-famed cape, the Cape of Storms, the most southern extremity of Africa, opposed its rocky barrier to the Southern Ocean; the billows of the mighty Atlantic broke on one side, and the Indian Ocean rolled on the other. Turning a little to the right, Cape Town and the bay, with some twenty or thirty ships at anchor, lay glittering in the morning rays. Five miles on the road to Simon's Bay, Wynberg, the *Auburn* of Africa, was seen embosomed in deep woods, and still farther on the far-famed vineyards of Constantia. Chains of lofty precipitous mountains, running up into the country, terminate the prospect landward. Table Mountain's summit is about a mile long and half a mile broad; we found ice more than an inch thick upon it, which, when the thermometer on the plain was probably standing near 80 degrees, may give some idea of its height; its sides are very precipitous, and the passage to the top little short of perpendicular.

This country is intersected, as I have already observed, by chains of mountains upwards of 3000 feet high, running in all directions, but chiefly branching out from the grand chain, which extends the prodigious distance from Cape Guardafui to the Cape of Good Hope. Bold, rugged,

bearing their lofty summits into the skies, they give an air of grandeur to this land, to which the mountains of Scotland are tame. Between these massy ranges spread out extensive plains of great fertility, mostly in a state of nature, abounding with every variety of the most beautiful shrubs and flowers; but in some parts highly cultivated, adorned with corn-fields, vineyards, and woods, and studded with farms. The passes between mountains, which open from one plain to another, are here called kloefs (pronounced koofs), and in these passes some of the grandest scenery is to be witnessed. Sometimes you ride at the foot of rugged mountains towering 2000 or 3000 feet above your head. Sometimes you ascend up the precipitous path many hundred feet, and, perpendicularly below you, discern at the bottom the angry river urging its chafed passage over rocks and stones. Here companies of baboons sit looking down upon you from their elevations, or, frightened at your approach, scamper up the mountains uttering wild cries. There the eagle and vulture are seen soaring with expanded wings over the giddy heights, 'sailing with supreme dominion through the azure depths of air.' Some time ago, as I was pursuing my way through one of these defiles, I met a company of vultures, where a very narrow road led along the edge of a precipice 800 feet or upwards in depth. They are prodigious birds, measuring from the tip of the one wing to the tip of the other six feet; they were then feeding on the carcass of an ox, and as they are not easily moved when so engaged, and are even said to attack a person who disturbs them, I began to apprehend an encounter, but on my approach they gradually rose one by one from their prey, flung themselves over the edge of the rock, and, spreading out their wings, slowly sailed away down the valley, and returned to their carousal after I had passed; they utter a deep hoarse croak. The lion, the tiger, and the wolf have their haunts among these savage rocks. On emerging from one of these defiles, when it opens on the side of a mountain, a beautiful prospect suddenly bursts on the view. Below, a plain smiling in the morning sun spreads out seventy or eighty miles in length and ten or twenty in breadth, a river runs in the middle, with flocks and herds grazing on its banks, and sweet farms are scattered here and there. To a contemplative mind a journey among those extensive plains and valleys communicates the most soothing pleasure. The utmost tranquillity prevails in them, and the wild inhabitants have probably remained unmolested by the hand of man since the first moment of creation. Here a thousand flowers bloom of the loveliest hue, but they bloom unseen, and 'waste their fragrance on the desert air;' not a sound is heard save the brawling of some neighbouring brook, or the wild and simple notes of the birds peculiar to this land. Here the ostrich, with outstretched wings, is seen speeding its flight over the waste; there the coveys burst from your feet, and there the wild boar springs from the thicket. When the last rays of the setting sun have left the plains, and are resting on the rugged summits of the lofty mountains; when the gorgeous clouds hang over the scene in stillness and repose, and no sound is heard save the rushing of some stream over its bed, and the last warbler's note is dying away; when eve's sober livery is gradually stealing over the landscape; in so lonely a place, at such an hour, who does not imagine himself transported back to the first ages of the world, when men lived in primeval innocence, and before they had learned to disturb their tranquillity by wars and strifes.'

## AYRS-MOSS.

This moss, celebrated as the scene of a bloody skirmish between a small body of the Covenanters and a detachment of the royal troops, is several miles in extent, situated in the parish of Auchinleck, and shire of Ayr. That portion of it where the encounter took place is the property of his Grace the Duke of Portland, and lies on the confines of the parish of Muirkirk, near the water of Ayr. At the time reclaimed, and cultivated even beyond the spot where the Covenanters perished. When we visited it in the autumn of last year, we saw, growing on the moss edge, an excellent crop of oats, turnips, and also potatoes, though the latter were afflicted by that disease with which this most valuable root has been almost universally visited. The spot properly called 'the battle-field' is at present pasture, over which we could not only have rode with safety, but across which could almost have been driven one of our mail-coaches. Farther west, however, there is little else but heath and moss, and were it not for the 'iron treasures' which are supposed to exist beneath the surface, a person, judging from what we saw of it, would not be greatly enriched though made its sole proprietor. The nobility and gentry to whom it belongs must fill up many a hole, and dig many a ditch, and bury many thousands of tile, ere it be so drained that the plough can pass through it, and present such an appearance as that portion of it over which we travelled to visit the monument that has been erected at the spot where Cameron and his devoted associates fought and fell.

It was on the 20th July, 1680, that the skirmish took place. The Covenanters numbered about sixty, twenty of whom were on horseback, and were commanded by David Hackston of Rathillet; the king's forces were about a hundred and twenty, and had Andrew Bruce of Earlshall for their leader. The Covenanters, in addition to the paucity of their numbers, were, as in their engagements at Drumclog and Bothwell, neither trained nor armed for encountering, far less overcoming, such a party as that which now came upon them. Indeed, we think that the description given of their weapons and ammunition in a burlesque poem, entitled the 'Whigs' Supplication,' published by Samuel Colville, Edinburgh, in 1711, was not such a caricature as some may suppose. We admit that the description is coloured, but, at the same time, it contains much truth. We quote a few lines:

'Some had halberts, some had durks,
Some had crooked swords like Turks,
Some had slings, some had flails
Knit with eel and oxen tails;
Some had spears, and some had pikes,
Some had spades that delved dykes,
Some had fiery peats for matches,
Some had guns with rusty ratches,
Some had bows but wanted arrows,
Some had pistols without marrows,
Some had the coulter of a plough,
Some scythes, both men and horse to hough.'

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon that Earlshall came upon this small, untrained company, with his well-disciplined, well-armed soldiers. The Covenanters had lain on the moorside on the previous evening, and had been in the neighbourhood throughout the day. Worn out for want of sleep, and being perplexed and distressed as to the future, they sat down on a plot of grass to take some refreshment, and likewise to consult as to the course they should pursue. When seated there they learned from two of their friends, who had left them a short time before to procure intelligence regarding the dragoons, that they were in the neighbourhood, and were advancing in their direction. Hackston and his little band resolved that they would give them battle, and immediately on their coming up, the contest commenced. For a time it was continued with great valour on the part of the Covenanters, but in the end they were overpowered, and several of them were killed. The precise number who fell we are unable to state, as only the names of the following have been preserved: Richard Cameron and his brother Michael, John Fowler, John Gentle, John Hamilton, Robert Dick, Thomas Watson, Robert Paterson in Kirkhill of Cambusnethan, and James Gray, younger, of the parish of Calder. Of these Richard Cameron was the most distinguished, both as regards intellect and zeal. He was a popular and faithful preacher, and was the founder of that respectable religious body, the Reformed Presbyterian Church, sometimes called 'Cameronians.' Shortly after being licensed he went to Holland, where he was ordained to the office of

of 1680, and cast in his lot with the 'friends of the covenant.' His great earnestness and unwearied exertions called forth the indignation of the government, and 3000 merks were offered for his apprehension, but he escaped till this fatal day. It is said that when he saw the enemy at hand, and perceived no way of escape, he repeated the expression three times, 'Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe.' When he fell, Robert Murray, one of the dragoons, cut off his head and hands, which were taken to Edinburgh and affixed to the Netherbow port. The lifeless trunk was buried in a hole in the moss, and a plain flat stone laid over his grave. The names of his fellow-martyrs are also inscribed on it, with the representation of a Bible and sword, and the following epitaph, which is considerably effaced:

> 'Halt, curious passenger, come here and read—
> Our souls triumph with Christ, our glorious head;
> In self-defence we, murdered here, do lie,
> To witness 'gainst this nation's perjury.'

In the year 1832, a monument, about twenty feet in height, was erected near this old gravestone, on which the names are also engraved.

Hackston was severely wounded and taken prisoner. In an account which he has given of the engagement, he says, 'I was pursued by severals, with whom I fought a good space: at length my horse bogged; I was stricken down, having received three sore wounds in the head. I was brought towards Douglas, where a surgeon was brought to me, who did but little to my wounds, only stanched the blood. Next morning I was brought to Lanark, and brought before Dalziel, Lord Ross, and others, who asked many questions at me; but I not satisfying them with answers, Dalziel did threaten to roast me, and, carrying me to the tolbooth, caused bind me most barbarously and cast me down, where I lay till Saturday morning, without any except soldiers admitted to speak to me, or look my wounds, or give me any ease whatsomever. And next morning they brought me and John Pollock and other two of us near two miles on foot, I being without shoes, where that party which had broken us at first reached us. They were commanded by Earlshall. We were horsed, civilly used by them on the way, and brought to Edinburgh about four in the afternoon, and carried about the north side of the town to the foot of the Canongate, where the town magistrates received us, and setting me on a horse with my face backward, and the other three bound on a goad of iron, and Mr Cameron's head carried on an halbert before me, and another head in a sack, which I knew not, on a lad's back; and so we were carried up the street to the Parliament Close, where I was taken down, and the rest loosed.'

As Hackston was the most noted of the prisoners who were taken at this engagement, the council determined on bringing him to immediate trial and making him a public example. Accordingly, a few days after his arrival in the metropolis, they gave orders 'that his body be drawn backward on a hurdle to the cross of Edinburgh; that there be an high scaffold erected a little above the cross, where, in the first place, his right hand is to be struck off, and after some time his left hand; then he is to be hung up and cut down alive, his bowels to be taken out, and his heart shown to the people by the hangman; then his heart and bowels to be burned in a fire prepared for that purpose on the scaffold; that afterwards his head be cut off and his body divided into four quarters, his head to be fixed on the Netherbow, one of his quarters with both his hands to be affixed at St Andrews, another quarter at Glasgow, a third at Leith, a fourth at Burntisland; that none presume to be in mourning for him, or any coffin brought; that no person be suffered to be with him on the scaffold, save the two baillies, the executioner, and his servant; and that he be allowed to pray to God Almighty, but not to speak to the people.' This cruel and barbarous sentence was carried into execution the following day (30th July); indeed, from an account before us it would seem to have been performed with far more severity and savageness than his merciless judges themselves contemplated.

In addition to Hackston, five others were taken prisoners and carried to Edinburgh. There was one Manuel of the parish of Shotts, who died of his wounds and harsh treatment just as he entered the tolbooth; a John Vallange of the parish of Auchinleck, who died also of his wounds the day after he was brought to Edinburgh; and a John Pollock, who was put in the boots, but regarding whom we have been unable to obtain further intelligence; the names of the other two were Archibald Allison of the parish of Avondale, and John Malcolm of the parish of Dalry, both of whom were executed at the Grassmarket, on the 11th August. The most diligent search was made throughout the country for all who attended conventicles, and especially those who had waited on the ministrations of Richard Cameron, and several more were subsequently apprehended and executed.

In reference to the relics connected with this engagement scarcely any have been preserved. Even in the immediate neighbourhood and in the adjoining parishes we could hear of no memorial save a few swords. The 'Galston flag,' referred to in a former number, is said to have been there, and when we examined it we were shown the holes made by a bullet which passed through it on that occasion. But with the exception of these we have been unable to discover a single other relic, though we have journeyed to several places, and written to different parties for information on the subject.

On the day we visited Ayrs-moss, we learned that there was a Covenanters' flag in the possession of Mr John Gemmel, Garpel, parish of Muirkirk, and supposing it might be one of those that were unfurled at this engagement, we drove out to see it. On perceiving the date of it, 1689, we found that it could not have been there. At the same time, as it belonged to the 'Campbells' of Muirkirk, some of whom were probably present at the occasion, a short notice of it, in the absence of other relics, may not be uninteresting. These gentlemen, for there were several families of that name, were men of considerable substance, and also of superior education for their time. They suffered much; their houses were frequently rifled, their cattle driven off, and some of them carried prisoners to Edinburgh, and others to the Castle of Dunottar. It does not appear that any of them were executed, though it is stated that their long imprisonment, together with the harsh treatment which they then received, carried more than one of them to an untimely grave. A 'Captain Campbell' was the last survivor of that persecuted family at that perilous period, who is said to have 'wandered up and down, under no small hardships, till the revolution, when he ventured out and levied a troop of dragoons, man and horse, without any charges to the government, and mustered the same in the excellent Lord Cardross's regiment, where he was very useful.' The flag has been handed down as an heirloom to Mrs Gemmel, who is lineally descended from these distinguished men, and this amiable lady values it much as a remembrancer of her ancestors, for whose memory she cherishes the profoundest respect. It is blue silk, having a representation of the crown and Scottish thistle, with the words 'Moorkirk, for God, King, and Covenants, 1689.'

As we were curious to see some of the places where the Covenanters met for worship, we visited, a few days after, a glen in the parish of Avondale, where Cameron is said to have preached very shortly before his death. It is called Auchengilloch, and lies near the sources of Logan and Kype waters. It is a crooked, rugged ravine, with little green plots here and there on its banks, and hills stretching out on every side, on which are seen grazing a plentiful stock of black-faced sheep. Near the rivulet is shown a delightful spring of water, at which many of these persecuted men drank, and a little further up a stone, which the shepherds call the Covenanters' pulpit, and from which their ministers are said to have preached. It is truly a solitary spot: no house is to be seen, and what adds to its solitariness is the fact that it is several miles from any human dwelling. Verily it is 'remote from man,' and 'far in a wild, unknown to public view;' and if the Covenanters were not secure when assembled

there, we know not where they could find a hiding-place. To get access to it on horseback is exceedingly difficult, and we were assured that, on this account, it 'proved one of the few sanctuaries in Scotland which the unhallowed footsteps of the enemy never desecrated.' Indeed, unless during summer, when the ground is dry, and the numerous springs and streamlets all but shut up, it is neither easy nor pleasant to undertake the pilgrimage on foot. Most unfortunately for us, the rain began to fall in torrents shortly after we entered the moor, and continued with little intermission till we got out of it. The result was that, when we retraced our steps, brooks and ditches, which we crossed with little difficulty, had swollen so much and so rapidly as to render them almost impassable; and the ground, some of which seemed hard, had become a total swamp, and portions of it a sheet of water. As we trudged along, we could not but sympathise with those who were compelled to make such sacrifices, and to expose themselves to such peril, in order to have the privilege which their descendants so richly enjoy—but which it is to be feared many do not sufficiently appreciate—worshipping God when and where they please.

In this lonely glen, a short way beneath the 'Covenanters' pulpit,' there was built, a few years ago, a neat stone monument, on which are the words, 'Erected by their countrymen in memory of the Presbyterians in Scotland—who were frequently compelled to seek safety from persecution in the reign of Charles II. and James II., by holding their meetings for preaching the gospel, and other religious purposes, in this sequestered place—whose patriotism and piety they record with admiration and regard;' also, 'this monument, which was generously executed by the gratuitous labours of a few friends of the Scottish Reformation, was occasioned by a sermon delivered here on Sabbath the 23d July, 1834, by the Rev. William Logan, Lesmahago, from Revelations vii. 14.' The scene that Sabbath is said to have been very solemn and affecting; the audience was great, amounting to several thousands; the old psalm tunes, Martyrs, Coleshill, &c., were sung; the greatest regularity was observed; and the respected clergyman, now of Sanquhar, delivered an eloquent and impressive discourse. Since that period, it has become a place of more interest, and is more frequently visited by strangers. The property of Lambhill, to which Auchengilloch belongs, we may mention, has lately been purchased by William Ritchie, Esq., Middleton, parish of Borthwick, and it is but proper to state that to his tenant, Mr John Stewart, who has resided there for more than half a century, we are chiefly indebted for the above facts, as also for his kind and generous hospitality in our wanderings to this lone and sequestered spot.

## THY MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY T. H. CORNISH.

Thy mother's love! Oh, who can paint,
However skill'd he be,
Or faithfully delineate
What I have felt for thee?
Oh! who can tell the hopes and fears
That in her breast arise,
More countless than the starry orbs
That gem the bending skies?

Thy mother's love, how strong it is!
E'en, as the poet saith,
Unchangeable, unspeakable,
Enduring unto death!
In dim-eyed sickness, rosy health,
In joy or wo, the same:
It burns within her beating heart,
An undecaying flame.

Thy mother's love! though it has wings,
It cannot flee away:
It hovers round thy form by night,
It broods o'er thee by day.
It cannot fleet like earth-born hopes
Before the veering wind:
'Twill live as long as memory,
The minstrel of the mind.

Thy mother's love, how exquisite!
Through time it cannot die;
It hath a lively life for thee
Beyond the grave or sky.
Distance can never weaken it:
Should seas between us roll,
It is the mirror of the heart,
The magnet of her soul.

How often has she wept for thee
Affection's burning tears?
How oft has fancy given birth
To palpitating fears?
How many a weary day hath she
Beguiled in anxious thought,
And doubted if thy moments were
With secret sorrow fraught;

And in the fond dreams of the night,
When pillow'd unto rest,
Hath fancy imaged thou wert nigh,
And she thy form caress'd:
Then heard thee speak in joyous tone,
As thou wert wont to do,
Of pleasures past, of joys to come—
The faithful, chosen few.

All fondly doth affection cling,
My duteous son, to thee,
As when an infant thou wert wont
To frolic on my knee;
All welcome to thy mother's heart
Is thy familiar gaze;
Still dear to her thy sterner smile
As those of earlier days!

Oh! didst thou doubt thy mother's love,
Her aching heart would melt,
With the black bitterness of grief
She never yet has felt!
Oh! didst thou doubt thy mother's love,
Or deem it little worth,
Despair would mark her future reign
Upon this changing earth!

But this, my fondly cherish'd one,
Can never, never be;
I know thy heart doth proudly dwell
With yearning thoughts on me;
I know thy heart is firmly fix'd,
Thy love can ne'er wax old,
Or grow, beneath the touch of time,
Indifferent or cold.

Thy mother's love! though it has wings,
It cannot flee away:
It hovers round thy form at night,
It broods o'er thee by day.
It cannot fade as fades the rose,
The creature of an hour:
But blossoms changelessly the same—
The heart's unfading flower.

## SCHAMYL-OKU.

A CIRCASSIAN TALE.

For a hundred years Russia has striven to extend her influence over that beautiful country which is bounded by the Black Sea on the south and west, and by the river Kuban and Caspian Sea on the north and east; but the aged and youthful warriors of Circassia still sing their war-songs on the mountains, and leave their flocks and herds to sweep the invaders from their valleys. They are a primitive and pastoral people, possessing the noblest mental and physical qualities; and the knowledge of their intrinsic energy and nobility only requires to be extended that men may exclaim—Alas! that impious war should require the sacrifice of beings so gallant and devoted! The following tale is a faithful rescript of Russian policy in Circassia, and of Circassian manners and customs, and, in some of its incidents, too true.

Schamyl-Oku was the son of Schamyl-Tat, a dauntless prince of Notwhatsh, and he was the foster-child of Achmet, the wolf, who was a tarko-khass, or judge of Shapsuk. Schamyl-Tat was not a poor prince, for he had many sheep, oxen, and brood mares, and the *pshilts* of his household were very numerous. They tended his cattle on the hills of Pshat; the aged of them sat with him at meals, and the young men danced before his guest-house on the moonlight evenings, or followed him, with the nobles and freemen of his fraternity, against the Moscovs, who had intrenched themselves at Anapa. It was not from poverty that Schamyl-Tat had chosen Achmet-Tughuz to be the atalik of his son. In doing so, he only conformed to a universal custom amongst the *pshes*, or princes, and *vorks*,

or nobles, of Circassia; and though he had searched from Kabarda to Anapa, he could not have found a better tutor for his boy. The old tarko-khass was brave; the snows of nearly ninety years were upon his head: he was wise, eloquent, and patriotic, and his name was famous amongst all the tribes from the Black Sea to the river Kuban. When Schamyl-Oku was presented to Achmet by his father, friendly salutations passed between the friends; the cavalcade which had escorted the boy to Achmet's home was feasted; presents were lavishly exchanged, as was the custom on such occasions; and then the child was left to the care of the old man, that he might be trained as the son and successor of a bold and industrious prince of Notwhatsh.

Schamyl-Oku was only seven years of age when he came to reside in Dogwai, but before he had been a year in the valley he could ride the fleetest steed at full speed to the summits of its green sloping mountains, and bring down the tuneless blackbird on the wing, as he urged the charger on its fleet career. He had been placed in the saddle when he could hardly walk, and the first lessons instilled into his young mind were of courage and endurance. Although the son of a prince, his father caused him to serve the old serfs at table, that he might learn humility and respect for age, and the boy loved to evince obedience to so noble a mandate; and his cloak, on a summer evening, was sufficient for his couch, even at this early age.

Achmet-Tughuz soon loved the boy; and if modest devotion and respect were worthy of the old man's love, Schamyl-Oku deserved it. He fed the horse of the venerable judge, and burnished his scimitar and powder-tubes; he served him as he sat at table, and lighted his pipe when he smoked, and sang to the old warrior songs of the heroes of Kabarda. The eyes of Achmet would glisten as he watched the boyish indications of courage and address in his *pkhoor*, for he felt that, when he conveyed him back to the lodge of Schamyl-Tat, he could truly say, that he had received a boy, but now he returned a man—that he had trained the sapling, which had for a time been planted in Dogwai, and now he brought it back to Pshat a stately ash.

Dogwai was a lovely valley—it was so green, so peaceful, and so fertile. A clear and broad stream flowed through its bosom, and mingled its waters with those of the Kuban. The hawthorn, the oak, the ash, and rowan tree, waved on the acclivities; and the blackbird, thrush, and linnet sported on their branches—but unlike their Scottish kindred, they were tuneless. The home of Achmet was situated at the southern extremity of the valley, quite proximate to the mountains, for the fort of Yekaterinodar was built at the confluence of the rivers Soop and Kuban, and the Soop and Dogwai were all but frontier valleys of the northern Circassian provinces of Psadoog and Shapsuk, and consequently exposed to frequent invasion. His house was handsomely built of wood, and furnished with patriarchal elegance. Ottomans stuffed with wool, and covered with richly embroidered cloth, supplied his divan or sitting-room; and his guest-house, which was never shut upon the wayfarer or stranger, was even more sumptuously appointed. A double fence surrounded his settlement, and a paddock, studded with beautiful flowers, fronted his hospitable home—rapient plants clung to natural and artificial trellises, and waved their aromatic blossoms to the west wind; horses grazed in the vicinity of the dwellings, heavily clogged, that they might be caught at the first alarm, for the Russians often marched into the valley, and it behoved all who dwelt in it to drive them out again; flowers, beautiful to gaze upon and grateful to the sense of smell, grew by the gentle waters, but the fairest flower in Dogwai was Zawoo, the granddaughter of Achmet.

Her father had been slain in battle by his country's invaders, but Schamyl-Tat had borne his body from his foes, and laid it at the feet of Achmet, and Achmet had taught Zawoo, the star, to sing the praises of Schamyl. As her soft and melodious voice rose and fell in its rich modulations, and wailed over the fall of Arslan, the old man would bend his hoary head and weep; and as she spoke of the hero who had dashed amongst the ranks of the red-haired Moscovs, and borne Arslan from among the hoofs of their horses, Schamyl-Oku would tremble, he knew not why, and he would bless the name of his father.

Zawoo was very young, even younger than Schamyl-Oku. She was as fair a little flower as ever bloomed on the mountains of the Tcherkesses, while he was one of the most beautiful of beauty-producing Circassia's sons. Alas, for love! that so beautiful a country, and men and women so noble and so fair, should forever shout the war-cry and raise the wail! But the autocrat will have it so, and so it is.

The tocsin of war had sounded in the south, and Achmet Tughuz was summoned to a council of chiefs on the mountains of Azras. The young men followed him to the seat of war, and consequently the valley of Dogwai was left in the hands of women, children, and very aged men—the household of the tarko-khass consisting only of a few old shepherds and their families, with Schamyl-Oku and Zawoo.

Many days had elapsed since the host of Dogwai had departed; and as neither messenger nor wounded invalid had returned with tidings of those who had bravely fought and fallen, the eyes of the women were often turned wistfully towards the scouts on the hills. Schamyl-Oku partook also of the general impatience, and often rode far into the mountains, in hopes of gathering information. He visited the valleys of Sheps and Afips, but he met with nothing save inquiries in his wanderings. After a day of disappointment, the boy turned his horse homeward, and was walking his charger, as he mused on the issue of the war, when he was accosted by two strangers, on the brow of the mountain which divides the valley of Sheps from Dogwai. They were mounted, and wore the Circassian tunic and arms; but there was a negligence in the adjustment of their hazirs, or powder-tubes, and weapons, that did not satisfy the acute boy.

'Peace be to this valley,' said the elder stranger, in the Azra tongue, at the same time laying his hand on his heart, and bowing to the boy.

But Schamyl-Oku, who did not know the language of the south, only shook his head, and pronounced the word 'Adighe.'

'May the flocks of thy father have increase, and his horses multiply,' said the stranger, in the language of the north, but with a strong Georgian accent. 'Canst thou lead us to a lodging for the night?'

The boy surveyed the two strangers with keen, uneasy glances, and, when he spoke, the irritation he felt was easily observable in his tones. 'Thou art a Mengrelian who hast bent thy neck to the yoke of the Moscovite,' he exclaimed, 'and yet thou askest to sleep beneath the roof of a freeman!'

The Georgian did not seem to notice this address, but turning to his companion he said, with apparent deference, 'His father has neither flocks nor herds: or, if he has, he is a Gisour, for the savo seems to know that he would refuse the stranger food and shelter. He refuses to lead us: let us try to find some kindly serf who knows hospitality and practises it.'

Schamyl-Oku was too young to combat the subtle stranger's casuistry, and his cheek burned with shame at this allusion to his implied want of hospitality; but still he had an instinctive aversion to this man with his harsh unmusical voice, and his equally harsh and repulsive features.

'My father's flocks graze on the mountains and in the valleys of Pshat,' he said, hastily; 'but the house of my atalik is open to the stranger.—Do you come from the borders of the Khu-Shkho (Black Sea)?' he said, after a pause, as he pointed down the hill and prepared to lead them to the settlement; 'or do ye sell the salt of Moscovy to the traitors of Sujuk-Kaleh?'

'We are neither slaves nor traitors, sage sir,' said the Georgian, ironically; 'we seek Achmet-Tughuz; and by

thy snowy beard and strong arm, I bethink me thou must be he.'

The boy hung his head for a few moments, for he felt the force of the sneer, but quickly recovering his self-possession, he answered, somewhat haughtily, 'Schamyl-Oku is young, but he is the only *pshe* in Dogwai, and it behoves him to know who he leads to the home of Achmet, when Achmet has mounted his war-steed.'

'If we speak to the grandson of Achmet,' said the stranger, with assumed deference, 'we speak to the child of a brave chief.'

'Methinks ye are dull,' said the boy, with great vivacity. 'I said that my father is of Pshat; his name is Schamyl. Achmet is my atalik, and he is now on the mountains of Azra.'

The moon was shining in all the beauty of a cloudless eastern evening, and its pale, cold beams fell full on the strangers as they emerged from the shade of the trees, and turned into a path that led along the mountain-side. Schamyl-Oku scrutinised them closely, and the survey did not satisfy him. He was only a child, it is true, but it is wonderful to mark the precocity which circumstances produce. He had been born amidst the tumult of war, and his faculties had been early stimulated to action and observance. In the mountains of Notwhatsh he had often listened to tales of treachery, rehearsed by the old men, and Armenian or Georgian merchants were almost invariably the agents of that foul meanness. His pistols were therefore ready to his hand, his short rifle lay across his crupper, and the child, armed like an old and practised warrior, manifested all the caution requisite to support such a character.

'You are of Notwhatsh, sir?' said he, addressing the silent stranger; 'the men of Psadoog and Shapsuk do not wear the turban of Stamboul.'

'He is of Notwhatsh,' said the Georgian, hastily, 'but he is on a journey to the tomb of the Prophet, and he has vowed not to speak till he has prayed in the Mosque of mosques.'

'And yet he journeys northward,' said the boy, coldly; 'I thought that the prophet's tomb was in Arabistan, and not on the Kuban!'

They had now approached the hamlet, and as he spoke he drew a pistol from his belt and fired it in the air. At the signal the dogs rushed fiercely from the dwellings in the valley; the women came clamouring around the strangers for news, and it required all the exertions of the few old men to rescue them from the importunate females and usher them into the guest-house of Achmet. They were feasted with the choicest fare that could be produced; and as the Georgian presented the most aged of the *tarkokhass'pshiits* with a rich present, and explained the object of his visit to be in reference to the manufacture of powder, it was determined that so important a personage should be furnished with a guide on the morrow, and conducted to the headquarters of the Circassians. Gradually the Georgian led the old men to talk of the extent of the Circassian confederacy, of the number of warriors in the field, of their hopes of foreign aid, and, lastly, of the courage and address of their individual leaders, until Schamyl's name echoed from mouth to mouth, and young Oku, who had ministered to the strangers, turned his face to the wall to hide his looks of pride.

The strangers stretched themselves to rest that night in the divan of Achmet-Tughus, and civilisation could hardly furnish a more comfortable dormitory. But Schamyl-Oku tied his horse to an oak, laid his rifle below his head for a pillow, and lay and gazed upon the guest-house of Achmet. Those who are nursed in danger scorn it in their manhood; but yet their instincts of fear are more active and acute than those of men who are nurtured in peace. Schamyl-Oku distrusted the strange guests, and although he could not say why, yet he deemed that, in the absence of Achmet, it behoved him to be more than ordinarily vigilant. Cautious and independent, although so young, he determined to watch these men without imparting his suspicions to any one. We who, in northern latitudes, are accustomed to the slow development of mind and body—to the protracted growth of vegetables and their stunted fruition—might look upon the precocity of one so young as uncommon and unnatural; but Schamyl-Oku was but one of many instances of equally juvenile manliness. Boys of nine years of age have been known to dash amongst the veterans of Russia, and, sword in hand, cut their way through the myrmidons of the czar. The boy lay and gazed upon the moon as it slowly moved athwart the sky in all its radiant splendour, and he wondered if she were the queen of all the stars: they looked so abashed and dim when she was near them. Like the shepherds of Chaldee, he wandered with the spheres through space, led by their glorious rays on the path of speculation—peace and induction might have made Schamyl-Oku a philosopher. He was soon startled from his reverie, however, for he heard the faint scream of a child and the slow motion of horses' hoofs; and, starting up and mounting his steed, he followed the direction indicated by the sounds.

The house of Achmet was built upon the shoulder of the hill, and the fugitives had descended into the bosom of the valley. Thither the little Schamyl-Oku followed them, and as they emerged from the woody slopes, and struck northward along the banks of the river, he recognised the guests, and on the saddle before the Georgian was the fair young Zawoo. In a moment a bullet had pierced the brain of the ingrate robber—he fell from his seat without a groan, while his startled steed bounded away, with Zawoo clinging to its neck.

'Traitor!' cried the boy, fiercely, as he dashed, sword in hand, upon the remaining stranger, 'ye have eaten of Achmet's viands, and you would rob him of his child!' As he spoke he struck at the silent fugitive, but his sword was driven from his grasp, his horse was slain in its mid career, and before he could extricate himself he was in the grasp of a powerful man, and was bounding along with the speed of the wind ere he had recovered his self-possession. They swept along the banks of the Dogwai at full career, for the steed was strong and the footing secure. They turned to the east and crossed the plain of Sheps, and it was well for the spy that he did so hastily, for the scouts on the hills sought to mar his flight with their rifles. It was a gallant steed, and the rider bore himself gallantly, for he clasped his little prisoner in his arms, and directed the path of his horse with his voice alone. Foaming and snorting, the charger at last reached the shores of the Kuban; and the stranger, giving a sharp, clear whistle, brought a boat from the sedges and reeds that grew so luxuriantly on the banks of the river. He was quickly borne across the stream, and entered with his captive the fort of Yekaterin-odar. He was a man of great account, this robber masquerador. Schamyl-Oku soon perceived so from the deference which the commander of the garrison showed to him. He was cold, haughty, and arbitrary, and, unfortunately, he was powerful. When the General Williameneff ventured to ask about his guide he smiled, and answered that the child he had brought a prisoner had made carrion of him. When he further inquired if his highness had seen the valleys on the Kuban said to be disposed to submission, and had gratified the curiosity which prompted him to hazard so dangerous a visit, the imperial robber strode passionately up and down the apartment, and muttered something concerning the courage and address of the children of the hills, and of their untameable love of liberty.

Young Schamyl-Oku was carried by order of his captor to St Petersburg, and presented to his brother, the emperor. The beauty of the child interested the women of the court; the courage of the boy only required direction to be rendered subservient to the purposes of Nicholas. All the appliances at the command of the autocrat were devoted to the development of young Schamyl-Oku's military talents, and every means were resorted to in order to make him forget his kindred and country. He was told that he was a Russian, the son of a great noble, who, together with his mother, had been slain by Circassian marauders; and that he, their only child, had been carried off while yet an

infant, and reared among the slayers of his father. His tutors poured the virus of adulation into his young ear, and prophesied that he would yet be a hero, that the emperor would restore his father's broad lands and a thousand serfs when he had taken revenge upon the treacherous and bloody Tcherkesses. Schamyl-Oku listened to them, but the recollections of his green native mountains, and of his father, and Zawoo, preserved his spirit from this most unnatural contamination. He grew in strength and beauty, and surpassed all his compeers in dauntlessness and intellectual acuteness; and although he seemed to have forgotten his native land and tongue, and the very name he had borne in youth, the patriot thought and memories of home were deeply graven on his heart. At the age of eighteen he was tall, handsome, and intelligent, and Nicholas, anxious to initiate him into the practice of battle with his kindred, dispatched him with a *porutshik's* commission and a contingency of recruits to the fort of Pshat, in the immediate vicinity of his native valley.

The fort of Pshat bore a greater affinity in appearance to the camps of the Romans than to the modern stone tower. It occupied a wide area, and was surrounded by mud walls with yawning embrasures. Instead, however, of either donjon tower or prætorium occupying its centre, rudely constructed wooden barracks for the soldiers, and stables for the horses, were reared in slovenly confusion. There was an air of dirty neglect pervading everything within the influence of Russian sloth. The soldiers had a dreamy, brutal aspect, and gazed upon the hills of the north with a dull listlessness that might be increased by the knowledge that they were cooped within the range of their artillery; for the watchful warriors of Notwhatsh often led their steeds to the brow of the hill that overlooked the military post, and contemplated it as the eagle contemplates the flocks of the valley.

On the first day of Schamyl-Oku's sojurn within the fort he felt feverishly excited. He who had never wept for pain or hardship felt his eyes suffuse with tears as he gazed upon the blue summit of *Noghai-Huskha* and the green slopes of his own dear native home. He knew that his father lived, for he had heard the Russians through ten long years execrate his terrible name, and he had repeated it every evening since his captivity in the prayers he had breathed in his native tongue. But Achmet-Tughuz and Zawoo rose before his mind's eye, the former in his hoary senility and unimpeachable honour, the latter in her maidenly maturity and beauty, and he sighed as he thought that time and war might have borne away the one and blighted the other. The gay and richly laced uniform of the young *porutshik* (lieutenant) possessed no attractions for him; the loose and picturesque garb of his country, as it hung gracefully on the gallant forms of the warriors who sentinelled the hills so near him, was dearer to him, in its freedom, simplicity, and nationality, than all the trappings of the most gorgeous satrap of the east; and even his native tongue, the first thing connected with his childhood that a child forgets, came back to him in all its fluency, and the songs of his native valley revived within his memory, fresh, vigorous, and strong. We love the cosmopolitan spirit that can recognise in every man a brother, and opens the hospitium door to the hungry and weary of every clime; we love the catholicity which destroys inimical rivalry and breaks down the embattled walls which antagonistic nationality, in its pride and egotism, has built around itself; but wo to the man who professes to love all spots on the earth's surface with equal intensity, who forgets the land that nurtured his fathers and him, the land where his mother cradled him and where the ashes of his kindred repose. The proud and powerful emperor of all the Russias sought to eradicate Schamyl-Oku's love of home, but in this he warred with a power superior to his might; he combatted with nature, and nature was the conqueror. The young man leaned over the walls of the fort, and, stretching out his arms, exclaimed in the fullness of his enthusiasm, and in his native tongue, 'Green towering mountains of my sires, would I could press my breast to your proud untainted bosoms!'

As he spoke, the commandant, Mackovitch, approached him; he was attended by an aged Circassian, who had entered the fort under the protection of a flag of truce, and also at the request of the Russian. Such visits were often permitted by the mountaineers because they had faith in the integrity of their messengers; they were often desired by the Russians because they believed in universal corruptibility. The aged chief had a beard as white as snow, and it waved upon his steel-clad breast. His face was deeply marked, but his complexion was transparent and healthy. His grey eyes were bright and restless, and his small mouth wore a sarcastic and haughty expression. His head was covered with a red turban, and the tale of a white horse waved from it over his shoulders. His tunic was of brown cloth, purchased from the adventurous Turks, who, scorning the imperial blockade, brought their merchandise to the guarded shore. Long white trousers, wide and clean, covered his nether extremities, while his small feet were encased in mocassins of untanned leather. He was tall and spare, and bore himself with the dignity and freedom of one who had never bent to mortal as his superior. Schamyl-Oku looked upon the gallant old chief with eager interest, and strove to recognise in his some features of the past; but time had either obliterated their impression from his memory, or his glance was insufficient to call up his latent recollections.

'Lieutenant Maximinoff will attend the conference to be held in my quarters immediately,' said Mackovitch, as he passed the young man; and Schamyl-Oku, bowing, followed the commander and his visiter.

It was considered politic to impress the Circassians with the grandeur and power of the czar, and on every occasion that they visited the invaders' strongholds the soldiers of Russia were paraded, all the officers were convened to give effect to the most simple intercommunication of the general and a chief, and flags and tinselled articles of furniture garnished the apartment where they met. Mackovitch, on this occasion, occupied an elevated seat as the representative of the greatest of potentates, and his officers were all ranged around him. The aged Circassian seated himself crosslegged upon an ottoman confronting the general.

Mackovitch commanded the dragoman to harangue the chief on the folly of his countrymen resisting the all but super-earthly power of Russia; to impress him with an idea of the clemency and loving-kindness of the emperor; and to finish by offering a reward for the head of Schamyl-Tat. The blood of Schamyl-Oku ran cold as he listened to the murderously debasing overtures and proposals of the soldier, and he could have smitten him where he sat when he heard him breathe his father's name. The interpreter looked uneasily around before he began to translate the words of the officer, for he knew the Circassian's scorn of dishonour, and he dreaded the outburst of his wrath; and Schamyl-Oku, anxious to catch their import in the Adighe language, and to watch their effect upon his countryman, pressed forward and gazed upon the aged warrior. The lights of the past now began to illumine his memory, and dim indefinite recollections were revived as the face of the old man expressed scorn or ridicule in answer to the palaver of the dragoman. The lights shone full upon that manly countenance, with its deep furrows and striking lineaments, and when the old chief sprung to his feet and grasped his yataghan, at the conclusion of the dragoman's speech, Schamyl-Oku recognised, in his passion of insulted honour, his own beloved *atalik* Achmet-Tughuz.

'Schamyl-Tat bore my son Arslan from the fangs of the Moscovite vultures,' cried Achmet, furiously waving his brand; 'I was the *atalik* of his son, whom some coward bore away; and I would strike your emperor down did he ask me to betray so dear a friend.' The passion that had kindled in the old man's eyes slowly faded away, and, sheathing his weapon and resuming his seat, he prepared to listen to any farther harangue after this vigorous and spirited protest.

Mackovitch's sinister, mean countenance became livid with passion as he beheld Achmet's haughty look and un-

mistakable demonstration of scorn. The slave in soul and body to his emperor, he had no idea of honour or independence—fit instrument of a tyrant whose unscrupulous ambition required agents capable only of deeds of carnage and rapacity. This wretch, in the presence of his victim, and with twenty *gentlemen* around him, proposed a reward to any officer who would assassinate Achmet-Tughuz when on the morrow he had gone beyond the boundaries of the fort. Schamyl-Oku saw at a glance the danger of his aged friend, and as prompt in thought as in action, he intimated to the general his readiness to comply with his desires.

By sunrise on the following morning Achmet was mounted on his black impatient charger, and Schamyl-Oku, whom Mackovitch introduced as a guard of honour, rode by his side. A serjeant from the fort accompanied them a short distance, until the young officer, as if recollecting himself, ordered the soldier to return with a letter to General Mackovitch. It was a short and pithy epistle, and ran thus: 'Villain—I was stolen from my home ten years ago, and conveyed to the chief city of your master; I was instructed in the art of war that I might slay my countrymen; I breathed the atmosphere of falsehood that it might destroy my recollections of, and make me hate my country. But nature was too strong for your tyrant and his myrmidons. I have never forgotten that I am a Circassian; I have never ceased to remember that I am the son of Schamyl-Tat, the *pkhoor* of Achmet-Tughuz whom you would kill, and the enemy of Nicholas and Mackovitch.'

Mackovitch was furious when he read this pointed intimation, and, giving way to his passion, he dashed his clenched hand in the face of the messenger; he stormed, threatened, and vowed the annihilation of the Circassian tribes; but Achmet and his atalik were beyond his power, and he was outwitted.

The sun's rays were dancing in the mountain torrents and streaming over meadow and fell, when Achmet and his yet unknown foster-son entered the valley of the Pshat. They rode in silence, for Achmet believed his companion to be a Russian incognisant of his language, and Schamyl's heart was full.

'The hills of Pshat are beautiful,' said the youth at last, 'and their flowers are bright and sweet; but I have seen a flower in the valley of Dogwai fairer than them all.'

Achmet suddenly drew up his steed and gazed in mute amazement on his gallant young companion. It was some time before he found the power of utterance, and when he did so, he slowly said, with a softened voice, 'The flowers of both Pshat and Dogwai have been blighted by thy Moscov brothers; we part at this cross before us, and we may never meet again save in battle; but I never thought to find one whose tongue can discourse in the Adighe language an enemy to my country.'

'The eagle may be torn from its eyrie,' said the youth, with enthusiasm, 'and its wings may be shorn; the lion may be caged and chained, and its courage for a time subdued; but let the free bird to the cliff and the king-beast to the forest, and they return once more to the habits of their nature. I speak the language of the Adighe because I am a *pshe* of their blood. I will not part with Achmet at the stone-cross, because he must return his *pkhoor* to Schamyl-Tat, and I will never blight a flower in Pshat or Dogwai, because I am Schamyl-Oku.'

The old man gazed upon the animated face of the youth till his own illumined visage trembled with emotion. He slowly dismounted from his steed, but not a sound escaped his lips; then stretching out his arms, while the youth threw himself from his horse, he clasped him in a yearning embrace to his aged bosom. The *tarko-khass* and his protegé turned aside from the path that conducted to Schamyl-Tat's dwelling, and in a few days arrived in the valley of Dogwai; and fleet messengers scoured the hills of Notwhatsh and Shapsuk, and beacons blazed on every peak, for Achmet could now perform the last office of an honourable *atalik*, and Schamyl-Oku was about to be restored to his people when the due time arrived. The young man loved the speech of his youth, and he listened to its sounds with rapture. That it was harsh and dissonant, his Russian tutors had often told him, but they had never heard it discoursed from the lips of Zawoo, and he deemed them but sorry judges. Her voice was low and musical, and might have rendered even the dialect of Moscovy beautiful; so at least thought Schamyl-Oku before he had been a week in Dogwai. At last he resumed the garb of his country. Achmet presented him with every accessory of a warrior, and his ample wardrobe had been fashioned by the fair hands of Zawoo. A strong and gallant steed was led behind the charger he rode, and a hundred nobles, freemen, and pshilts, formed his escort to Pshat. There was pride in the face of Achmet, and rapture in that of Schamyl-Tat, when the *atalik* presented his friend with his long-lost son. The young man was led into his father's house, and all the inmates bowed to him and pronounced his name; and the young maidens smiled on him, and whispered that there would soon be a rival to the lion of Notwhatsh on the plains of the Khu-Shkho and Kuban. And then the feast was served upon the hill-top, and twice a hundred warriors sat down to eat. They spoke of freedom, captivity, and the dishonourable assassin Mackovitch; and Achmet, to show his scorn of such a foul plot as Schamyl-Oku had saved him from, commanded the minstrels to play.

'Let joy be in the valley of Pshat,' sang the minstrels, 'and peace in the bosom of Schamyl-Tat. Achmet-Tughuz, whose name is truth, and whose heart is as pure as the streams of Gul, wept for the *pkhoor* whom the Moscovs stole away, and Schamyl's bosom was lonely, for his young *savo* was gone. But Achmet now rejoices, for he brings the young oak to its own green hills—he restores the full-fledged eagle to his parent; and Schamyl's eye grows bright, for when he scatters his foes his son will be at his side; when his black horse breathes terror into the hearts of the red-haired Moscovs, Schamyl-Oku will be at his back. There grows a rose in Dogwai,' they continued, changing the theme—'a fair and lovely flower. It would be well if Schamyl-Oku could plant it on the hills of Pshat; there is a star in the north which must shine in the valleys of Notwhatsh.'

Shortly after his restoration Schamyl-Oku bore Zawoo to his home in Pshat, and the blazing fort he captured was the beacon that was lighted at his nuptials.

We sometimes hear of the deeds of the Tcherkesses, as fitful rescripts of Circassian war are borne to our shores, and we know that the most gallant and unyielding of the mountain chiefs continues still to wave the banner of victory and to rejoice in the terrible name of Schamyl; and those who consult the flitting records of passing events, will find that the capture and escape of Schamyl-Oku, the son of the redoubted Schamyl, is no fiction.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

When I am speaking to young girls (the Lord bless and keep them!) I am in my proper element. Why should it be otherwise? I have had five thousand under my charge, and spent thirty years of my life devoted to their service; and the general reader will excuse me if I add some further advice to them. If it be good, others may have its benefit as well as they, but it is most natural to me to address myself to them. Would you, my dear young ladies, do the will of God on earth by being useful to your fellow-beings? Take care of health. Would you enjoy life? Take care of health; for without it existence is, for every purpose of enjoyment, worse than a blank. No matter how much wealth or how many luxuries you can command, there is no enjoyment without health. To an aching head what is a downy pillow, with silken curtains floating above? What is the cushioned landau and the gardened landscape to her whose disordered lungs can no longer receive the inspirations of an ordinary atmosphere? And what are books, music, and paintings to her whose nervous sufferings give disease to her senses, and agony to her frame? Would you smooth for your tender parents the pillow of declining life? Take care of health.

And does the 'prophetic pencil' sometimes trace the form of one whose name, perhaps, is now unknown, who shall hereafter devote to you a manly and generous heart, and marriage sanction the bond? Would you be a blessing to such a one? then now take care of your health: or if you hesitate, let imagination go still further. Fancy yourself feeble, as with untimely age, clad in vestments of sorrow, and leaving a childless home to walk forth with him to the churchyard, there to weep over your buried offspring. Study then to know your frame, that you may, before it is too late, pursue such a course as will secure to you a sound and vigorous constitution. Learn that to be careful of your health is to accustom yourself to bear, without inconvenience, the full range of temperature to which you must sometimes be exposed by the climate you live in. When you go forth, erect your form, expand your chest, and let your organs of respiration and your cheek meet the full current of air which your onward motion produces and sets against you. If you have heretofore believed that this was a dangerous exposure, and have covered your face from the wintry air as you went abroad, on foot or otherwise, now learn that this is a mistake. But if you have already practised it till your lungs, like a dyspeptic stomach, cannot digest their wholesome aliment, then you must not change your habits at once, but by degrees. Pass no day without invigorating the circulation by exercise more or less energetic. Be careful to take regularly the simple diet which nature requires, but shun all beverages and condiments which unduly excite the nerves and disorder the stomach, for the nerves are the media through which the lungs derive their vital power, and the stomach, that through which the blood itself is formed; and to no purpose is the channel for circulation and the motive power, if there be no healthy blood to be circulated. Have the good sense to disregard fashion when it would lead you to imprudence in dress. You dress for beauty as well as for health. That is right, for God himself has not disregarded beauty in his external creation, and beauty is the child of nature and simplicity, not of ornament, extravagance, and affectation. But study nature's fine models more than fashion plates, and you will gain in beauty as well as in health. The attenuated waist and the Chinese foot are not divinely made, but fashion-formed, and are nothing better than superinduced deformities. As to pressure on the lungs, enough has been said for you to remember its danger. But the pressure on the stomach is also deleterious, and that on the liver may be both fatal to health and destructive of beauty. If the vital motions of the liver are obstructed, the yellow bile pervades and disorders the general system, and ruins the complexion. Be careful to clothe your feet properly, and press them not too closely. A free circulation cannot go on if obstructed here, and here is the greatest danger of obstruction. Be not over anxious then to have a tiny foot; for undue pressure on the feet, and carelessness in keeping up warmth at the feet by proper covering, have perhaps destroyed as many female lives as unnatural pressure on the lungs. Unnatural pressure on the lungs, the stomach, and the liver, annihilates real beauty of form and complexion, and pressure on the feet, its finest accompaniment, grace and dignity of motion. The French women are allowed to be the most graceful in the world, and their feet are well grown. Taglioni, the very queen of grace, had large but well shaped feet. But who thought of this as in the dance she seemed to float on air? Then the eye could detect no jar when in descending she touched the floor, nor any appearance of effort when she rose, but the wavy line of grace remained unbroken. Such perfection of movement a very small foot could not have allowed. Guard by proper clothing the region of the lungs. I verily believe that a quarter of a yard of flannel applied in due time to the chest, would have saved many a death by consumption. In our cold climate, that so many should have to so expose the neck, breast, and shoulders, is only to be accounted for on the supposition of the upward tendency of a heating agent. But many, by tempting nature too far in this particular, have gone to untimely graves. You have seen how necessary to circulation and to life is the heat of the lungs. Guard it then with a care exceeded by no other, except that which should be paid to keeping in vigorous flow the fountain-spring of spiritual life.—*Emma Willard.*

## SELECT PASSAGES FROM THE FRENCH.

Avoid all those who, under the pretext of explaining nature, sow in the hearts of men their desolating doctrines, and whose apparent scepticism is at once more affirmative and more dogmatic than the actual convictions of their adversaries. Under the lofty pretext that they alone are enlightened, veracious, trustworthy, they imperiously subject us to their sweeping decisions, and under the pretext of unfolding the true principle of things, they give us only unintelligible systems built in their own imaginations. As to the rest, overturning, destroying, trampling under foot all that men respect, they take from the afflicted the last consolation of their misery—from the rich and the powerful the only curb of their passions; they snatch from the depths of the heart all remorse for crime and all the hopes of the virtuous, and then extol themselves as the benefactors of their species. 'Truth,' say they, 'can never be hurtful to mankind.' Such is also my belief; and this, in my opinion, is the best evidence that what they teach is not the truth.

We judge too much of happiness from appearances—we suppose it to be where there is least of it—we seek it where it was never known to be found. Gaiety is but a very equivocal sign of its possession. A gay person is often only an unfortunate one, who seeks to cheat others and to deceive himself. Those people who are in society so open, so full of smiles, so serene, are often sad and discontented by themselves, and make their domestics pay for the amusement afforded to their coteries. True contentment is neither gay nor waggish. Jealous of so sweet a sentiment, in tasting we think of it, relish it, and fear its loss. The man truly happy neither speaks nor laughs much—happiness, so to speak, is drawn closely around his heart. Those blustering amusements, those turbulent pleasures, may serve to conceal the disgust of ennui; but melancholy is the friend of happiness, and tears accompany the sweetest enjoyments; nay, excessive joy itself occasions rather tears than smiles.

Man, dost thou wish to live happily and wisely? Attach thyself to virtue alone—to that beauty which never fades. Let thy condition limit thy desires—thy duties precede thy inclinations. Learn to lose that which may be taken away; learn to leave all when virtue commands thee; to put thyself above fortune; to detach thy heart without allowing it to be torn by her fluctuations; to be courageous in adversity that thou mayest never be miserable; to be resolute in thy duties that thou mayest never be criminal. Then wilt thou be happy in defiance of fortune, and wise in despite of passions; then wilt thou find in the possession even of the most fragile blessings a pleasure which nothing may disturb; thou wilt possess them without their possessing thee; and thou wilt feel that man, with whom all is transitory, enjoys only that he may know how to lose.

It is not so easy as is supposed to renounce virtue. Long does she continue to torment those who abandon her; and her charms, which are the delight of the good, constitute the greatest torment of the wicked, who still love her attractions, but are no longer capable of enjoying them.

A false shame and the fear of censure occasion more bad actions than good; but virtue may not blush except at that which is evil.

It is infinitely better to degrade worldly grandeur than virtue; and the wife of a collier is more respectable than the mistress of a prince.

It is not money alone which the unfortunate have need of—it is only the slothful in well-doing who do good with their purses in their hands. Consolation, counsel, attention, friends, are so many of the compensations which pity bestows, in default of riches, for the relief of the indigent.

No honest man may ever boast of having leisure, so long as he has good to perform, a country to serve, and the unhappy to relieve.

So long as any one wants the necessaries of life, what honest man should boast of having superfluities?

Men say that life is short, while, at the same time, they exert themselves to make it so. Not knowing how to employ their time, they complain of its rapidity, and yet it flows too slowly to satisfy them. Always full of the object at which they aim, they behold with regret the interval which separates them from it; one looks with expectation to the day following, another to the next month, a third to six months hence—none can live to-day—none are content with the present hour—all find it passing too slow. Mortals, will ye never cease to calumniate nature? Why complain that life is short, while it is not even so short as you wish? If there be one amongst you who knows how to infuse enough of moderation in his desires as never to despise the passing hour, he will not deem it too contracted; to live and to enjoy will be for him the same thing; and should he happen to die young, he will die contented with the measure of his days.

Conscience is the voice of the soul—the passions are the voice of the body. Is it wonderful that these two languages often contradict each other? and then which must we listen to? Too often does reason deceive us; only too much have we acquired the right to except against her decisions; but conscience never deceives us, she is to the soul what instinct is to the body; who follows it obeys nature, and need not dread being led astray. If conscience speaks to every heart, why then are there so few who understand it? Alas! it is because it speaks to us the language of nature—a language we have all learned to forget.

There are few expressions which may not be rendered absurd by isolating them. This manœuvre has always been a talent of subordinate or envious critics.

The vigorous style of thought of superior minds gives them a particular idiom; and common minds have not the grammar of that language.

The slowest to promise is always the most faithful to perform.

Everything may be resisted except kindness; and there is no more certain means of acquiring the affection of others than that of bestowing ours on them.

The best manner to estimate the value of reading, is to examine into its effects upon the mind. What kind of excellence may a book possess, if it lead not its readers to virtue?

A single lesson of morality proper for infancy, and the most important at every age, is never, nor upon any pretext, to do evil. Even the precept to do good, if not subordinate to this, is dangerous, false, contradictory. Where is the being totally destitute of goodness? Every person is occasionally good, the most wicked as well as his neighbours—he gives happiness to one at the expense of misery to hundreds; and from thence proceed all our calamities.

Let us not search into books for those principles and rules we will more certainly find within our own breasts. Let us despise all those vain disputes of philosophers upon happiness and virtue; employ ourselves in rendering good and happy the time which they lose in seeking how they may be so; and propose to ourselves great examples to imitate, rather than vain systems to follow.

The abuse of knowledge produces disbelief. All the learned disdain the vulgar opinion—each wishing to frame notions for himself.

A single precept of morality may be substituted for all the rest; it is this: 'Never say nor do anything which thou art not willing that every one should both hear and see.' That Roman was the most estimable of men, who wished that his house was so constructed as that every person might observe all that was done within.

How comes it that a cripple person does not irritate us, and that a cripple mind does irritate us? The reason is, because a cripple person acknowledges that we walk straight, while a cripple mind asserts that it is we who limp. Without this consideration, our pity more than our anger would be excited.

Epictetus also has inquired why we are not angry if told that we have a headache, and that we are angry if it be said to us that we reason badly, or choose badly. The cause of this is, that we are very certain we have not a headache, and that we are not cripple; but we are not so firmly assured that we always choose correctly.

If during the night we invariably dreamed again the same thing, we should perhaps be affected as much as by objects seen during the day. And if an artisan were certain of dreaming every night for twelve hours that he was a king, I believe that he would be almost as happy as a king who dreamed every night that he was an artisan.

Plato and Aristotle are usually imagined as persons wearing majestic robes, and as being invariably grave and serious. The truth is, they were honest affable men, who laughed with their friends like others. And when they formed their laws and political treatises, it was merely to enjoy and divert themselves. This was the least philosophic and the least serious portion of their lives. The most philosophic was to live in simplicity and tranquillity.

All men desire to be happy; to this there is no exception. However dissimilar the means employed, they all aim at this end. What prompts one man to go to battle, and another man not to go, is the same desire in both, accompanied by different views.

## LIMANESE LADIES.

A young lady of Lima rises late, dresses her hair with orange flowers, and waits for breakfast, after which she receives or pays visits. During the heat of the day, she swings in a hammock or reclines on a sofa smoking a cigar. After dinner she again pays visits, and finishes the evening either in the theatre, on the plazo, or the bridge. Few ladies occupy themselves with needlework or netting, though some of them possess great skill in these arts. The pride which the fair Limanese take in their dainty little feet knows no bounds. Walking, or sitting, or standing, swinging in the hammock, or lying on the sofa, they are ever watchful to let their tiny feet be seen. Praise of their virtue, their understanding, or their beauty sounds not half so sweetly as encomiums bestowed on their pretty feet. They take the most scrupulous care of them and everything that might favour their enlargement. A large foot (*Polaza Inglesa*, an English foot, as they say) is an abomination to them. I once heard a beautiful European lady desertedly extolled by some fair dames of Lima, but they wound up their eulogium with these words, *pero qué pie!* (but what a foot) *parecha una lancha* (it is like a great boat). The foot in question would by no means have been thought large in Europe. The Limanese possess in an extraordinary degree talents which unhappily are seldom cultivated as they should be. They have great penetration, sound judgment, and very correct views respecting the most diversified affairs of life. Like the women of Seville, they are remarkable for their quick and pointed repartees, and a Limanese is sure never to come off second best in a war of words. They possess a rare firmness of character, and a courage not generally given to their sex. In these respects they are superior to the dastardly, vacillating men, and they have played a part as important, often much more so, in all the political troubles of the country. Ambitious and aspiring, accustomed to conduct with ease the maziest intrigues with a presence of mind that never fails them, even at the most critical moment; passionate and bold, they mingle in the great game of politics with tremendous effect, and usually turn it to their own advantage, seldom to that of the state. All these characteristics were combined in a high degree in the person of Donna Francisca Subyago, the wife of Don Augustin Gamara, formerly president of Peru. She was accused, indeed, of having been the main cause of the unhappy condition of Peru at the period of Gamara's rule; but I believe that the main source of the evil lay in her husband's weakness and cowardice. When Gamara and his troop were pelted with stones by the populace of Lima, and he stood whining in the Plazo Major, not knowing

what to do, Donna Francisca snatched his sword from his side, put herself at the head of the troop, and commanded a well-ordered retreat—the only means by which it was possible to save herself and the remains of the army. A trooper having ventured to make some offensive remarks on her conduct, she rode up to him, and told him that she would have a pair of gloves made out of his skin. She died of epilepsy, a few months after, in Valparaiso. The life of this woman, since her marriage with Gamara, presents in uninterrupted succession such remarkable traits of courage, determination, presence of mind, and passionate emotion, that it would well employ the pen of the ablest biographer.—*Dr Tshudi.*

### BROTHERLY LOVE.

It was a pretty saying of a little boy, who, seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. 'They are quarrelling,' was the answer. 'No,' replied the child, 'that cannot be; they are brothers.'

### RESIGNATION.

A deaf and dumb child was questioned if she knew why she was born thus. The tears rapidly filled the eyes of the afflicted child, but in a moment or two she dashed them away, and with a sweet smile playing upon her thoughtful countenance, wrote upon her little slate—'Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.'

### CONTENTMENT.

Climb not too high, lest you fall; nor lie on the ground, lest you be trampled on. Consider yourself safest when your own legs bear you.

### SPENSER'S FAERY QUEEN.

When Spenser had finished his famous poem of the Faery Queen, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, 'Carry that man another twenty pounds.' Proceeding farther, he exclaimed, 'Give him twenty pounds more.' But at length he lost all patience, and said, 'Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read farther I shall be ruined.'

### THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

Within two miles of Cirencester is the source of the Thames—a clear fountain in a rocky dell, known by the name of Thames Head. This is the little infantine stream, so great a giant when it arrives at its full growth. The little dell whence issues the gentle stream is in hot seasons perfectly dry, but the drought that stops the supply at the fountain-head has but slight effect on the course of the stream. It has so many different feeders from various parts of the country, that at Lechlade and Cricklade it runs on its usual course uninfluenced by the scarcity at the head. There is an amusing story told of a simple Cockney, who, on his way from Bristol to London, turned aside to visit the source of the river he was so proud of. It was warm summer; there had been no rain for three weeks, and the spring was dried up. 'Alas!' said he, with an expression of the utmost alarm and sorrow, 'what ruin this must cause at London! What will the poor people do for water?' and his busy fancy conjured up a direful picture of a thousand ills consequent upon the stoppage of the stream—no more ships arriving at London laden with the wealth of the world, the bankruptcy of rich merchants, the shutting up of 'Change, the failure of the Bank of England, the anguish of ruined families, and the death of thousands in the agonies of thirst. The Germans tell a similar story of a traveller who visited the springs of the Danube, and which, as we are upon the subject, may serve as a pendant to the tale of our Cockney. The traveller in this case was a Suabian, and whenever the Germans wish to palm off a joke, a Suabian is sure to be the butt. On noticing in what a small stream the water trickled at the source of that great river (the Danube), he formed the bold resolution of stopping it up. He put his hand across it, and, as he fancied the various cities upon its course deprived of their supply of water by this deed, he exclaimed, in the pride of his heart, 'What will they say at Vienna!'—*The Thames and its Tributaries.*

### THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

The author of the following verses was James Hislop, of the parish of Kirkconnel, in Nithsdale. In his early youth he followed the occupation of a shepherd, and it was while thus engaged that he composed this poem. Lord Jeffrey was so much pleased with it that he procured for him a situation as tutor in the ship Doris, under the command of Captain William Hope Johnston, in which he sailed to South America. On his return he went to London, where he was for a time engaged in teaching, and latterly as a reporter in the House of Commons. In October, 1827, he accepted a situation as preceptor in his Majesty's ship Tweed, under the command of Lord Churchill, but was only at sea a few days when he died.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay,
Where Cameron's sword and his bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood:
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning—and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast:
On Wardlaw and Cairntable, the clear, shining dew
Glisten'd sheen 'mong the heathbells and mountain flowers blue;

And far up in heaven, near the white, sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthen'd and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep:

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,
And its fresh meadow-blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Conceal'd 'mong the mist, where the heath-fowl were flying;
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hov'ring,
And their bridal reins rung through the thin misty cov'ring.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheath'd,
But the vengeance that darken'd their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes raised to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;
Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as, firm and unbending,
They stood, like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming:
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended:
Its drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turn'd on axles of brightness!

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining:
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding.
Glide swiftly, bright spirits, the prize is before ye—
A crown never-fading—a kingdom of glory!

### THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

There is nothing in the world which is so remarkable as the character of parents; nothing so intimate and endearing as the relation of husband and wife; nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so lovely as those of brethren and sisters. The little circle is made one by a single interest, and by a singular union of affection.—*Dr Dwight.*

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## PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE STATE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

NOTHING can be supposed capable of producing more gloomy and dismal sensations than newspaper reading for the last few months. The late failure of the potato crop is now fearfully felt. In Ireland especially and the West Highlands it has already been productive of consequences the most disastrous and appalling. From both these portions of the British empire accounts are daily received which no one can peruse without emotions of horror. Millions of our fellow-creatures in the one quarter of the country, and hundreds of thousands in the other, are represented as enduring all the misery which the most vivid fancy can picture to itself as likely to be consequent upon the presence of famine, and the rigorous severities of a winter more than usually inclement.*

Philanthropic Britain has no doubt to a certain extent already acted like herself. All over the nation the cry of destitution and misery has been almost universally responded to. To meet the direful exigency, large sums of money have been raised by private subscription, and by order of government immense quantities of grain have been exported to the suffering districts, to afford their unfortunate inhabitants a partial and temporary relief. Still, like all remedial measures into which public legislators and private philanthropists are occasionally hurried, from the sudden and untoward pressure of national emergencies which human sagacity could neither have foreseen nor prevented, it is very obvious that the evil is far as yet from being remedied; that it has only undergone a superficial touch; that the supplies transmitted for the consumption of so many millions of our fellow-countrymen in the districts mentioned, to be of more than temporary avail, must be followed up by others still, if possible, more liberal than the first; and that if all this is not accomplished, a fearfully reactive influence will soon be felt over those portions of the kingdom where good wages and plentiful employment have hitherto enabled the industrious to provide, notwithstanding the increased price of provisions, for their own support. Should provisions continue to ascend in price, the wages at present received by the labourer will not only prove insufficient for his support, but labour itself will in all probability suffer a diminution in value, seeing that from the quarters where so many are at present existing on national charity we may anticipate the influx at no distant interval of time of thousands in search of work, who in order to obtain it will consent to take less for their labour. If an unwonted rise in the common necessaries of life simultaneously take place with a fall in the labourer's pay, Britain will exhibit a spectacle of misery more deplorable than has been displayed in any former period of her eventful and chequered history. Our experience, indeed, of the beneficent interference of a bountiful Providence in the years that are past, would render exceedingly blameful on our part the contemplation of such a result as absolutely certain. Forebodings such as these, we feel almost assured, will not be realised; still the very possibility of a nation such as Britain being brought into a condition so truly calamitous ought unquestionably to make us pause. It ought to induce inquiry and the coolest consideration.

What cause, let us then inquire, has mainly contributed to induce the present crisis? The failure of an important article of national food has no doubt hurried it on, but had there not been something previously wrong, the calamity would not have been so suddenly felt. A deficiency in the supply of a certain article of food, though it might, by compelling an increase in the consumption of other articles of the same order, have occasioned a considerable rise in their several mercantile prices, could never have been productive of consequences so awfully calamitous, had there not been previously existing a population whose redundancy was the frequent subject of political declamation, but which, so long as it made shift to provide for itself by means however inadequate, was tolerated and intimidated, cautioned and coerced, cajoled and legislated for by turns; and all this from the commencement of one year till the close of another. So long as the Irish peasant could get his favourite vegetable to grow and thrive in his ill-cultivated field, he scorned to grumble save for what he esteemed the general wrongs of his unfortunate country. A false, and, as it has since proved, fatal species of contentment pervaded in this respect the Irish nation. They stated

* It has been computed that the land under potato cultivation in Ireland is fully 2,000,000 acres, the annual produce of which is estimated by Professor Kane, the highest authority, at nine tons per acre; but, supposing it to be only seven tons, the whole annual produce of potatoes in Ireland would be about 14,000,000 tons; and assuming that only one half of the potato crop has been destroyed, the quantity is 7,000,000 tons. The average weight of wheat estimated to be requisite for the support of one individual for a year, is one quarter, and a ton of potatoes being nearly five times the weight of a quarter of wheat, is supposed to yield a greater amount of nutriment, so that, even making a large deduction from the 7,000,000 tons of potatoes that have been destroyed, for the proportion of these that would in ordinary years have been used for feeding pigs, and other purposes than the food of man, it may be estimated that at least as much food has been destroyed, by the loss of the potato crop in Ireland, as would be sufficient for the support of 4,000,000 of the population. Mr M'Culloch states that ground under potato cultivation will yield more than double the amount of nutritive aliment that would be yielded by the same quantity of land under grain crops. Hence, if one half of the ground under potato cultivation in Ireland were to be appropriated next year to the raising of grain crops, there would be a deficiency of the food hitherto yielded by the same ground, equal to what is required for the support of 2,000,000 of the population. It is estimated that 6,000,000 quarters of grain are annually used in Great Britain and Ireland for distillation and brewing, a quantity sufficient for the support of 5,000,000 individuals.

indeed, their grievances, and told frankly what legislative measures they regarded as most essentially necessary to the future prosperity of their country; but though all the while subsisting on the almost exclusive physical nourishment of a single vegetable, they made no strictly personal demands. They came across, indeed, in autumn, in considerable numbers, to aid in reaping our harvests; and when any extensive national work was set on foot, Irish applicants for employment were frequently found to be numerous. But though this was complained of at the time as somewhat vexatious or teasing, it was, however, submitted to; and now that we see the full extent of the evil, we wonder not so much that from the Emerald Isle a few hundreds of visitants should annually have crossed the channel for our shores either to procure work or charity, as that out of scarce less than four millions, who in the most abundant of seasons were subsisting on the humblest species of human food, there should have been manifested so little of a disposition to murmur, or change their position, or tell in such a manner as to compel attention how matters stood.

Everything that befalls is said to happen for the best; and we are not sure whether, considering that the condition of Ireland must now earnestly be taken up, and some great remedial scheme not merely suggested but actually carried through by our national rulers, we ought to regard the pestilential blight of our two last summers in the light of a judgment; and whether, considering the great amount of good to which it may speedily lead, it ought not to be classed among the beneficial though mysterious dispensations of that supreme, all-wise Intelligence who has his way in the deep and his paths in the waters, who sways the elements and rides upon the wind, who brings light out of darkness, order out of confusion, and, in the language of England's greatest poet, 'from seeming evil still educes good.'

At the time at which we write, rumours are in circulation that an extensive scheme of emigration is in contemplation by the government. Should this report be well-founded, we earnestly hope that it will have other objects in view than a mere desire to get rid of the suffering portion of the community. We are aware that when a government scheme of emigration is spoken of, the very persons whose wants it professes to remedy are apt to stand aloof, to take alarm—to shrink back, in short, as if the proposal possessed in its very nature a great deal that savours of the compulsory. It appears as if there was no alternative save to choose between exile from the British shores and death from starvation; and no doubt, in a few former instances that might be specified, this appears to some extent to be the case. In past times emigration was looked upon as positive expatriation; and there is little wonder that it should have been so, when it is recollected that the greater proportion of those who left this country were persons who, after contending long and unsuccessfully against the privations of their lot, were shipped off to a foreign shore merely in the form of incumbrances; and the sufferings undergone by many of these undaunted and adventurous pioneers in the exploration of wilds untrodden by aught save the wolf and the panther, still continue to operate as a check upon the enterprise of hundreds, who forget that matters are now most materially altered. For is it not obvious that since the restrictions on our free commercial intercourse with foreign countries have been to a great extent done away, emigration wears an aspect totally different from what it formerly presented? An emigrant under the old system resembled somewhat a banished and even hopeless exile, but this is now far from being the case. Those who, by their efforts abroad, increase, by cultivation, the fertility of our colonial soil, have the satisfaction of knowing that they thereby benefit not themselves only, but the friends also they may have left behind. Under the free trade system a constant intercourse must be kept up between the mother country and the most distant of her colonies. An Irish or Highland peasant, while rearing his crop in Canada or any other of the colonies, has the gratifying prospect of meeting in the British market a ready sale for what may remain to him after his own wants and those of his family have been supplied. In consequence he does not—at least he should not—feel when arrangements are made to facilitate his removal from Britain, and to put him down in safety and comfort on the shores of a distant land, that the object is merely to get rid of him as a nuisance; he does not—at least he should not—feel that the only motive by which we are influenced in his removal is to increase the importance of our mechanics and labourers who remain at home; other motives are now in operation. Since we are speedily to enjoy all the privileges of unrestricted commerce, it becomes a matter nearly affecting our interests, that as much as possible be made of the vast tracts of uncultivated ground that in our colonial possessions extend themselves on all sides, whether in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or the Cape.

In former years, when government schemes of emigration were announced, a general feeling of dissatisfaction and tendency to murmur was frequently evinced throughout the country. However desirable it might appear to supply with the means of providing for the wants of the unemployed and starving, it still became a question whether the vast sums of money necessary for carrying the measures into effect, and wafting the wretched to distant climes, might not be turned to better account by finding them some species of work or other to accomplish at home. The truth is, we had, till very lately, small sympathy with any of our colonies. The question was then urged on all sides, why should Great Britain, or any other country, spend her energies either in the discovery or conquest of colonies which, from their distance, must to some extent be valueless to herself? And why drain the country of able labourers and workmen that their energies may be expended in foreign climes, either exclusively in their own support, or for the benefit possibly of aliens and strangers! And, from the causes we have stated, this was a question, a satisfactory answer to which it was often found difficult to give, the fact being that, up to this time, the majority of the colonial possessions of this country have, at first sight, appeared a loss rather than a gain. How all this arose, it is profitless now to inquire. Recrimination against those who have erred is equally pernicious in politics with a blind adherence to their faults. That the colonies heretofore have never been of that value to this country which they ought to have been, is undeniable; that they *may* be of immense importance now is sufficient for our present purpose. It has become absolutely essential to the realisation of those hopes which the late corn-law measure called up in such perfection, that a far larger portion of our unreclaimed colonial lands be brought under cultivation than has yet been accomplished. Whatever be the sum requisite, therefore, successfully to fulfil the measure in question, we are sure it will, under present circumstances, be ungrudgingly bestowed. Apart altogether from the necessity which exists of providing for the immediate wants of such a large proportion of our Highland and Irish population, our future interest is greatly involved in the matter. The money which is expended within a few years will be returned to us with interest. The very persons who may soon be invited to leave our shores under certainly distressful present circumstances, will contribute in a few years, by the produce which they may export for sale to the British market, to reduce the value of the ordinary necessaries, or even luxuries, of life, and to keep prices low.

With the manner in which former schemes of a similar nature have been carried out, we have no sympathy. So far as our approval of emigration goes, it rests on the distinct understanding that the persons who may voluntarily consent to leave Britain for the purpose of entering on the cultivation of our foreign settlements, are not merely to have every facility afforded for leaving the country themselves, but that adequate provision be also made for the safe conveyance, in the same vessel, of their wives, children, and possibly aged and infirm parents. These must not, as in former instances, be left behind until success crowning his efforts, the young athletic colonist may, with his own means, accomplish their removal. Not only, too,

must all expenses connected with the voyage out be completely defrayed, but arrangements must also be made, that after landing the emigrating parties be supplied with the means of support until they obtain labour. This we regard as under the present circumstances due to that portion of our population who, either from necessity or choice, may feel disposed, should they have the opportunity, to risk their fortunes on a foreign shore.

## REVIVAL AND PROGRESS OF NATIONAL LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

### ROBERT FERGUSSON.

If, like Ross, Beattie, Geddes, Ogilvie, and Skinner, the subject of the following biographical sketch was not born in Banff or Aberdeenshire, he appears to have escaped being so by the veriest accident. After serving his apprenticeship to a respectable tradesman in Aberdeen, William Fergusson, the father of Robert, came to Edinburgh in quest of employment about the year 1746. Previous to this he had contracted a matrimonial alliance with Jane Forbes, by whom, before his departure, he had three children, Henry, Barbara, and John. William is said, like the father of Beattie, to have himself possessed a considerable share of the poetic faculties, and was certainly, for his station, a person of superior ingenuity and taste. On his arrival in Edinburgh, he obtained the situation of clerk in a counting-house, and, after repeatedly changing masters, was fortunate enough to secure ultimately a situation in the British Linen Hall, which he held during the period of his subsequent life. Robert was born on the 5th of September, 1750. His constitution was naturally delicate, and so feeble was he when an infant, that nothing but a nursing the most tender and assiduous could have preserved his existence. The consequence was, that not until he had attained the comparatively advanced age of six, was it deemed prudent to subject him to the fatigue, discipline, and confinement of a public school. His education, however, was not neglected at home, and when he was at last sent, at the age specified, to a seminary in Niddry Wynd, conducted by a Mr Philp, the progress which he immediately made was sufficiently marked to attract notice. At the end of six months he was so far advanced as to be capable of joining the first Latin class in the High School, taught by a Mr Gilchrist. Here he continued for the usual term of four years, and if the infirm and fluctuating state of his health, rendering frequent absence from the seminary indispensable, be taken into account, there will be no exaggeration in saying, that the figure which he made among his classfellows was of a superior kind, and that the amount of learning he acquired was much more considerable than under such untoward circumstances any one could have reasonably anticipated. Though, indeed, Robert was forced to be absent from school often for months at a time, he never allowed himself to lose ground, and it usually only required, on the part of the energetic boy, the assiduous application of two days to attain the position in his class which by such unavoidable absence he had innocently forfeited. Robert, during the intervals which the infirmity of his health compelled him to spend at home, was not idle. Like Sir Walter Scott, under similar circumstances, he was fond of reading, and that book which, like Collins, he came to value above all others, at the close of his career, is said to have been his principal favourite during his earliest years. Anecdotes are recorded of him, at this period of his life, which show how susceptible was his boyish mind of religious impressions—impressions partially effaced by the subsequent follies and dissipations which to some extent stained and tarnished his manhood, but not to be obliterated or erased, and reappearing after the lapse of years, only, like temporary corruscations during a midnight storm, to exhibit horrors, and then evanish, leaving the gloom deeper and the voice of the tempest more awful than before. No wonder, evincing even at this premature age so much pious feeling, attention to study, and general ability for the acquisition of his scholastic tasks, than the parents of Fergusson should have, in their own minds, set him apart for the future service of the church. That they did so is certain, and we have accordingly, at the close of the four years to which we formerly alluded, to accompany the future bard to Dundee, a town in which he had a few relatives residing, and where, at the end of two years, the elementary portion of his education was eventually completed.

Fergusson was still very young, being indeed no more than thirteen, but, resolved to accomplish their purpose, his parents immediately removed him to the university of St Andrews. To that celebrated institution a gentleman of the name of Fergusson had recently bequeathed a bursary, to be bestowed upon such young persons of the same name as might become applicants for admission. Fergusson being adjudged worthy of receiving it, was accordingly registered as a pupil of the university, and the subsequent four years of his brief existence were spent amongst the studies, recreations, and, we must add, mischiefs of a St Andrews college life. We have already referred to Dr Wilkie, author of the 'Epigoniad.' Though somewhat eccentrical, and decidedly parsimonious in his habits, that individual was not less distinguished for the extent and variety of his classical attainments than for the possession of considerable poetic genius and an intuitive penetration into the lurking motives and hidden intricacies of the human heart rarely equalled. He was appointed in 1759 to the chair of natural philosophy in St Andrews university, and was consequently one of its professors while Fergusson was there engaged in the prosecution of his studies. Fergusson, of course, during his last year's attendance at St Andrews, became one of Wilkie's regular pupils, but previous to this that worthy man seems to have been well acquainted with the character of our hero. We regret to say that, though Fergusson, while at college, acquired considerable celebrity for the respectability of his scholarship and the facility and ease with which he accomplished his tasks, it was not long ere his buoyancy of spirit and humorous and satirical propensities procured for him notice of a different kind.

Matters, we believe, have long since taken a decided turn for the better in that ancient seminary of learning, but in the times of Fergusson, and for many subsequent years, St Andrews university was remarkable not more for the ability of those teachers who occupied its several chairs, than for the frolicsome and sometimes mischievous propensities of its gowned and gifted alumni. The limited number of students who usually attend, the smallness of the city, the very nature itself of the surrounding scenery, especially the wild sea-beach and stormy bay, have all a tendency to foster among youths of sixteen, feelings and tendencies at once of a social, a convivial, and a romantic kind. Among his classfellows, Fergusson soon became conspicuous for his powers of humour, particularly of mimickry, a talent of all others the most dangerous to its possessor, unless the utmost prudence is observed in its use. His fame, too, as a poet, particularly as a writer of Scottish verses descriptive of individual character, rapidly spread all over the city, and reached the ears of the professors of the college. When, therefore, on having reached his third session, he was admitted into Dr Wilkie's class, the marked partiality with which that professor conducted himself towards his youthful pupil evinced an attachment founded on qualities different from those which, in students of natural philosophy, are usually deemed essential to the acquisition of the patronage or favouritism of their teacher. Fergusson always felt for the severer studies a repugnance which he did not strive to conceal, and for those of mathematics and natural philosophy especially, he uniformly evinced the most decided abhorrence. But, fortunately for Fergusson, Wilkie, who was both a humourist and a poet himself, instead of taking offence at the petulance and daring waywardness which he too frequently evinced, appeared by his manner to give it such a decided tolerance as in some instances to amount to positive encouragement. It has even been said that Wilkie carried his partiality for his giddy pupil to the apparently insane length of appointing him to occupy his place in

the professorial rostrum, for the purpose of reading his lectures to the class when sickness or any other necessary cause rendered his own absence unavoidable. This rumour, however, is unquestionably devoid altogether of truth. The circumstance which gave rise to it may however be noticed, as exhibiting the disposition displayed by the author of the 'Epigoniad' to render every assistance in his power to his young favourite. Fergusson still retained his bursary, and, by consequence, the emoluments resulting from it; but his father had recently died, and his mother, instead of being able to aid him, as at one time, by occasional pecuniary remittances, required rather a similar assistance herself. It was, therefore, a matter of some importance to Fergusson, when his third session came to its close, that Wilkie took him into his own house and employed him during the summer in the transcription of his academical lectures. What emolument he derived from this labour, in which he was employed the subsequent summer as well, we are not told. It was sufficient, however, for the young poet's present purposes, and the kindness of Wilkie made a deep impression on his heart; and on his death, which occurred in 1772, the recollection of it enkindled his gratitude to an extent sufficient to make him compose a poem which he expressly dedicates to the professor's memory. Our readers, if they desire to turn to the poem and give it a perusal, will find the agricultural propensities and attainments of the doctor, as evinced in the management and cultivation of a fine farm which he had purchased in the neighbourhood of St Andrews, alluded to and greatly extolled.

Though Fergusson, while at college, judging from his habits, evinced neither ambition nor any of the faults that attend it, and though the few fugitive verses which he composed were restricted to subjects of a purely local nature, it is certain the unfortunate youth was employed with a tragedy, the scheme of which he had planned himself, and which was connected with the story of Sir William Wallace. Of this tragedy he only completed two acts, having discovered, while his labours to finish it were in progress, that he had been anticipated by some other poet, who had selected for the efforts of his muse almost the identical topic on which he himself had accidentally stumbled. From some fragments of speeches, written with his own hand on the blank leaves of a volume entitled 'A Defence of the Church Government, Faith, Worship, and Spirit of the Presbyterians, by John Anderson, M.A.,' which was formerly in his possession, it would appear that, after abandoning Sir William, some other theatrical scheme had floated in the poet's mind previous to his quitting the university.

Though several of the satirical pieces which Fergusson composed, and for which he attracted notice while a student, were levelled against sundry peculiarities of several of the professors themselves, he does not appear by his lucubrations to have excited against himself any material amount of ill-will or displeasure among the several members of that learned body who possessed in turn the superintendence of his academical studies. Had this been the case, he would not obviously have been treated with the leniency which he experienced when the perpetration of a youthful frolic brought him in some measure within their power. 'On the evening,' says Dr Irving, 'succeeding the distribution of the Earl of Kinnoul's prizes, the successful and disappointed candidates having assembled in two adjoining apartments, a fierce encounter at length ensued between them; and Fergusson was particularised as one of the most distinguished combatants. The principal aggressors were formally expelled; but, in consequence of their penitential submissions, they were within the space of a few days admitted to all the privileges they had formerly enjoyed.' It is proper to state, however, that for his speedy reception into favour, Fergusson was on this occasion chiefly indebted to the eloquent intercession in his behalf of the author of the 'Epigoniad.' Even the servants of the university, though they occasionally fell under the lash of the youthful satirist, never seem to have taken serious offence at anything he wrote, though done with the avowed purpose of subjecting them to ridicule. When a nephew of the poet's paid a visit to St Andrews, many years subsequent to the death of Fergusson, he made inquiry at one of these officials, to whom he was introduced, whether he had any recollection of Robert Fergusson. 'Bob Fergusson!' exclaimed the man, 'that I do! Many a time I've put him to the door; but,' he added, 'a fine laddie for a' that.'

Whether Fergusson had ever himself entertained any serious thoughts of entering on the study of divinity after his classical and scientific studies were completed, is left uncertain. If such had been the case at one time, he appears upon the expiry of his bursary, which was at the end of four years, to have abandoned them for ever. Without any plan for the future, we find him returning on that occasion to the house of his mother, who had been for the last two years a widow, living in circumstances which bordered on indigence. Various were now the advices tendered the young student by his friends. Some recommended him to open a school and labour for his support by teaching. To this mode of gaining a livelihood the youthful poet always, however, discovered a marked and unaccountable repugnance. Medicine, again, he could not think of studying with a view to its future practice, for an extreme nervous susceptibility made him uniformly imagine that his own frame was at the moment exhibiting all the symptoms of every disease of which he read. Fluctuating in his resolves, and uncertain what to do, Fergusson at length ventured on a step which terminated in disappointment, and the subsequent remembrance of which only increased the bitterness of the few melancholy years of his future life. A maternal uncle, Mr John Forbes by name, lived at this time in Aberdeen. With those high expectations of being patronised by his relative, and possibly provided for, which nothing but inexperience of the world can excuse, Fergusson paid him a visit. He was received with a civility nearly amounting to kindness, and invited to take up his temporary abode beneath his uncle's roof. The invitation was accepted, and for at least six months this interesting, talented, and most amiable youth sat at the rich man's table, and was a participant of all the privileges and comforts of the family. Farther than this, however, the kindness of Mr Forbes did not extend. He allowed Fergusson no pocket-money, and when at length, by the usual influence of time on the habiliments of his nephew, they began to assume a seedy and threadbare appearance, he received a polite hint from the old gentleman that, to preserve the reputation of his house, it had become absolutely necessary to insist on his departure. 'Filled,' says Dr Irving, 'with indigation at the ungenerous treatment he had received, he retired to a little solitary inn that stood at a small distance, and addressed a letter to his unfeeling relation couched in terms of manly resentment. After his departure, Mr Forbes seems to have relented: he despatched a messenger to him with a few shillings to defray his expenses on the road. He travelled to Edinburgh on foot, and the fatigues of the journey, added to his depression of mind, produced such an effect upon his delicate constitution, that for several days he was afflicted with a severe illness. When he began to recover strength, he endeavoured to console his grief by composing a poem on 'The Decay of Friendship,' and another 'Against Repining at Fortune.'

Fergusson now began to feel that if he wished to succeed in life he must depend to a great extent on his own resources. He therefore made application in several quarters for admission as clerk to one of our inferior law courts, though for a time without success. On the occurrence at last of a vacancy in the office of the commissary-clerk, the indigent boy thankfully grasped at it when offered him, though it was a miserably inferior situation, the labour being immense while the remuneration was proportionably small. To all its drudgery, however, the young bard would have submitted with cheerfulness had it not been for the tyranny of the deputy under whose eye he was compelled to labour. After a short trial, therefore, he renounced his servitude with disgust, and for a considerable time led a life of poverty, and, as many will imagine, of mean dependence;

for he lived with his mother, and resources previously inadequate for her own support were far less capable of enabling her to supply the wants of her favourite son. A situation under the sheriff-clerk falling vacant at length, Fergusson, on the application of a friend, succeeded in obtaining it, and in the painful discharge of the daily recurring toils of this humble office he spent the remainder of his days.

The sequel of his history is well known. Since the sensation which Ramsay produced by the weekly or monthly publication of his poetical tracts, nothing in Scotland of a strictly national kind had occasioned aught, in the nature of excitement, equal to that which the occasional appearance of Fergusson's poems, in the 'Weekly Magazine' of Ruddiman, now created. The consequence may be easily foreseen. Not only was Fergusson's society eagerly courted by all those Edinburgh younkers who loved music, theatricals, and light literature, and who possibly courted the muses themselves, but young farmers, merchants' clerks, and others, who read the magazine in the country, were seldom in on business to the city without endeavouring, if possible, to spend an hour with the poet. His nights, it is well known, were usually spent in a tavern in the Cowgate, kept by a certain Luckie Middlemas, whom he celebrates in one of his poems, amidst a set of companions whose habits, though not absolutely dissipated or licentious, were however sufficiently irregular and free. Fergusson, as we have seen, was naturally delicate, and as everything is comparative, the quantity of liquor which to a youth of a robust constitution would have proved harmless, was utterly ruinous to the slender frame and sickly stomach of the poor poet. Considering, indeed, his constitutional weakness of body, the wonder is that Fergusson held out so long as he did, for the dissipated life we have referred to was led by him for upwards of four years.

His social qualities are said to have greatly excelled even his poetical. The witchery of his voice was altogether unrivalled, particularly when the simple melodies of his country formed the burden of his song. The manner in which he sung 'The Birks of Invermay,' was to the last remembered by all those who at that time shared his intimacy. Those extraordinary powers of mimickry, to which also we have already alluded, were of course too frequently brought out for the amusement of the company, and it is to be feared were his own subsequent bane. Meanwhile, though grasping hard after happiness, poor Fergusson was far from finding it. He was sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind. 'When he contemplated,' says his biographer, 'the high hopes from which he had fallen, his mind was visited with bitter remorse. But the resolutions of amendment which he formed were always of short duration. He was soon resubdued by the allurements of vice. At one time he evinced a determination to enter upon a more sober and retired course of life, and, in consequence of this plan, took lodgings at a small distance from town. Here, however, he continued for a very short season.' At last, after he had described almost the complete circle of the dissipations, Fergusson's friends, to their inexpressible grief, began to discover symptoms in his behaviour unequivocally indicative of mental disease. His eyes grew wild and staring, his looks ghastly and haggard. He often talked incoherently, and evinced tendencies decidedly infantine. In his collected moments he took to reading the Scriptures, and the religious impressions of his childhood revived. Such of his manuscripts as he could lay hold of he committed to the flames. He was consoled by the reflection that he had never published any thing hostile to the interests of religion; and the Bible became his constant companion. His malady, however, increased so rapidly, that his friends had at length recourse to confinement as the only means left either for their own personal security or the ultimate recovery of the unfortunate victim himself. We give the sequel in the language of by far the best of his biographers, Dr Irving of this city:

'Some of his most intimate friends having watched a proper opportunity, found means to convey him thither, by decoying him into a chair, as if he had been about to pay an evening visit. When they reached the place of their destination, all was wrapt in profound silence. The poor youth entered the dismal mansion. He cast his eyes wildly around, and began to perceive his real situation. The discovery awakened every feeling of his soul. He raised a hideous shout, which being returned by the wretched inhabitants of every cell, echoed along the vaulted roofs, and produced in the minds of his companions sentiments of unspeakable horror. They stood aghast at the dreadful scene; the impression which it left was too deep for time ever to efface. When he was afterwards visited by his mother and elder sister, his frenzy had almost entirely subsided. He had at first imagined himself a king or some other great personage, and had adorned his head with a crown of straw. The delusion, however, was now vanished. Upon their entrance, they found him lying in his cell, to appearance calm and collected. He told them he was sensible of their kindness, and hoped he should soon be in a condition to receive their visits. He also recalled to their memory the presentiment which he had so often expressed of his being at length overwhelmed by this most dreadful of all calamities; but endeavoured to comfort them with assurances of his being humanely treated in the asylum. From the tenor of his behaviour upon this occasion, his mother was led to entertain hopes of his speedy recovery. A remittance from her elder son, Henry, having now rendered her more easy in her circumstances, she determined to remove him to her own house, and immediately began to make the proper arrangements for his reception. But these hopes were only delusive. Within the space of a few days a messenger announced the melancholy tidings that her beloved son had breathed his last. The violent exertions of his mind had gradually ruined the animal system; and at length he was so much exhausted that he expired without a groan. He died on the 16th of October, 1774, after having continued about two months in bedlam. He had only completed the twenty-fourth year of his age.'

Fergusson's subsequent burial in the churchyard of Canongate is well known from the circumstance of Burns having, in about ten years thereafter, caused, while in Edinburgh, a stone bearing the following inscription to be erected at his own expense to the memory of the unfortunate bard:—

> No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay!
> No storied urn, nor animated bust!
> This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
> To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

In introducing the subject of the present sketch to the notice of our readers, our purpose fortunately does not require what our limits would otherwise forbid, that we should review in detail his many poetical pieces, or give our general estimate of the merits of Fergusson as a poet. In both his case and that of Ramsay, our object has been, not so much to analyse the mind of the man or the poet as to consider the claims to distinction which both of them possess from the influence which they severally exercised over the literature of their times. We have seen Ramsay reviving that taste for national ballad, pastoral, and song, which for more than a century had in Scotland been all but extinguished. Since the time when that celebrated man forbore to publish, we have traced a falling off, in reference to nationality, among the majority of the elegant literary writers of the age; and from the first appearance of Fergusson's poems, in the 'Weekly Magazine' of Ruddiman, we date the commencement in this country of a new era. Fergusson's merits, regarding him simply as a poet, are great. Lockhart, of the 'Quarterly Review,' never allowed anything so hasty to escape from his pen as the sentence in which he expresses surprise at the admiration evinced by Burns for the writings and genius of Robert Fergusson. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind; and we should have thought that Lockhart, who in the few verses he has bestowed on the public seems almost to have made Fergusson his model (witness 'Captain Paton,' and the 'Pewter Quart'), would have expressed himself

with more tenderness when speaking of the genius of that accomplished young man.

'Reekie, farewell, I ne'er could part
Frae thee but wi' a dowie heart,'

expresses a sentiment which finds its way universally to the heart of every one who has, for almost ever so short a time, taken up his residence in our fair city. Two more expressive lines never, we believe, dropped, before or since, from the pen of mortal genius. Fergusson's 'Caller Water' still retains its original virtue, being, in good sooth, as fresh, sparkling, and clear at the present hour as when first presented to the public. 'Braid Claith' has proved hitherto a most durable and wearable article, and shall only wax old, as ordinary drapers' gear, when the earth and heavens do the same thing. The 'Oysters' of Luckie Middlemas were caller seventy-five years ago, and are to this good hour digestible by every sound Scottish stomach, even without the aid of pickles. 'The Farmer's Ingle' was obviously suggestive to Burns of the 'Cottar's Saturday Night.' 'Leith Races' seems in some measure to have suggested the 'Holy Fair.' In this way the former poem opens—

'In July month, an bonny morn,
Whan Nature's rokelay green
Was spread o'er ilka rigg o' corn
To charm our roving e'en;'
Glouring about I saw a quean,
The fairest 'neath the lift;
Her een were o' the siller sheen,
Her skin like snawy drift,
Sae white that day.'

In this way the latter—

'Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.

Did time allow, many parallel instances of the closest resemblance might be adduced betwixt Fergusson and Burns. But it is not, as we have said, the object of these essays to aim at settling the claims of either Ramsay or Fergusson to personal distinction. It is as the revivalist of the national literature of his country, as the editor of the 'Evergreen,' and 'Tea-table Miscellany,' and the founder of the first circulating library in Scotland, that we have noticed the one; and it is as that contributor to a Scotch periodical, who first enstamped upon its pages, in characters of fire, the language of a deep-toned and trumpet-tongued nationality; it is as standing at the head of a mighty host of Scottish national writers, the greatest of whom his own genius assisted to evoke, and as in some measure acting the part of their forerunner or herald, that we have given this brief biographical notice of the short and unfortunate existence of the other.

## RECENT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES.

### THE NEW PLANET—THE CENTRAL SUN.

CONSIDERABLE sensation was occasioned in the scientific world a few months ago by the discovery of a new planet, which, at the time, produced no small degree of controversial strife, on account of two individuals laying claim to the merit of the same discovery. Now that the dispute is fortunately at an end, we think it proper to give a somewhat detailed account both of the discovery itself and of the circumstance which gave rise to the subsequent controversy.

The planet Uranus, known at first by the name of the Georgium Sidus, and discovered by Sir W. Herschel in 1781, had from the first exhibited a variety of tremulous movements, to explain which a theory was invented by which these motions were assigned to the perturbation of the known planets. This theory, however, had for the last twenty years been nearly abandoned, and it appeared to the great majority of astronomers that it was altogether inadequate to explain the vibratory appearances presented by Uranus. A French astronomer, named Le Verrier, guessing that these perturbations might be consequent on the secret agency of some planet not yet discovered, set immediately to work, and at last, by resolving the inverse problem of the perturbations, discovered the exact position in space occupied by a star which had not as yet been descried through the telescope. Having framed his theory, M. Le Verrier transmitted it, about the middle of September, 1846, to M. Galle, an astronomer at Berlin, with instructions to endeavour, by the use of his telescope, to find the planet out. M. Galle did as requested on the night subsequent to his receipt of the communication, with what success the following extract from his own letter to Le Verrier will at once show: 'The planet whose position you describe really exists. On the same day that I received your letter I discovered a star of the eighth magnitude, which is not marked upon the excellent chart of Dr Bremiker, and which forms part of the collection of celestial charts published by the Royal Academy of Berlin. The observations on the following night showed that this star is precisely the planet in question. M. Encke and I have, with the aid of Fraunhofer's large telescope, compared it with a star of the ninth magnitude.'

So far everything went smoothly on: Le Verrier communicated his important discovery to the French Institute, was greatly lauded by Arago and the most eminent scientific men of his country, and as a reward for the service he had rendered to science, the decoration of the legion of honour was conferred upon him. In the meantime, Dr Brunnow of Berlin transmitted an account of the discovery to Mr Hind of London, who, on the same evening that it reached him, making use of the telescope at Mr Bishop's Observatory, in the Regent's Park, descried, though it was moonlight and the sky somewhat hazy, the same luminous body. It appeared bright, and with a power of 320 Mr Hind could see the disc. Justly regarding the discovery as one of the mightiest triumphs of theoretical astronomy, that gentleman immediately published his account of it to the world. The excitement which the discovery produced in Britain was little inferior to what had previously been evinced in France. It seemed as if a new scientific era had begun. Planets had been discovered before, but always comparatively by accident; but just as Columbus, from the shores of Spain, may be said to have discovered America, before he set sail with his nautical squadron to find it out, so, by the most conclusive process of inductive reasoning, had Le Verrier discovered the planet in question, without making use of any other instrument than his own intellect, and the pen, ink, and paper which he employed in its aid. The general admiration, lavished for a week or so almost exclusively on the French astronomer, was destined, however, at the end of that time, to have its intensity reduced by the appearance of another individual, who laid claim to the merit of having stumbled on the very same discovery, altogether independently of Le Verrier. While all eyes, in short, were turned in wonder to Le Verrier, as the only individual to whom the method of solving the problem in reference to the tremulous motions of Uranus had suggested itself, Sir John Herschel came forward, and without attempting to detract in the least from the real merits of the Frenchman, announced to the scientific world that the same supposition which had led Le Verrier to make ultimately the discovery in question, had suggested itself several years before to Bessel, the late illustrious German astronomer. That eminent individual chancing to be in England in 1842, called upon Sir John, and gave out, in the course of conversation, that he regarded it as highly probable that the irregular motions of Uranus might be due to the action of an unknown planet, and Sir John infers that among Bessel's papers there may be found some researches on the subject, as after his arrival at Konigsberg he sent a letter to Sir John in which these words occur—'In reference to our conversation at Collingwood, I announce to you that Uranus is not forgotten.' But this was not the whole. Sir John took occasion, though the expressions were not reported in any of the papers, to remind those who were present at the last British Association, of his having stated, in one of his speeches, that not only among the events of last twelvemonth were to be recorded the addition of a new planet to our list; 'it had done more,

it had given us the probable prospect of the discovery of another. The remarkable calculations,' proceeds Sir John, 'of M. Le Verrier, which have pointed out, as now appears, nearly the true situation of the new planet, by resolving the inverse problem of the perturbations—if uncorroborated by repetition of the numerical calculations by another hand, or by independent investigation from another quarter, would hardly justify so strong an assurance as that conveyed by my expressions above alluded to. But it was known to me at that time (I will take the liberty to cite the Astronomer-Royal as my authority), that a similar investigation had been independently entered into, and a conclusion as to the situation of the new planet very nearly coincident with M. Le Verrier's arrived at (in entire ignorance of his conclusions), by a young Cambridge mathematician, Mr Adams; who will, I hope, pardon this mention of his name (the matter being one of great historical moment), and who will, doubtless, in his own good time and manner, place his calculations before the public.'

This announcement, considering the quarter from which it came, could not fail of stimulating curiosity, and a general desire was expressed that Mr Adams himself should come forward and give the requisite information. This, through the medium of Mr Challis of the Cambridge observatory, he accordingly did on the 15th of October, twelve days after the appearance of the statements of Sir John. As the reputation of Mr Adams is greatly concerned in the matter, we shall give Mr Challis's statement in his own words:—'Mr Adams formed the resolution of trying, by calculation, to account for the anomalies in the motion of Uranus on the hypothesis of a more distant planet, when he was an undergraduate in this university, and when his exertions for the academical distinction, which he obtained in January, 1843, left him no time for pursuing the research. In the course of that year, he arrived at an approximation to the position of the supposed planet, which, however, he did not consider to be worthy of confidence, on account of his not having employed a sufficient number of observations of Uranus. Accordingly, he requested my intervention to obtain for him the early Greenwich observations, then in course of reduction, which the Astronomer-Royal immediately supplied in the kindest possible manner. This was in February, 1844. In September, 1845, Mr Adams communicated to me values which he had obtained for the heliocentric longitude, eccentricity of orbit, longitude of perihelion, and mass, of an assumed exterior planet, deduced entirely from unaccounted-for perturbations of Uranus. The same results, somewhat corrected, he communicated in October to the Astronomer-Royal. M. Le Verrier, in an investigation which was published in June of 1846, assigned very nearly the same heliocentric longitude for the probable position of the planet as Mr Adams had arrived at, but gave no results respecting its mass and the form of its orbit. The coincidence as to position from two entirely independent investigations naturally inspired confidence; and the Astronomer-Royal shortly after suggested the employing of the Northumberland telescope of this observatory in a systematic search after the hypothetical planet; recommending, at the same time, a definite plan of operations. I undertook to make the search, and commenced observing on July 29. The observations were directed, in the first instance, to the part of the heavens which theory had pointed out as the most probable place of the planet; in selecting which I was guided by a paper drawn up for me by Mr Adams. Not having hour XXI. of the Berlin star-maps—of the publication of which I was not aware—I had to proceed on the principle of comparison of observations made at intervals. On July 30, I went over a zone 9 min. broad, in such a manner as to include all stars to the eleventh magnitude. On August 4, I took a broader zone, and recorded a place of the planet. My next observations were on August 12, when I met with a star of the eighth magnitude in the zone which I had gone over on July 30, and which did not then contain this star. Of course, this was the planet—the place of which was thus recorded a second time in four days of observing. A comparison of the observations of July 30 and August 12 would, according t the principle of search which I employed, have shown m the planet. I did not make the comparison till after th detection of it at Berlin—partly because I had an impres sion that a much more extensive search was required t give any probability of discovery—and partly from the pres of other occupation. The planet, however, was *secured* and two positions of it recorded six weeks earlier her than in any other observatory, and in a systematic searcl expressly undertaken for that purpose.' If the publica tion of this narrative proved gratifying to British vanity it no less sorely wounded French. Yet, notwithstanding all the angry clamour set up by the members of the French Institute, and the unsparing scurrility and abuse of their journalists—notwithstanding also the complaint so feelingly made by Le Verrier himself in a letter which he dispatched to the *London Guardian*, and in which he takes it for granted that Sir John Herschel, who is surely a philosopher too distinguished himself to have any motive in grudging distinction to others, intended by means of his published letter to derogate from his merits—the facts, as now presented to the reader, are very simple. M. Le Verrier calculated—and not only were his predictions verified, but the important fact was publicly announced. But Mr Adams also calculated, and furnished Mr Challis with the means of actually securing two observations of the planet previous to any such announcement by M. Le Verrier. It will appear, therefore, not that the last-named gentleman was anticipated in his discovery, but that he had been nearly anticipated by others. Mr Adams, indeed, in the politest possible manner, immediately after the publication of M. Le Verrier's letter, saw proper to surrender all claims to the merit of being the first discoverer, as will appear from the following extract from a letter sent by his request to that eminent man by his friend Challis: 'Mr Adams desires to join his acknowledgment with mine; as we distinctly recognise M. Le Verrier's claims to the honour of the discovery, we feel confident that the members of the French Academy will not attribute the making known at once of our endeavours in the same field of research to any motives unbecoming an honourable pursuit after science.'

At a meeting in London of the Astronomical Society, held on the 24th November, 1846, Mr Airy, the Astronomer-Royal, gave in what very much resembled a defence of himself from the possible charge of not having taken proper notice of the communication made by Mr Adams, when the latter sent him the elements of the new planet, months before M. Le Verrier had made any similar publication. It appears that Mr Airy at once made inquiry of Mr Adams by letter as to whether the theory of his new planet would explain the anomalies observed in the distance of Uranus from the sun. No answer to the query reached Mr Airy till long after. We are far, says the *Athenæum*, from attributing blame anywhere, but we think it will turn out that the mathematicians of this country had not faith enough in their own science. In one point, Mr Airy's address will relieve the apprehensions of our French neighbours. Nothing could be more explicit, more open, more gracefully expressed, and more unequivocally applauded by the meeting, than the distinct recognition of M. Le Verrier's right, and in particular of the claim which he established by his confidence in his own results. M. Le Verrier was proposed as an associate, and in reply to a question, it appeared that he was nominated for the society's medal.

With regard to Mr Adams, we have no proof that before he commenced his *positive* researches he had so completely proved his *negative* as M. Le Verrier had done. All we know is, that most assuredly Mr Adams was in possession of the elements of the new planet three quarters of a year before M. Le Verrier announced them, and that he communicated these elements to the directors of the two largest observatories in England. Nothing can destroy or rebut the evidence of these facts; nothing can separate his name from the new body, or place him much below the position of the first discoverer. He has made himself a great reputation, and if what we have heard stated be true

—that he formed his plan and commenced his researches while yet an undergraduate, he is an extraordinary instance of early sagacity and perseverance. It yet remains to be seen whose elements are most correct; it yet remains to be seen which employed most skill in obtaining them. But it must be admitted that the want of an answer to Mr Airy's question makes his publication less perfect, and furnishes presumption of a good reason for its being so. From a sentence in the abstract of Mr Adams's paper, it seems to us that he did only consider perturbations in longitude. It was a mere question of luck at the last, and if the Cambridge library had possessed the twenty-first hour of the Berlin star-maps, Adams and Le Verrier would have changed places; but, as it is, priority is on the side of Le Verrier, and in matters of discovery the rule is strict, and nothing but national feeling could wish the matter altered, for from beginning to end there is not a flaw nor a crack in Le Verrier's proceedings. He began rightly; he proved that what we had would not do before he presumed what we had not; he published his results as they were obtained, and his confidence in himself and his methods, with such excellent reasons for it, casts a lustre over his career which will never disappear. To use the words of M. Arago, the predictions of the theory have just been enriched by a planet which is 1250 millions of leagues (about 3125 millions of English miles) distant from the sun. Its volume is about 230 times that of the earth.

Scarcely had the sensation produced by the discovery of the new planet and the subsequent controversy to which it gave rise begun to subside, when the extraordinary and exciting intelligence was transmitted to Sir William Hamilton from Professor Madler of Dorpat, of the presumed discovery of a central sun. This was announced by Sir William about the end of last year, at the close of a meeting held in Dublin of the Royal Irish Society. At the same time an essay on the subject, published by Madler of Dorpat, was shown by the same gentleman to several members of the academy. As the work itself has not yet undergone translation into English, and as some time may elapse before any of our readers may have an opportunity of perusing it for themselves, we have deemed it proper in this place to give from a Dublin paper a sketch of its interesting contents:—

By an extensive and laborious comparison of the quantities and direction of the proper motions of the stars in the various parts of the heavens, combined with indications afforded by the parallaxes hitherto determined and with the theory of universal gravitation, Professor Madler has arrived at the conclusion that the Pleiades form the central group of our whole astral or sidereal system, including the Milky Way, and all the brighter stars, but exclusive of the more distant nebulæ, and of the stars of which those nebulæ may be composed. And within this central group itself he has been led to fix on the star Alcyone (otherwise known by the name of Eta Tauri), as occupying exactly or nearly the position of the centre of gravity, and as entitled to be called the central sun.

Assuming Bessel's parallax of the star 61 Cygni, long since remarkable for its large proper motion, to be correctly determined, Madler proceeds to form a first approximate estimate of the distance of this central body from the planetary or solar system; and arrives at the (provisional) conclusion, that Alcyone is about thirty-four million times as far removed from us, or from our own sun, as the latter luminary is from us. It would, therefore, according to this estimation, be at least a million times as distant as the new planet, of which the theoretical or deductive discovery has been so great and beautiful a triumph of modern astronomy, and so striking a confirmation of the law of Newton. The same approximate determination of distance conducts to the result that the light of the central sun occupies more than five centuries in travelling thence to us.

The enormous orbit, which our own sun, with the earth and the other planets, is thus inferred to be describing about that distant centre—not, indeed, under its influence alone, but by the combined attractions of all the stars which are nearer to it than we are, and which are estimated to amount to more than one hundred and seventeen millions of masses, each equal to the total mass of our own solar system, is supposed to require upwards of eighteen millions of years for complete description, at the rate of about eight geographical miles in every second of time.

The plane of this vast orbit of the sun is judged to have an inclination of about eighty-four degrees to the ecliptic or to the plane of the annual orbit of the earth; and the longitude of the ascending node of the former orbit on the latter is concluded to be nearly two hundred and thirty-seven degrees.

The general conclusion of Madler representing the constitution of the whole system of the fixed stars, exclusive of the distant nebulæ, are the following:—He believes that the middle is indicated by a very rich group (the Pleiades), containing many considerable individual bodies, though at immense distances from us. Round this he supposes that there is a zone, proportionally poor in stars, and then a broad, rich, ring-formed layer, followed by an interval comparatively devoid of stars, and afterwards by another annular and starry space, perhaps with several alternations of the same kind, the two outmost rings composing the two parts of the Milky Way, which are confounded with each other by perspective in the portion most distant from ourselves.

Professor Madler has acknowledged in his work his obligations, which are those of all inquirers in sidereal astronomy, to the researches of the two Herschels, Sir William and Sir John. The views of Sir William Herschel respecting the relation of our solar system to the Milky Way will naturally recur to the recollection of our readers; and while astronomers are anxiously awaiting the shortly expected appearance of the complete account of Sir John Herschel's observations on the Southern Nebulæ, the following passage of a letter, which was written in 1835 by that illustrious son of an illustrious sire, from the Cape of Good Hope to Sir William Hamilton, may be read with peculiar interest from the agreement between the views it expresses and some of those to which Professor Madler had been led: 'The general aspect of the southern circumpolar region, including in that expression 60 deg. or 70 deg. of S.P.D., is in a high degree rich and magnificent, owing to the superior brilliancy and large development of the Milky Way; which, from the constellation of Orion to that of Antinous, is one blaze of light, strangely interrupted, however, with vacant and almost starless patches, especially in Scorpio, near *a* Centauri and the Cross; while to the north it fades away pale and dim, and is in comparison hardly traceable. I think it is impossible to view this splendid zone, with the astonishingly rich and evenly distributed fringe of stars of the third and fourth magnitudes, which form a broad skirt to its southern border, like a vast curtain, without an impression, amounting to a conviction, that the Milky Way is not a mere stratum, but an annulus; or at least, that our system is placed within one of the poorer and almost vacant parts of its general mass, and that eccentrically, so as to be much nearer to the parts about the Cross, than to that diametrically opposed to it.'

## A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

(Written for the Instructor.)

*A darkened room. Three children*—ALICE, CHARLES, *and* HERBERT.

ALICE.—Weep not, dear brothers, for these floods of tears
May be offensive in the sight of God.
Weep not, he will not lay us on the earth,
Not leave us orphan'd in our infant years—
Not take at once instructor, parent, guide.
What though all hope from man seems desperate now,
God's power is mighty and his mercy great!
What says the holy Psalmist in his book?
'Preserve me, God, in thee my trust is sure!'
This was belief. Oh, may we thus believe!
And then again, in agony, he cries—
'Lord, I am desolate; be thou my stay!
The troubles of my heart have been enlarged,
Oh, bring me out of my distress, and grant,
My rock, my stay, my fortress, my defence,
Speedy deliverance, for thy mercy's sake!'
We are o'erwhelmed, Lord, are bowed down;

Thy hand can save us, and thy hand alone.
Then hear us pray. Pray! we, alas! but weep.
How shall we pray? Where is our gentle friend?
Were she but here, her faithful memory,
Aiding and strengthening ours, might lead our hearts
To plead in words from God's own holy Book.

CHARLES.—See, even now she comes; and, oh, her brow
Is not so clouded as an hour ago.
God has been merciful.

FRIEND.—Yes, dearest children—yes, bow down to earth,
Thanking the Lord for hopes so kindly sent.
His hand is everywhere, and he has stay'd
Somewhat the progress of the dread disease;
And through his mercy yet, dear children, you
May bless the hand that has raised up from death
Your gentle parent. Though all hope was past—
Though the grave yawn'd for her, he held her back;
And he is powerful, and may grant her yet
Return of health. Pray, then, my children, pray!

CHARLES.—Best, kindest, dearest, next to *her* the best—
For you have train'd us in the paths of God—
We have look'd, long'd for you, for, in our grief,
No promises of grace could we recall
Of all the many, many that are writ
Within his Book; but now a light has broke—
How full of mercy!—on our sinking hearts.
And now, with your kind aid, we will give thanks:
And will, to thanks, add our most earnest prayers
For further mercies from his gracious hand.
Complete the work, my God, thou hast begun!
Oh, for a word, the single word of health
Utter'd by Thee—a look, a glance, a sign
That 'tis thy will that she should be restored!
Kneel, kneel, my sister, let us kneel to God.
Our kind instructress and our gentle friend
Will lead the way; and then, perhaps, shall we
Remember words that David sang of yore,
When mingling prayer with praise.

FRIEND.—Gladly, dear children, will I lend my aid.
Nor could you choose from out the Book of God
Words of more earnest supplicating prayer
Than those of David. As you wish it so,
I will pray first, then each of you in turn:
Speak as your hearts may prompt.
The paths of God are merciful and true;
Wait on the Lord, take courage to your souls—
Wait on the Lord, and raise your hearts to him!

ALICE.—Evening, and morning, and noonday, I'll cry
Unto the Lord of Hosts, and he will hear.

CHARLES.—Lord, from thy blessed sanctuary send help;
Send strength from out the towers of Zion, Lord;
Be not far from us, trouble is so near;
Forsake us not; turn not thy face away;
Give us some help! Oh, tarry not, my God!

ALICE.—Lord, make the hearts thy hand hast bowed down
To rise again, and sing aloud with joy;
Make us to know of gladness and of mirth;
Send us the comfort of thy help again!

FRIEND.—Arise, and give us help, O Lord, my God!
What time we are afraid we call on thee,
For God hath spoken—yea, the Lord hath said
That power belongs to God.

CHARLES.—Oh, this is well!
'Tis soothing thus to pray. But see, dear friend,
Where, with sweet baby hands clasp'd fervently,
And streaming eyes, but silent, still, and mute,
Dear Herbert kneels, not venturing to breathe
His prayers to Heaven. Speak courage to him, then;
Tell him that Jesus hears when infants pray.

HERBERT.—I know—I know; but when I try to pray,
Although so kindly I've been taught, I do
Forget all other words save only these—
God spare mamma!

## THE PRIORS.

BY MADAME WOLFENSBERGER.

In the winter of 1889 there were two cottages standing side by side, in a small village in one of the midland counties of England, which presented the strongest possible contrast to each other. One, well built and surrounded by a trim and well-stocked garden, was the property of John Ettrick, who had inherited it, with the farm of forty acres adjoining, from a long line of industrious progenitors. The other, a miserable mud-built hovel, was occupied by James Prior, who was only a tenant-at-will, under the rapacious steward of an extravagant landlord, who dissipated his rents in the luxurious pleasures of London or Paris, and knew no more of the state of the labourers on his property than if he had not possessed a inch of land in the country. He certainly would not hav allowed one of his favourite dogs to have passed a night i such a wretched den as that in which Prior, his wife, an four children, had, for winter after winter, found thei only shelter from the cutting blast, and the nipping fros and snow.

James Prior had been well brought up, as far as school ing and comforts went; but his father, who had been farmer, died a bankrupt when James was only thirteen and the boy was taken into the parish workhouse, wher nobody cared to strengthen his perceptions of the differenc between right and wrong.

The only creature who seemed to feel any sympathy fo him was a girl about his own age, whom he passed ever day as he went to work, sitting at her cottage-door in th sun, weaving lace; and as they grew older, they very na turally fell in love. James never considered that th pretty lacemaker might prove a very useless wife, so h married her when he was twenty-two. Before he wa thirty, they had four children to maintain on James' wages of nine shillings a-week, for Mary's hands were n longer in a condition to make lace. They paid four pound a-year for their wretched mud hovel; and when they wer first married, the young wife tried to keep up some ap pearance of neatness in the miserable dwelling. But th bright hopes and pleasant fancies common to female youth in all classes, were soon quenched in the poor young crea ture's heart. When she had two children at the end o two years, she had enough to do to nurse them, and to sew up the rents in her own and her husband's clothes, and t gather a few sticks in the dusk to boil potatoes for thei dinner. The next winter, James was three months out o work, and they got into debt; and after Mary had a third child she fell ill, from bad living, and lack of warm clothe and firing. Feeble and hopeless, she seemed to lose al pleasure in cleanliness and order. Her dirty, ragged clothing went on unwashed; she never troubled herself to sweep the wet that fell through the broken thatch away from the holes in the uneven mud floor of her single room her bed lay from morning till night unsmoothed; and her children were rarely either washed or combed. James scolded at first, when he came home after working six hours in the half-melted snow, and found not even a warm potato for his dinner, and Mary wept to hear his re proaches. But in a brief space of time she became quite callous. When she heard her young babes crying for the bread she had not to give them—when, without fire t warm them on the long cold winter evenings, she lay down with her little ones on a miserable mattress, to en deavour to keep alive, by her embraces, the warmth o life in their little limbs, then she forgot the young love that had once existed between her and her husband, and she cared not for his complaints, when she knew she had herself so much to suffer. But worse was yet to come. The woman, maddened by want and sickness, reproached the father of her children for their bitter deprivations; she reproached him who wore away the whole of his hopeless existence in arduous toil to keep them all from starvation. The man was kind-hearted, but high-spirited by nature, and could ill endure to see the sufferings of those dear to him; but the reproaches of his wife were more than he could bear. He ceased to return home after his day's la bour, and sought warmth and forgetfulness in the village alehouse. There he formed acquaintance with men who had found other means than hard labour of making money. James Prior had no strong principles of right to assist him to repel their insidious offers. He was not naturally disposed to evil, but he had not the courage to prolong the sufferings of his wife and family, or to give up the habit of drinking, to which want and despair had driven him. He had no other means of bettering himself, and so he became a poacher, and a sheep-stealer, and a partner in many other evil practices, from which he would have shrunk with horror in early life, before his heart was har dened by having to keep a wife and five children on nine shillings a-week.

For many years afterwards, the fall of James Prior brought alternate famine and riot and feasting, rather than abundance, into his house; and gradually both he and his wife lost, with their self-respect, all regard for the decencies of life, or the esteem of their neighbours.

It was true they sent their children, and an orphan nephew called Ralph Walton, to the village school; but both the boys and girls saw so much evil at home that the lessons of their instructors were only empty words in their ears. But in making snares for game, robbing orchards or poultry-yards, or dragging fish-ponds by night, they were their father's apt scholars. The girls grew up with nothing of the delicacy of their sex about them, for they had shared the single room of their miserable hovel, both by day and by night, with their father, mother, and brothers, for nearly twenty years, and no feelings of shame or modesty had ever occurred to their minds.

Ralph Walton was the only one who remained uncorrupted in this wild and reckless family. He had lost both his parents by a fever when he was only eleven years old, but the religious and moral principles which they had early inculcated seemed, like a pure atmosphere in which he lived and breathed apart, to hang around him and preserve him from all mental contamination. But the poor boy had much to suffer: his cousins mocked and beat him when he refused to share in their wicked pranks, and their mother dealt scantily out to him the daily bread which, she said, he was too idle to earn; yet he soon contrived to get employment from the neighbouring farmers, and worked as hard as his tender age enabled him.

Ralph had by nature a light heart; yet, when he was knocked about and laughed at on all sides, sent hungry and ragged to the fields at morn, and received at night with blows and scoffs instead of the love he craved, tears sometimes stole over his cheeks as he lay on his straw bed, and he prayed to be taken to heaven to join his gentle mother. But the sun and the fresh spring breeze soon cheered his young heart, and fresh hopes gladdened him when his good neighbour John Ettrick spoke kindly to him, and engaged him to work on his land; and his boyish happiness was complete, when Lucy, the farmer's little daughter, brought his dinner to him every day in the field, and stood beside him whilst he eat it. The pretty maiden was soon the confidant of all his sorrows. She, too, was a solitary child, having lost her mother in her infancy; and her young heart rejoiced to have an object for its love, more congenial than her good but stern old father.

Lucy had been brought up with all the comforts and decencies of life; and after she knew Ralph Walton, it was her earnest endeavour to give him the benefit of her abundance. Even when he ceased to work for her father, she contrived to lay his breakfast for him every morning under the garden-hedge. When out of school, she found time to mend his clothes and knit him good warm stockings; and her father encouraged her charity, for, in former years, he had known and loved the poor boy's mother, and he was grieved that Peggy's son should have fallen among such a bad set as the Priors.

'We must do our best to save Ralph from being ruined by his wicked cousins,' said the farmer to his daughter Lucy, when the lad was about fifteen; and Lucy was of the same opinion; so he was regularly hired, and taken into the house as the farmer's servant. Many blamed the old man for giving his only daughter such a companion; but John Ettrick knew what he was doing, and he said to himself, 'If the lad goes on as well as he has begun, they may fall in love, and welcome. If he makes her a good husband, she wants nothing more, for they will have plenty whether I live or die.'

The young people did fall in love, and the old farmer threw no obstacle in their way.

The family of James Prior saw the good fortune of their sneaking cousin, as they called the orphan, with bitter envy. The eldest son, Richard, had long determined that Lucy Ettrick should be his wife, and John Ettrick's land his land. He was a handsome youth, first at all the fairs, and cock-fights, and boxing-matches in the country round, and he flattered himself that no girl could resist him. His jealousy was terrible, therefore, when he found himself, on all occasions, slighted by Lucy, and he heard the whole country talk of her approaching marriage with his cousin Ralph. Early habituated to petty crimes, no conscientious feelings interfered with his eager thirst for vengeance. His whole family shared his mortification and anger, and assisted him to spread abroad reports most injurious to the character of Ralph. It was said that he was often out of the house at night, no one knew where, though hints were added that he was at length drawn in to take a part in the evil practices of his wild cousins. Corn and hay disappeared from John Ettrick's farm-yard and barn in such a manner that it was difficult for the farmer, after the many insinuations he had heard, not to suspect that his intended son-in-law was in league with the thieves; and though he forbore to accuse him, he became unhappy and anxious, as the day fixed for his daughter's wedding approached.

About a week previous, he told Lucy one evening that he must ride over on the morrow to a village about eight miles from his house, where he had to receive a sum nearly amounting to a hundred pounds, for cattle he had recently sold. 'I shall want it for your wedding, child,' said he, whilst a cloud passed over his brow, which grew darker when Ralph at that moment entered from a back room, where he must have heard all the farmer had said. John Ettrick immediately changed the subject, but his manner towards the youth was cold and severe, and both Lucy and her lover were surprised and distressed by the old man's altered conduct.

On the following evening the farmer returned from his short journey, and as he rode up the village was thinking with much trouble about the possibility of breaking off his daughter's marriage, when, to his astonishment and increased dismay, he saw Ralph come out of a beer-shop of the worst reputation, accompanied by Betsy Prior, the eldest and the worst of his female cousins. They passed a gate into the fields without observing him, and old Ettrick returned home with a heavy heart. Irritated to find that no one there could give him any account of Ralph, he eat his supper in moody silence. Poor Lucy sat opposite to him bending over her knitting, but she spoke not, till the clock having struck nine, her father suddenly addressed her.

'Lucy, my child,' he said, 'that worthless fellow Ralph shall never be your husband; he belongs to a bad family, and I have been a fool to expect to find a dove in an adder's nest. He and those Priors are leagued together, heart and soul, and all he cares for here is your money, my girl. But he shall never have a penny of it, I am resolved.'

'Indeed, indeed, father, you are mistaken,' answered the girl, now giving way to her tears. 'Ralph loves both of us with his whole heart, and you must not believe what envious people say.'

'I never believe half of what I hear,' cried the farmer, 'but I believe what I see; and I saw him this evening coming out of Carr's beer-shop with Betsy Prior.'

'Father, are you sure?' murmured Lucy, for she too had heard that the cousins had been lovers.

'Sure, child! do I ever speak without being sure?' demanded her father; 'and I think you have proof enough that he cares nothing for you, when he stays out till this time of night, and knows that you have been alone the whole day. But I wont sit up for him any longer; so lock the doors and get to bed, for we must all be up early in the morning.' So saying, the old farmer arose, and Lucy with a bursting heart obeyed her father's commands, so far at least as to make all the doors secure for the night; but she did not retire to rest. Anxious and fearful at the long and unusual absence of her lover, and grieved by the menaces of her father, she sat down on the side of her bed with a troubled heart, alternately to weep and to pray that Ralph might return safe and worthy of her affection. Twelve o'clock had struck, yet her candle still burned on a little table before the window, when suddenly her name

was pronounced in a suppressed voice by some one in the court below. In the deep stillness of the night, the tones thrilled strangely and awfully through her heart, yet she knew at once that it was Ralph who called her. She sprang up, she clasped her hands with a broken exclamation of surprise and joy, and snatching up the light, glided rapidly and softly down the stairs to the back door where he stood. Quickly were the bolts withdrawn, and Lucy clasped in her lover's arms, with many tender greetings, as if they had been parted for months instead of hours. The night was wet and stormy, and the girl's first care was to throw fresh fuel on the kitchen fire, and to blow up the smouldering embers to a blaze, to dry Ralph's dripping garments.

'It is no use, Lucy, dear,' he said, as she took the wet plaid from his shoulders; 'I must leave you again directly, and I shall most likely be out in the rain all night.'

'You frighten me,' she said, looking earnestly at him. 'What has happened to take you from home at this hour?'

'It is a long story,' he answered, quickly, 'and I should not have come home till morning, only I feared you would be anxious about me; but don't tell your father, for it is of no use to frighten him.'

'You make me tremble,' murmured the girl.

'There is no cause, I hope,' was the reply. 'This afternoon I received a message from my cousin, Richard Prior, for me to come to Carr's beer-house, as he had something important to say to me which greatly concerned your father. I did not like the place nor the company, but still I thought it prudent to go. I only found Betsy there. She said Richard was afraid at present to be seen in the neighbourhood, but waited for me at a public-house about three miles off, as he wanted to inform me about a plan which he had discovered was on foot to set fire to your father's barn and stack-yard, at the bottom of the back lane, and there was no time to be lost, she added, for he could only stay there till eight o'clock. In fact, when we reached the house he was already gone, and had left word that we were to follow him to Brinsley Common, two miles further. Betsy was still my guide, and it was near dark when we reached a wild hut, half-worked out of the side of a steep bank, and nearly concealed by furze and heather. There was, however, no one here but Will Prior, the youngest and the most worthless of the family, and he laughed heartily and loud when he heard how long I had been in search of Richard. In answer to my questions, he confessed that he had heard that Ettrick's farm was to be burned that night, but that it was now too late for me to get back to prevent it, and that I had better make myself comfortable where I was; in fact, he added, he believed the whole story was only a trick of his brother Richard's to give me a walk over the country that stormy night, and the best thing I could do was to make a good supper of the bread and cheese and spirits he set before me, and then lie down and sleep for the rest of the night. I now suspected he was anxious to detain me, and the more so, when on going to the door I found it fastened on the outside. They ought to have known my strength better. With a couple of blows I dashed the feeble boards outwards, and springing through the opening, darted over the moor at full speed. After running some distance, I stopped to consider what was best to be done. I now felt sure the barn was to be fired. To watch it alone might be of little use, and your father, I considered, was too old for such service. I went, therefore, direct to Farmer Smith's, and his two sons readily agreed to join me. They are now at the barn; all is still safe, and I ran down to get my gun, and tell you what was going on. So now, Lucy, have no fears—the morning will soon be here.'

'Oh, dearest Ralph, for my sake do nothing rashly!' cried the girl, following him eagerly, as he broke from her and hurried towards the outer passage.

'No, no, trust me,' he replied; 'but I must return to my friends; so good-bye till daylight;' and, forgetting to take the plaid again around him, which Lucy had hung to dry, the young man, highly excited by the adventure, hastened with a light heart to rejoin the two Smiths at the barn.

With more anxious feelings Lucy regained her room, but not to sleep. She who till that hour had kn but little of the trials of life, sat listening with terror, fancying that every blast brought the sound fire a from the corn-yard. More than half an hour had passed, when it flashed suddenly on her mind that she forgotten to replace the bolts of the back-door after Ralp departure. Her candle had burned out, but she knew way too well to hesitate, and on tip-toe she again desce ed the stairs. The light of the kitchen-fire stream through the open door guided her along the passage. cast a careless glance towards the blazing hearth as passed, and for a moment she stood paralysed at what beheld. The walnut-tree cupboard where her father the night before placed the money he had received for cattle was open, and before it, with one hand full of pap and a pistol grasped in the other, stood a man, dressed a smock-frock with a black crape over his face. She not scream, but perhaps more because she was fo minute stunned with astonishment and fear than from feeling of prudence. The next instant she turned and towards her father's room as noiselessly as she had scended; yet before she reached the old man's door, conviction flashed upon her mind, that to arouse him wh the robber was still in the house would be to expose h to almost certain death, and, though trembling from h to foot, she again descended half-way to the kitchen, s stood with throbbing heart listening for the villain's parting footsteps. He went at length, and she heard l softly close the door behind him. Who can describe poor girl's agony when she remembered that it was her carelessness that he had found it unlocked! She not then know that he came prepared to conquer eve obstacle. She proceeded to the kitchen for a light, a from thence to her father's chamber, where, with no cr of alarm, but softly and gently, she awoke him from quiet sleep, and told him of the robbery. The farmer ma her no reply, but muttering to himself, 'I expected as muc he arose, and having hastily dressed himself, he acco panied his daughter to the kitchen. The first object th attracted his attention was not his rifled cupboard, but t plaid of Ralph that lay on the floor before it.

'Ha, ha!' he cried, as he kicked it indignantly fr him; 'I knew at once who had been here. Ungrate rascal! but I had rather he had taken half my proper than robbed me of my child!'

'Father, father! you surely do not suspect Ralph cried Lucy, falling on her knees with clasped hands bef the old man.

'Is not that his plaid?' he returned in anger. 'It w not here when I went to bed, and is still wet—a proof dropped it in his haste to be off with his plunder.'

'Oh, indeed, indeed, if his plaid is here I only am blame,' was the wild reply of the girl. 'He has been he but before the robber entered.'

'If the fellow is in the house, why did you not call h to seize the thief? No, no, Lucy, you cannot clear him.'

'Yet I will swear to you he is innocent!'

'You are deceived. His strange absence—that plaid the robber's easy access to the house—are sufficient condemn him, and he shall cross the seas for his nigh work.'

'He can explain all—he will explain all,' cried Luc eagerly. 'But hark, hark!' she exclaimed, sudden springing up as the report of fire-arms came from t corn-yard.

Another and another gun was discharged in quick su cession, and in an agony of terror she would have rush from the house, but the old man, with a strong effort, he her back.

'Let me go, father; oh, let me go; they are murderi him!' she cried.

'Murdering whom? What does all this mean?' demand the farmer.

'Ralph, poor Ralph! He is keeping watch at the bar which he heard was to be set fire to to-night. They ha shot him! Oh, for pity's sake, let me go!'

'If all the villains in the country were astir, there is no need for you to expose yourself, child,' was her father's reply; 'and, listen! there are voices and steps approaching.'

A pause of anxious expectation followed, for Ettrick and his daughter knew not whether friends or foes drew near. Lucy's agony was not lessened when Ralph, pale as a corpse and bleeding profusely, was supported into the kitchen by the two sons of their neighbour, Farmer Smith. He held out his hand towards her, he faintly pronounced her name, and then, exhausted by loss of blood, he fell back in a deep swoon.

'In the name of fortune, what does all this mean?' was John Ettrick's eager demand; whilst Lucy, assisted by the Smiths, proceeded in silence to bind up her lover's bleeding arm, and to administer to him the necessary restoratives.

'Why, Mr Ettrick,' said one of the young men, 'the truth is, I believe, that Ralph was enticed from home to-night to keep watch at the barn, that some of his worthless cousins might come here to rob the house. We, luckily, went with him, but that rascal, Richard Prior, believing him alone, came up stealthily, and fired at him from behind a corn-stack. We were nearer than he expected, and, seeing the flash of his pistol, discharged our guns at him, almost at the same moment. One of our shots took effect, and, by the help of our lanterns, we found him weltering in his blood, and lying quite insensible near the hedge. His hat had fallen off, and I suppose this pocket-book had rolled out of it, for I picked it up on the ground, and Ralph said he could swear it belonged to you, even if your name had not been on the first leaf, as it is.'

'Yes, it is mine,' said the farmer, 'and contains all the money I received yesterday for my cattle. Are you sure Ralph had nothing to do with the robbery?'

'No more than we had!' cried both the young Smiths at the same moment. 'If you have been robbed, Richard Prior is the culprit. His body is lying near the barn, if you wish further proof.'

'Is he dead?' asked the old man.

'I cannot say,' was the reply.

'He must be looked after,' said Ettrick; 'so come with me, my lads. Lucy can take care of Ralph.' But when they reached the spot where Richard Prior had fallen, the body was no longer there. Stains of blood and many marks of footsteps could be traced on the moist ground, but the robber, whether living or dead, had been removed. His hat, which Smith had kicked on one side, was, however, found in the ditch. His name was written in the crown, and within the lining were two ten-pound notes belonging to John Ettrick, so that even Lucy's evidence was scarcely wanting to convict the real robber. But she was never called upon to give it. The whole family of the Priors had, on the morrow, disappeared from their mud hovel, and though much search was made, no tidings were obtained of them.

Ralph soon recovered from his wounds. John Ettrick deeply regretted his unjust suspicions of the honest young man's integrity, who had suffered so much in defence of his property, and as the best proof of his gratitude for his exertions, he gave him the hand of Lucy in marriage as soon as he had regained his strength. A happier and a worthier couple had never stood before the altar of the village church.

Nearly two years after these events, Ralph Walton received a letter with a London post-mark. It was from his cousin, Richard Prior; and his mind was greatly relieved to find that his wounds had not been fatal. Richard had written to inform him that he and his sister Betsy were about to leave England as convicts for fourteen years. He then fully confessed his attempted robbery at John Ettrick's, and begged Ralph's forgiveness. He entreated him, likewise, to send some small relief to his father, who was left alone, in a dying state, in the village of N——.

Ralph failed not to comply with this request, and rejoiced at the opportunity of making some return to James Prior for the protection he had given him when a boy. At the end of a few weeks the old man died, blessing Ralph's name. His last advice to him was, to endeavour to keep John Ettrick's little farm for himself and his children after his father-in-law's death, for when a man has a bit of land of his own, he said, however small it may be, he knows he cannot be turned away to-morrow, and he and his family will do double work when they feel they are working for themselves, and will disdain to lower themselves by vice and idleness when they have the honest pride of independence, and feel they have something to lose. 'It was want that first drove me to crime,' were the last words of the dying man. 'I knew better, but I had not the courage to pay for honesty by the sufferings of myself and my whole family. I forgot that crime inevitably brings punishment, and that the ruin of my children, as well as myself, must be the consequence. You see what we are now. Heaven pardon me, for I have been more weak than wicked! I would that I had never been born!'

## THE CRITICISM OF PAINTINGS.

On entering for the first time a room whose walls are lined with paintings, everybody, even the least as well as the most refined, is attracted to these objects as soon as leisure permits the exercise of attention. The eye involuntarily flits round the apartment, takes in at a glance its various contents in works of art, is more impressed with some one than with others of them, and, at last, rests with complacency on the favourite, suggesting a closer, more various, and elaborate inspection of it. It is, in short, as in entering a library; with this difference, indeed, that paintings show their features spread out invitingly before the eye, and have, in general, something engaging to every mood of mind; whereas books cost a more learned attention, more deliberate effort, more special adaptation of the spirit and sympathies than pictures do, in order to awaken a further interest. Still, in the case of paintings, as of books, the grounds of preference are twofold, having respect to the subject and also to the style. In both cases one subject may fix the choice against another; while generally, likewise, a particular manner of treating a subject will determine a liking which would otherwise have sought a topic more congenial in itself. A striking and affecting manner will, almost in both cases alike, prevail over the substance in winning plaudits, since it offers immediate pleasure, and requires less care and scrupulous exactness to estimate its merits.

These remarks, although often true as respects permanent judgments, have more special reference to first impressions of works of art. And, indeed, considering that the end of the fine arts is to communicate æsthetical pleasure, which, at all events, requires that the method of expression should in no case directly violate that object, we are not sure if the tendency of the mind to attach more importance to the manner than to the matter of a work of art, is to be condemned, whatever opinion may be formed of the same tendency, when the subject is actual truth, not the truth of imagination. But, while the principle itself may be defensible, the grounds on which it acts may be erroneous: a false manner of painting may be preferred to a real one; and the choice may be vague, capricious, indeterminate, as little able to vindicate to itself its course, as to supply a reason for the minds of others. In painting, as in poetry, music, and statuary, a taste formed on immutable laws, however undefined and seemingly shifting these may be, is indispensably necessary to a judgment which can be entitled to the name of a pure and enlightened one. It is indeed very generally thought, and often said, that a *natural* taste, as it is called, will help a man in forming an estimate of works of art, incomparably more than all the rules which have, from the earliest times, been collected and promulgated for the education of the taste. However frequent the misapplication of this phrase, and erroneous the inferences from it, it must yet be acknowledged that, in the thing indicated by it, there is a great and lasting truth. In its use there is an intention to contrast a taste formed by reading only, into which

there enters no lively sympathy, no unconscious appreciation, but only a capacity of criticism by cold, formal rule, as often wrong in its particular application as right in it; with a taste, the result of a strong, wholesome sentiment, having the bloom of life upon it, and large in its range, as well as vigorous in its sense of excellence. To ourselves, we confess, there is something unspeakably refreshing in the rough, untutored dictate of native genius in its estimate of works of art, as there is nothing more worthless and distasteful than the dull, empty opinions of the mechanical pedant in the arts, echoing in set phrases and formulas canons of criticism which he is utterly incompetent to understand in spirit. But how few have this natural taste; and of those who have it, there is no one who is not the better of taking a retrospective and cotemporaneous view of art, both as embodied in its works, and as reduced to science in speculative criticism. The taste, indeed, becomes natural through education; for no sooner do we come into the world than we are surrounded by influences, the product of an artificial state of society, and needing the limitation of their power, by the return of the spirit, through education, to the fountains of criticism in the instincts and inspirations of the heart. He who, by the rapid insight of genius, achieves this service for himself, and, by a single step from the conventional to the eternal, plants himself at the centre of ideas on art, is said to have a natural taste; but he differs from others rightly educated only in this, that his native force shortened the height and number of the steps up which his fellows must slowly travel; not that he and they arrive at conflicting points of view. The educated and the natural taste, therefore, are not different, but identical; they vary only in the manner of their development.

True as this is, however, it should be noticed, as it is of great importance to remember, that an educated taste for pictures does not necessarily imply the formal reception of lessons at a school or academy, how valuable soever attendance at such an institution is. A good substitute for regular instruction on art in the case of the masses is, the study of paintings, together with a vigorous attention to the impressions which particular ones make on the mind, and a comparison of these impressions with those recorded by persons skilled in criticism. A few general principles, also, known and appreciated, would preserve the mind from erring very greatly on one side or on the other; present a point at which to commence examinations; and serve as materials of judgment till the taste becomes formed through exercise into something like a fixed and personal one. Gradually, and as if without cause, the mystery which to most minds hangs over the subject when spoken of by accomplished artists, would clear off. A feeling of security in the existence of science in painting, would grow more lively from day to day. Paintings would become poems, written as it were in our mother tongue; identified with life as these are; and capable of being media of communion between ourselves and other minds with sympathies evolved as ours were.

It does not fall within the limits of this paper to state a series of principles which might serve the purpose just suggested; but it may be advantageous to take a general view of some of the most important of them, relating especially to art considered as imitative, and to certain laws which regulate the composition and colouring of paintings. The most interesting of these principles—one, indeed, which directly or indirectly includes all the others—is that which has respect to the question, in what sense ought works of art to be natural or copies of nature? In general it is supposed by those to whom the subject is new, or who have bestowed little attention upon it, that at once, and as a matter of course, it ought to be decided, that he who comes nearest to nature in his imitation should be awarded the highest honours due to art. To improve upon nature is deemed impossible, and to cherish the expectation of doing so is esteemed an evidence of vanity. But the paradox is nevertheless true, that the most exact copy of nature is the result of the poorest art; ceasing to be art, and entitled only to some name which would describe a feat of mechanical skill; although it is by no means equally true, tha in proportion as a picture recedes from nature it rises i its style of art. The perplexity which at first exists o considering this question is, however, speedily removed b distinguishing things that differ. Nature in art ma stand for any one of three distinct things. In the first plac it may be taken for a transcript or bare representatio of what is, as in a copy of grapes, either in colour or wa in which the outline, particular characteristics, and eve minute details, are expressed exactly as they appear i the bunch which constitutes the model. In the accon plishment of such a work there may be manifest the nic eye and dexterous fingers of the worker; at a little dis tance the fruit may so deceive as to tempt the cupidity o the observer. But what of that when viewed from th point of the fine arts? Such an act of skill may excite u by surprise, and may really be so creditable in its way a to call forth our admiration; but in our feelings there i no element of æsthetical emotion. Poesy is absent fro the work, and no poesy inspires our imagination. It i obvious, therefore, that in one sense the most perfect imi tation of nature is no proof of excellence in the arts; nay whatever merit such works as those alluded to may have they at once sink into contempt so soon as they aspire t hold a place among the works of the fine arts.

Nature in art, however, may, in the second place, b used to describe the life-like, the congruous, and the in artificial, considered in relation whether to subject or t manner of treatment. In this sense it is a quality mor or less inseparable from every work of art, and is capabl of giving the predominant expression to works of the high est genius. Taken with this meaning, as its generica signification, it branches off into a thousand senses, em bracing, indeed, most works which belong to the arts— historical scenes, landscapes, sea views, mountains, lake and rivers, cattle, or whatever else belongs to life and ex ternal nature; especially such pictures as those of Wilkie which are natural in every desirable sense but one—th sense yet to be spoken of. The more of nature when use to designate what we are at present referring to, the mor of genius is there in a work of art. But notice how pic tures composed on this conception of nature conform to th actual nature which we see in the open fields, and in so ciety around us. It is not actual nature which they re present—that is, nature seen anywhere exactly as it ap pears on the canvass. It is nature exalted out of the lo and common into the ideal and imaginative; it is nature a descried through the emotions, and modified by the sense o beauty. The harsh, the disagreeable, the incomplete, th inharmonious, are either excluded altogether, or they ar subordinated to the general purpose, and made use of t awaken a more perfect æsthetical feeling. Unity is the re sult of the attempt, when the attempt is successful. Th impression made is essentially one only; not many, no diverse, except in order, through diversity, to produce higher sense of unity. A fine painting, therefore, does no address itself to the eye, but to the imagination; it restore to us the nature not cognisable in dull and mercantile moods but recognised only in seasons of throbbing emotion, whe everything seems light and airy, ready with wings to fle away, and to bear us away along with it.

But there is a third sense of nature in art, when it i used to describe, not a mere copy of nature (the first mentioned of the senses), nor yet nature elevated through the emotions (the second and last-mentioned of them), bu nature as it is reconstructed in the mind; differing fro common nature not only by being raised, but, more essen tially and characteristically, by its change into somethin wholly new, except as it is fabricated from materials de rived from general nature and experience. Of this de scription of art Turner's pictures are fine examples, in whic the dreamy beauty that overlies them is felt to be tru only of the artist's nature. In a higher sense than som others such works are creations. Not only have they n corresponding type in outward nature, which is true of al works of genius, but they do not awaken the expectatio of finding their likeness elsewhere than in ourselves. The

belong to a world other than the one we live in, though they describe nothing impossible, nothing which the mind cannot conceive to exist in some fairer and brighter region than our own, if such anywhere there be. To those of a hard and ungenial temperament, or who are only just entering on the experiences of emotions derived from works of art, no style of conception is more unintelligible than this. In general it is turned away from with dislike, as displaying affectation, or with contempt, as unnatural and distorted. Sooner or later, however, it begins to create for itself, in the true lover of art, the fitting conditions for enjoying the aerial beauties which it manifests. Anon, a higher and altogether unanticipated experience is felt to be at hand, a film falls mysteriously from the eyes, and a new world, clothed in unearthly beauty, is disclosed to the wondering sense, as for the first time it opens on objects before then invisible to it.

In the adequate comprehension of the views thus briefly announced is the only true foundation for the criticism and genuine appreciation of works of art. Ever shall we be open to seduction by some low but outstanding gaud, or to be led aside from the creations of transcendent genius through a false criterion of excellence, till we come to distinguish the works of real and unreal miracles. It should be observed, however, that pictures vary not only in kind but in class, and each class has its own special laws by which its works are regulated. The whole range of history and fiction suggests its topics; so does wide and manifold nature also. Selection from these cannot receive law from rules, in the common sense of the term. The experience, indeed, of the grand and majestic spirits whose inventions survive them in their own immortal works, furnishes certain hints of unutterable value to those aiming to tread nobly in their footsteps; and to the works of such, the painter, and also the lover of paintings, who aims to place himself in a fitting attitude for receiving impressions, report with affectionate sensibility; inspiring the ideas of subject and manner which they furnish, with the design of learning by suggestion what the laws are, through regard to which the works before them had been formed. Thence-forth, by frequent communion of this kind, and perpetual self-questioning as to the earlier and later impressions received, how far perfect, how far imperfect, in what circumstances emotion is produced, in what, not; by the interchange of reference from the nature within them to the nature as displayed in the works which are the subjects of their study, they find their internal force of belief in art growing daily more clear and accumulative, early prejudices and misconceptions dissipating, and a theory of art more central and universal becoming better and better defined to the mental eye.

With respect to composition and colouring, it may perhaps be enough to say that both should be regulated by the nature and purpose of the painting; and, consequently, that in judging pictures we must be guided in our estimate very much by the general design of the artist. If the subject be a piece like Copley's painting of Chatham's last appearance in the House of Lords, it is evident that the grouping of the figures and the disposition of light and shade ought to be such as will give most effect to the principal person in the picture. If any other figure be more prominent, or even so remarkable as to divide the attention with the chief character, except for relief, the work is faulty. Each and all the inferior persons, while they should possess an individual interest, should yet have it in consistency with the discharge of their subordinate purposes in relation to the central figure. What is true of the grouping is true also of the distribution of light and shade. In short, the principle of unity must give law to everything; for whatever distracts the mind impairs æsthetical motion; one subject of interest jostles against another; and, suspended amidst the multiplicity of forces drawing each their own way, we seek refuge from pain and fatigue in escape from the painting.

But all efforts to understand works of art will prove unavailing, unless generously, and with no prudent economy of self-sacrifice, we endeavour to place ourselves in that point of view from which the painter took his conception. The intention of the artist must be ascertained before we can even conjecture what we are to look for, and what, if present, proves a blunder and offence. The difficulties to be overcome must be calculated; of two or many evils which often fall in the way of the painter, we must estimate which is the least; sometimes we must postpone a judgment of condemnation on some particular part, till we consider its relation to the whole, and whether its power may not lie in contrast. For this purpose, and in order fully to appreciate the products of artistic genius, it is generally necessary to leave many first opinions loose and ready of correction. Nor, with the same view, can any exercise be more profitable or delightful than to track the course of artists, as from year to year they indicate the stage of artistic development at which they have arrived. By such means we acquire an affectionate sympathy with them in their progress; and love, we all know, is the only adequate avenue to the knowledge of genius. The individualities of the artist will become familiar; what in these is valuable will be cherished in our hearts; what are aberrations from a true standard will be softened so as not to be the occasion of defrauding us of the benefit which ought, notwithstanding, to accrue to us from the other qualities of the artist that in themselves are to be venerated.

## RUSSIAN SCENES AND CUSTOMS.

About mid-day we halted for dinner at an inn in the middle of the forest. The inns on this road are all of the same construction; and although very unlike such places in England, are by no means uncomfortable. The coachman knocks at an immense door, and horses, carriage, and all, are driven into the house. The traveller finds himself in a vast oblong hall, surrounded by the equipages of other travellers, and at the farther end of which there is another door for his exit. The postilions are mending their tackle, the horses feeding, and flights of fowls fluttering and screaming around as they contest with one another the scattered grains of corn. Confused by the noise and darkness visible of the place, he is guided by his coachman to a side door, which opens into the portion of the house destined for the reception of two-legged guests; and here he finds a suite, generally of three or four large rooms, in any one of which he may establish himself for his meal. The furniture of these rooms, although cheap, is extremely handsome; the chairs and tables being made of birch brilliantly polished, and, when new, bearing a strong resemblance to satinwood. The walls are covered with bad prints, chiefly English, and the window-sills with flowering plants, even in the depth of winter. During that season, and, indeed, for eight months of the year, every apartment is a true hot-house, the atmosphere being kept up to a certain high temperature by stoves. The windows are double—that is to say, there are two glazed window-frames in each aperture, a single pane of which is made to open, so as to render a change of atmosphere in the room at least possible, while every other joint or seam is carefully pasted over with paper. In each apartment, it must be added, there are three or four beds; but these, being extremely narrow, take up no more room than a sofa, as it is not the custom here for the husband and wife to occupy the same couch.

My dinner consisted of a white soup, made of milk, butter, vegetables, and *sucking pig*, together with a portion of roasted turkey. The meal, upon the whole, notwithstanding the blackness and sourness of the bread, was very acceptable to a hungry traveller; but, alas! with me it was '*toujours perdrix!*'—for five consecutive days I could get nothing else to eat than white soup and roasted turkey. At the inn where I slept, I found a clean and comfortable bed, although the chambermaid had the atrocity almost to insist upon my sleeping in one close to the hot stove; and I was lulled to sleep by the songs of a large company of peasants assembled in the kitchen. Some of them sung in parts, while the others contributed to the

chorus. The music was in general simple and mournful, and many of the voices were singularly sweet.

In the morning, as we resumed our journey, I felt very sensibly that I had been travelling northward for some weeks. When I left Paris, the weather was almost disagreeably warm; while here the pools by the road-side were covered with ice, and the trees clothed in their winter finery of hoar-frost. As the beams of the early sun slanted through the branches, the effect was the most beautiful imaginable. The fable of the magician's garden seemed to be realised, for every leaf was hung with sapphires, rubies, and emeralds. The trees were chiefly pines, with here and there a few birches, gleaming with a spectral whiteness through the mysterious gloom; and below there was almost always an underwood of juniper, and a rich green carpet of *blackberry bushes*. We at length emerged from this seemingly interminable forest, and the view opened suddenly, disclosing numerous farmsteads and cottages scattered over the face of a rather picturesque country. The road led across a rapid stream, somewhat violent in winter, if one may judge by the strength of the breakwaters. These did not form a part of the bridge; but, as is customary in Russia, were constructed at a distance of a good many feet. This description of view was closed by the first country seat I had seen since passing the frontiers. The ground storey of the building was white, and the upper red; but, notwithstanding, the effect was far from being disagreeable. Beyond this the scene changed into a most desolate heath, interspersed with small pools, with woods and hills in the distance.

At the inn where we dined this day the room was hung with living ivy, festooned with great regularity. It grew in little pots placed on the sills of the numerous windows. Having desired to taste at dinner some London porter of which the hostess boasted, it was set before me with sugar and a spoon; and, seeing me reject these appendages, the good woman lingered in the room with evident curiosity to watch how the nasty foreigner could otherwise swallow such a potion. This mode of serving English porter I afterwards found to be customary even in the larger towns.

The scenery now improved every step we advanced, till it became absolutely picturesque, exhibiting all the varieties of hill and valley, wood and lake, with here and there patches of cultivated ground. At every house we passed there was one unfailing appendage—a swing; and the peasantry might be correctly described as being divided into two classes—those who were swinging, and those who were waiting to get a swing. I observed a mother, passing by with her child at her breast, eye longingly the tempting [redacted]paratus. At that moment the seat became vacant, and [redacted]g the baby to another to hold, she ran to indulge her[redacted] a swing. The girl who waited at dinner, when [redacted]ng by the window, saw the swing unoccupied; and, [redacted]tending to be called, immediately left the room. I saw her dart across the road, and into the swing; and, when she had made three or four aerial courses, she came back satisfied. The men swing, standing upon the seat, sometimes several at a time; the women in a sitting posture. This machine is occasionally made of hewn wood, in the form of a gallows; but, in general, it consists of a branch of a tree fastened transversely between two pines near the top, with two slender trees hanging down from it, instead of ropes, connected at the bottom by what serves for the seat. Neither hemp nor iron enters into the construction, the fastenings being all of tough roots and lichens.—*Ritchie.*

## THE GULF IN THE FORUM.

'A gulf having opened in the forum, the gods indicated that it would never close up till the most precious thing in Rome was thrown into it. Curtius leaped with his horse and armour into it, saying that nothing was more truly valuable than patriotism and military virtue.' —*History of Rome.*

THE morning was overcast with thick and misty clouds; the thunder pealed; and lightning flashed along the sky, now darting like an arrow, now as quickly vanishing: the rain, which had been long pent up, now lashed wit double fury; and the wind, with sighing moan, swept lik a whirlwind over the battlements and lofty towers of an cient Rome. The oracle of Apollo was to be consulted Thousands upon thousands flocked towards the forum while eager expectation glanced in every eye. The age patriarch, with tottering step, bent thither his way, hi long, thin, white hair streaming in the breeze, while eve and anon he bared his head and looked devout to heaven while murmuring a prayer to Jove to stay his ire. Th stately warrior hurried on, with eagle eye flashing, as i defiance of the storm which raged around; now with ex perienced hand he poised his spear, as if to test his power and, feeling these, a grim smile stole over his weather beaten face, as proudly he marched on. Thither, wit trembling step, hurried the gentle maiden; and as sh tripped along, her beauteous eyes she turned, mute bu imploringly, to heaven. Children clung closer to thei dames, and looked inquiringly at every face, as if to rea there what calamity was about to happen. The senator were ranged around; the priest was kneeling before th oracle of Apollo; a dreadful silence; anxiety was picture in every countenance. At length the oracle thus spake— 'Open shall the gulf remain till the most precious thin in Rome be thrown into it, when it shall be closed fo ever!' The thunder pealed, the lightning flashed, on swep the angry wind. Dismay was thrown among the senator and the assembled people. In whispers talked the age senators, while the populace kept silent, gazing on them relying for their aid. The thunder pealed, the lightnin flashed, on swept the angry wind. At length up starte Curtius, the young, the noble, the brave. With arm ou stretched he thus addressed the assembled thousands 'Romans, the oracle has spoken—the gods have decree that the most precious thing in Rome must be sacrifice to the gulf. I am ready to plunge in; and what is mor precious than patriotism and military virtue?' Every ey was fixed with admiration on the courageous youth. Te thousand acclamations rent the air. But amid these ac clamations there arose a wild and agonising scream. young and beauteous female rushed from the crowd, an falling at the feet of Curtius, clasped his knees to he snowy bosom with convulsive ardour. Turning roun Curtius tenderly raised the maiden, and fondly presse her to his breast. She was betrothed to him. Then ac vanced an aged patriarch and his wife—the father an mother of Curtius. The mother affectionately embrace her son, and then beseeched him to turn from such a fate but the old Roman, with folded arms, stood, and proudl contemplated his son. 'Curtius,' he said, 'thou art wo thy to be a Roman: thy courage is at stake.' Curti embraced again and again his mother and betrothe Every eye, save that of the old Roman, was dimmed wit tears. The other maidens wept in sympathy for her the saw before them; the aged matrons wept in sympathy fo the distracted mother; while the old warriors doubte whether to sympathise with or admire. The thund pealed, the lightning flashed, on swept the angry win Tearing himself from the embraces of his mother and b trothed, Curtius, with one bound, sprung upon his mill white steed, which neighed and pawed the earth anxious to be free. Ten thousand acclamations rent th air again. Casting one last fond look on those he love the rein was slackened, and on careered the gallant stee With lightning speed it rushed; the earth and sand wer by its hoofs, thrown up into the air. Every voice w hushed, and every eye was strained to watch the darin youth. On, on they sped—the gulf is gained—one fat plunge, and all is over. Two agonising shrieks went to heaven; yet the old Roman stood calmly as before, e claiming, 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori' (to d for our country is pleasant and glorious).

### TO GET OUT OF A SCRAPE.

There are only three ways of getting out of a scrape write out, back out, but the best way is to keep out.

## SOMETHING PERSONAL.

HAVING reached the termination of another stage in our progress, we take advantage of the opportunity again afforded us of addressing a few words to the numerous friends who have accompanied us thus far. If we venture to indulge in a word of exultation as to the progress we have made on our journey, we hope to be forgiven, as we are mainly led into this from the pleasure we have derived from it, and the many kind and flattering communications which have reached us from our fellow-travellers. Before entering on another volume of the INSTRUCTOR, it may be necessary to state what are our arrangements—what our prospects—what our hopes. We reply briefly that our business arrangements are complete—our prospects cheering—our hopes bright; and with the aid of those who look approvingly on our labours, we have no fears of these being fully realised. As to the past, we shall say nothing more than this, that it will be taken as a guide for the future. That in some instances it may be improved upon, we do not doubt—that, where practicable, this *shall* be done, is our firm resolve; but, as a whole, we have never had anything to regret; and had we the same course to commence, further than what experience has taught us as to the working out of the details, we should pursue precisely the same plan. The ground we ventured to occupy in the field of cheap literature remains to the present time exclusively our own; and while it is sneered at by some and dreaded by others, we venture to predict that the period is not far distant when public opinion will effect a change upon those who can at present afford to follow what we deem to be an exceptionable or less useful path.

It has become fashionable of late to reiterate the cry of '*the people*,' till to the people themselves it has become perfectly nauseating. By the term is, of course, meant the working classes; and while we admit the necessity and propriety of a vigilant eye being kept on what concerns the welfare of the great body, we object to this being done, as is now too common, by creating unnecessary or uncalled-for distinctions between the different classes of society. We feel it as an insult to the great majority of the people to have it said that a different species of literature is required for them than what is suited for the more wealthy. This we unhesitatingly deny, from a thorough conviction that the tastes and understandings of a very large proportion of the working population are as elevated and clear as the majority of those who are placed in more favourable circumstances; and to those who are not educated, why set up a lower standard, or raise up a spirit of antagonism? This is only to vitiate tastes or engender feelings which it may be impossible afterwards to improve or eradicate. To such a state of things, be it ever so popular, we shall never pander. While we yield to none in our estimate of the importance of what concerns the physical well-being of the masses, we cannot agree with those who hold that this is all that is requisite for their comfort. On all classes, we will, as occasion offers, endeavour to impress the conviction, that while it is the duty of every individual by all means to improve his physical and *moral* condition, still there are other and more important duties to be attended to—that man has a soul as well as a body—and that while the means necessary to ensure the salvation of the former are neglected, all the efforts made to promote the comfort of the latter are of comparatively small moment. We are aware that some parties cannot see how such views as these are to be realised in such a publication as the INSTRUCTOR without merging it into sectarianism, or transforming it into what they deridingly term an 'evangelical magazine.' We care not for such taunts. Our course is obvious to ourselves. It has already been developed to the public during the past two years; what it has been in this respect it shall continue to be; and we appeal to those who have perused our pages from first to last, if these have been less interesting on account of the recognition of Christianity which they contain, or if there has been the slightest tendency to raise up feelings of animosity betwixt any of the parties, either religious or political, into which society is divided.

It has become common, too, in the periodicals of the present times, to exhibit an array of names celebrated in the literary world. So far, this is all very well, but we begin to suspect that it is now carried too far. There is an aristocracy in literature as much to be dreaded as in politics; and whenever the literature of the people comes to be limited to emanations from the pen of those only who have gained a name, we fear for the consequences. Dickens somewhere asks, What becomes of all the old giants? Let the system at which we are hinting be followed out as it has been commenced, and it will be a more difficult problem to solve, What is to become of young and unknown authors? We have all along endeavoured to secure the services of the best writers; and were we disposed to publish the names of those who are ready to aid us with their contributions, our list would stand comparison with any yet published; but we never have, and never will be accessory to excluding all who are unknown to fame. On the contrary, we think it but justice to state, that we have been indebted for many excellent papers to those who are not numbered among the literary giants of the day, but who will ere long take rank alongside of the most gifted. Such exclusion as that we refer to has, till lately, been unknown in literature, and it is happily unheard of in other departments of society, where merit is still the sure passport to fame. The acclivity to literary renown affords at best but a precarious and uncertain footing; and when, after years of privation, the summit has been gained, it is but justice to those who have vanquished difficulties that they should enjoy the reward. Still it should never be forgotten that the places occupied by those distinguished for their talents must shortly be filled by others; and surely the exclusion of merit, simply because it is unknown, is not the way to get this efficiently accomplished. The literature of the people, at all events, is not the arena into which such a monopoly should be introduced.

We have already stated that our plans will remain unchanged, and so far as we have gone, this will be the case; but, at the same time, we have to intimate that a new, and we hope an important, addition will immediately be made to the attractions of the INSTRUCTOR. While every possible exertion will be used to render the literary department still more worthy of public support, at the same time, that the INSTRUCTOR may not be behind any of its cotemporaries in what is calculated to please the eye as well as to improve the taste, with our next Number will be commenced a series of LIKE DRAWINGS, the first of which will consist of a PORTRAIT of DR WOLFF, accompanied by a sketch of his life, his journeys in the Punjaub, and his recent mission to Bokhara.

These Drawings will be continued monthly (along with a memoir of the individual), and will be printed separately from the work, on a sheet of plate paper, thus presenting a totally different feature from what is to be found in any of the cheap periodicals of the day, while it is the first attempt at anything of the kind in connexion with the literature of Scotland.

From the Portraits being given on a separate sheet, they will at all events have this distinguishing peculiarity, that the reader will not be deprived of any portion of the space hitherto devoted to literature. The expense will necessarily far exceed that of wood engravings printed along with the letterpress; still the publisher, relying on the aid of those who are friendly to the success of the undertaking, has no fear of such an increase taking place in the circulation of the INSTRUCTOR as will enable him not only successfully to carry out the present plan, but from time to time to introduce such improvements as may suggest themselves; and, without further remark or apology, he takes the liberty of respectfully but earnestly requesting that all of the present subscribers who feel satisfied that the merits of the work are such as to warrant them in doing so, will have the kindness to bring it under the notice of their friends. The Portraits will be supplied to regular subscribers alone, including, of course, those who take the work weekly as well as monthly.

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For the convenience of those who may wish to obtain the INSTRUCTOR from the commencement, the FIRST PART of a RE-ISSUE of the Four Volumes now published will appear next week. The Re-issue will be supplied Monthly, in Half Volumes, price 1s. 9d. each. Parties ordering these from their respective booksellers, will please mention Re-issue or Half Volume.

The Four Volumes bound in two, half-calf, extra, may also be had price 18s. The Index and Cloth Cases for the Fourth Volume are now ready.

END OF VOLUME IV.

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